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DEADPOOL TEAM-UP

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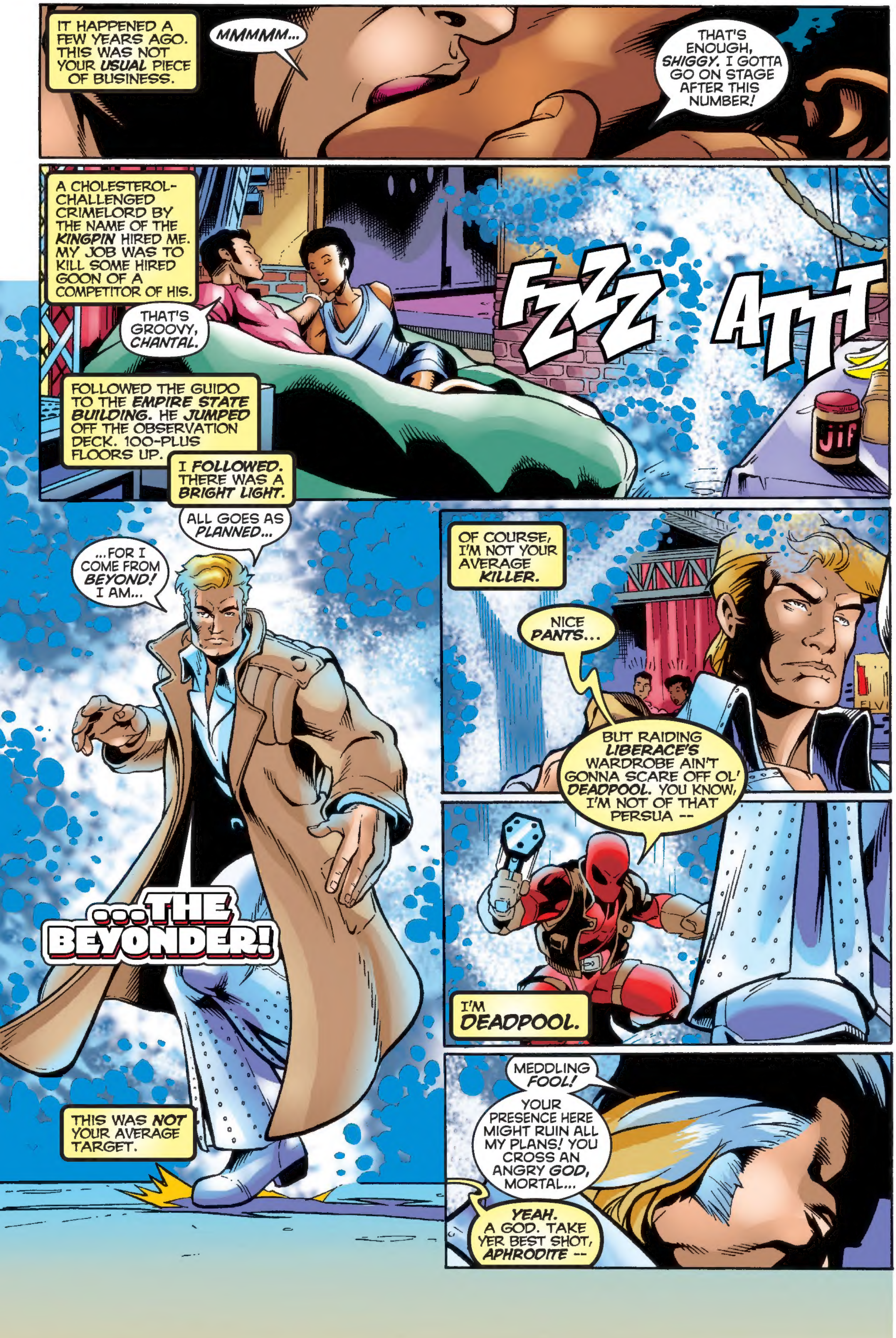
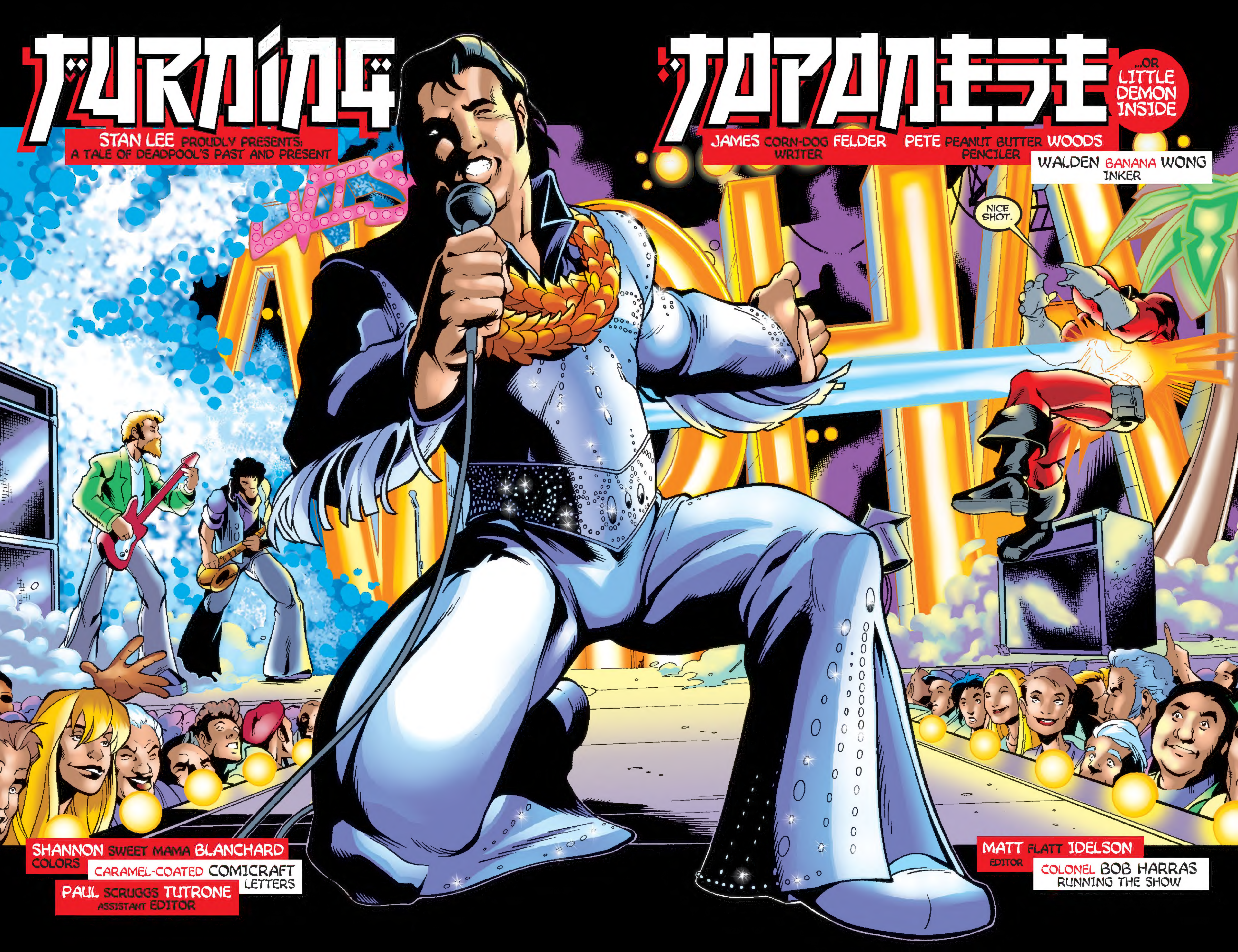

IT HAPPENED A FEW YEARS AGO. THIS WAS NOT YOUR *USUAL* PIECE OF BUSINESS.
MMMMM...
THAT'S ENOUGH, *SHIGGY*. I GOTTA GO ON STAGE AFTER THIS NUMBER!
A CHOLESTEROL-CHALLENGED CRIMELORD BY THE NAME OF THE *KINGPIN* HIRED ME. MY JOB WAS TO KILL SOME HIRED GOON OF A COMPETITOR OF HIS.
THAT'S GROOVY, *CHANTAL*.
FOLLOWED THE GUIDO TO THE *EMPIRE STATE BUILDING*. HE *JUMPED* OFF THE OBSERVATION DECK. 100-PLUS FLOORS UP.
I *FOLLOWED*. THERE WAS A *BRIGHT LIGHT*.
FZZZ ATTT
JIF
ALL GOES AS *PLANNED*...
...FOR I COME FROM *BEYOND!* I AM...
...THE BEYONDER!
THIS WAS *NOT* YOUR AVERAGE TARGET.
OF COURSE, I'M NOT YOUR AVERAGE *KILLER*.
NICE *PANTS*...
BUT RAIDING *LIBERACE'S* WARDROBE AIN'T GONNA SCARE OFF OL' *DEADPOOL*. YOU KNOW, I'M NOT OF THAT PERSUA --
I'M *DEADPOOL*.
MEDDLING *FOOL!*
YOUR PRESENCE HERE MIGHT RUIN ALL MY PLANS! YOU CROSS AN ANGRY *GOD*, MORTAL...
YEAH. A GOD. TAKE YER BEST SHOT, *APHRODITE* --



TURNING JAPANESE

...OR LITTLE DEMON INSIDE

STAN LEE PROUDLY PRESENTS:
A TALE OF DEADPOOL'S PAST AND PRESENT

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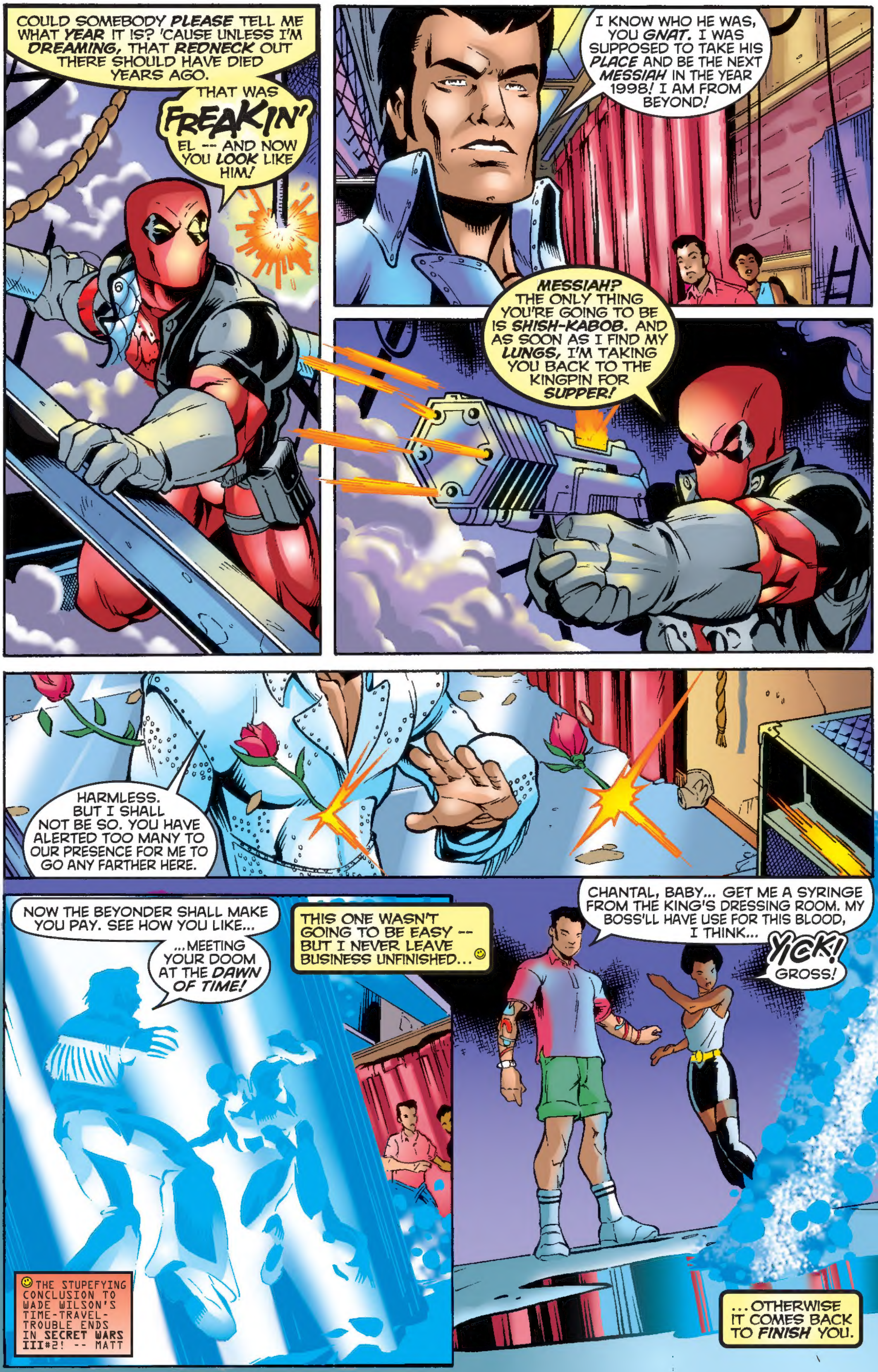
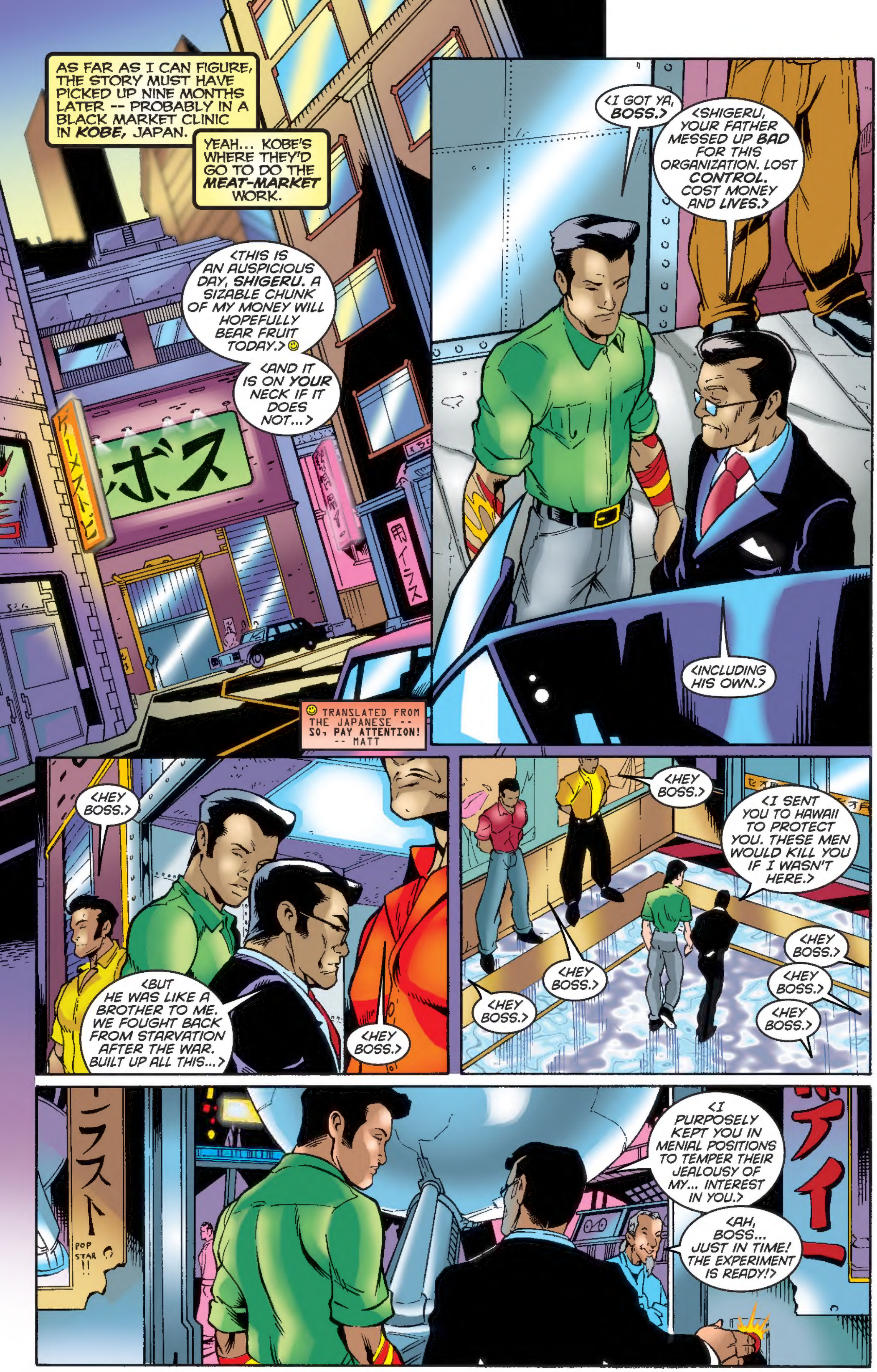
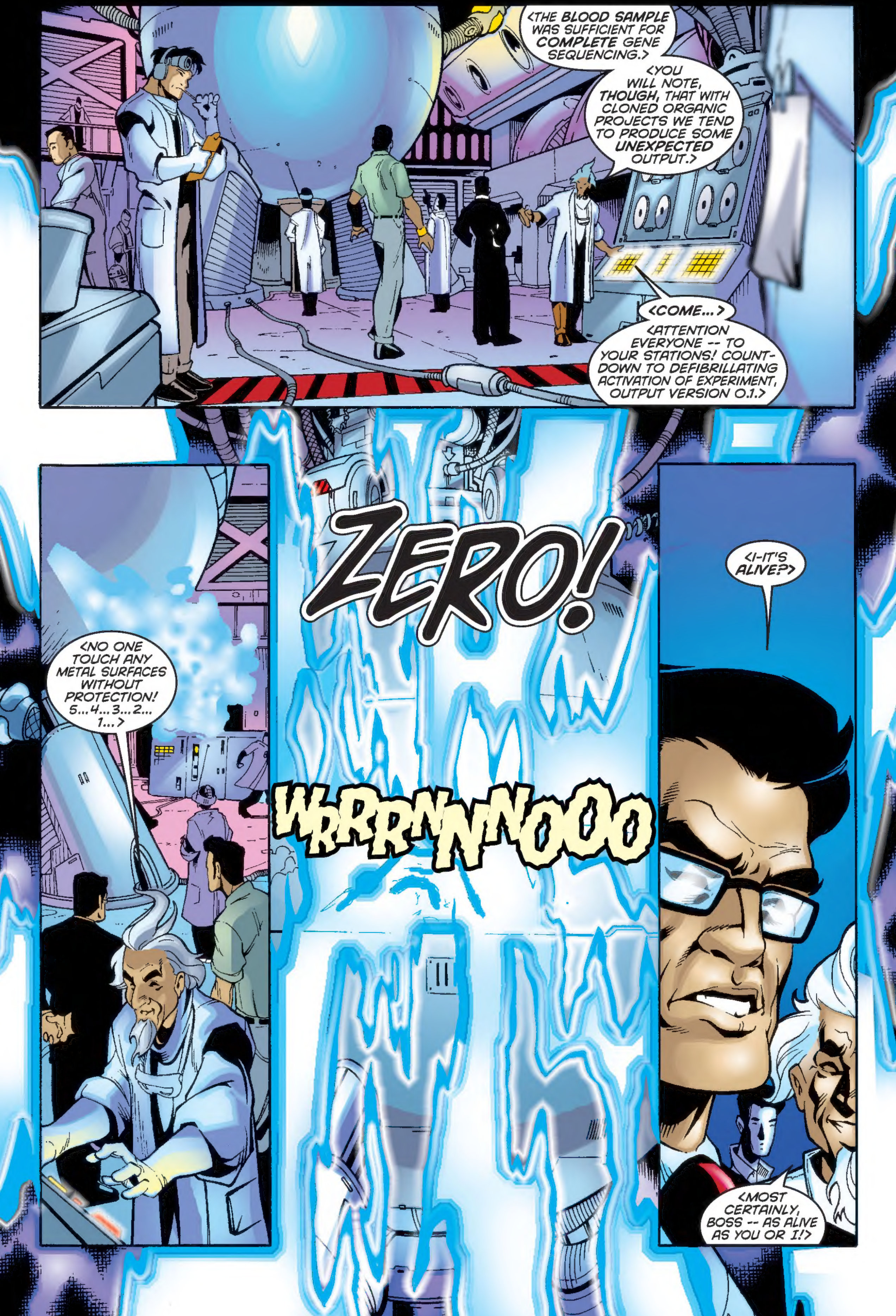
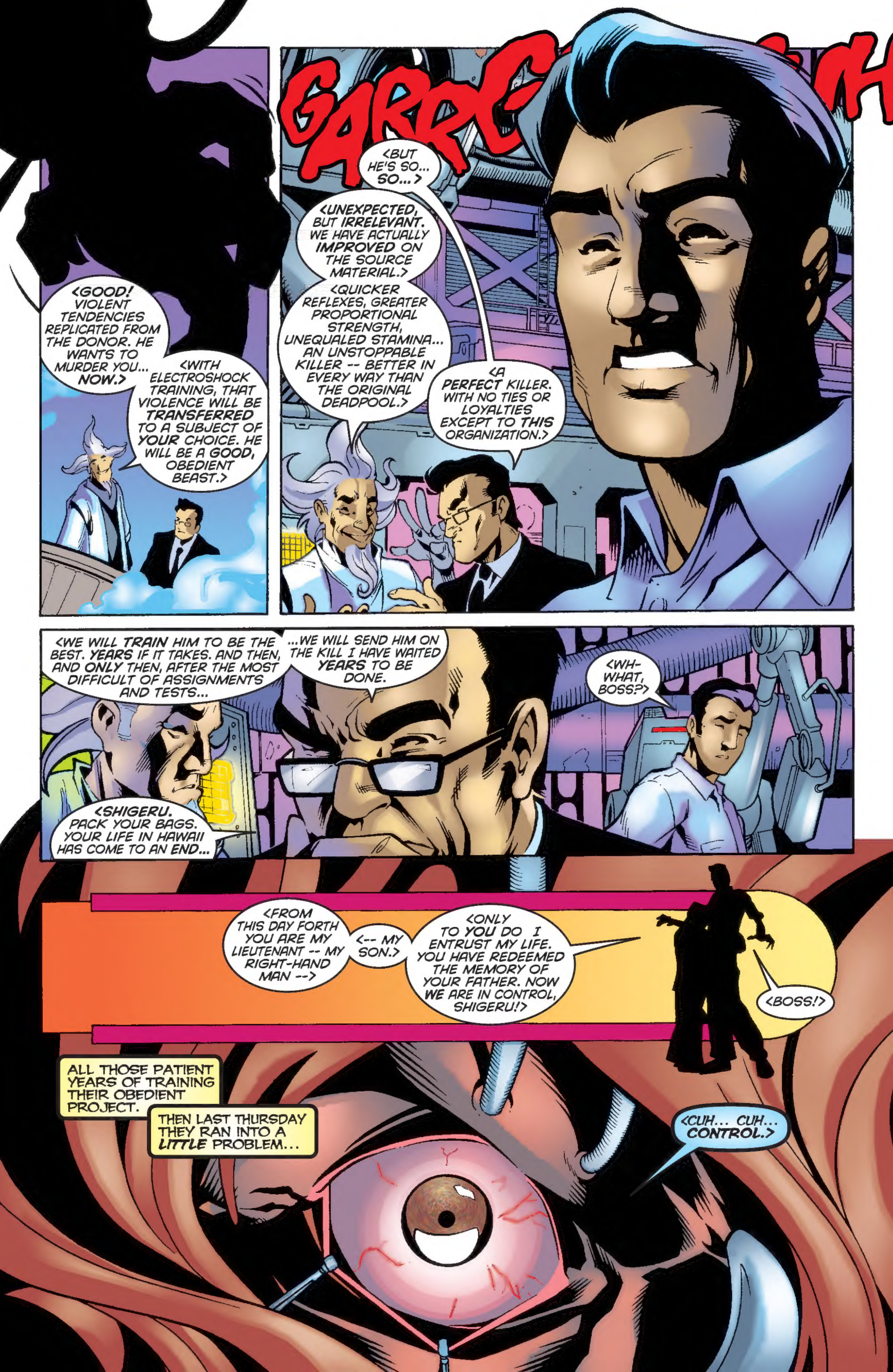
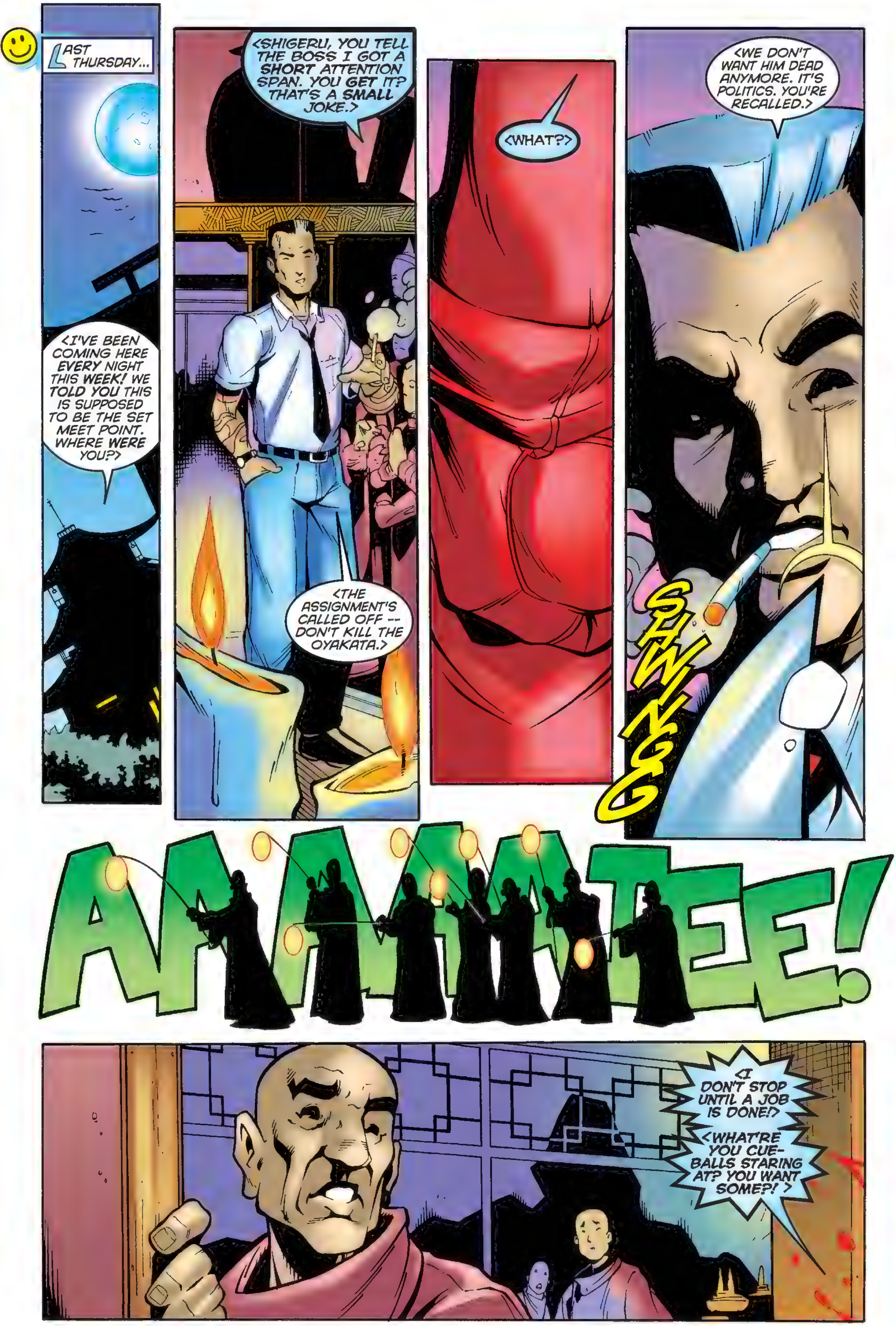
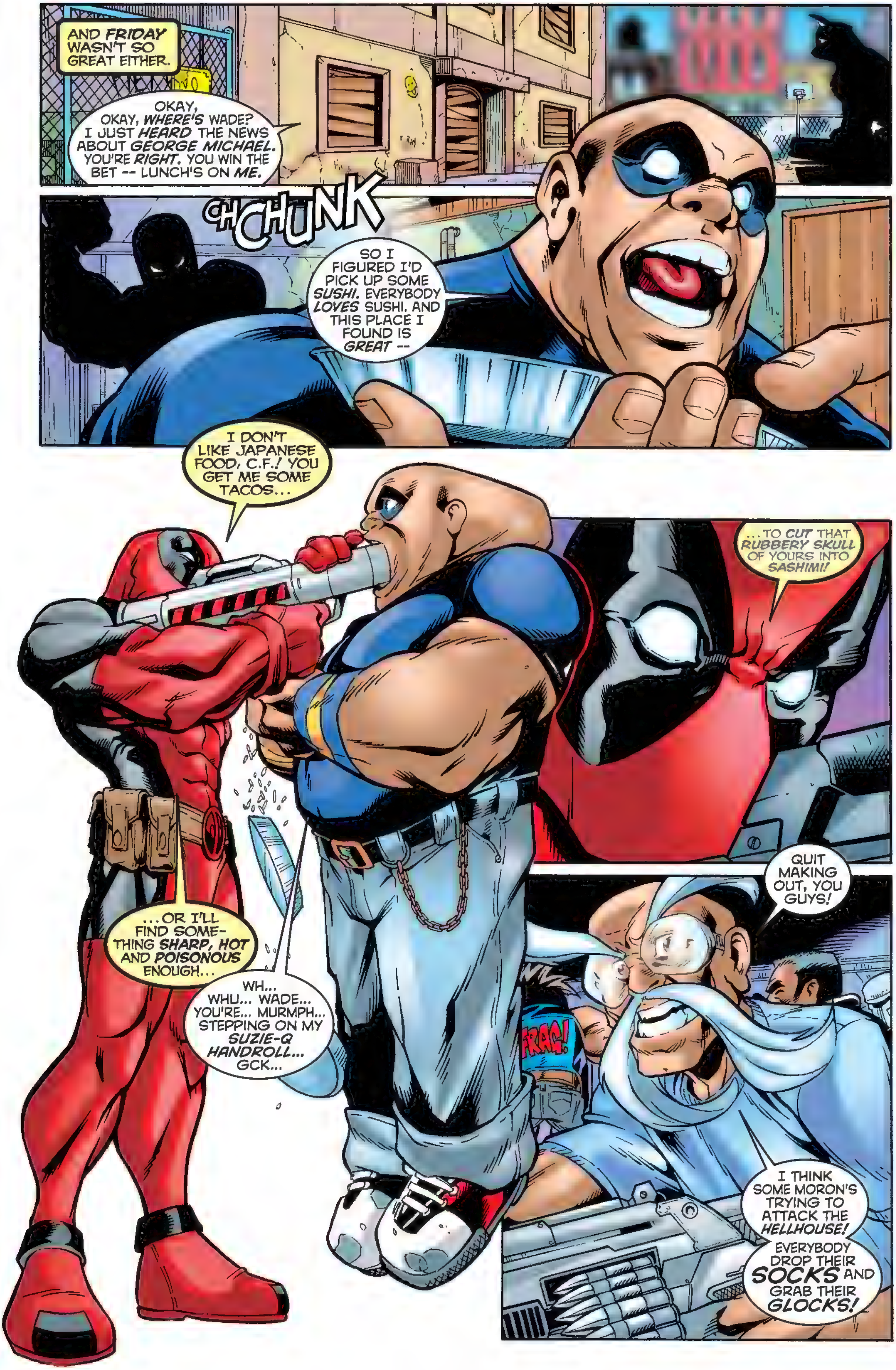

COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YEAR IT IS? 'CAUSE UNLESS I'M DREAMING, THAT REDNECK OUT THERE SHOULD HAVE DIED YEARS AGO.
THAT WAS FREAKIN' EL -- AND NOW YOU LOOK LIKE HIM!
I KNOW WHO HE WAS, YOU GNAT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND BE THE NEXT MESSIAH IN THE YEAR 1998! I AM FROM BEYOND!
MESSIAH? THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO BE IS SHISH-KABOB. AND AS SOON AS I FIND MY LUNGS, I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE KINGPIN FOR SUPPER!
HARMLESS. BUT I SHALL NOT BE SO. YOU HAVE ALERTED TOO MANY TO OUR PRESENCE FOR ME TO GO ANY FARTHER HERE.
NOW THE BEYONDER SHALL MAKE YOU PAY. SEE HOW YOU LIKE...
...MEETING YOUR DOOM AT THE DAWN OF TIME!
THIS ONE WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY -- BUT I NEVER LEAVE BUSINESS UNFINISHED...
THE STUPEFYING CONCLUSION TO WADE WILSON'S TIME-TRAVEL-TROUBLE ENDS IN SECRET WARS III #2! -- MATT
CHANTAL, BABY... GET ME A SYRINGE FROM THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM. MY BOSS'LL HAVE USE FOR THIS BLOOD, I THINK...
YICK! GROSS!
...OTHERWISE IT COMES BACK TO FINISH YOU.

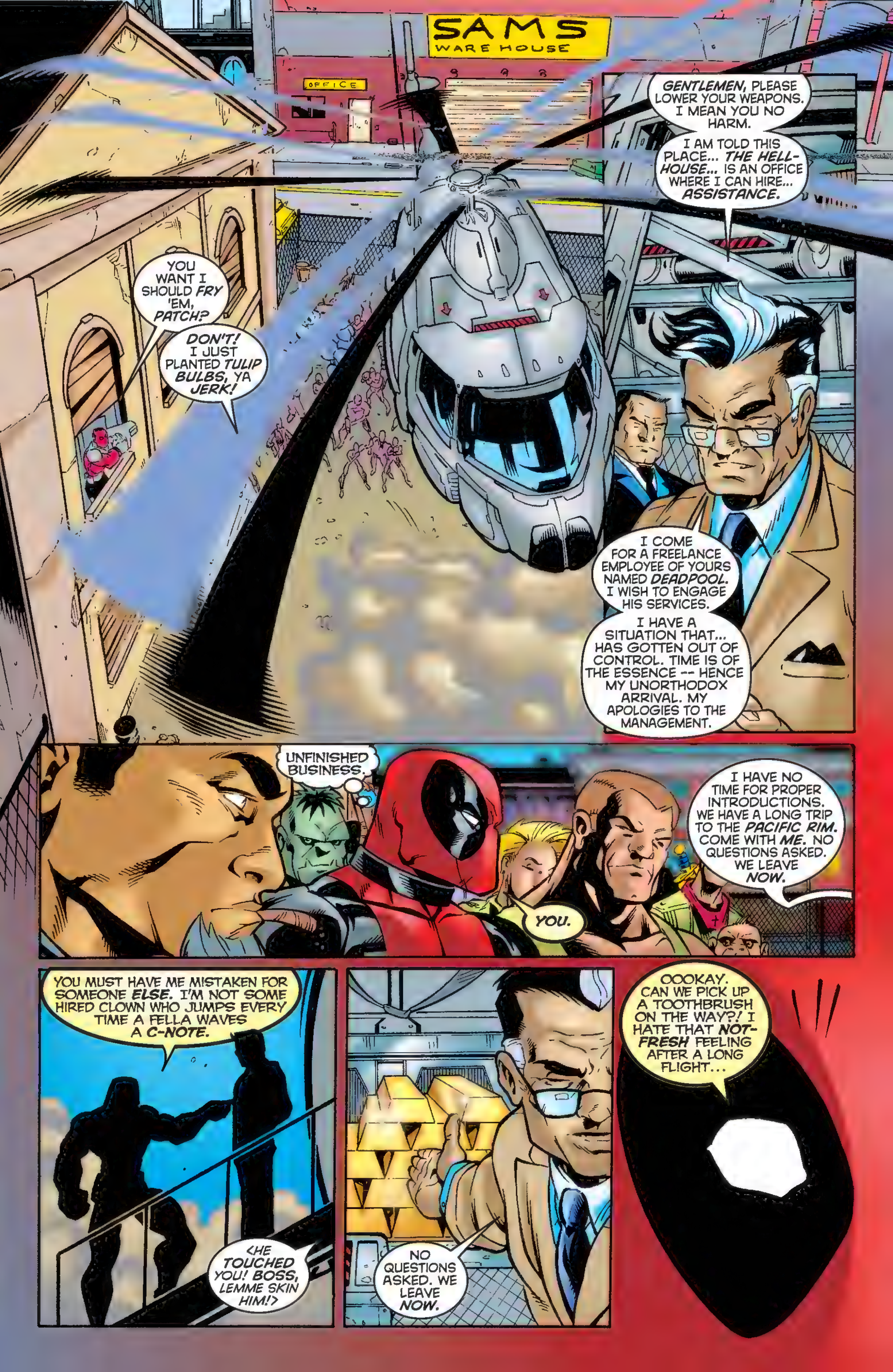

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE, THE STORY MUST HAVE PICKED UP NINE MONTHS LATER -- PROBABLY IN A BLACK MARKET CLINIC IN KOBE, JAPAN.
YEAH... KOBE'S WHERE THEY'D GO TO DO THE MEAT-MARKET WORK.
<THIS IS AN AUSPICIOUS DAY, SHIGERU. A SIZABLE CHUNK OF MY MONEY WILL HOPEFULLY BEAR FRUIT TODAY.>☺
<AND IT IS ON YOUR NECK IF IT DOES NOT...>
☺ TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE -- SO, PAY ATTENTION! -- MATT
<I GOT YA, BOSS.>
<SHIGERU, YOUR FATHER MESSED UP BAD FOR THIS ORGANIZATION. LOST CONTROL. COST MONEY AND LIVES.>
<INCLUDING HIS OWN.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<BUT HE WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME. WE FOUGHT BACK FROM STARVATION AFTER THE WAR. BUILT UP ALL THIS...>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<I SENT YOU TO HAWAII TO PROTECT YOU. THESE MEN WOULD KILL YOU IF I WASN'T HERE.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<HEY BOSS.>
<I PURPOSELY KEPT YOU IN MENIAL POSITIONS TO TEMPER THEIR JEALOUSY OF MY... INTEREST IN YOU.>
<AH, BOSS... JUST IN TIME! THE EXPERIMENT IS READY!>
POP STAR!!

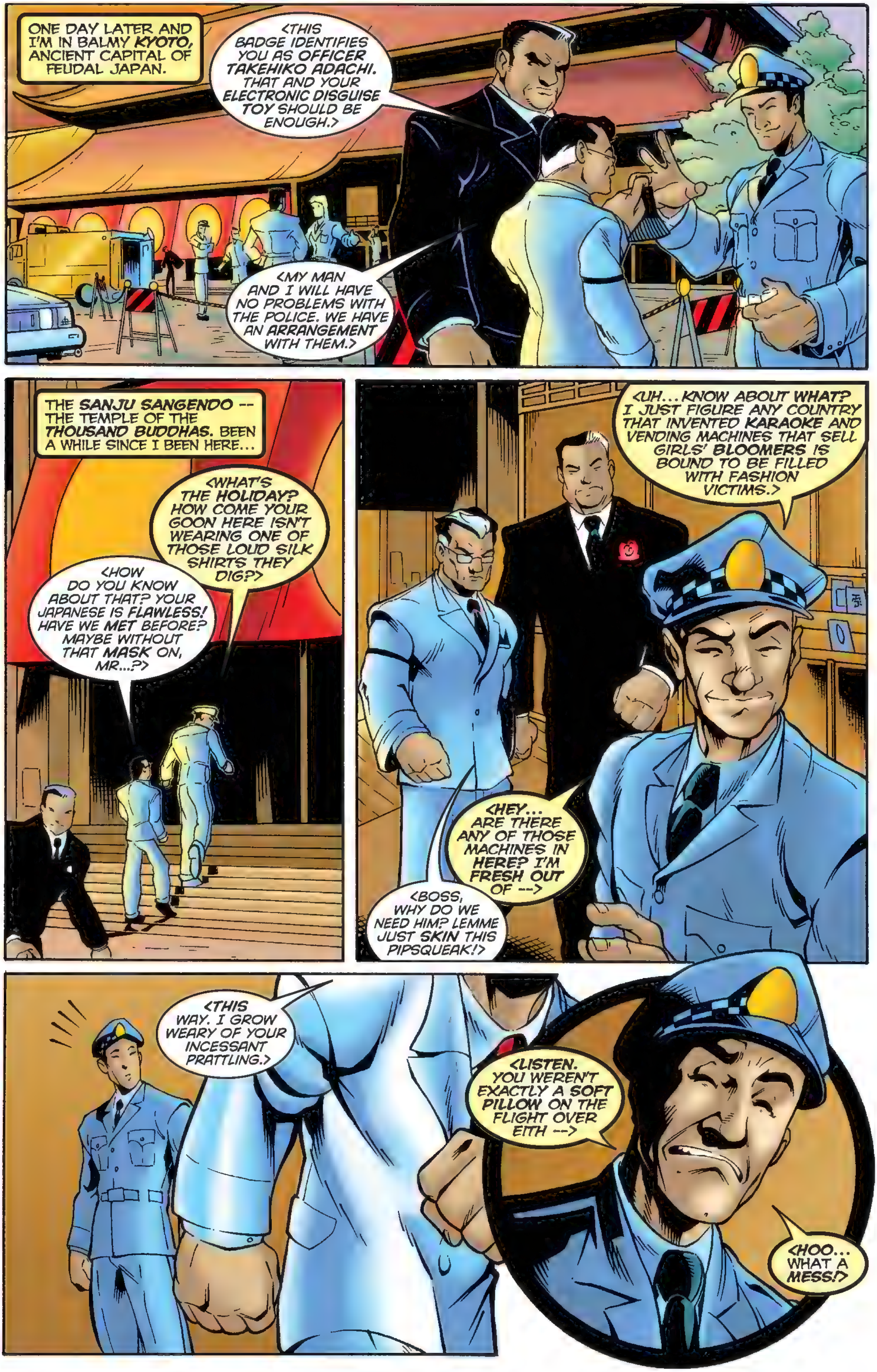

<THE BLOOD SAMPLE WAS SUFFICIENT FOR COMPLETE GENE SEQUENCING.>
<YOU WILL NOTE, THOUGH, THAT WITH CLONED ORGANIC PROJECTS WE TEND TO PRODUCE SOME UNEXPECTED OUTPUT.>
<COME...>
<ATTENTION EVERYONE -- TO YOUR STATIONS! COUNTDOWN TO DEFIBRILLATING ACTIVATION OF EXPERIMENT, OUTPUT VERSION 0.1.>
<NO ONE TOUCH ANY METAL SURFACES WITHOUT PROTECTION! 5...4...3...2...1...>
ZERO!
WRRRNNNOOO
<I-IT'S ALIVE?>
<MOST CERTAINLY, BOSS -- AS ALIVE AS YOU OR I!>

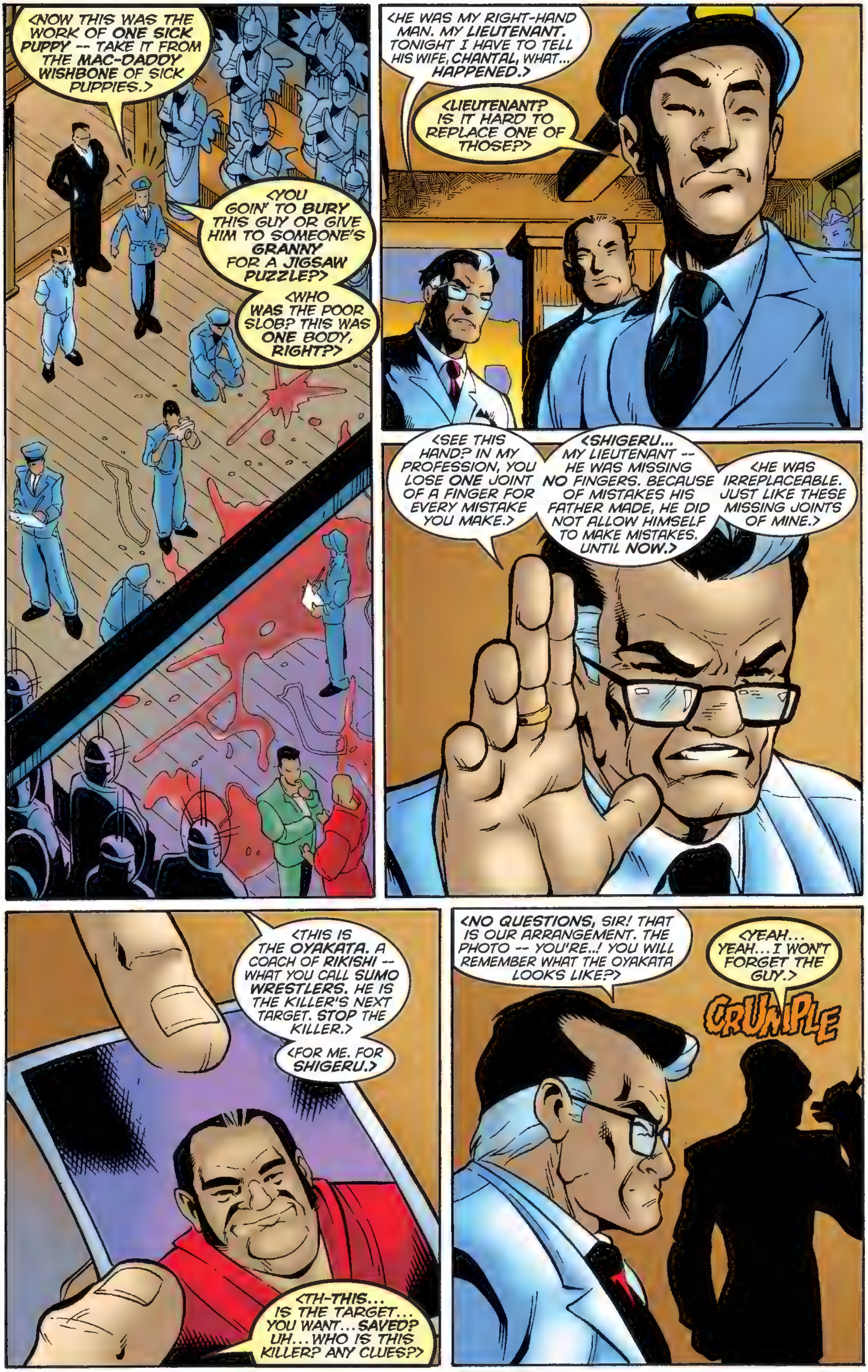

GARRG
<GOOD! VIOLENT TENDENCIES REPLICATED FROM THE DONOR. HE WANTS TO MURDER YOU... NOW.>
<WITH ELECTROSHOCK TRAINING, THAT VIOLENCE WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO A SUBJECT OF YOUR CHOICE. HE WILL BE A GOOD, OBEDIENT BEAST.>
<BUT HE'S SO... SO...>
<UNEXPECTED, BUT IRRELEVANT. WE HAVE ACTUALLY IMPROVED ON THE SOURCE MATERIAL.>
<QUICKER REFLEXES, GREATER PROPORTIONAL STRENGTH, UNEQUALED STAMINA... AN UNSTOPPABLE KILLER -- BETTER IN EVERY WAY THAN THE ORIGINAL DEADPOOL.>
<A PERFECT KILLER. WITH NO TIES OR LOYALTIES EXCEPT TO THIS ORGANIZATION.>
<WE WILL TRAIN HIM TO BE THE BEST. YEARS IF IT TAKES. AND THEN, AND ONLY THEN, AFTER THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ASSIGNMENTS AND TESTS...
...WE WILL SEND HIM ON THE KILL I HAVE WAITED YEARS TO BE DONE.
<WH-WHAT, BOSS?>
<SHIGERU. PACK YOUR BAGS. YOUR LIFE IN HAWAII HAS COME TO AN END...
<FROM THIS DAY FORTH YOU ARE MY LIEUTENANT -- MY RIGHT-HAND MAN -->
<-- MY SON.>
<ONLY TO YOU DO I ENTRUST MY LIFE. YOU HAVE REDEEMED THE MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER. NOW WE ARE IN CONTROL, SHIGERU!>
<BOSS!>
ALL THOSE PATIENT YEARS OF TRAINING THEIR OBEDIENT PROJECT.
THEN LAST THURSDAY THEY RAN INTO A LITTLE PROBLEM...
<CUH... CUH... CONTROL.>

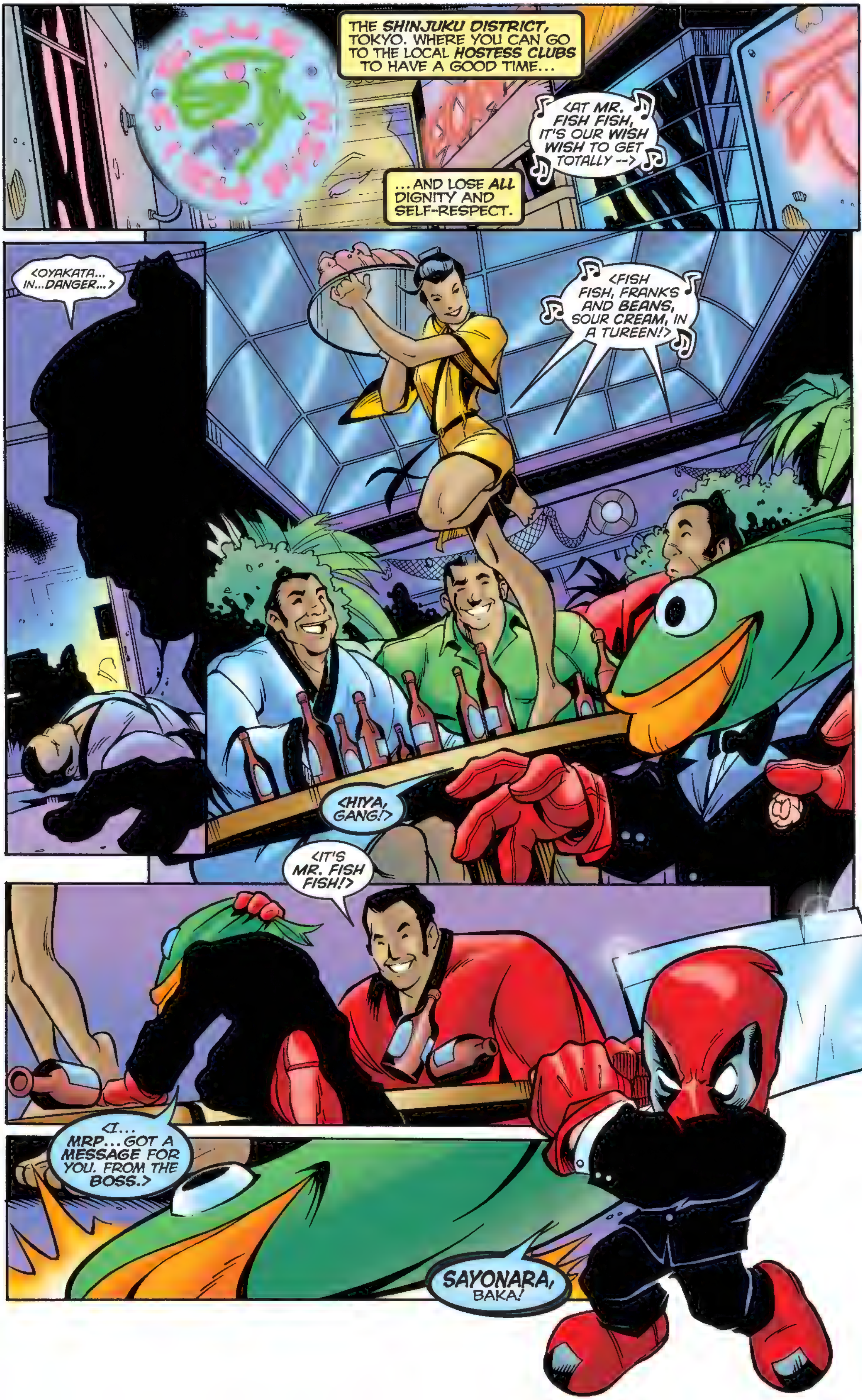

LAST THURSDAY...
<I'VE BEEN COMING HERE EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK! WE TOLD YOU THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE SET MEET POINT. WHERE WERE YOU?>
<SHIGERU, YOU TELL THE BOSS I GOT A SHORT ATTENTION SPAN. YOU GET IT? THAT'S A SMALL JOKE.>
<THE ASSIGNMENT'S CALLED OFF -- DON'T KILL THE OYAKATA.>
<WHAT?>
<WE DON'T WANT HIM DEAD ANYMORE. IT'S POLITICS. YOU'RE RECALLED.>
SHWINGG
AAAAAEEE!
<I DON'T STOP UNTIL A JOB IS DONE!>
<WHAT'RE YOU CUE-BALLS STARING AT? YOU WANT SOME?! >

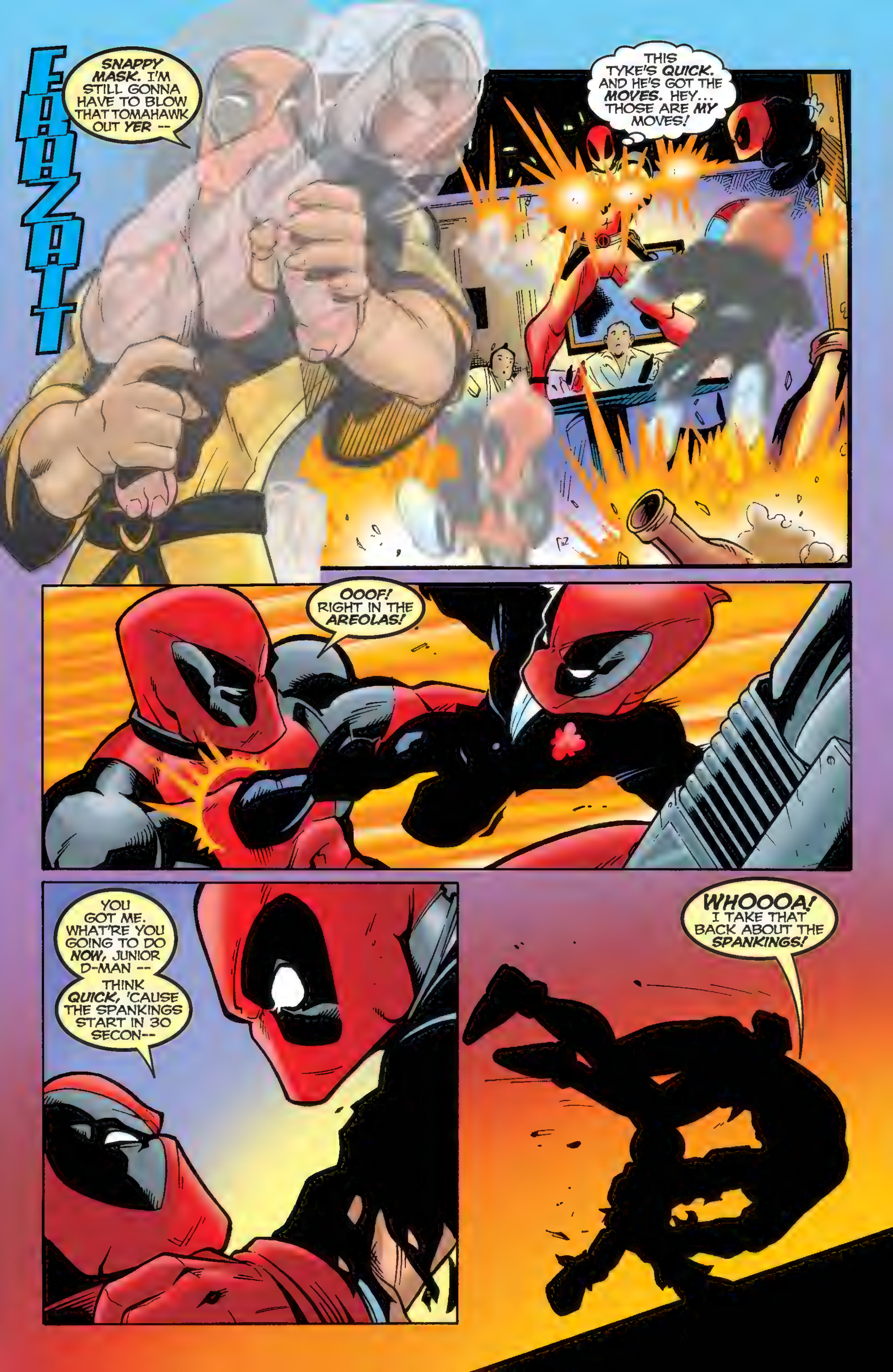

AND FRIDAY WASN'T SO GREAT EITHER.
OKAY, OKAY, WHERE'S WADE? I JUST HEARD THE NEWS ABOUT GEORGE MICHAEL. YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU WIN THE BET -- LUNCH'S ON ME.
CHCHUNK
SO I FIGURED I'D PICK UP SOME SUSHI. EVERYBODY LOVES SUSHI. AND THIS PLACE I FOUND IS GREAT --
I DON'T LIKE JAPANESE FOOD, C.F.! YOU GET ME SOME TACOS...
...TO CUT THAT RUBBERY SKULL OF YOURS INTO SASHIMI!
...OR I'LL FIND SOMETHING SHARP, HOT AND POISONOUS ENOUGH...
WH... WHU... WADE... YOU'RE... MURMPH... STEPPING ON MY SUZIE-Q HANDROLL... GCK...
QUIT MAKING OUT, YOU GUYS!
FRAG!
I THINK SOME MORON'S TRYING TO ATTACK THE HELLHOUSE!
EVERYBODY DROP THEIR SOCKS AND GRAB THEIR GLOCKS!

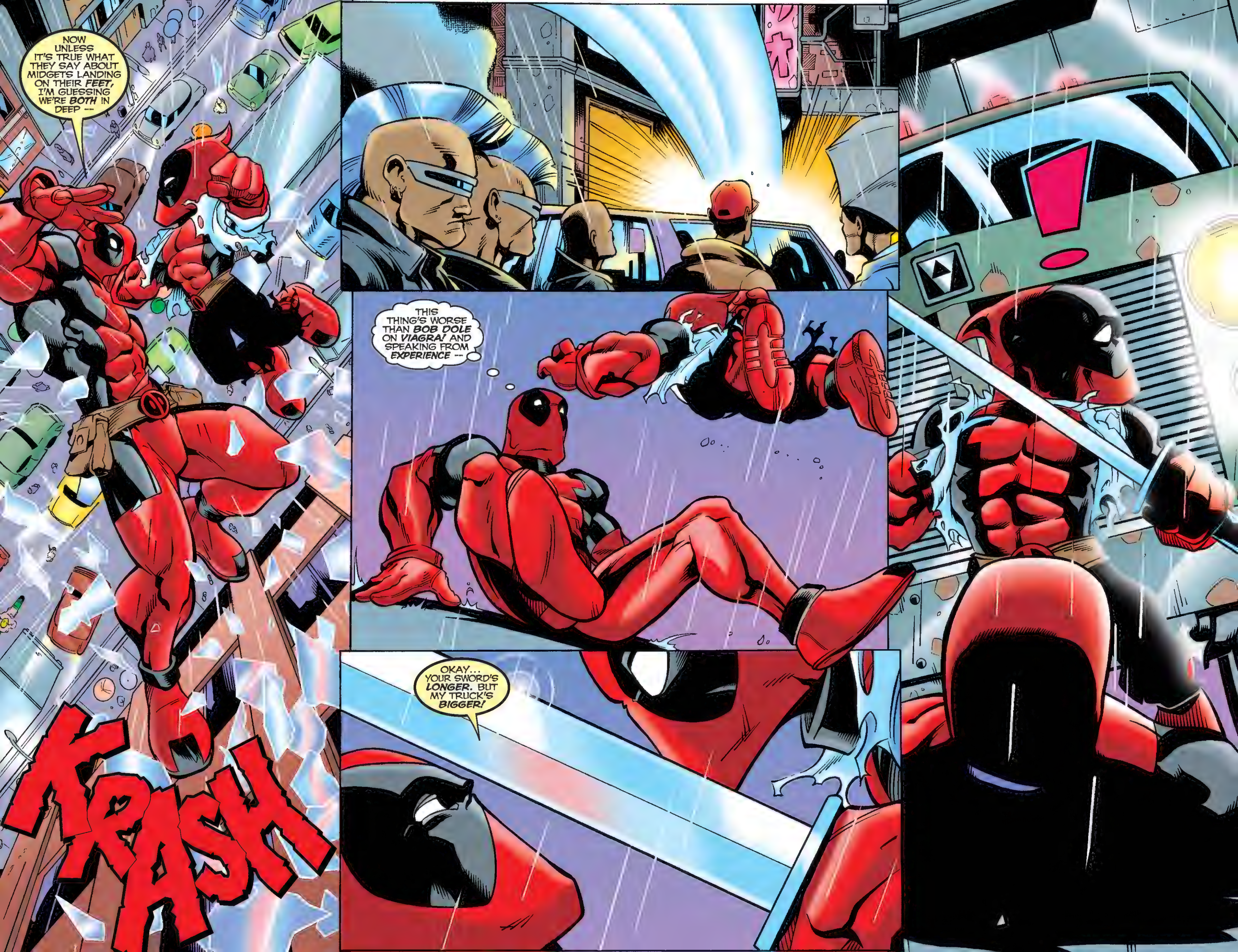

SAMS WARE HOUSE
OFFICE
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE LOWER YOUR WEAPONS. I MEAN YOU NO HARM.
I AM TOLD THIS PLACE... THE HELL-HOUSE... IS AN OFFICE WHERE I CAN HIRE... ASSISTANCE.
YOU WANT I SHOULD FRY 'EM, PATCH?
DON'T! I JUST PLANTED TULIP BULBS, YA JERK!
I COME FOR A FREELANCE EMPLOYEE OF YOURS NAMED DEADPOOL. I WISH TO ENGAGE HIS SERVICES.
I HAVE A SITUATION THAT... HAS GOTTEN OUT OF CONTROL. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE -- HENCE MY UNORTHODOX ARRIVAL. MY APOLOGIES TO THE MANAGEMENT.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
YOU.
I HAVE NO TIME FOR PROPER INTRODUCTIONS. WE HAVE A LONG TRIP TO THE PACIFIC RIM. COME WITH ME. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WE LEAVE NOW.
YOU MUST HAVE ME MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE ELSE. I'M NOT SOME HIRED CLOWN WHO JUMPS EVERY TIME A FELLA WAVES A C-NOTE.
<HE TOUCHED YOU! BOSS, LEMME SKIN HIM!>
NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WE LEAVE NOW.
OOOKAY. CAN WE PICK UP A TOOTHBRUSH ON THE WAY?! I HATE THAT NOT-FRESH FEELING AFTER A LONG FLIGHT...

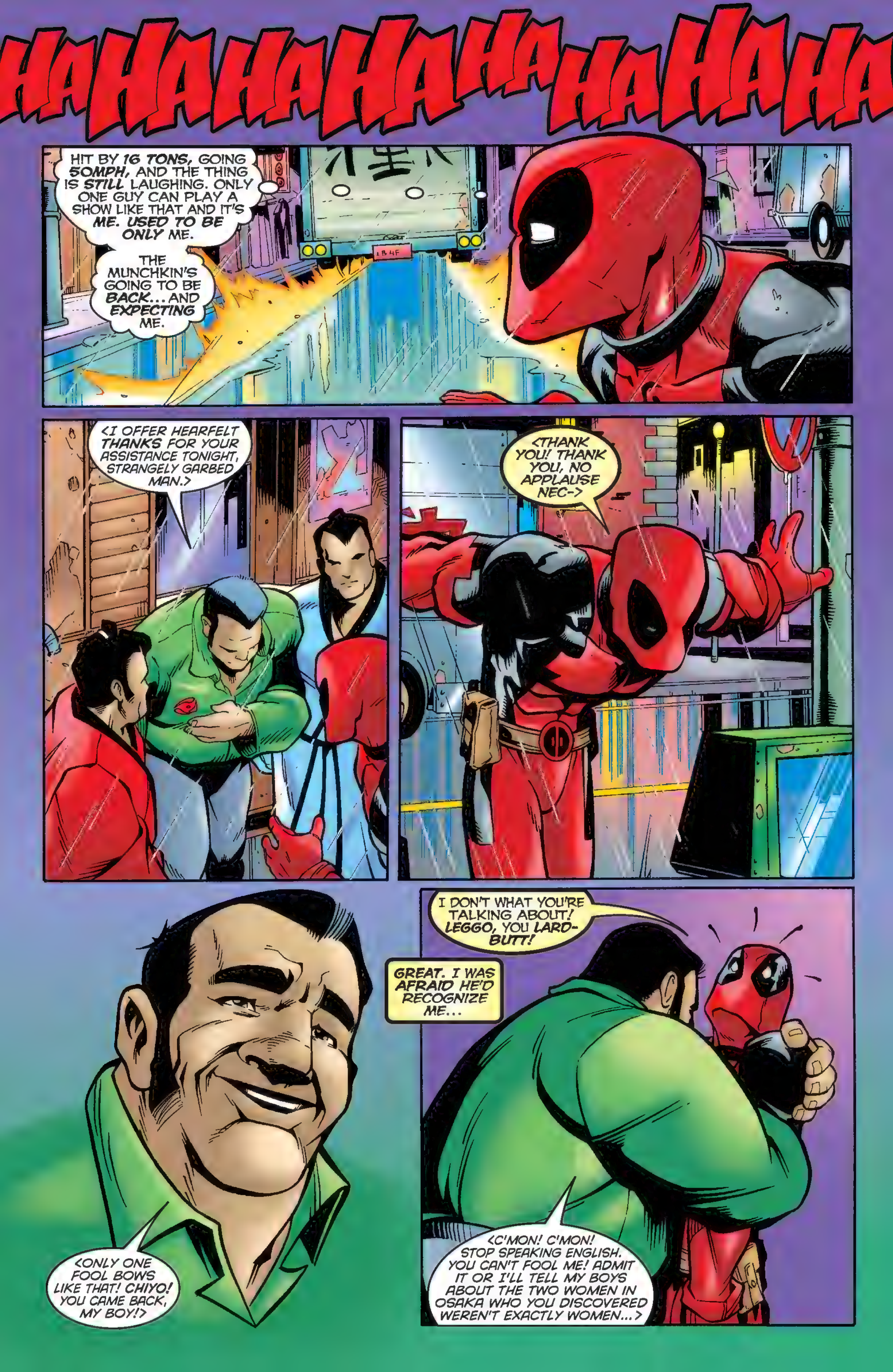

ONE DAY LATER AND I'M IN BALMY *KYOTO*, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF FEUDAL JAPAN.
<THIS BADGE IDENTIFIES YOU AS **OFFICER TAKEHIKO ADACHI.** THAT AND YOUR **ELECTRONIC DISGUISE TOY** SHOULD BE ENOUGH.>
<MY MAN AND I WILL HAVE NO PROBLEMS WITH THE POLICE. WE HAVE AN **ARRANGEMENT** WITH THEM.>
THE ***SANJU SANGENDO*** -- THE TEMPLE OF THE ***THOUSAND BUDDHAS.*** BEEN A WHILE SINCE I BEEN HERE...
<WHAT'S THE **HOLIDAY?** HOW COME YOUR GOON HERE ISN'T WEARING ONE OF THOSE LOUD SILK SHIRTS THEY DIG?>
<HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? YOUR JAPANESE IS ***FLAWLESS!*** HAVE WE ***MET*** BEFORE? MAYBE WITHOUT THAT ***MASK*** ON, MR...?>
<UH...KNOW ABOUT WHAT? I JUST FIGURE ANY COUNTRY THAT INVENTED **KARAOKE** AND VENDING MACHINES THAT SELL GIRLS' **BLOOMERS** IS BOUND TO BE FILLED WITH FASHION VICTIMS.>
<HEY... ARE THERE ANY OF THOSE MACHINES IN *HERE?* I'M *FRESH OUT* OF -->
<BOSS, WHY DO WE NEED HIM? LEMME JUST ***SKIN*** THIS PIPSQUEAK!>
<THIS WAY. I GROW WEARY OF YOUR INCESSANT PRATTLING.>
<LISTEN. YOU WEREN'T EXACTLY A ***SOFT PILLOW*** ON THE FLIGHT OVER EITH -->
<HOO... WHAT A ***MESS!***>

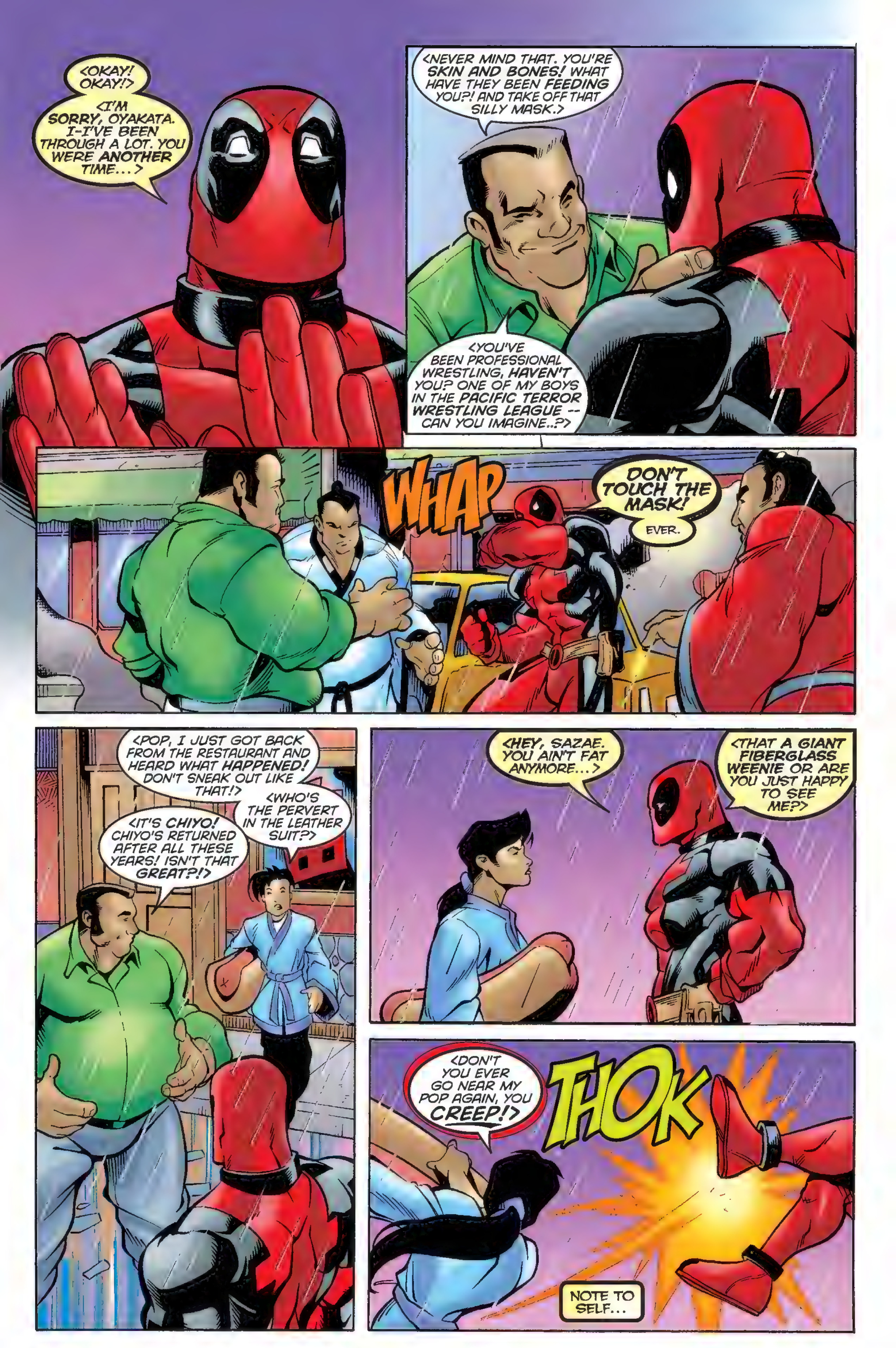

<NOW THIS WAS THE WORK OF ONE SICK PUPPY -- TAKE IT FROM THE MAC-DADDY WISHBONE OF SICK PUPPIES.>
<YOU GOIN' TO BURY THIS GUY OR GIVE HIM TO SOMEONE'S GRANNY FOR A JIGSAW PUZZLE?>
<WHO WAS THE POOR SLOB? THIS WAS ONE BODY, RIGHT?>
<HE WAS MY RIGHT-HAND MAN. MY LIEUTENANT. TONIGHT I HAVE TO TELL HIS WIFE, CHANTAL, WHAT... HAPPENED.>
<LIEUTENANT? IS IT HARD TO REPLACE ONE OF THOSE?>
<SEE THIS HAND? IN MY PROFESSION, YOU LOSE ONE JOINT OF A FINGER FOR EVERY MISTAKE YOU MAKE.>
<SHIGERU... MY LIEUTENANT -- HE WAS MISSING NO FINGERS. BECAUSE OF MISTAKES HIS FATHER MADE, HE DID NOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO MAKE MISTAKES. UNTIL NOW.>
<HE WAS IRREPLACEABLE. JUST LIKE THESE MISSING JOINTS OF MINE.>
<THIS IS THE OYAKATA. A COACH OF RIKISHI -- WHAT YOU CALL SUMO WRESTLERS. HE IS THE KILLER'S NEXT TARGET. STOP THE KILLER.>
<FOR ME. FOR SHIGERU.>
<TH-THIS... IS THE TARGET... YOU WANT... SAVED? UH... WHO IS THIS KILLER? ANY CLUES?>
<NO QUESTIONS, SIR! THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT. THE PHOTO -- YOU'RE..! YOU WILL REMEMBER WHAT THE OYAKATA LOOKS LIKE?>
<YEAH... YEAH... I WON'T FORGET THE GUY.>
CRUMPLE

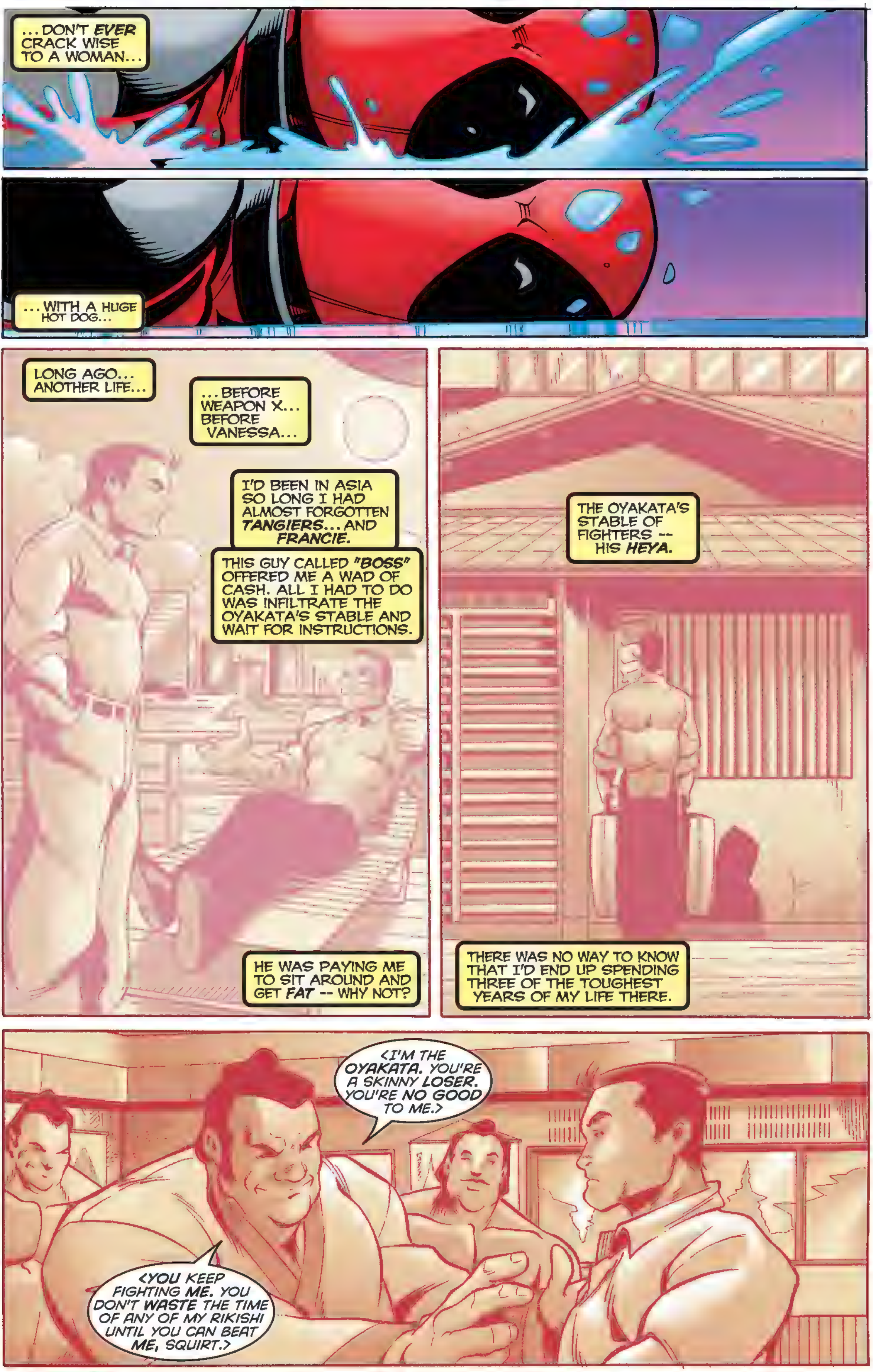

THE SHINJUKU DISTRICT, TOKYO. WHERE YOU CAN GO TO THE LOCAL HOSTESS CLUBS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME...
♫ <AT MR. FISH FISH, IT'S OUR WISH WISH TO GET TOTALLY --> ♫
...AND LOSE ALL DIGNITY AND SELF-RESPECT.
<OYAKATA... IN...DANGER...>
♫ <FISH FISH, FRANKS AND BEANS, SOUR CREAM, IN A TUREEN!> ♫
<HIYA, GANG!>
<IT'S MR. FISH FISH!>
<I... MRP...GOT A MESSAGE FOR YOU. FROM THE BOSS.>
SAYONARA, BAKA!

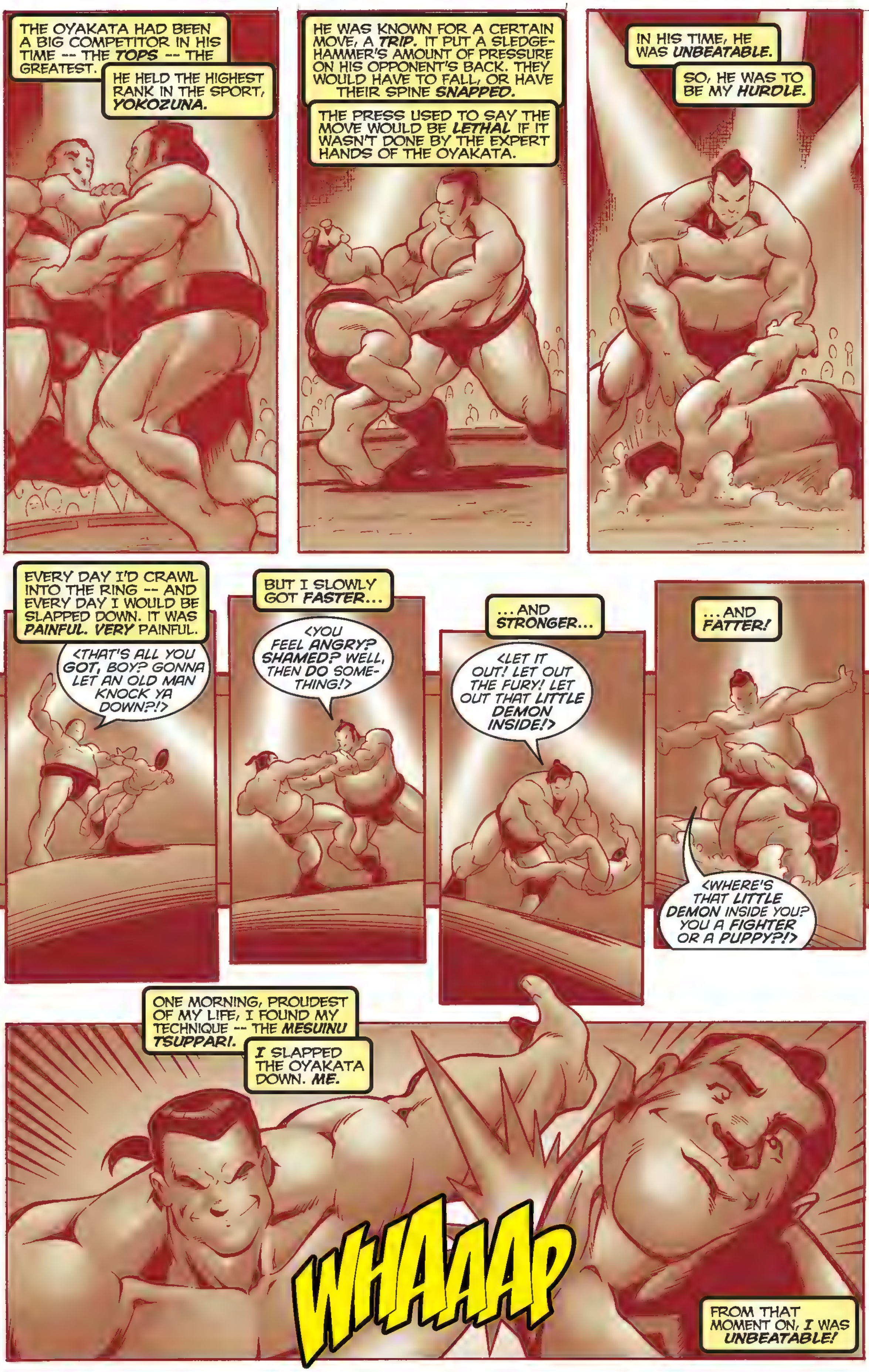

FRAZATT
SNAPPY MASK. I'M STILL GONNA HAVE TO BLOW THAT TOMAHAWK OUT YER --
THIS TYKE'S QUICK. AND HE'S GOT THE MOVES. HEY... THOSE ARE MY MOVES!
OOOF! RIGHT IN THE AREOLAS!
YOU GOT ME. WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, JUNIOR D-MAN -- THINK QUICK, 'CAUSE THE SPANKINGS START IN 30 SECON--
WHOOOA! I TAKE THAT BACK ABOUT THE SPANKINGS!

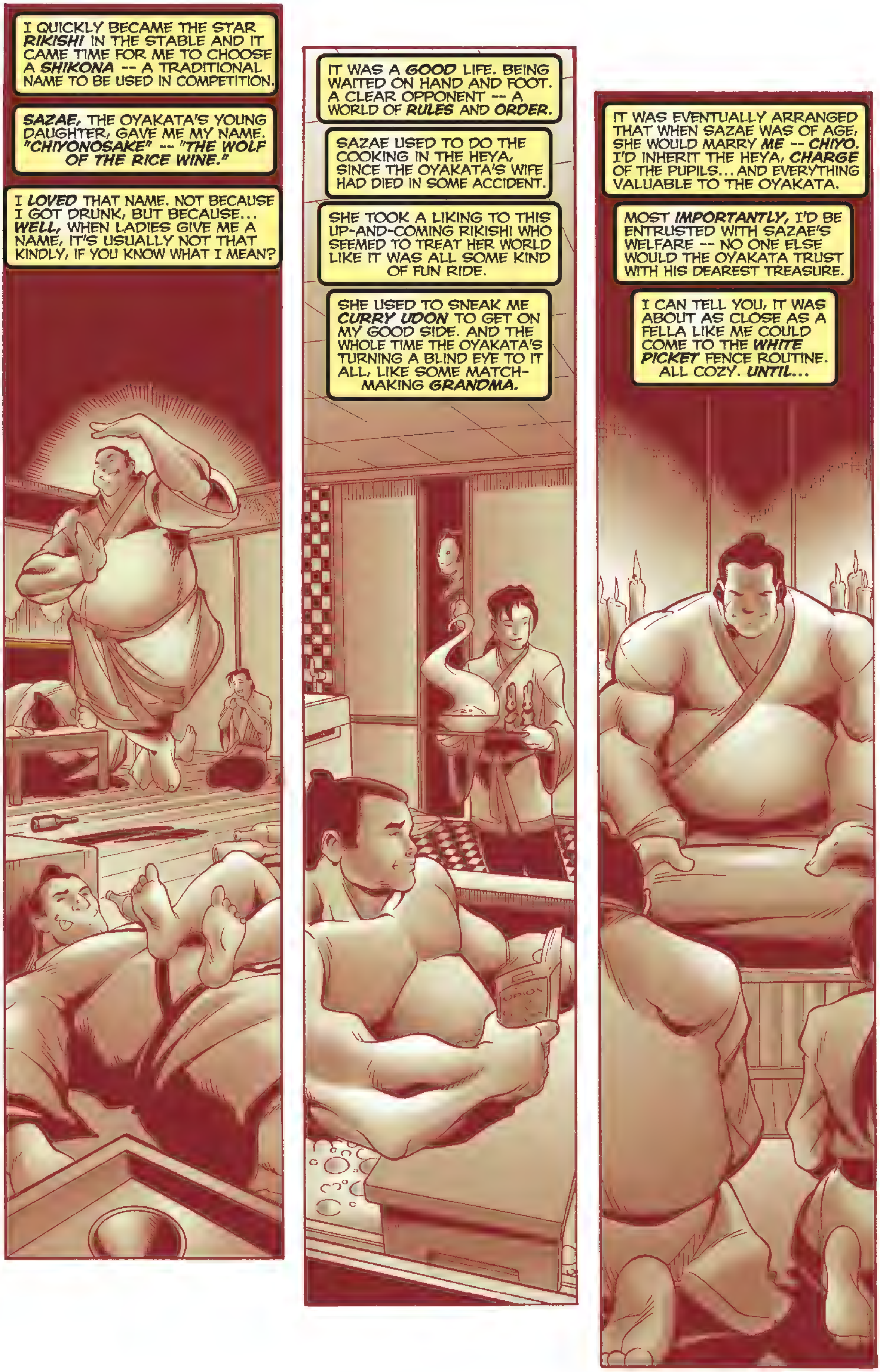

NOW UNLESS IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MIDGETS LANDING ON THEIR *FEET*, I'M GUESSING WE'RE *BOTH* IN DEEP ---
KRASH
THIS THING'S WORSE THAN *BOB DOLE* ON *VIAGRA!* AND SPEAKING FROM *EXPERIENCE* ---
OKAY... YOUR SWORD'S *LONGER*. BUT MY TRUCK'S *BIGGER!*

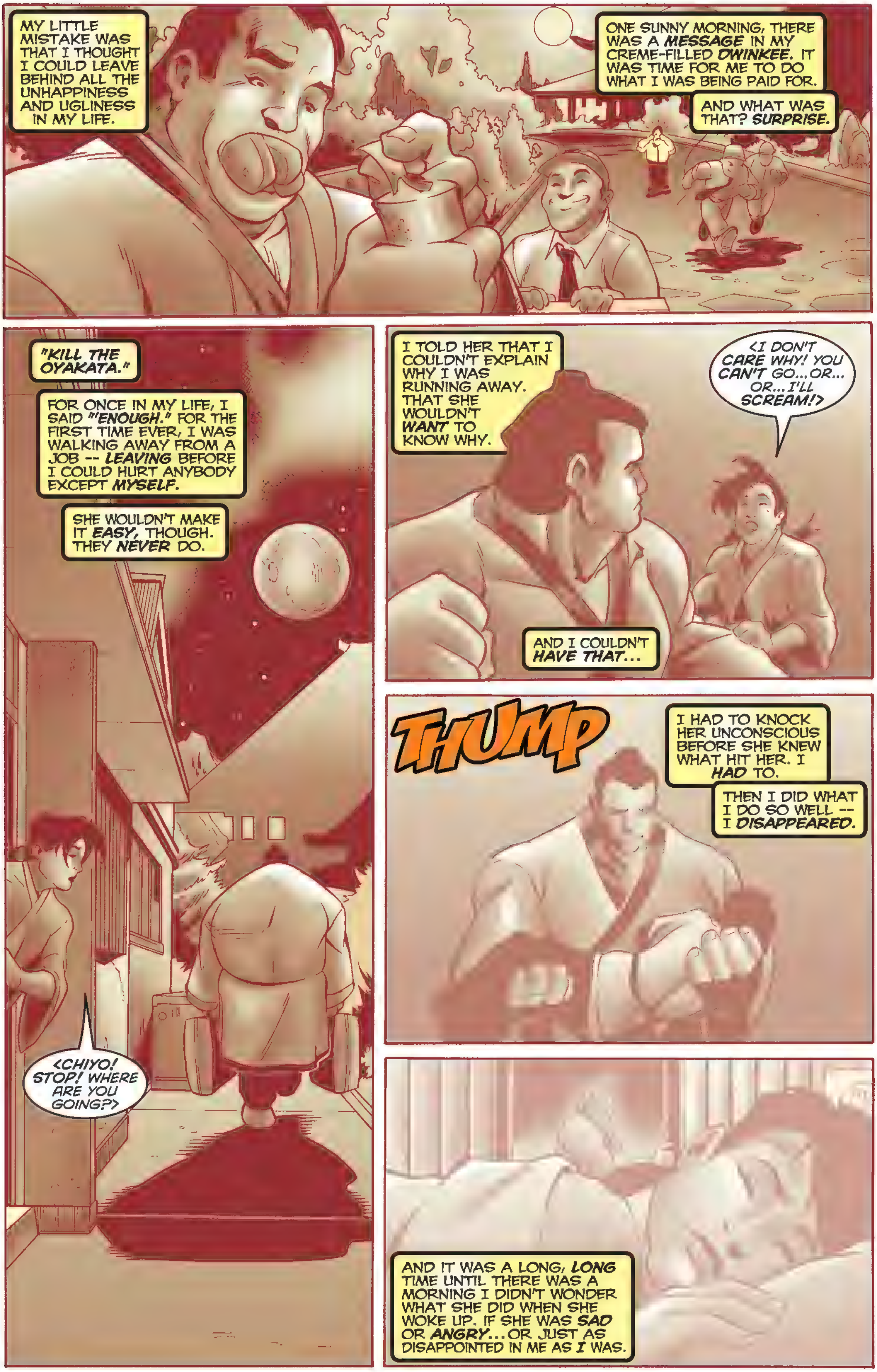

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
HIT BY 16 TONS, GOING 50MPH, AND THE THING IS STILL LAUGHING. ONLY ONE GUY CAN PLAY A SHOW LIKE THAT AND IT'S ME. USED TO BE ONLY ME.
THE MUNCHKIN'S GOING TO BE BACK... AND EXPECTING ME.
<I OFFER HEARFELT THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE TONIGHT, STRANGELY GARBED MAN.>
<THANK YOU! THANK YOU, NO APPLAUSE NEC->
<ONLY ONE FOOL BOWS LIKE THAT! CHIYO! YOU CAME BACK, MY BOY!>
I DON'T WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! LEGGO, YOU LARD-BUTT!
GREAT. I WAS AFRAID HE'D RECOGNIZE ME...
<C'MON! C'MON! STOP SPEAKING ENGLISH. YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! ADMIT IT OR I'LL TELL MY BOYS ABOUT THE TWO WOMEN IN OSAKA WHO YOU DISCOVERED WEREN'T EXACTLY WOMEN...>

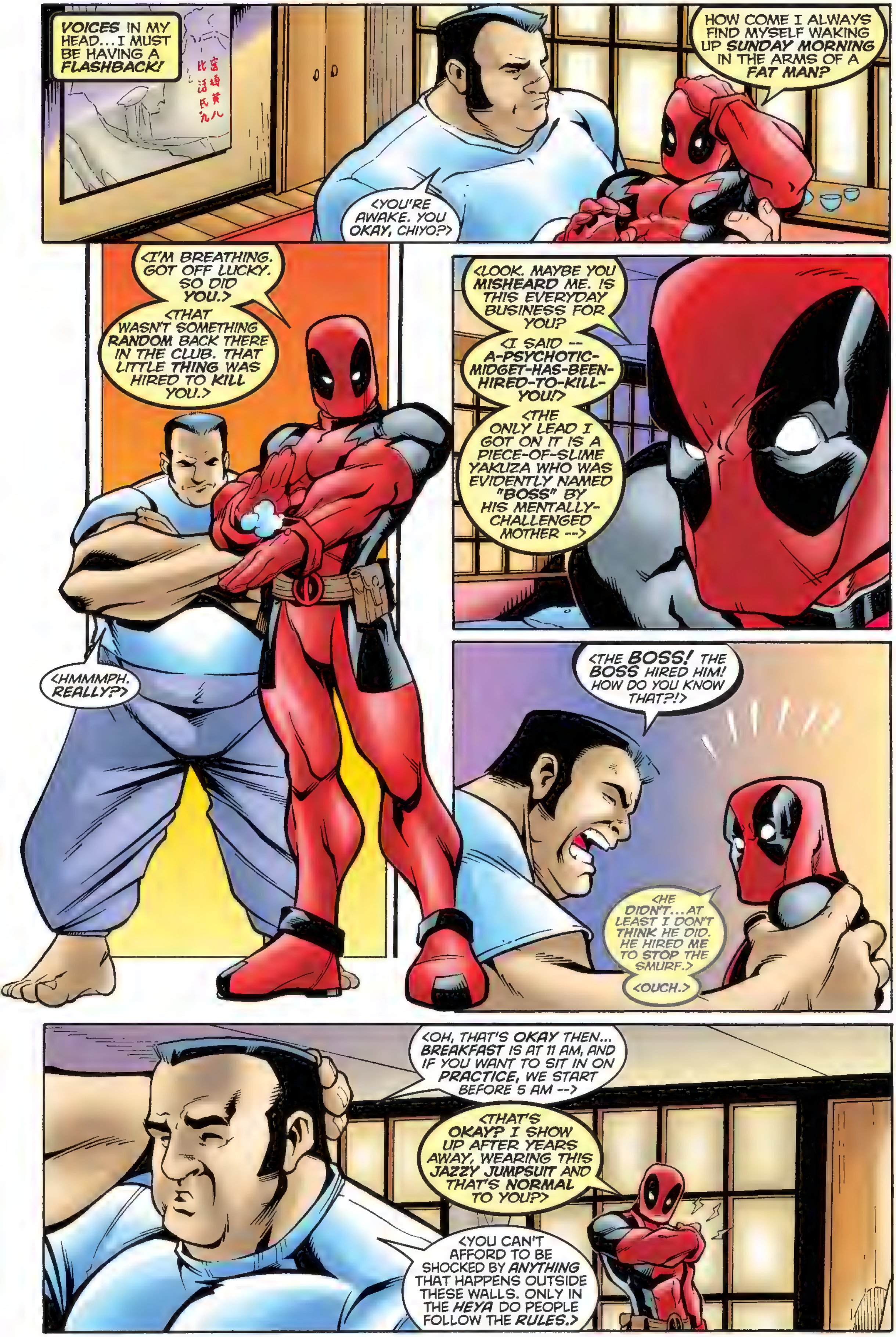

<OKAY! OKAY!>
<I'M SORRY, OYAKATA. I-I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT. YOU WERE ANOTHER TIME...>
<NEVER MIND THAT. YOU'RE SKIN AND BONES! WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN FEEDING YOU?! AND TAKE OFF THAT SILLY MASK.>
<YOU'VE BEEN PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING, HAVEN'T YOU? ONE OF MY BOYS IN THE PACIFIC TERROR WRESTLING LEAGUE -- CAN YOU IMAGINE..?>
WHAP
DON'T TOUCH THE MASK!
EVER.
<POP, I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE RESTAURANT AND HEARD WHAT HAPPENED! DON'T SNEAK OUT LIKE THAT!>
<WHO'S THE PERVERT IN THE LEATHER SUIT?>
<IT'S CHIYO! CHIYO'S RETURNED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! ISN'T THAT GREAT?!>
<HEY, SAZAE. YOU AIN'T FAT ANYMORE...>
<THAT A GIANT FIBERGLASS WEENIE OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?>
<DON'T YOU EVER GO NEAR MY POP AGAIN, YOU CREEP!>
THOK
NOTE TO SELF...

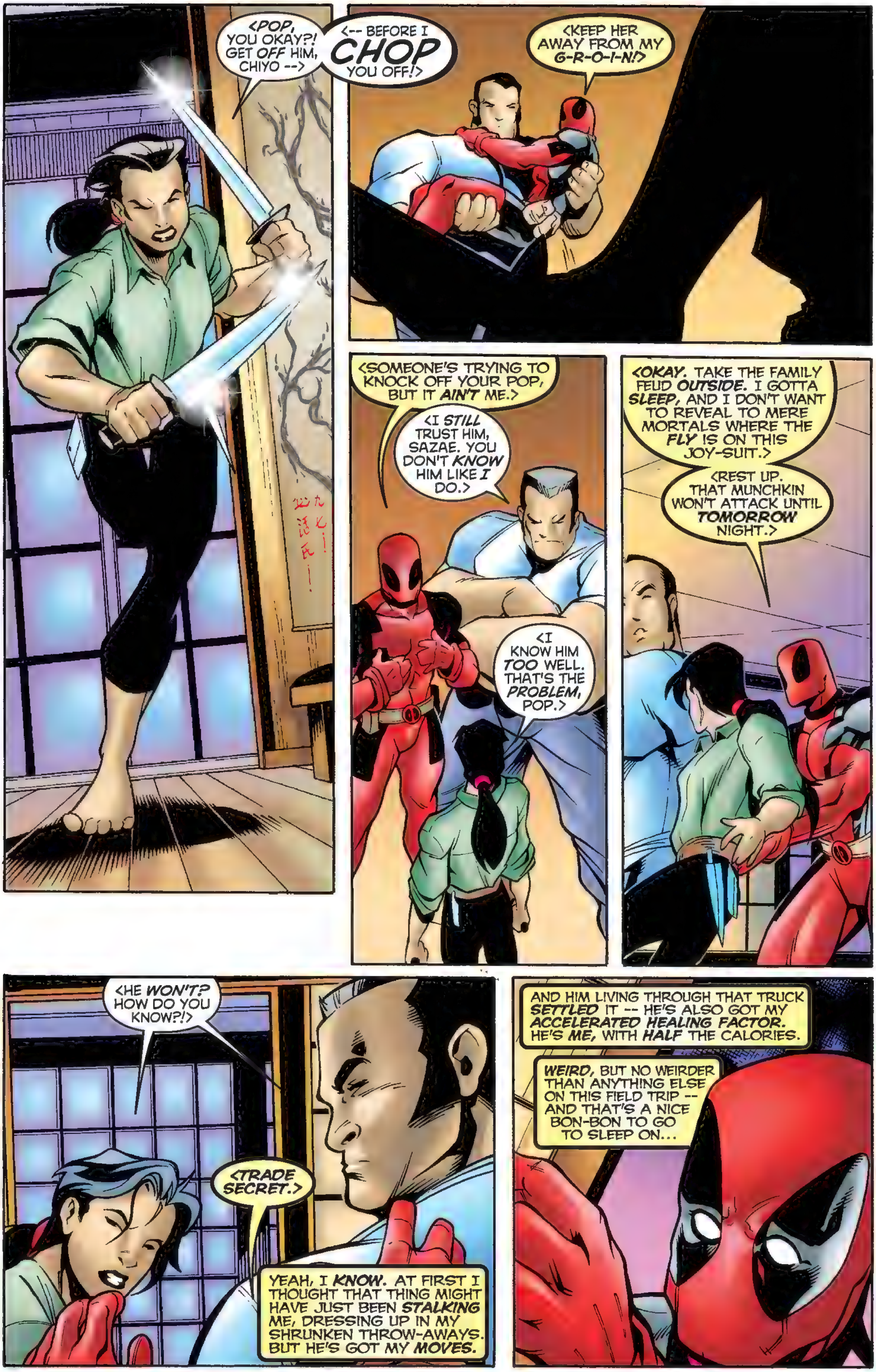

...DON'T EVER CRACK WISE TO A WOMAN...
...WITH A HUGE HOT DOG...
LONG AGO... ANOTHER LIFE...
...BEFORE WEAPON X... BEFORE VANESSA...
I'D BEEN IN ASIA SO LONG I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN TANGIERS... AND FRANCIE.
THIS GUY CALLED "BOSS" OFFERED ME A WAD OF CASH. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS INFILTRATE THE OYAKATA'S STABLE AND WAIT FOR INSTRUCTIONS.
HE WAS PAYING ME TO SIT AROUND AND GET FAT -- WHY NOT?
THE OYAKATA'S STABLE OF FIGHTERS -- HIS HEYA.
THERE WAS NO WAY TO KNOW THAT I'D END UP SPENDING THREE OF THE TOUGHEST YEARS OF MY LIFE THERE.
<I'M THE OYAKATA. YOU'RE A SKINNY LOSER. YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME.>
<YOU KEEP FIGHTING ME. YOU DON'T WASTE THE TIME OF ANY OF MY RIKISHI UNTIL YOU CAN BEAT ME, SQUIRT.>

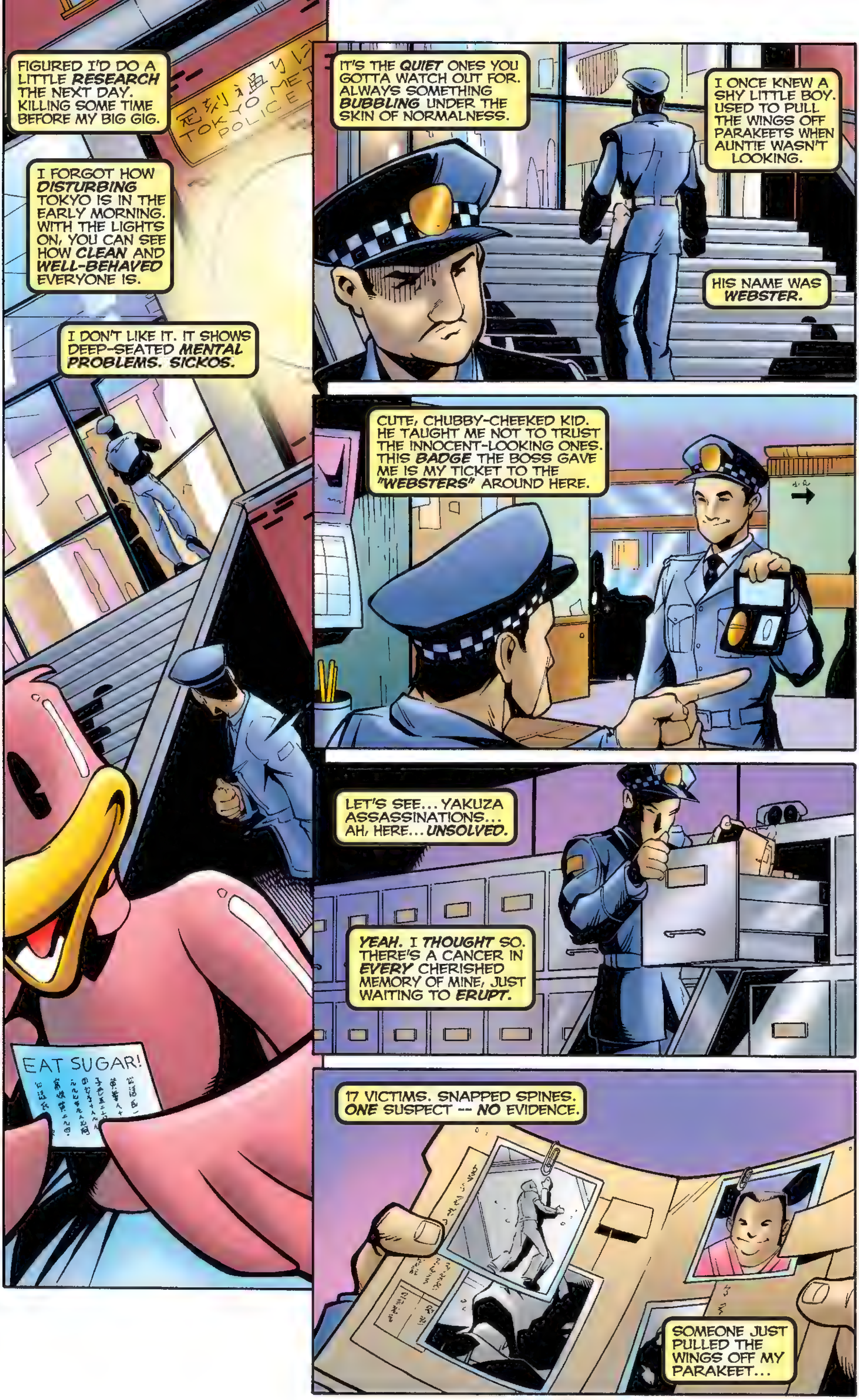

THE OYAKATA HAD BEEN A BIG COMPETITOR IN HIS TIME -- THE TOPS -- THE GREATEST.
HE HELD THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE SPORT, YOKOZUNA.
HE WAS KNOWN FOR A CERTAIN MOVE, A TRIP. IT PUT A SLEDGEHAMMER'S AMOUNT OF PRESSURE ON HIS OPPONENT'S BACK. THEY WOULD HAVE TO FALL, OR HAVE THEIR SPINE SNAPPED.
THE PRESS USED TO SAY THE MOVE WOULD BE LETHAL IF IT WASN'T DONE BY THE EXPERT HANDS OF THE OYAKATA.
IN HIS TIME, HE WAS UNBEATABLE.
SO, HE WAS TO BE MY HURDLE.
EVERY DAY I'D CRAWL INTO THE RING -- AND EVERY DAY I WOULD BE SLAPPED DOWN. IT WAS PAINFUL. VERY PAINFUL.
<THAT'S ALL YOU GOT, BOY? GONNA LET AN OLD MAN KNOCK YA DOWN?!>
BUT I SLOWLY GOT FASTER...
<YOU FEEL ANGRY? SHAMED? WELL, THEN DO SOMETHING!>
...AND STRONGER...
<LET IT OUT! LET OUT THE FURY! LET OUT THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE!>
...AND FATTER!
<WHERE'S THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE YOU? YOU A FIGHTER OR A PUPPY?!>
ONE MORNING, PROUDEST OF MY LIFE, I FOUND MY TECHNIQUE -- THE MESUINU TSUPPARI.
I SLAPPED THE OYAKATA DOWN. ME.
WHAAAP
FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I WAS UNBEATABLE!

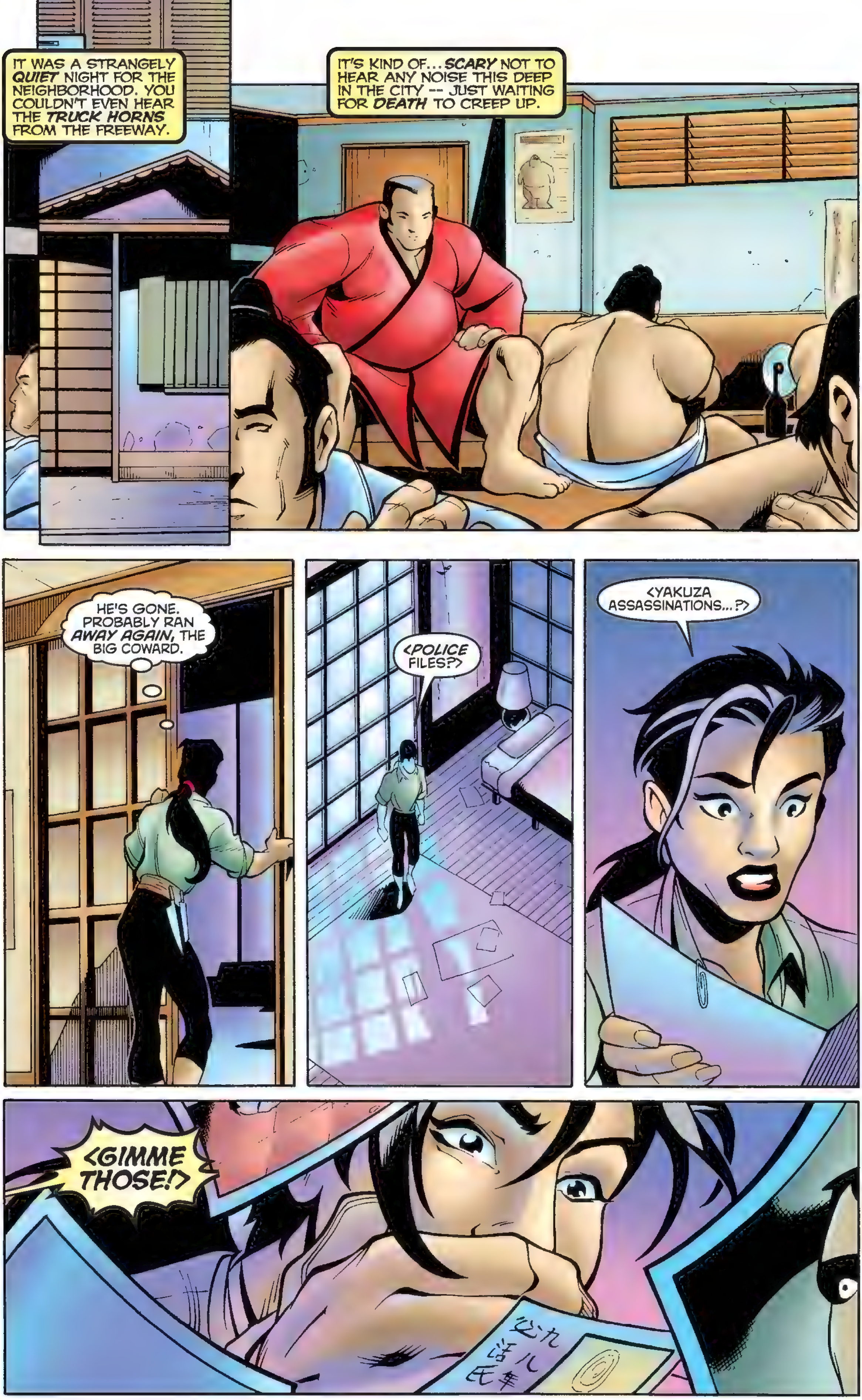

I QUICKLY BECAME THE STAR *RIKISHI* IN THE STABLE AND IT CAME TIME FOR ME TO CHOOSE A *SHIKONA* -- A TRADITIONAL NAME TO BE USED IN COMPETITION.
SAZAE, THE OYAKATA'S YOUNG DAUGHTER, GAVE ME MY NAME. *"CHIYONOSAKE"* -- *"THE WOLF OF THE RICE WINE."*
I *LOVED* THAT NAME. NOT BECAUSE I GOT DRUNK, BUT BECAUSE... *WELL*, WHEN LADIES GIVE ME A NAME, IT'S USUALLY NOT THAT KINDLY, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
IT WAS A *GOOD* LIFE. BEING WAITED ON HAND AND FOOT. A CLEAR OPPONENT -- A WORLD OF *RULES* AND *ORDER*.
SAZAE USED TO DO THE COOKING IN THE HEYA, SINCE THE OYAKATA'S WIFE HAD DIED IN SOME ACCIDENT.
SHE TOOK A LIKING TO THIS UP-AND-COMING RIKISHI WHO SEEMED TO TREAT HER WORLD LIKE IT WAS ALL SOME KIND OF FUN RIDE.
SHE USED TO SNEAK ME *CURRY UDON* TO GET ON MY GOOD SIDE. AND THE WHOLE TIME THE OYAKATA'S TURNING A BLIND EYE TO IT ALL, LIKE SOME MATCH-MAKING *GRANDMA*.
UDON
IT WAS EVENTUALLY ARRANGED THAT WHEN SAZAE WAS OF AGE, SHE WOULD MARRY *ME* -- *CHIYO*. I'D INHERIT THE HEYA, *CHARGE* OF THE PUPILS... AND EVERYTHING VALUABLE TO THE OYAKATA.
MOST *IMPORTANTLY*, I'D BE ENTRUSTED WITH SAZAE'S WELFARE -- NO ONE ELSE WOULD THE OYAKATA TRUST WITH HIS DEAREST TREASURE.
I CAN TELL YOU, IT WAS ABOUT AS CLOSE AS A FELLA LIKE ME COULD COME TO THE *WHITE PICKET* FENCE ROUTINE. ALL COZY. *UNTIL...*

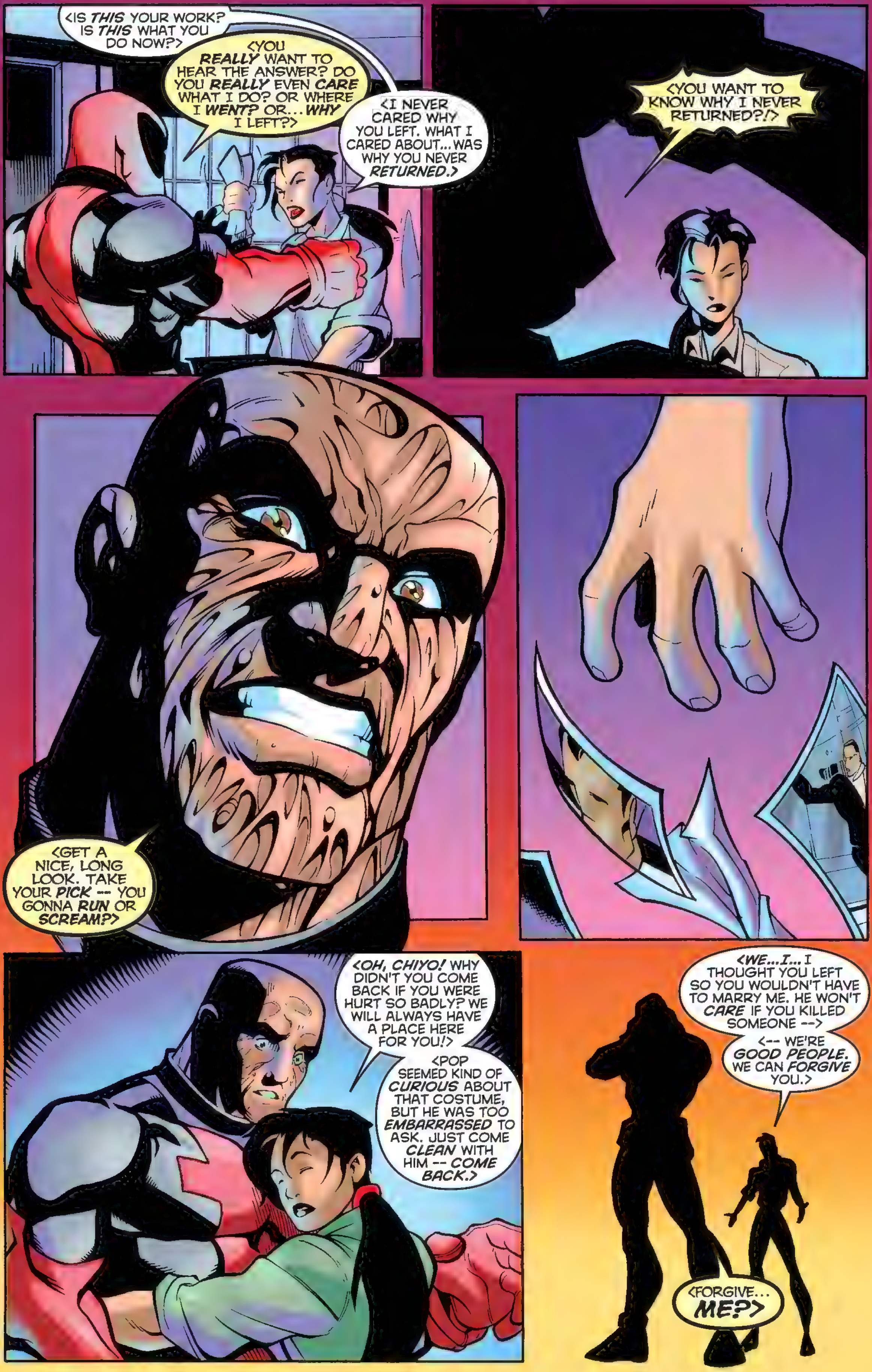

MY LITTLE MISTAKE WAS THAT I THOUGHT I COULD LEAVE BEHIND ALL THE UNHAPPINESS AND UGLINESS IN MY LIFE.
ONE SUNNY MORNING, THERE WAS A ***MESSAGE*** IN MY CREME-FILLED ***OWINKEE.*** IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO DO WHAT I WAS BEING PAID FOR.
AND WHAT WAS THAT? ***SURPRISE.***
"KILL THE OYAKATA."
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, I SAID ***"ENOUGH."*** FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, I WAS WALKING AWAY FROM A JOB -- ***LEAVING*** BEFORE I COULD HURT ANYBODY EXCEPT ***MYSELF.***
SHE WOULDN'T MAKE IT ***EASY,*** THOUGH. THEY ***NEVER*** DO.
<CHIYO! STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?>
I TOLD HER THAT I COULDN'T EXPLAIN WHY I WAS RUNNING AWAY. THAT SHE WOULDN'T ***WANT*** TO KNOW WHY.
*<I DON'T **CARE** WHY! YOU **CAN'T** GO...OR... OR...I'LL **SCREAM!**>*
AND I COULDN'T ***HAVE THAT...***
THUMP
I HAD TO KNOCK HER UNCONSCIOUS BEFORE SHE KNEW WHAT HIT HER. I ***HAD*** TO.
THEN I DID WHAT I DO SO WELL -- I ***DISAPPEARED.***
AND IT WAS A LONG, ***LONG*** TIME UNTIL THERE WAS A MORNING I DIDN'T WONDER WHAT SHE DID WHEN SHE WOKE UP. IF SHE WAS ***SAD*** OR ***ANGRY...*** OR JUST AS DISAPPOINTED IN ME AS ***I*** WAS.

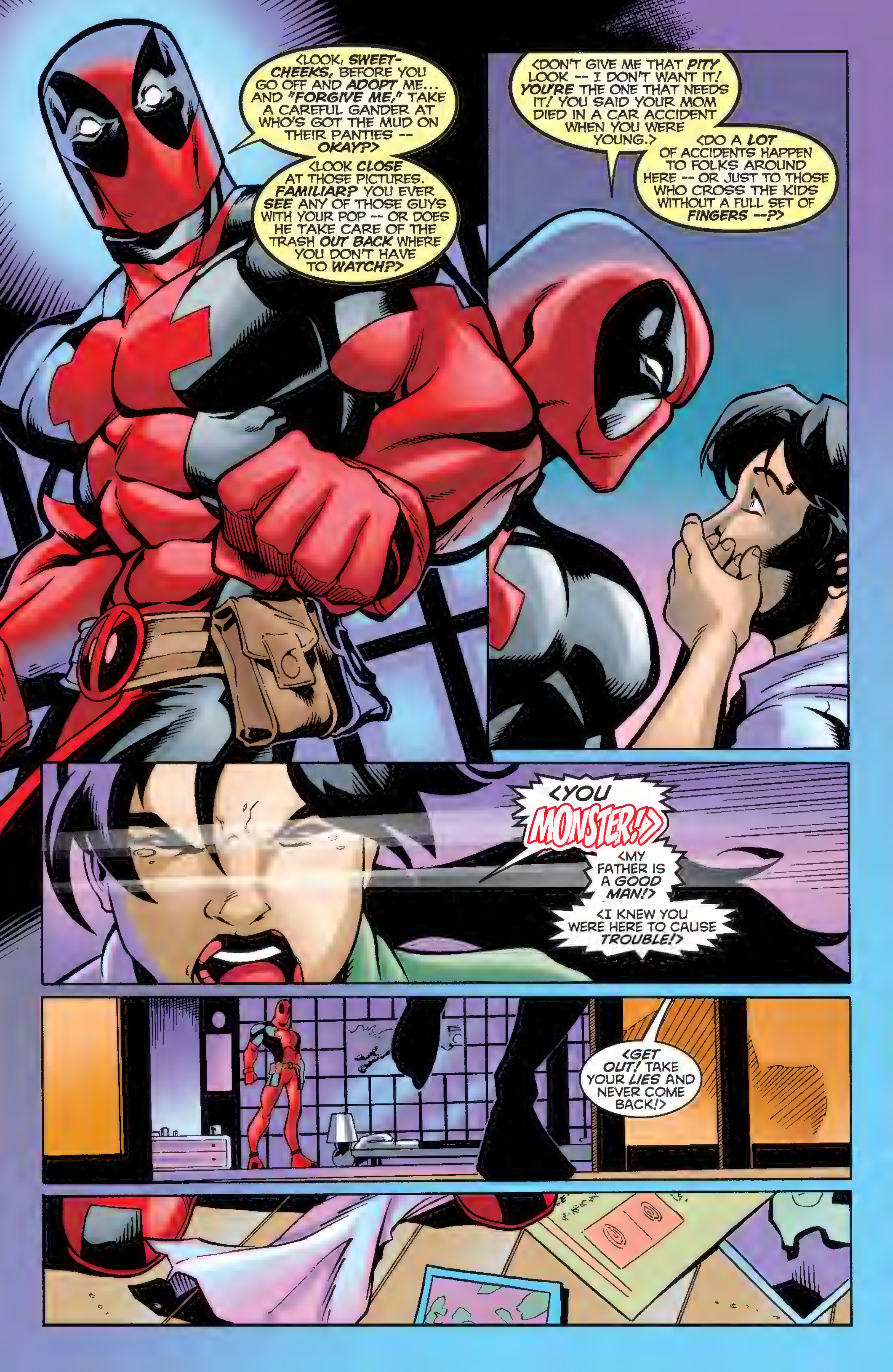

VOICES IN MY HEAD... I MUST BE HAVING A FLASHBACK!
HOW COME I ALWAYS FIND MYSELF WAKING UP SUNDAY MORNING IN THE ARMS OF A FAT MAN?
<YOU'RE AWAKE. YOU OKAY, CHIYO?>
<I'M BREATHING. GOT OFF LUCKY. SO DID YOU.>
<THAT WASN'T SOMETHING RANDOM BACK THERE IN THE CLUB. THAT LITTLE THING WAS HIRED TO KILL YOU.>
<HMMMPH. REALLY?>
<LOOK. MAYBE YOU MISHEARD ME. IS THIS EVERYDAY BUSINESS FOR YOU?>
<I SAID -- A-PSYCHOTIC-MIDGET-HAS-BEEN-HIRED-TO-KILL-YOU!>
<THE ONLY LEAD I GOT ON IT IS A PIECE-OF-SLIME YAKUZA WHO WAS EVIDENTLY NAMED "BOSS" BY HIS MENTALLY-CHALLENGED MOTHER -->
<THE BOSS! THE BOSS HIRED HIM! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?!>
<HE DIDN'T... AT LEAST I DON'T THINK HE DID. HE HIRED ME TO STOP THE SMURF.>
<OUCH.>
<OH, THAT'S OKAY THEN... BREAKFAST IS AT 11 AM, AND IF YOU WANT TO SIT IN ON PRACTICE, WE START BEFORE 5 AM -->
<THAT'S OKAY? I SHOW UP AFTER YEARS AWAY, WEARING THIS JAZZY JUMPSUIT AND THAT'S NORMAL TO YOU?>
<YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SHOCKED BY ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS OUTSIDE THESE WALLS. ONLY IN THE HEYA DO PEOPLE FOLLOW THE RULES.>

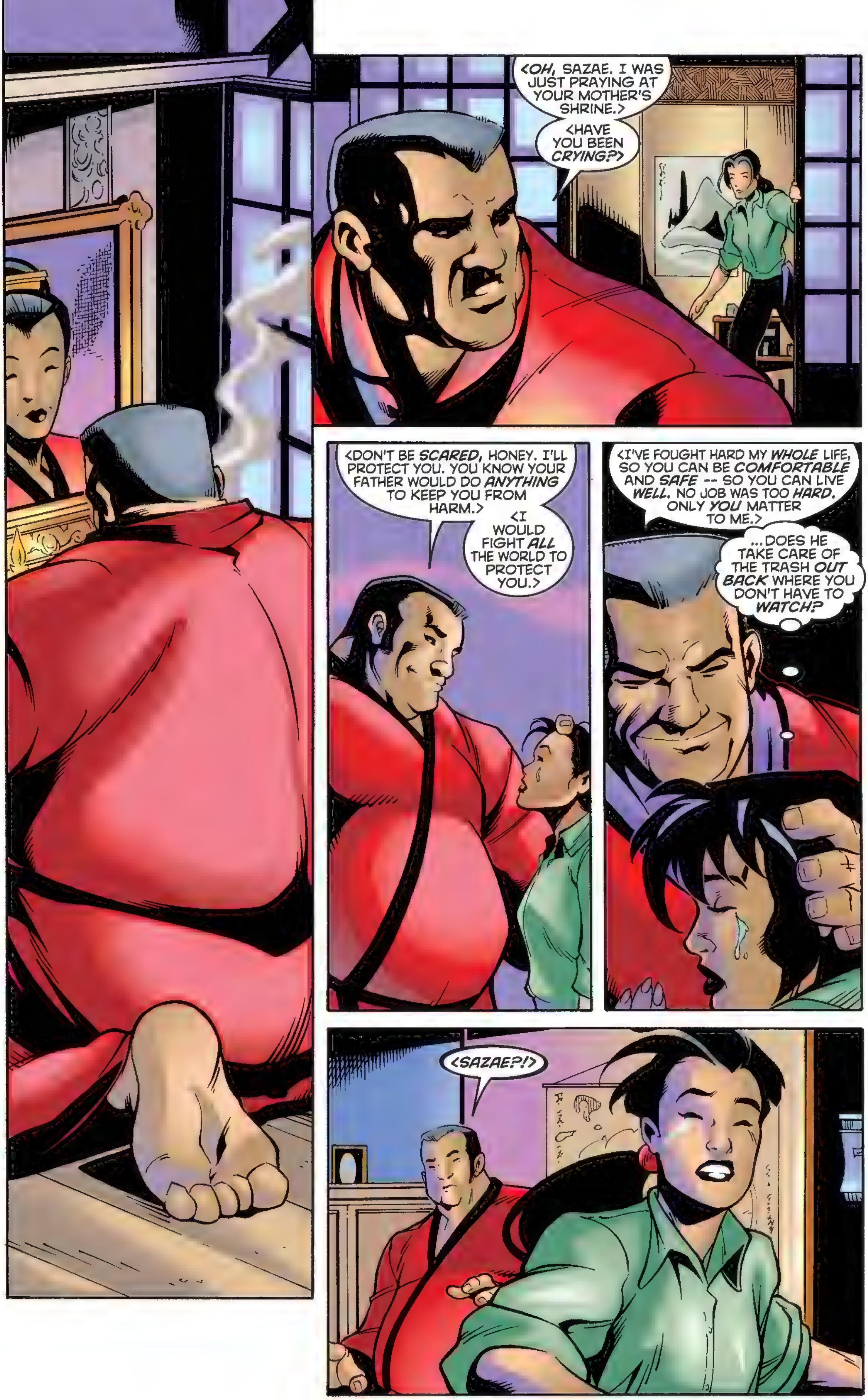

<POP, YOU OKAY?! GET OFF HIM, CHIYO -->
<-- BEFORE I CHOP YOU OFF!>
<KEEP HER AWAY FROM MY G-R-O-I-N!>
<SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KNOCK OFF YOUR POP, BUT IT AIN'T ME.>
<I STILL TRUST HIM, SAZAE. YOU DON'T KNOW HIM LIKE I DO.>
<I KNOW HIM TOO WELL. THAT'S THE PROBLEM, POP.>
<OKAY. TAKE THE FAMILY FEUD OUTSIDE. I GOTTA SLEEP, AND I DON'T WANT TO REVEAL TO MERE MORTALS WHERE THE FLY IS ON THIS JOY-SUIT.>
<REST UP. THAT MUNCHKIN WON'T ATTACK UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.>
<HE WON'T? HOW DO YOU KNOW?!>
<TRADE SECRET.>
YEAH, I KNOW. AT FIRST I THOUGHT THAT THING MIGHT HAVE JUST BEEN STALKING ME, DRESSING UP IN MY SHRUNKEN THROW-AWAYS. BUT HE'S GOT MY MOVES.
AND HIM LIVING THROUGH THAT TRUCK SETTLED IT -- HE'S ALSO GOT MY ACCELERATED HEALING FACTOR. HE'S ME, WITH HALF THE CALORIES.
WEIRD, BUT NO WEIRDER THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON THIS FIELD TRIP -- AND THAT'S A NICE BON-BON TO GO TO SLEEP ON...

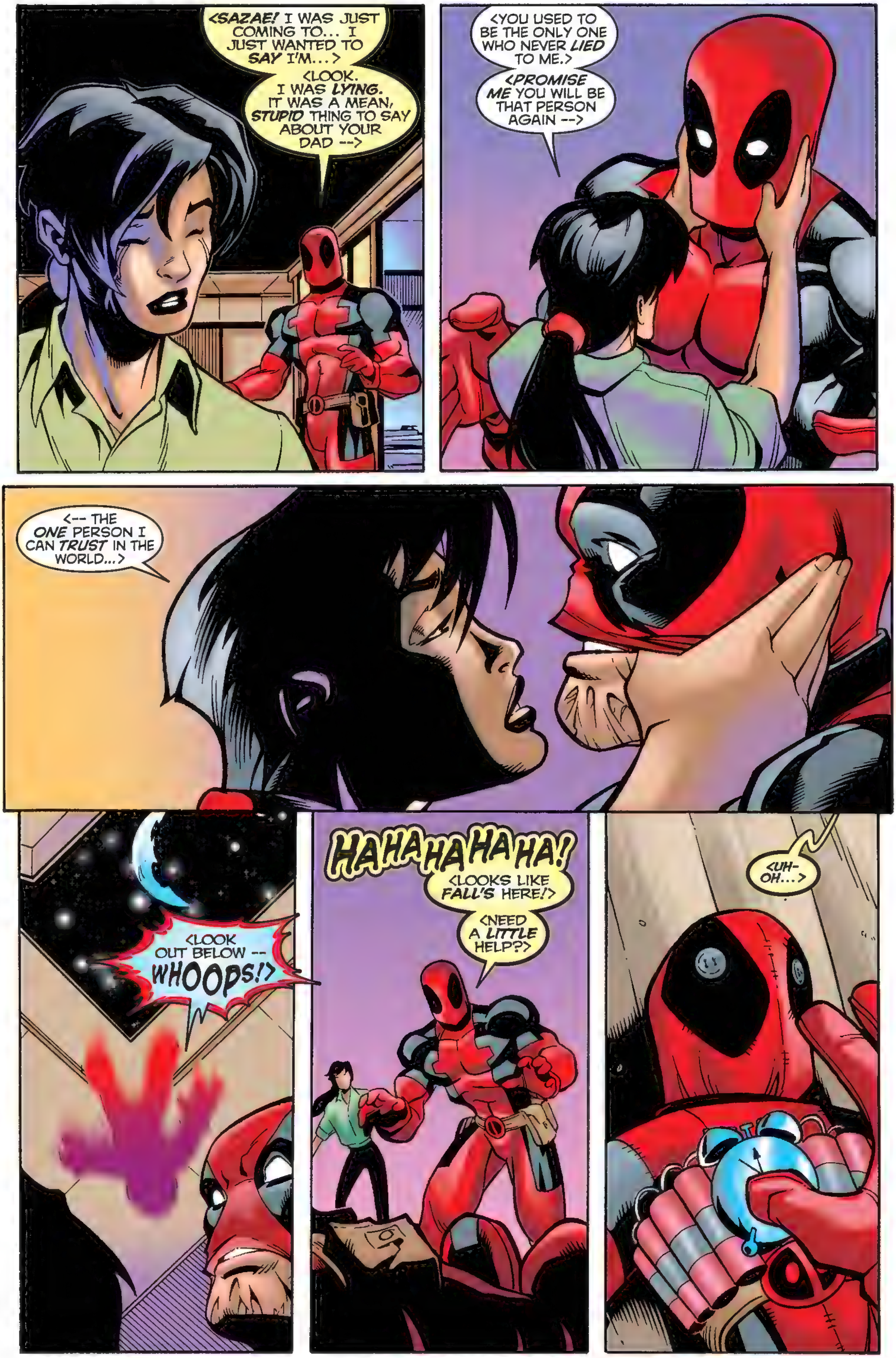

FIGURED I'D DO A LITTLE **RESEARCH** THE NEXT DAY. KILLING SOME TIME BEFORE MY BIG GIG.
TOKYO MET
POLICE
I FORGOT HOW ***DISTURBING*** TOKYO IS IN THE EARLY MORNING. WITH THE LIGHTS ON, YOU CAN SEE HOW ***CLEAN*** AND ***WELL-BEHAVED*** EVERYONE IS.
I DON'T LIKE IT. IT SHOWS DEEP-SEATED ***MENTAL PROBLEMS. SICKOS.***
IT'S THE ***QUIET*** ONES YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR. ALWAYS SOMETHING ***BUBBLING*** UNDER THE SKIN OF NORMALNESS.
I ONCE KNEW A SHY LITTLE BOY. USED TO PULL THE WINGS OFF PARAKEETS WHEN AUNTIE WASN'T LOOKING.
HIS NAME WAS ***WEBSTER.***
CUTE, CHUBBY-CHEEKED KID. HE TAUGHT ME NOT TO TRUST THE INNOCENT-LOOKING ONES. THIS ***BADGE*** THE BOSS GAVE ME IS MY TICKET TO THE ***"WEBSTERS"*** AROUND HERE.
LET'S SEE... YAKUZA ASSASSINATIONS... AH, HERE... ***UNSOLVED.***
YEAH. I ***THOUGHT*** SO. THERE'S A CANCER IN ***EVERY*** CHERISHED MEMORY OF MINE, JUST WAITING TO ***ERUPT.***
EAT SUGAR!
17 VICTIMS. SNAPPED SPINES. ***ONE*** SUSPECT -- ***NO*** EVIDENCE.
SOMEONE JUST PULLED THE WINGS OFF MY PARAKEET...

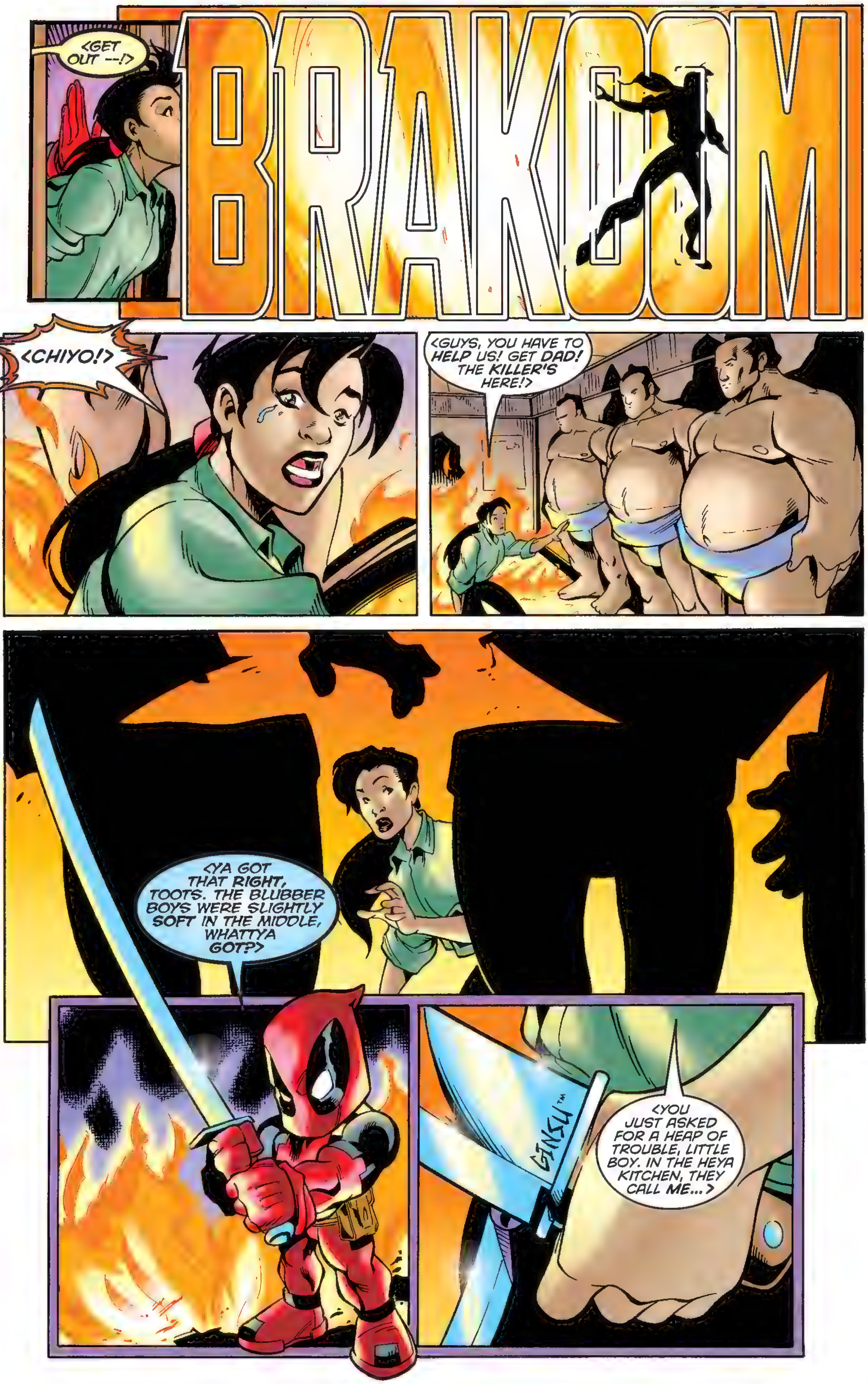

IT WAS A STRANGELY *QUIET* NIGHT FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD. YOU COULDN'T EVEN HEAR THE *TRUCK HORNS* FROM THE FREEWAY.
IT'S KIND OF... *SCARY* NOT TO HEAR ANY NOISE THIS DEEP IN THE CITY -- JUST WAITING FOR *DEATH* TO CREEP UP.
HE'S GONE. PROBABLY RAN *AWAY AGAIN,* THE BIG COWARD.
<*POLICE* FILES?>
<YAKUZA ASSASSINATIONS...?>
<GIMME THOSE!>

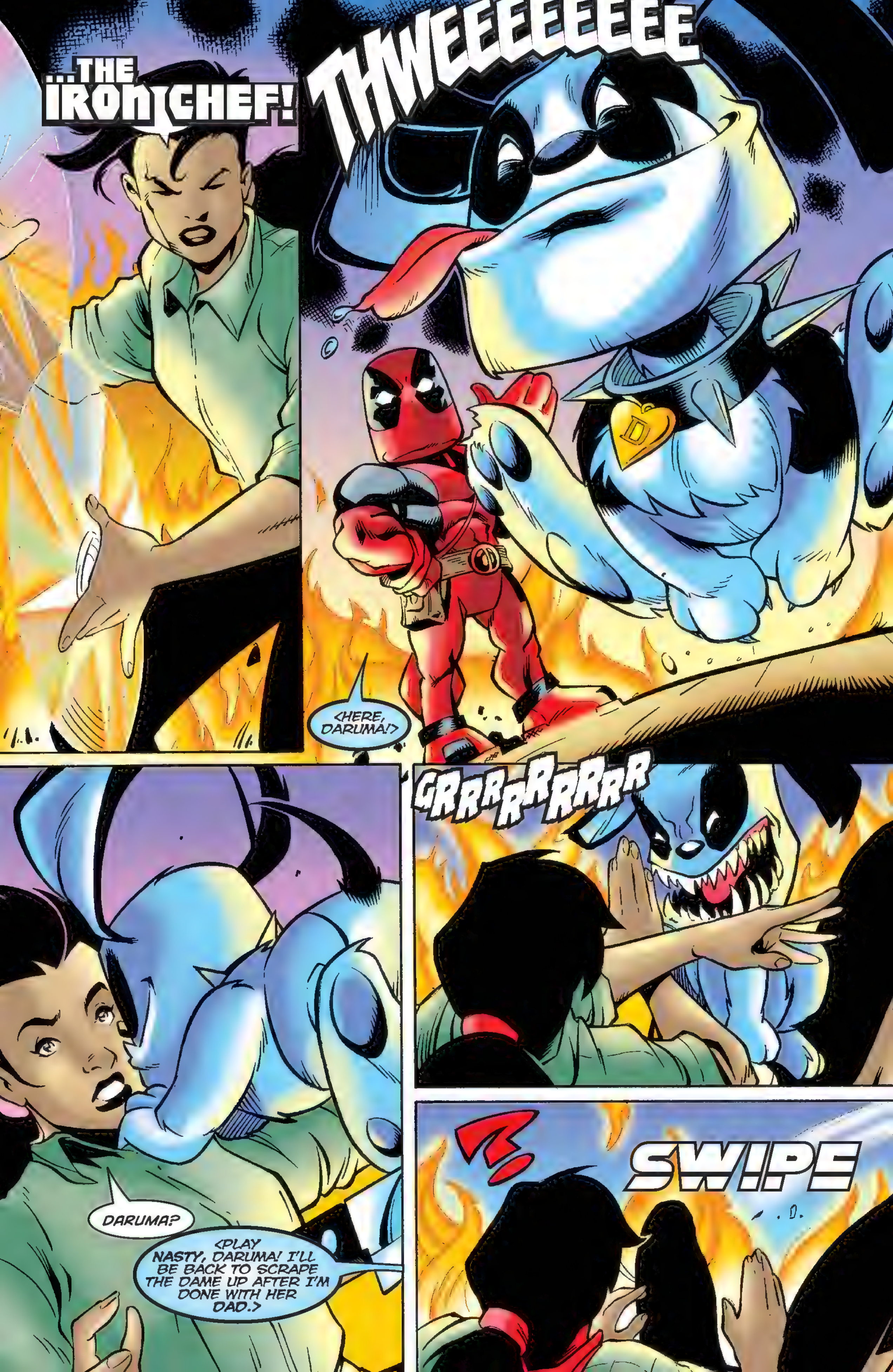

<IS THIS YOUR WORK? IS THIS WHAT YOU DO NOW?>
<YOU REALLY WANT TO HEAR THE ANSWER? DO YOU REALLY EVEN CARE WHAT I DO? OR WHERE I WENT? OR... WHY I LEFT?>
<I NEVER CARED WHY YOU LEFT. WHAT I CARED ABOUT... WAS WHY YOU NEVER RETURNED.>
<YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I NEVER RETURNED?!>
<GET A NICE, LONG LOOK. TAKE YOUR PICK -- YOU GONNA RUN OR SCREAM?>
<OH, CHIYO! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME BACK IF YOU WERE HURT SO BADLY? WE WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE HERE FOR YOU!>
<POP SEEMED KIND OF CURIOUS ABOUT THAT COSTUME, BUT HE WAS TOO EMBARRASSED TO ASK. JUST COME CLEAN WITH HIM -- COME BACK.>
<WE... I... I THOUGHT YOU LEFT SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO MARRY ME. HE WON'T CARE IF YOU KILLED SOMEONE -->
<-- WE'RE GOOD PEOPLE. WE CAN FORGIVE YOU.>
<FORGIVE... ME?>

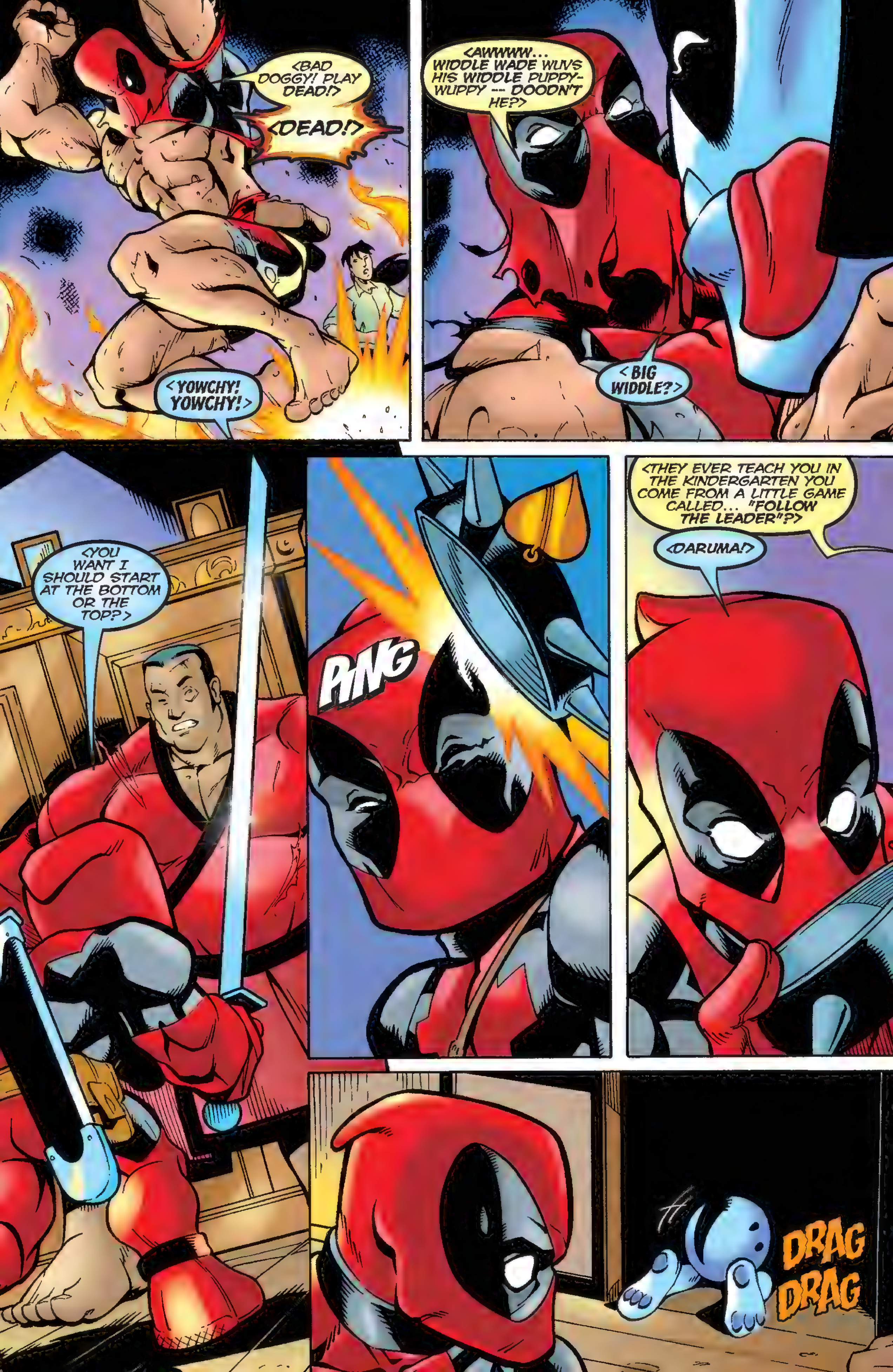


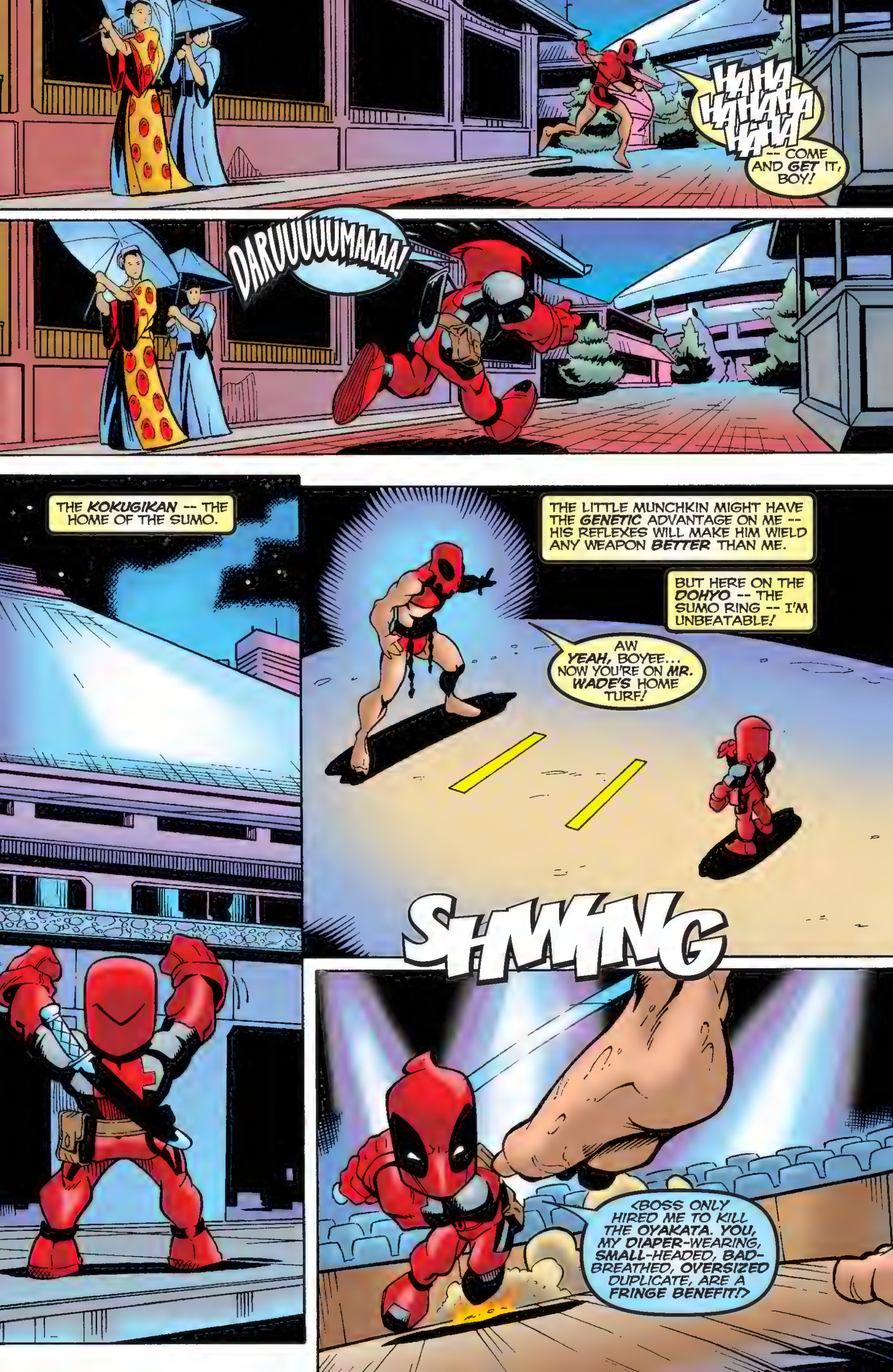

<OH, SAZAE. I WAS JUST PRAYING AT YOUR MOTHER'S SHRINE.>
<HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?>
<DON'T BE SCARED, HONEY. I'LL PROTECT YOU. YOU KNOW YOUR FATHER WOULD DO ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU FROM HARM.>
<I WOULD FIGHT ALL THE WORLD TO PROTECT YOU.>
<I'VE FOUGHT HARD MY WHOLE LIFE, SO YOU CAN BE COMFORTABLE AND SAFE -- SO YOU CAN LIVE WELL. NO JOB WAS TOO HARD. ONLY YOU MATTER TO ME.>
...DOES HE TAKE CARE OF THE TRASH OUT BACK WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WATCH?
<SAZAE?!>

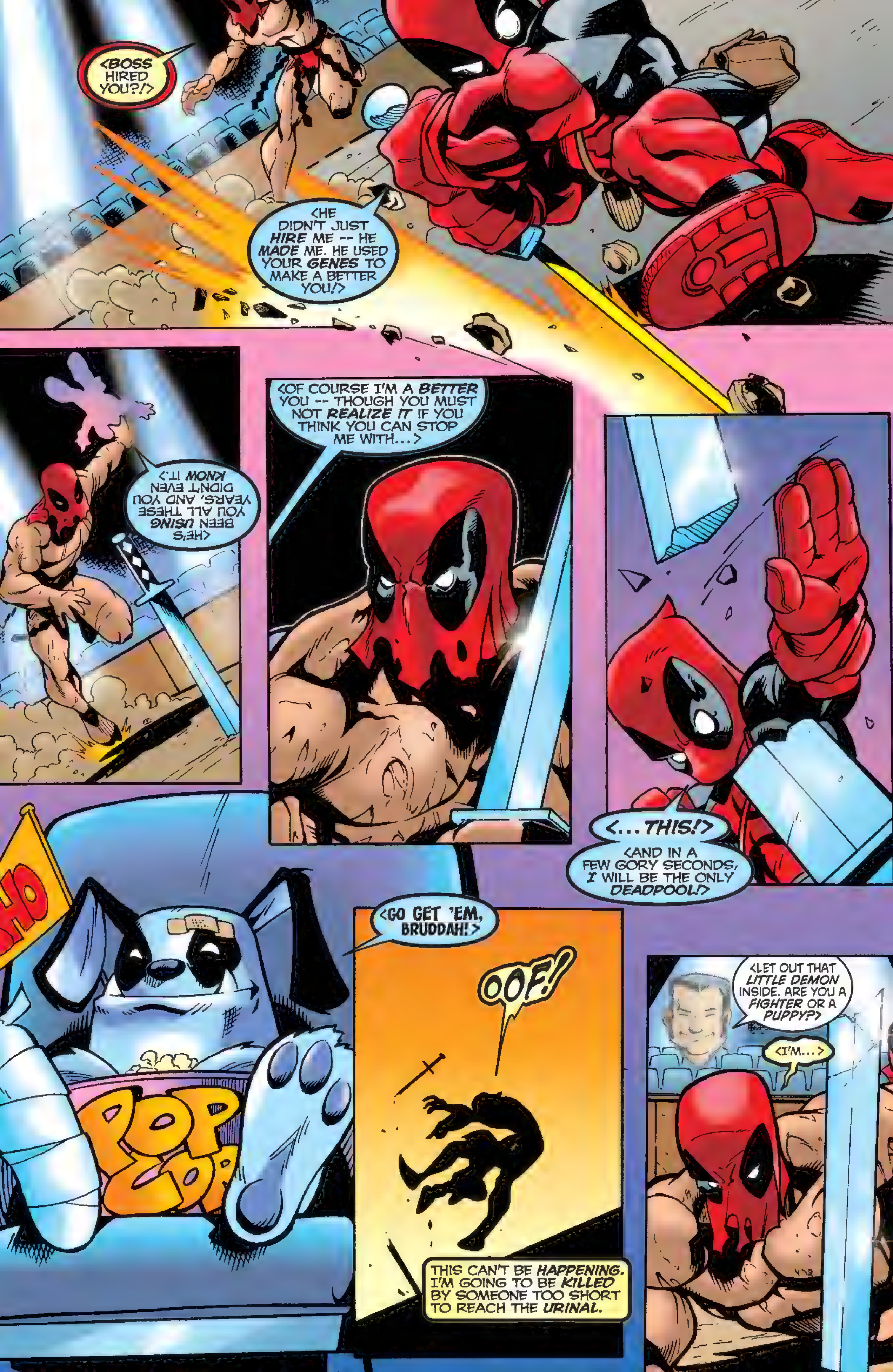

<SAZAE! I WAS JUST COMING TO... I JUST WANTED TO SAY I'M...>
<LOOK. I WAS LYING. IT WAS A MEAN, STUPID THING TO SAY ABOUT YOUR DAD -->
<YOU USED TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO NEVER LIED TO ME.>
<PROMISE ME YOU WILL BE THAT PERSON AGAIN -->
<-- THE ONE PERSON I CAN TRUST IN THE WORLD...>
<LOOK OUT BELOW -- WHOOPS!>
HAHAHAHAHAHA!
<LOOKS LIKE FALL'S HERE!>
<NEED A LITTLE HELP?>
<UH-OH...>

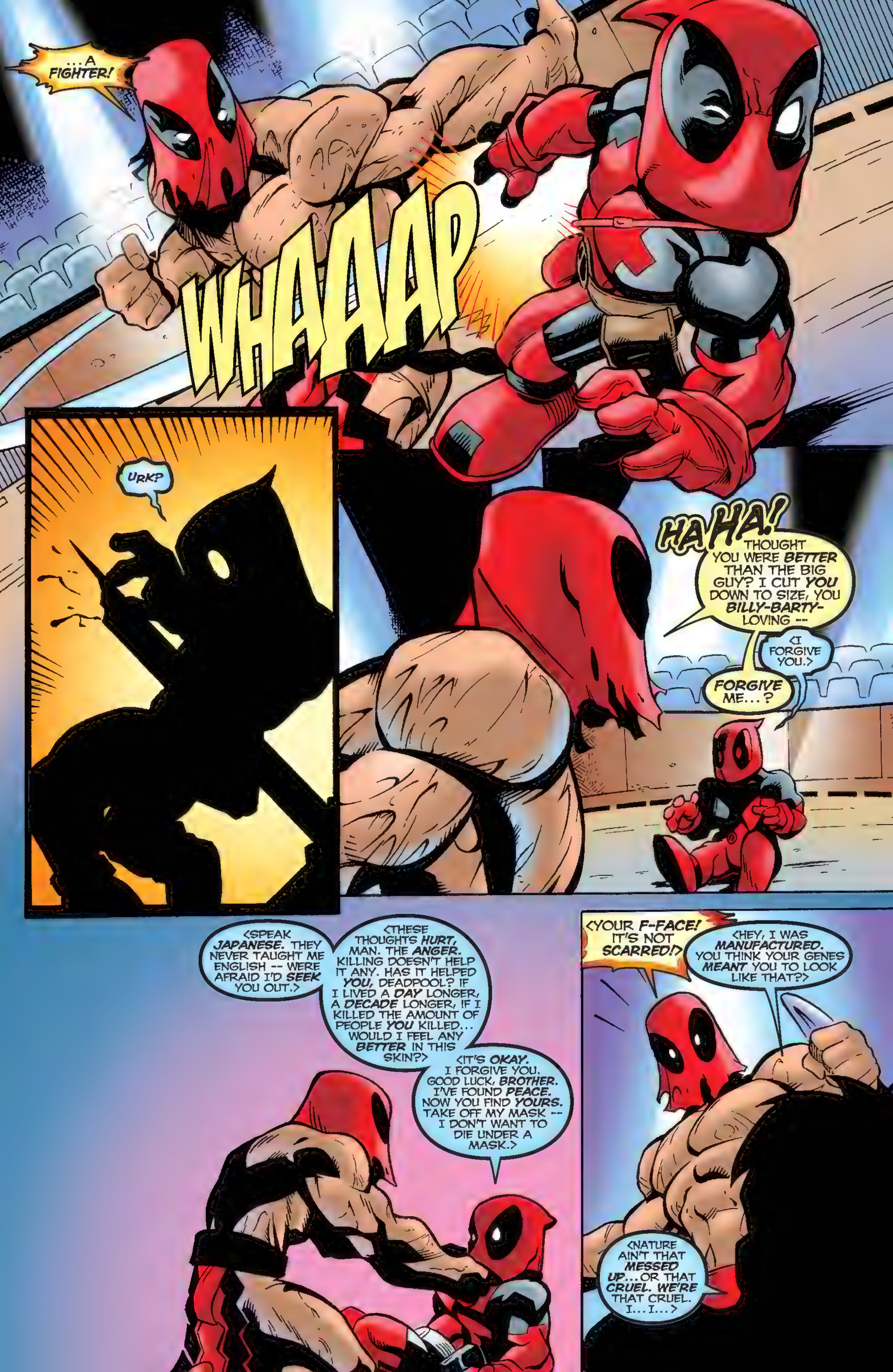

<GET OUT --!>
BRAKOOM
<CHIYO!>
<GUYS, YOU HAVE TO HELP US! GET DAD! THE KILLER'S HERE!>
<YA GOT THAT RIGHT, TOOTS. THE BLUBBER BOYS WERE SLIGHTLY SOFT IN THE MIDDLE, WHATTYA GOT?>
GINSU™
<YOU JUST ASKED FOR A HEAP OF TROUBLE, LITTLE BOY. IN THE HEYA KITCHEN, THEY CALL ME...>

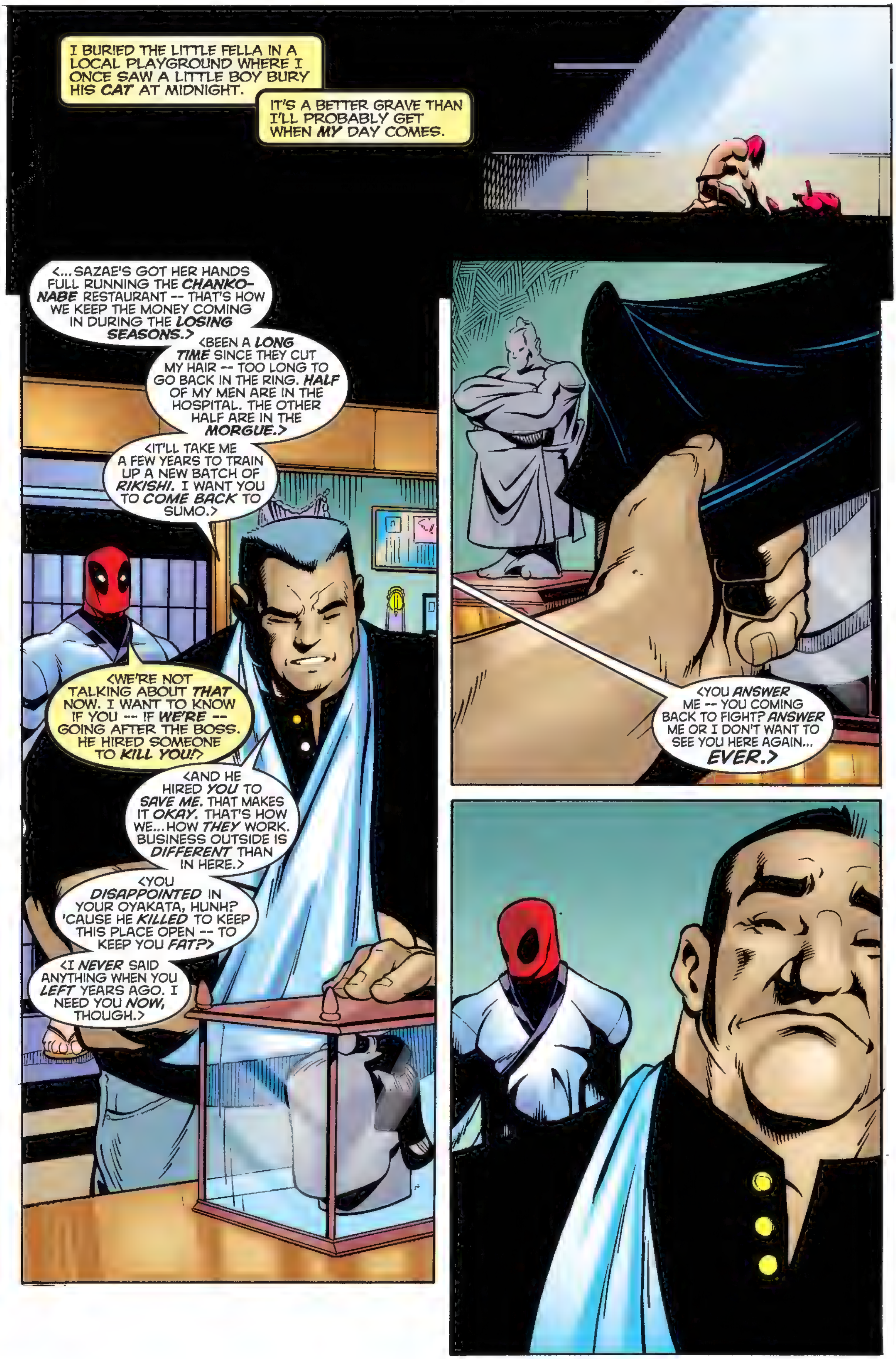

...THE IRON CHEF!
THWEEEEEEEEE
<HERE, DARUMA!>
GRRRRRRRRR
DARUMA?
<PLAY NASTY, DARUMA! I'LL BE BACK TO SCRAPE THE DAME UP AFTER I'M DONE WITH HER DAD.>
SWIPE

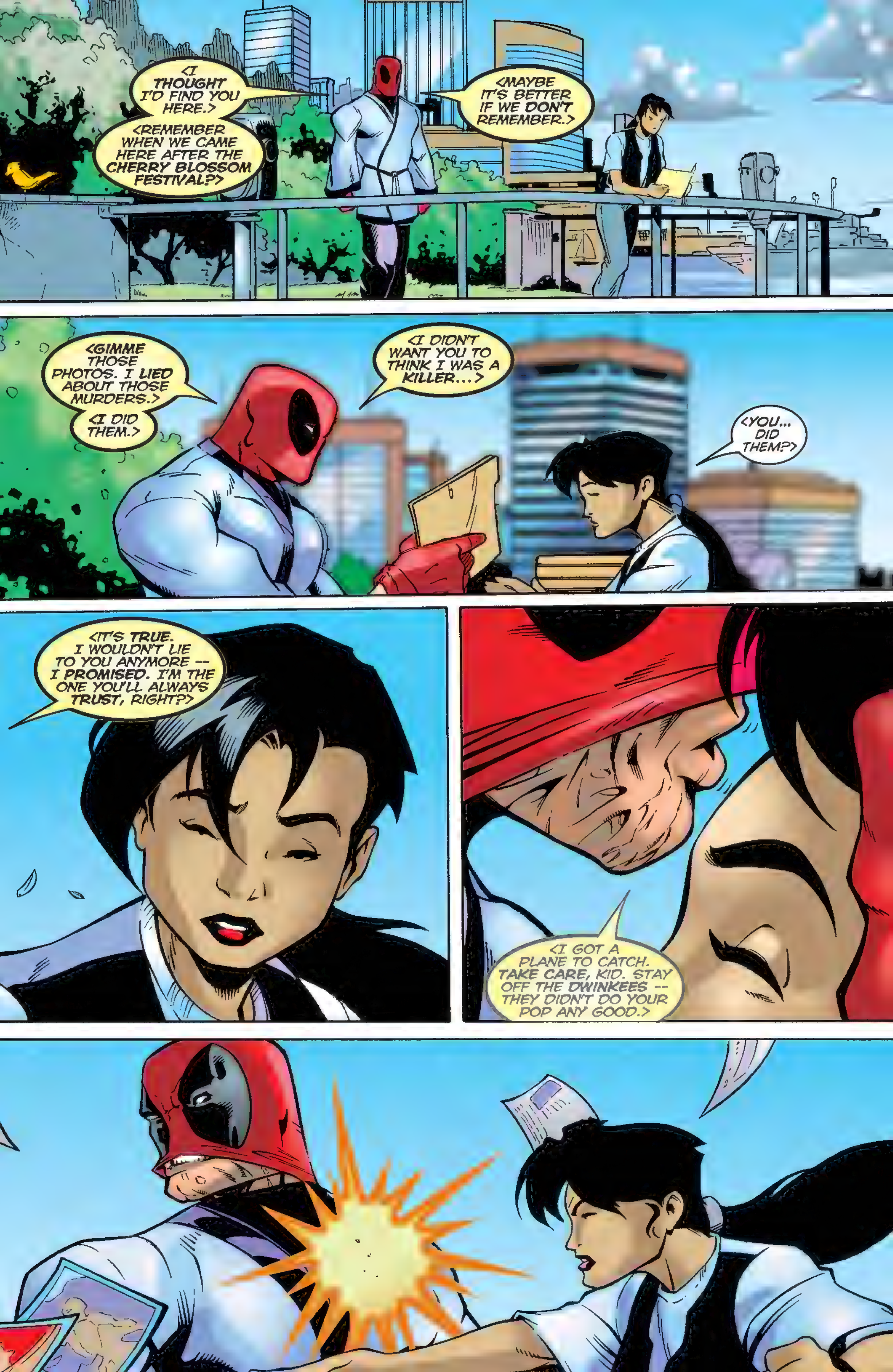

<BAD DOGGY! PLAY DEAD!>
<DEAD!>
<YOWCHY! YOWCHY!>
<AWWWW... WIDDLE WADE WUVS HIS WIDDLE PUPPY-WUPPY -- DOOON'T HE?>
<BIG WIDDLE?>
<YOU WANT I SHOULD START AT THE BOTTOM OR THE TOP?>
PING
<THEY EVER TEACH YOU IN THE KINDERGARTEN YOU COME FROM A LITTLE GAME CALLED... "FOLLOW THE LEADER"?>
<DARUMA!>
DRAG
DRAG

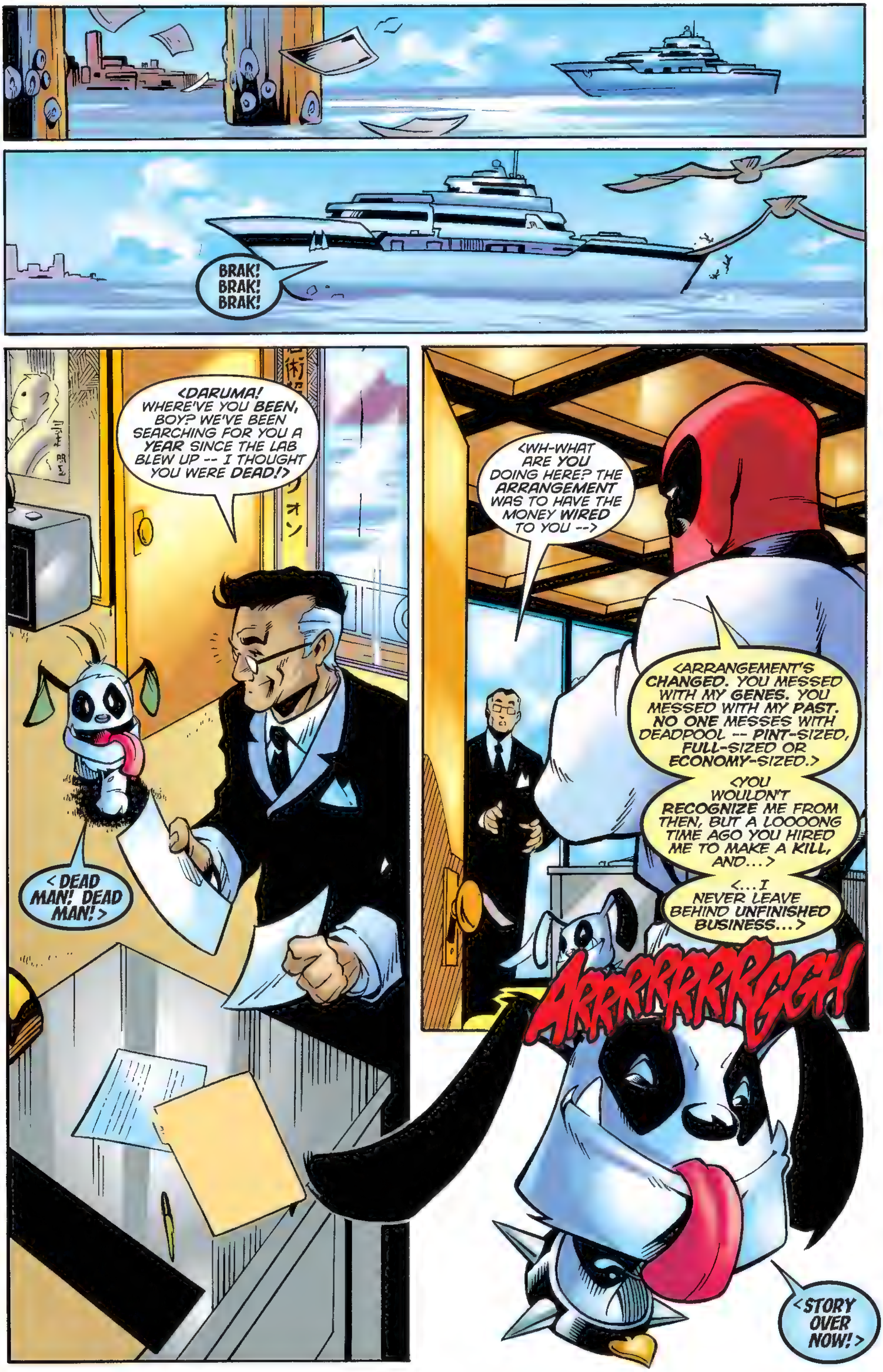

HAHA HAHAHA HAHA -- COME AND GET IT, BOY!
DARUUUUUMAAAA!
THE KOKUGIKAN -- THE HOME OF THE SUMO.
THE LITTLE MUNCHKIN MIGHT HAVE THE GENETIC ADVANTAGE ON ME -- HIS REFLEXES WILL MAKE HIM WIELD ANY WEAPON BETTER THAN ME.
BUT HERE ON THE DOHYO -- THE SUMO RING -- I'M UNBEATABLE!
AW YEAH, BOYEE... NOW YOU'RE ON MR. WADE'S HOME TURF!
SHWING
<BOSS ONLY HIRED ME TO KILL THE OYAKATA. YOU, MY DIAPER-WEARING, SMALL-HEADED, BAD-BREATHED, OVERSIZED DUPLICATE, ARE A FRINGE BENEFIT!>

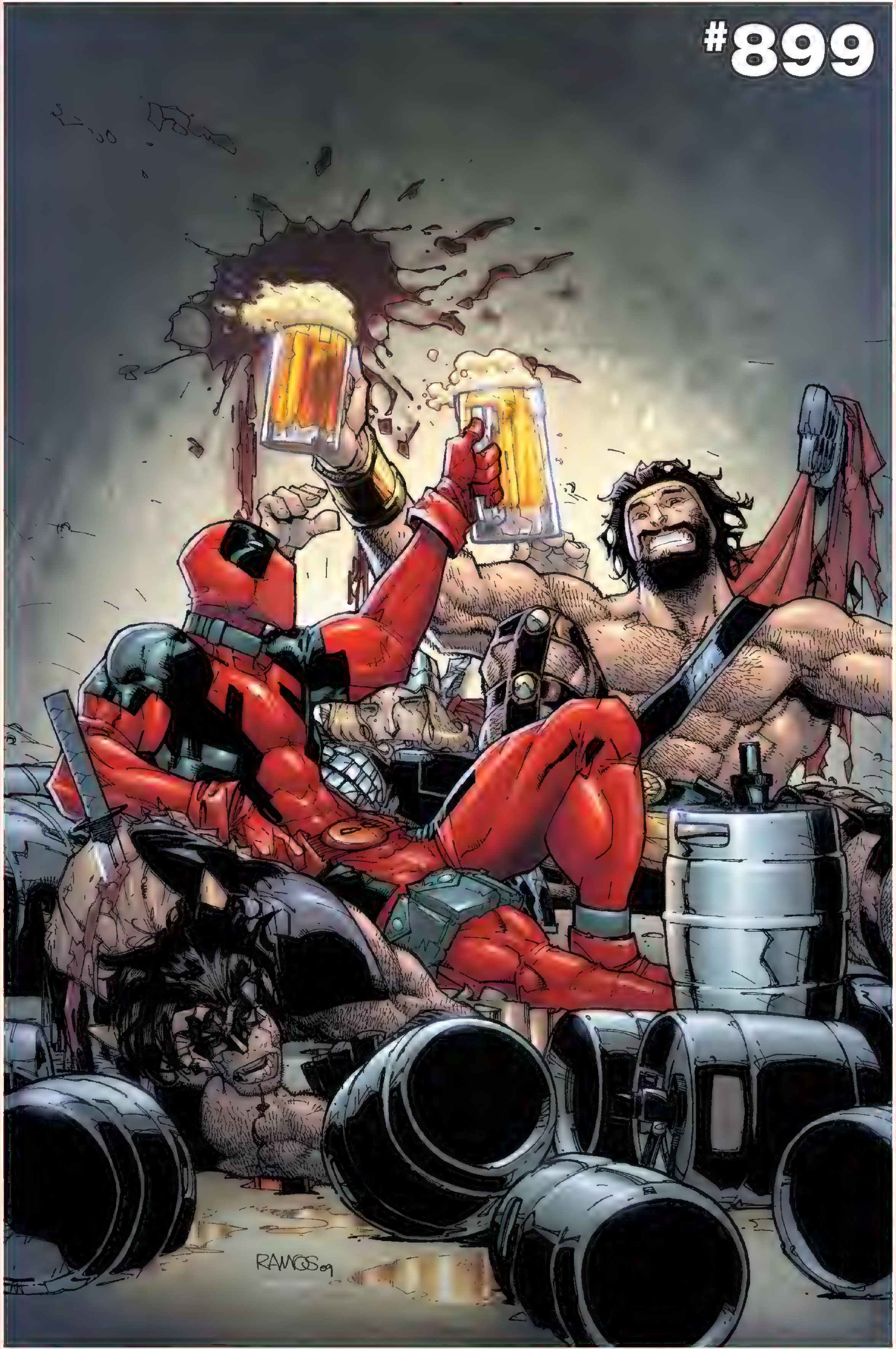

<BOSS HIRED YOU?!>
<HE DIDN'T JUST HIRE ME -- HE MADE ME. HE USED YOUR GENES TO MAKE A BETTER YOU!>
<HE'S BEEN USING YOU ALL THESE YEARS, AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT.>
<OF COURSE I'M A BETTER YOU -- THOUGH YOU MUST NOT REALIZE IT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME WITH...>
<...THIS!>
<AND IN A FEW GORY SECONDS, I WILL BE THE ONLY DEADPOOL!>
SHO
POP COR
<GO GET 'EM, BRUDDAH!>
OOF!
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING. I'M GOING TO BE KILLED BY SOMEONE TOO SHORT TO REACH THE URINAL.
<LET OUT THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE. ARE YOU A FIGHTER OR A PUPPY?>
<I'M...>


...A FIGHTER!
WHAAAP
URK?
HAHA! THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN THE BIG GUY? I CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, YOU BILLY-BARTY-LOVING --
<I FORGIVE YOU.>
FORGIVE ME...?
<SPEAK JAPANESE. THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME ENGLISH -- WERE AFRAID I'D SEEK YOU OUT.>
<THESE THOUGHTS HURT, MAN. THE ANGER. KILLING DOESN'T HELP IT ANY. HAS IT HELPED YOU, DEADPOOL? IF I LIVED A DAY LONGER, A DECADE LONGER, IF I KILLED THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE YOU KILLED... WOULD I FEEL ANY BETTER IN THIS SKIN?>
<IT'S OKAY. I FORGIVE YOU. GOOD LUCK, BROTHER. I'VE FOUND PEACE. NOW YOU FIND YOURS. TAKE OFF MY MASK -- I DON'T WANT TO DIE UNDER A MASK.>
<YOUR F-FACE! IT'S NOT SCARRED!>
<HEY, I WAS MANUFACTURED. YOU THINK YOUR GENES MEANT YOU TO LOOK LIKE THAT?>
<NATURE AIN'T THAT MESSED UP...OR THAT CRUEL. WE'RE THAT CRUEL. I...I...>


I BURIED THE LITTLE FELLA IN A LOCAL PLAYGROUND WHERE I ONCE SAW A LITTLE BOY BURY HIS *CAT* AT MIDNIGHT.
IT'S A BETTER GRAVE THAN I'LL PROBABLY GET WHEN *MY* DAY COMES.
<...SAZAE'S GOT HER HANDS FULL RUNNING THE *CHANKO-NABE* RESTAURANT -- THAT'S HOW WE KEEP THE MONEY COMING IN DURING THE *LOSING SEASONS.*>
<BEEN A *LONG TIME* SINCE THEY CUT MY HAIR -- TOO LONG TO GO BACK IN THE RING. *HALF* OF MY MEN ARE IN THE HOSPITAL. THE OTHER HALF ARE IN THE *MORGUE.*>
<IT'LL TAKE ME A FEW YEARS TO TRAIN UP A NEW BATCH OF *RIKISHI.* I WANT YOU TO *COME BACK* TO SUMO.>
<WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT *THAT* NOW. I WANT TO KNOW IF YOU -- IF *WE'RE* -- GOING AFTER THE BOSS. HE HIRED SOMEONE TO *KILL YOU!*>
<AND HE HIRED *YOU* TO *SAVE ME.* THAT MAKES IT *OKAY.* THAT'S HOW WE...HOW *THEY* WORK. BUSINESS OUTSIDE IS *DIFFERENT* THAN IN HERE.>
<YOU *DISAPPOINTED* IN YOUR OYAKATA, HUNH? 'CAUSE HE *KILLED* TO KEEP THIS PLACE OPEN -- TO KEEP YOU *FAT?*>
<I *NEVER* SAID ANYTHING WHEN YOU *LEFT* YEARS AGO. I NEED YOU *NOW,* THOUGH.>
<YOU *ANSWER* ME -- YOU COMING BACK TO FIGHT? *ANSWER* ME OR I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU HERE AGAIN... *EVER.*>




BRAK! BRAK! BRAK!
<DARUMA! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, BOY? WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU A YEAR SINCE THE LAB BLEW UP -- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!>
<DEAD MAN! DEAD MAN!>
<WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THE ARRANGEMENT WAS TO HAVE THE MONEY WIRED TO YOU -->
<ARRANGEMENT'S CHANGED. YOU MESSED WITH MY GENES. YOU MESSED WITH MY PAST. NO ONE MESSES WITH DEADPOOL -- PINT-SIZED, FULL-SIZED OR ECONOMY-SIZED.>
<YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE ME FROM THEN, BUT A LOOOONG TIME AGO YOU HIRED ME TO MAKE A KILL, AND...>
<...I NEVER LEAVE BEHIND UNFINISHED BUSINESS...>
ARRRRRRRGGH
<STORY OVER NOW!>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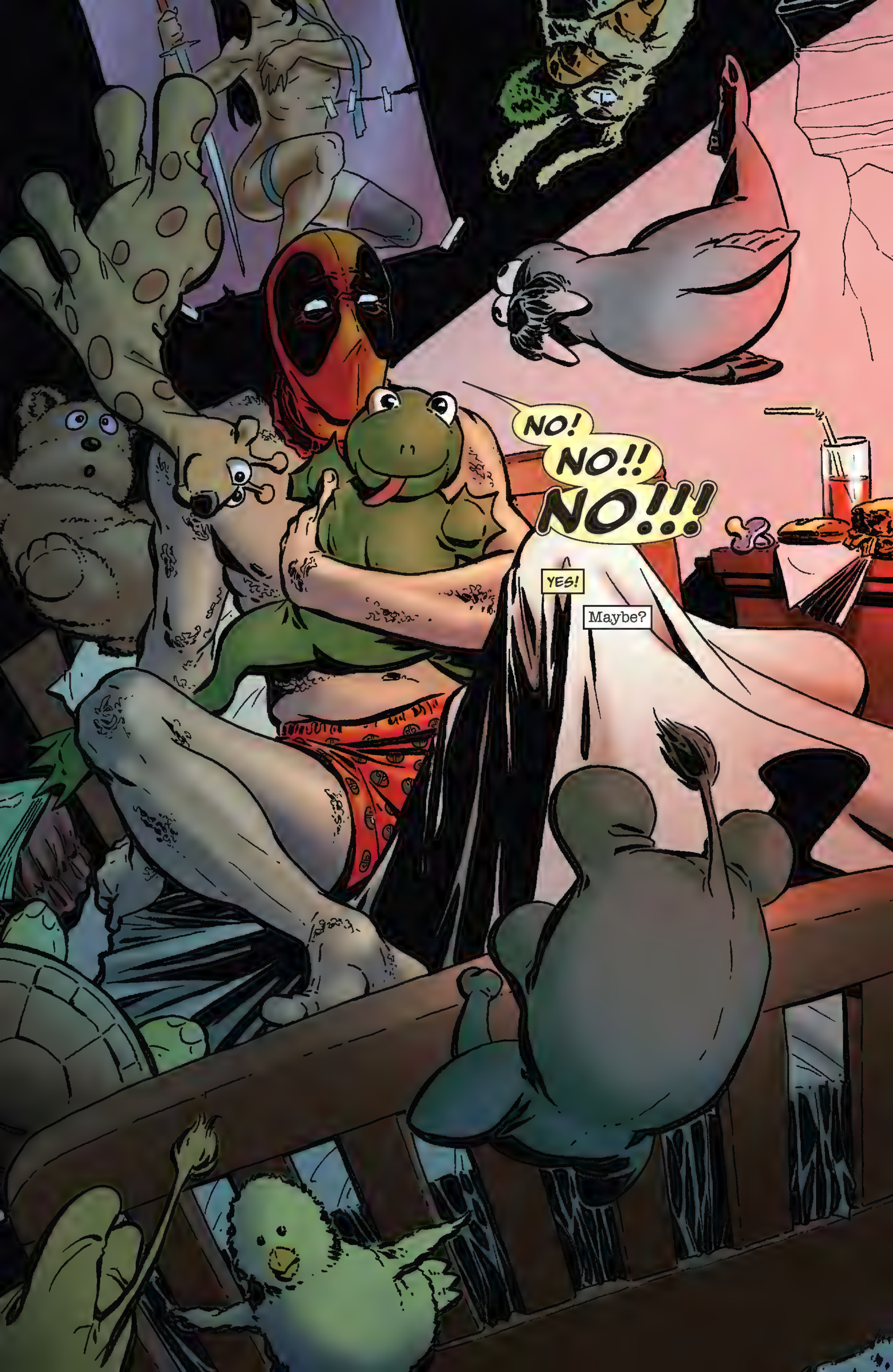
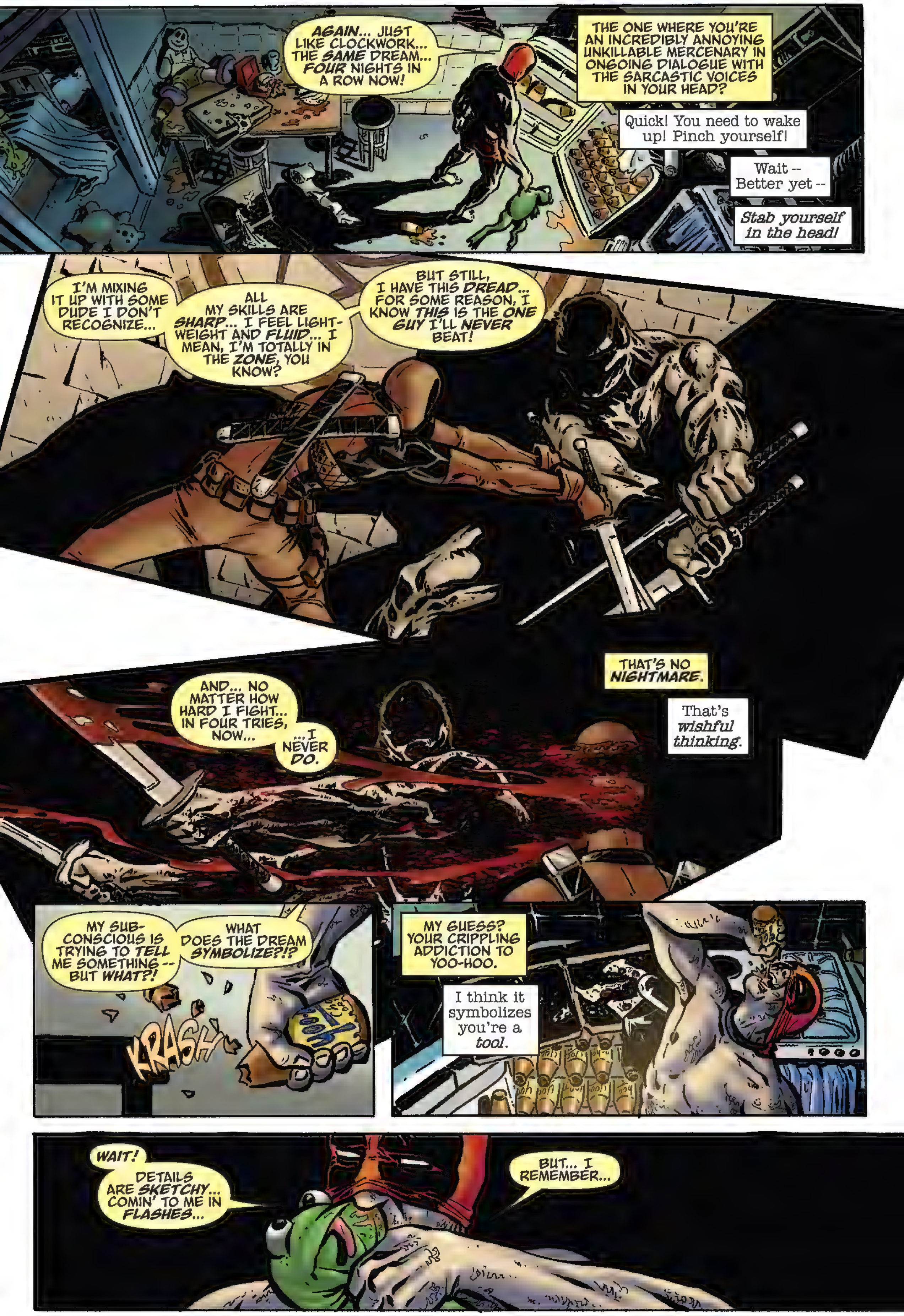
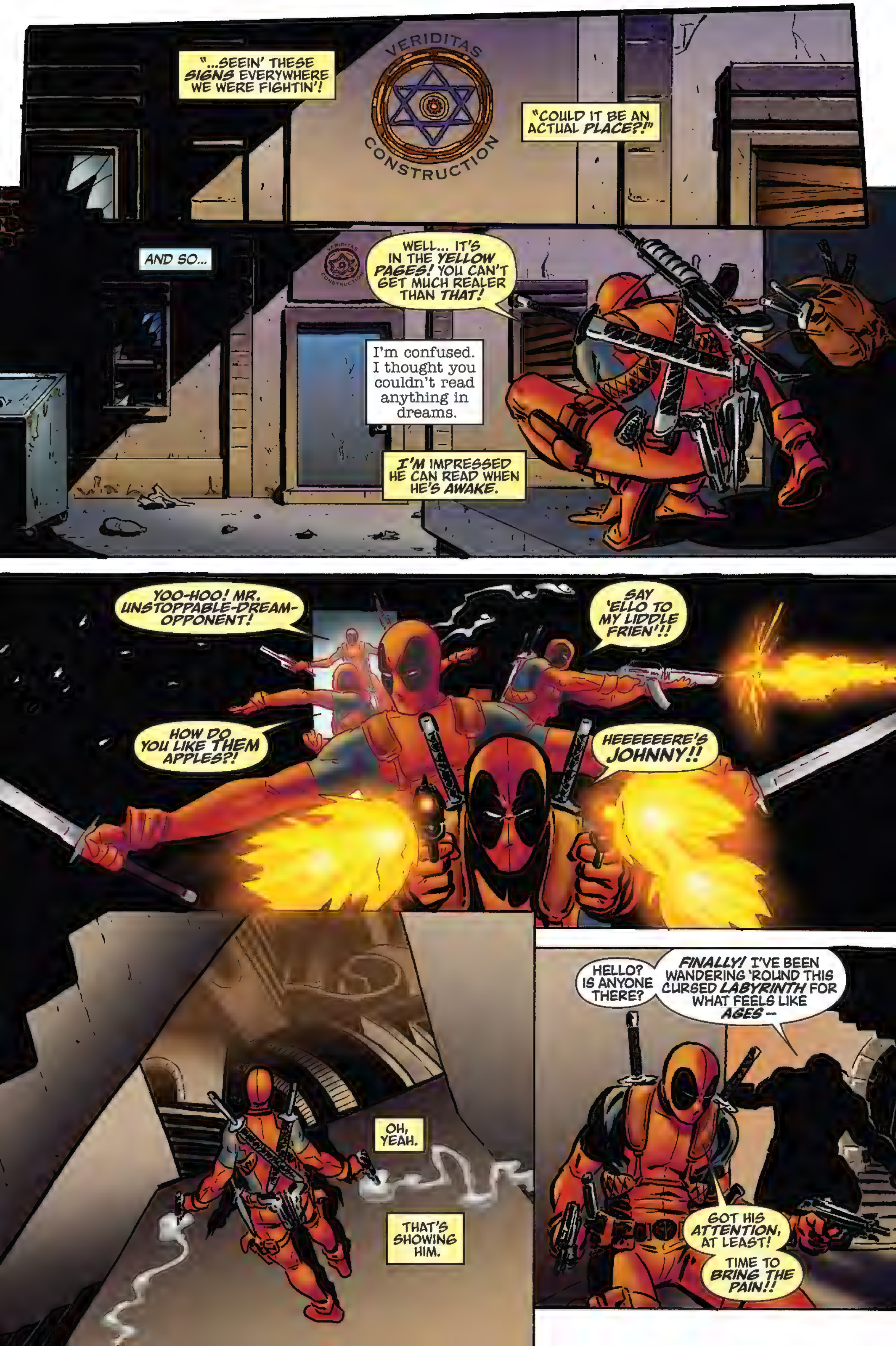
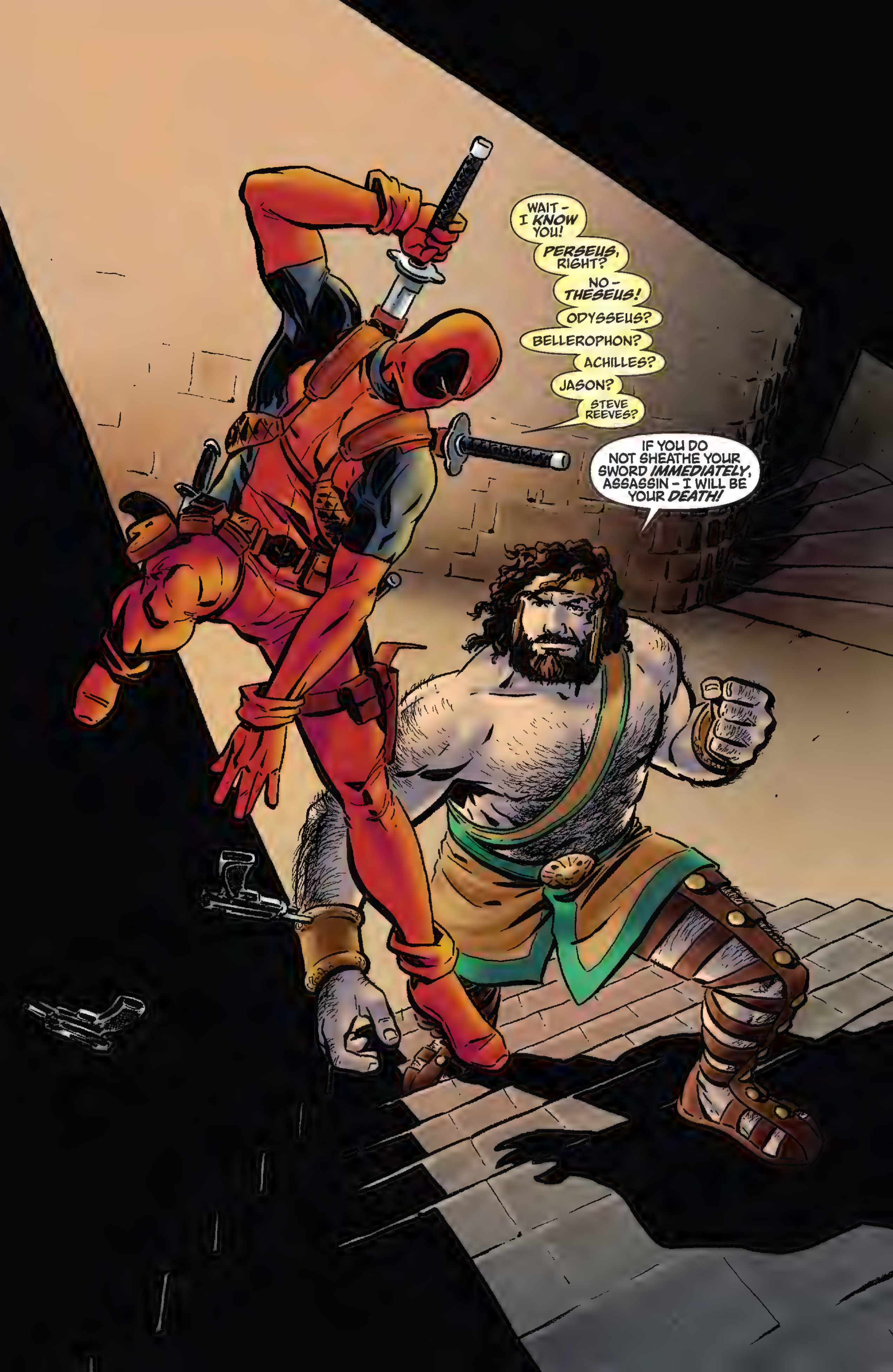
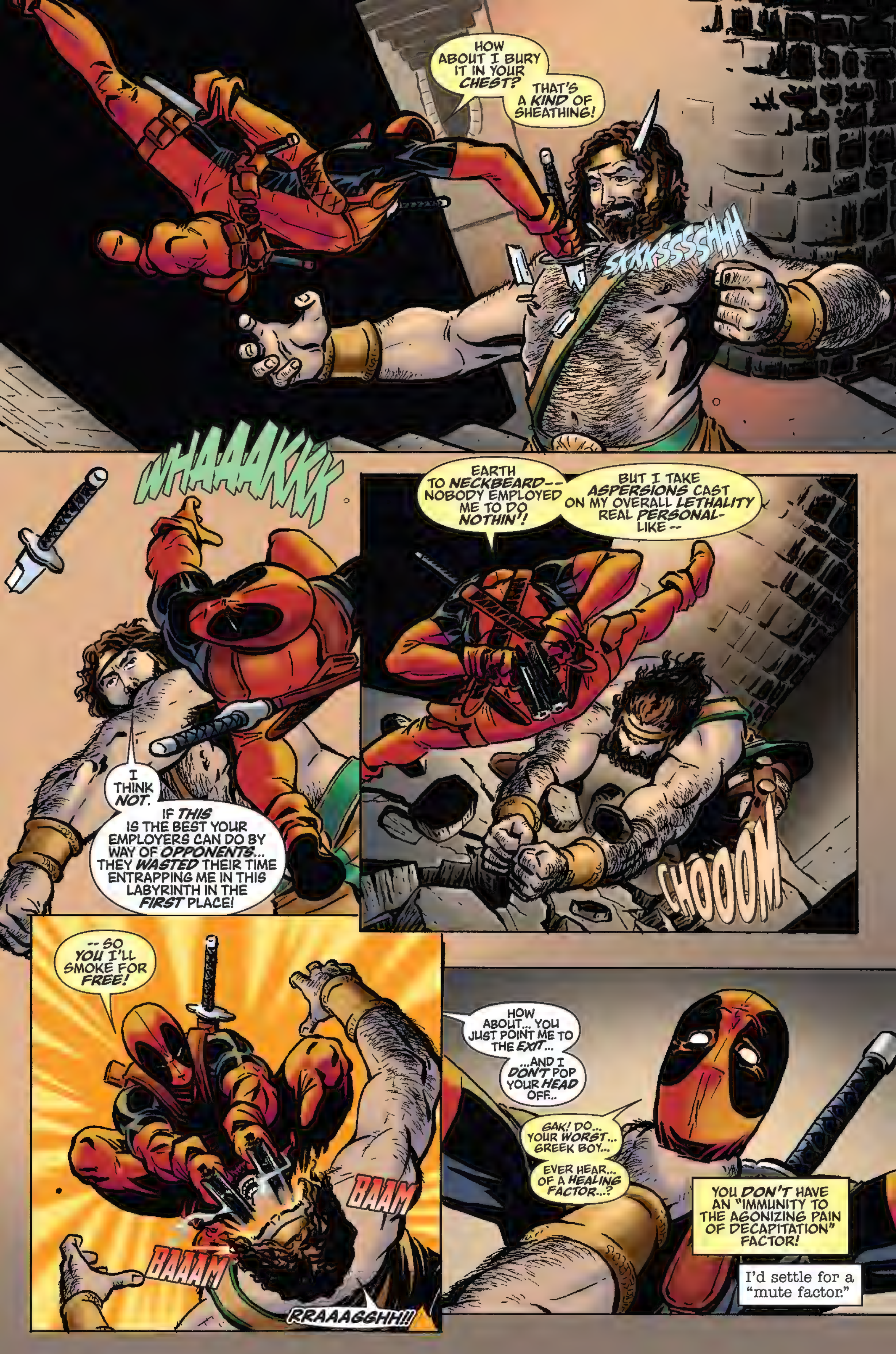
RAMOS 09

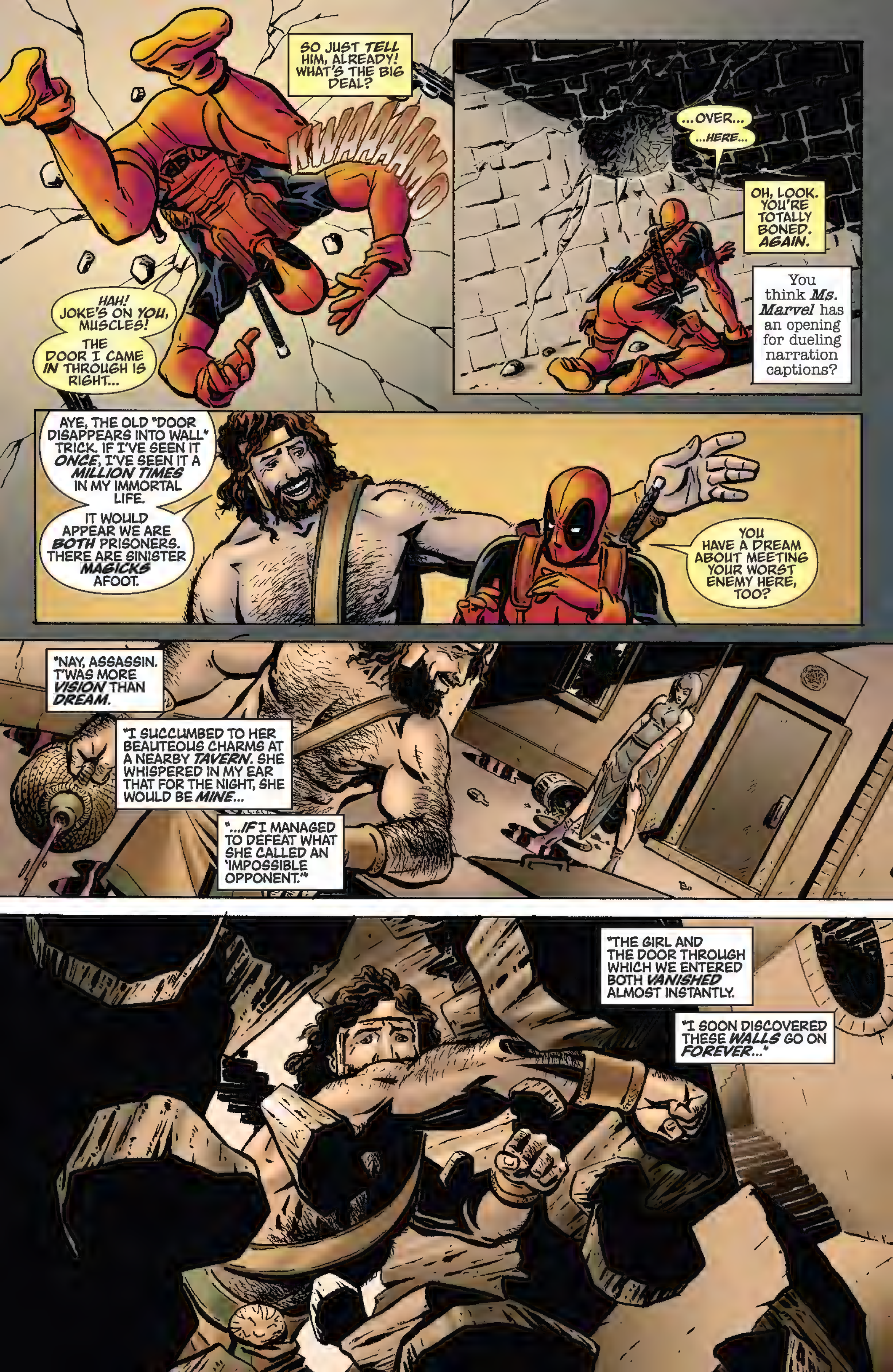

NO! NO!! NO!!!
YES!
Maybe?

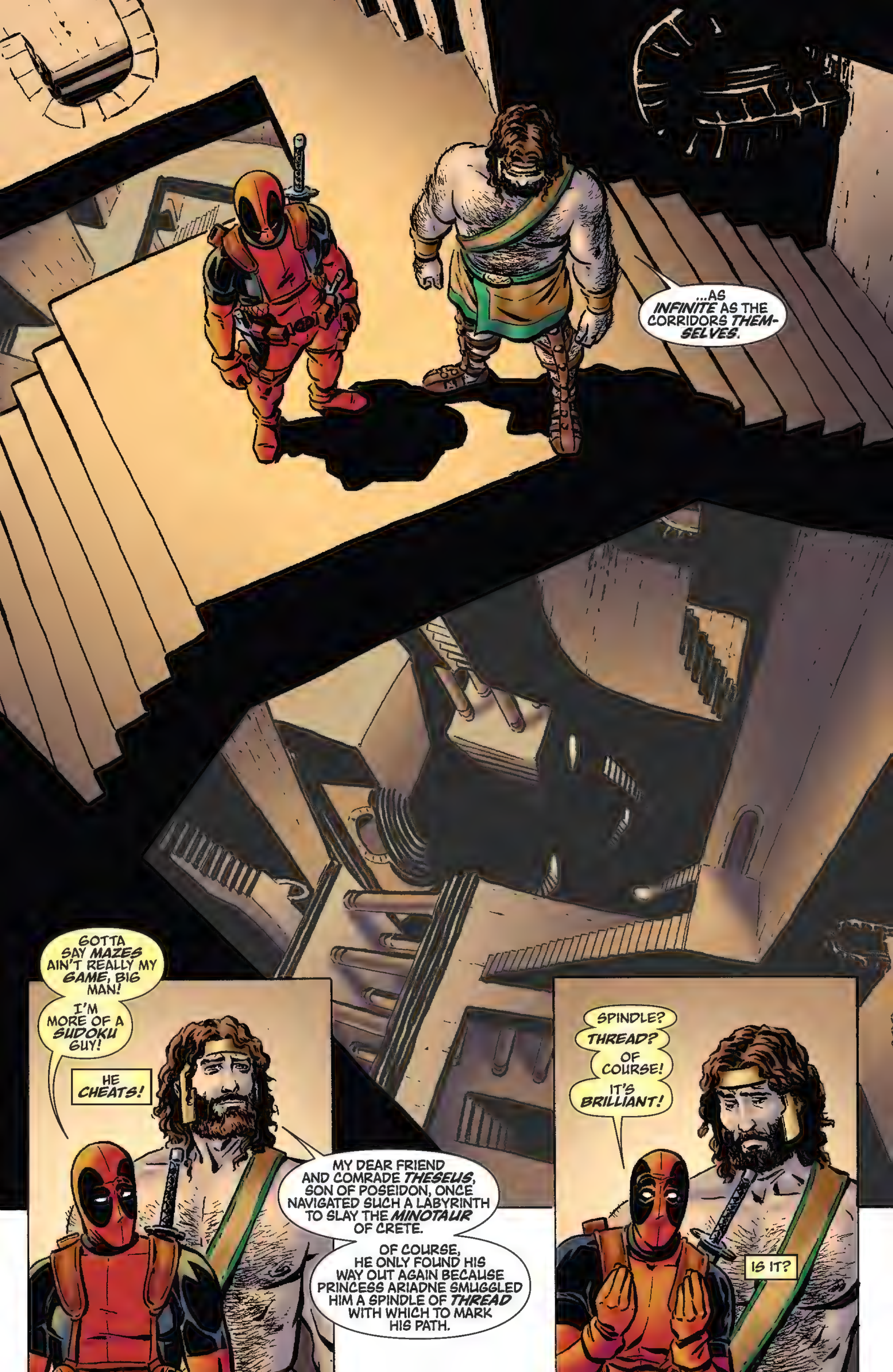

AGAIN... JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK... THE SAME DREAM... FOUR NIGHTS IN A ROW NOW!
THE ONE WHERE YOU'RE AN INCREDIBLY ANNOYING UNKILLABLE MERCENARY IN ONGOING DIALOGUE WITH THE SARCASTIC VOICES IN YOUR HEAD?
Quick! You need to wake up! Pinch yourself!
Wait -- Better yet --
Stab yourself in the head!
I'M MIXING IT UP WITH SOME DUDE I DON'T RECOGNIZE...
ALL MY SKILLS ARE SHARP... I FEEL LIGHT-WEIGHT AND FLUID... I MEAN, I'M TOTALLY IN THE ZONE, YOU KNOW?
BUT STILL, I HAVE THIS DREAD... FOR SOME REASON, I KNOW THIS IS THE ONE GUY I'LL NEVER BEAT!
AND... NO MATTER HOW HARD I FIGHT... IN FOUR TRIES, NOW...
...I NEVER DO.
THAT'S NO NIGHTMARE.
That's wishful thinking.
MY SUB-CONSCIOUS IS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING -- BUT WHAT?!
WHAT DOES THE DREAM SYMBOLIZE?!?
KRASH
MY GUESS? YOUR CRIPPLING ADDICTION TO YOO-HOO.
I think it symbolizes you're a tool.
WAIT! DETAILS ARE SKETCHY... COMIN' TO ME IN FLASHES...
BUT... I REMEMBER...

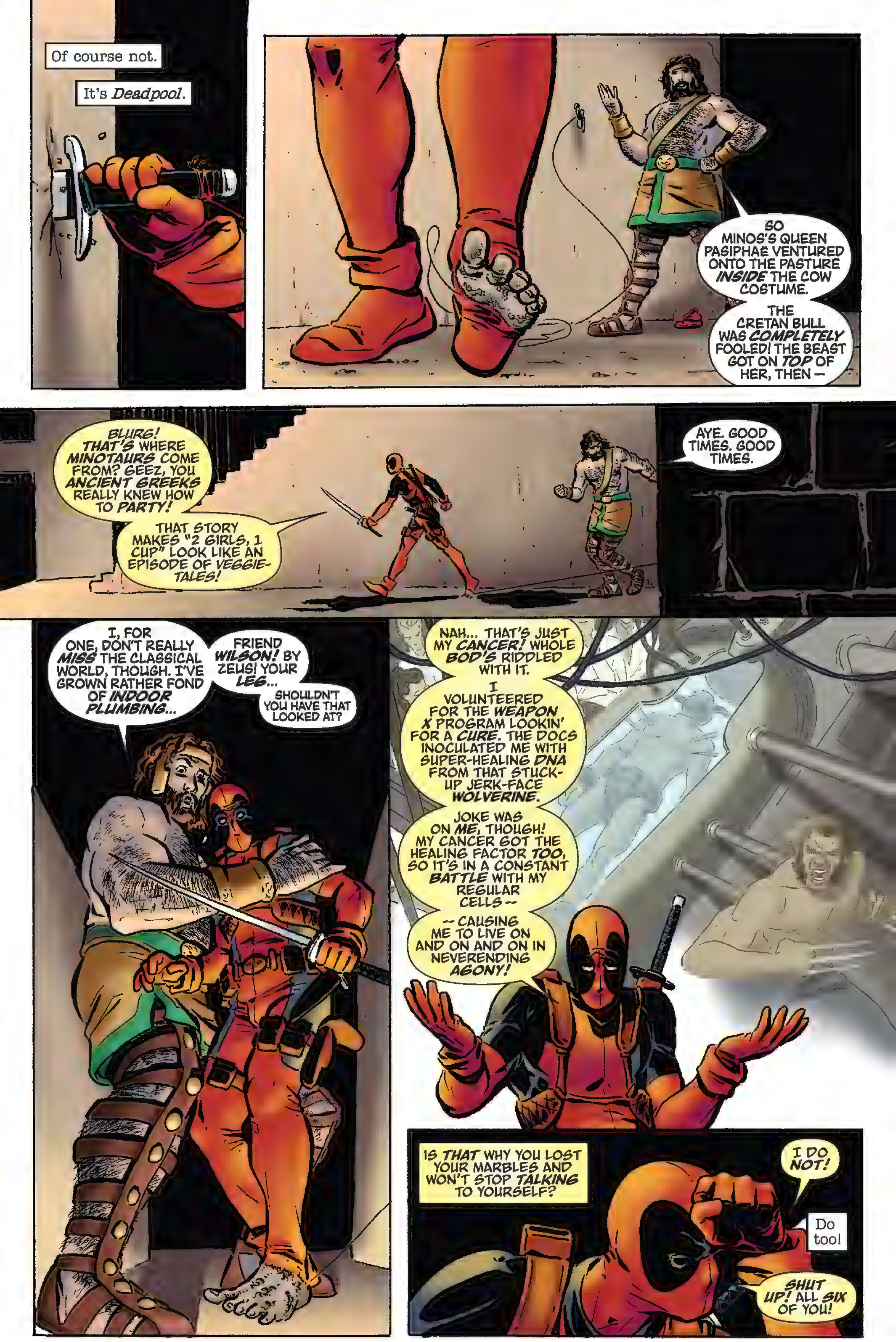

"...SEEIN' THESE SIGNS EVERYWHERE WE WERE FIGHTIN'!
VERIDITAS CONSTRUCTION
"COULD IT BE AN ACTUAL PLACE?!"
AND SO...
WELL... IT'S IN THE YELLOW PAGES! YOU CAN'T GET MUCH REALER THAN THAT!
I'm confused. I thought you couldn't read anything in dreams.
I'M IMPRESSED HE CAN READ WHEN HE'S AWAKE.
YOO-HOO! MR. UNSTOPPABLE-DREAM-OPPONENT!
SAY 'ELLO TO MY LIDDLE FRIEN'!!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THEM APPLES?!
HEEEEEERE'S JOHNNY!!
OH, YEAH.
THAT'S SHOWING HIM.
HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?
FINALLY! I'VE BEEN WANDERING 'ROUND THIS CURSED LABYRINTH FOR WHAT FEELS LIKE AGES--
GOT HIS ATTENTION, AT LEAST!
TIME TO BRING THE PAIN!!

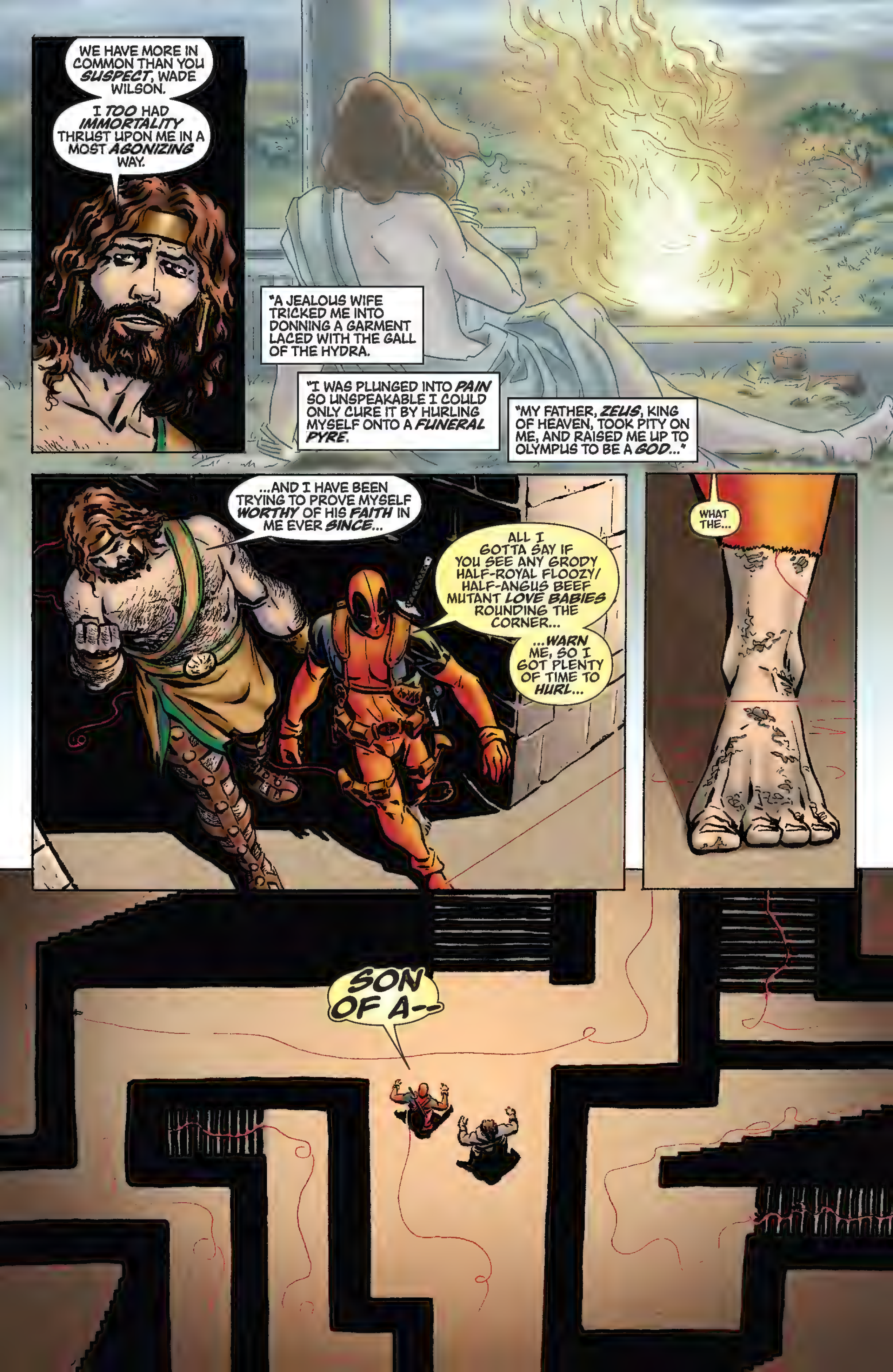

WAIT - I *KNOW* YOU!
PERSEUS, RIGHT?
NO - *THESEUS!*
ODYSSEUS?
BELLEROPHON?
ACHILLES?
JASON?
STEVE REEVES?
IF YOU DO NOT SHEATHE YOUR SWORD *IMMEDIATELY*, ASSASSIN - I WILL BE YOUR *DEATH!*

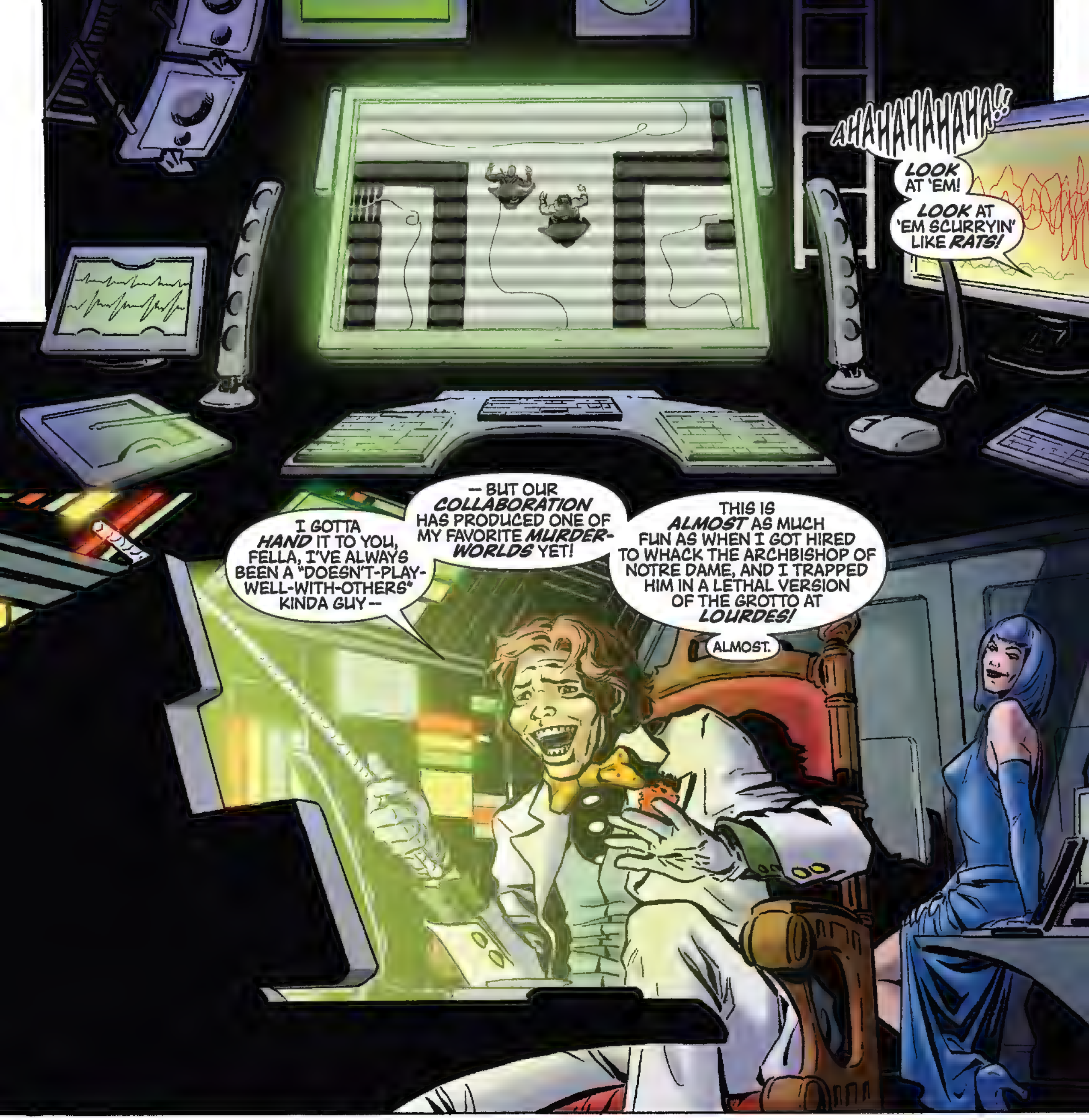

HOW ABOUT I BURY IT IN YOUR *CHEST?*
THAT'S A *KIND* OF SHEATHING!
SKKKSSSSSHHH
WHAAAKKK
I THINK *NOT.*
IF *THIS* IS THE BEST YOUR EMPLOYERS CAN DO BY WAY OF *OPPONENTS*... THEY *WASTED* THEIR TIME ENTRAPPING ME IN THIS LABYRINTH IN THE *FIRST* PLACE!
EARTH TO *NECKBEARD*-- NOBODY EMPLOYED ME TO DO *NOTHIN'!*
BUT I TAKE *ASPERSIONS* CAST ON MY OVERALL *LETHALITY* REAL *PERSONAL*-LIKE --
CHOOOM
-- SO *YOU* I'LL SMOKE FOR *FREE!*
BAAM
BAAAM
RRAAAGGHH!!
HOW ABOUT... YOU JUST POINT ME TO THE *EXIT*...
...AND I *DON'T* POP YOUR *HEAD* OFF..
GAK! DO... YOUR *WORST*... GREEK BOY...
EVER HEAR... OF A *HEALING FACTOR*...?
YOU *DON'T* HAVE AN "IMMUNITY TO THE AGONIZING PAIN OF DECAPITATION" FACTOR!
I'd settle for a "mute factor."

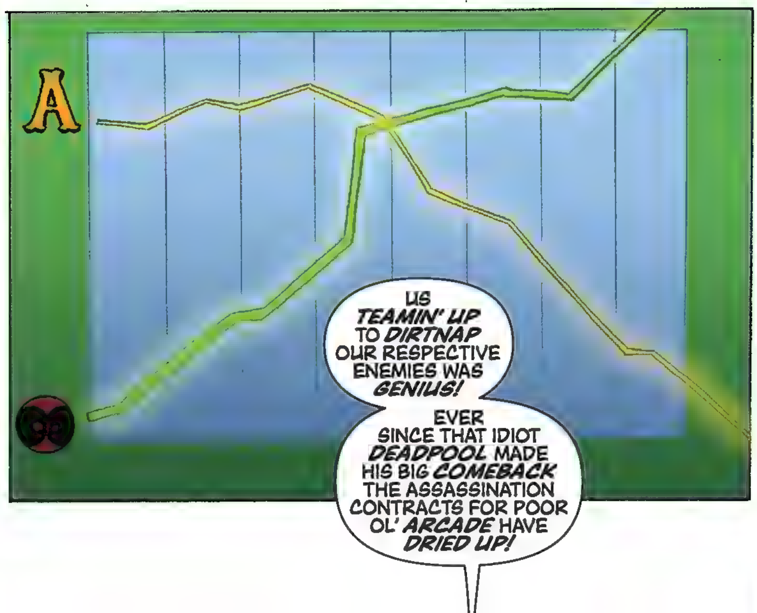

SO JUST TELL HIM, ALREADY! WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
KWAAAAMO
HAH! JOKE'S ON YOU, MUSCLES!
THE DOOR I CAME IN THROUGH IS RIGHT...
...OVER...
...HERE...
OH, LOOK. YOU'RE TOTALLY BONED. AGAIN.
You think Ms. Marvel has an opening for dueling narration captions?
AYE, THE OLD "DOOR DISAPPEARS INTO WALL" TRICK. IF I'VE SEEN IT ONCE, I'VE SEEN IT A MILLION TIMES IN MY IMMORTAL LIFE.
IT WOULD APPEAR WE ARE BOTH PRISONERS. THERE ARE SINISTER MAGICKS AFOOT.
YOU HAVE A DREAM ABOUT MEETING YOUR WORST ENEMY HERE, TOO?
"NAY, ASSASSIN. T'WAS MORE VISION THAN DREAM.
"I SUCCUMBED TO HER BEAUTEOUS CHARMS AT A NEARBY TAVERN. SHE WHISPERED IN MY EAR THAT FOR THE NIGHT, SHE WOULD BE MINE...
"...IF I MANAGED TO DEFEAT WHAT SHE CALLED AN 'IMPOSSIBLE OPPONENT.'"
"THE GIRL AND THE DOOR THROUGH WHICH WE ENTERED BOTH VANISHED ALMOST INSTANTLY.
"I SOON DISCOVERED THESE WALLS GO ON FOREVER..."

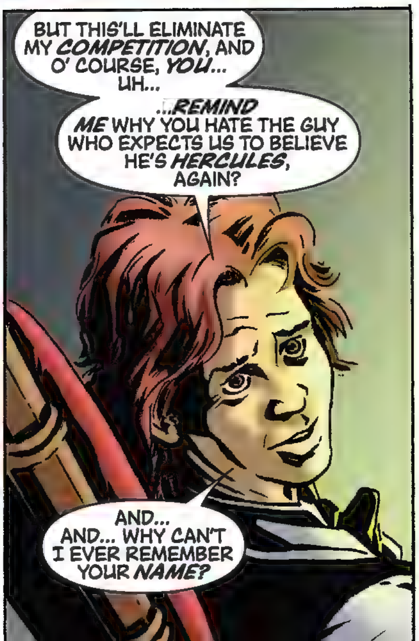

...AS *INFINITE* AS THE CORRIDORS *THEMSELVES*.
GOTTA SAY *MAZES* AIN'T REALLY MY *GAME*, BIG MAN!
I'M MORE OF A *SUDOKU* GUY!
HE *CHEATS!*
MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE *THESEUS*, SON OF POSEIDON, ONCE NAVIGATED SUCH A LABYRINTH TO SLAY THE *MINOTAUR* OF CRETE.
OF COURSE, HE ONLY FOUND HIS WAY OUT AGAIN BECAUSE PRINCESS ARIADNE SMUGGLED HIM A SPINDLE OF *THREAD* WITH WHICH TO MARK HIS PATH.
SPINDLE?
THREAD?
OF COURSE!
IT'S *BRILLIANT!*
IS IT?

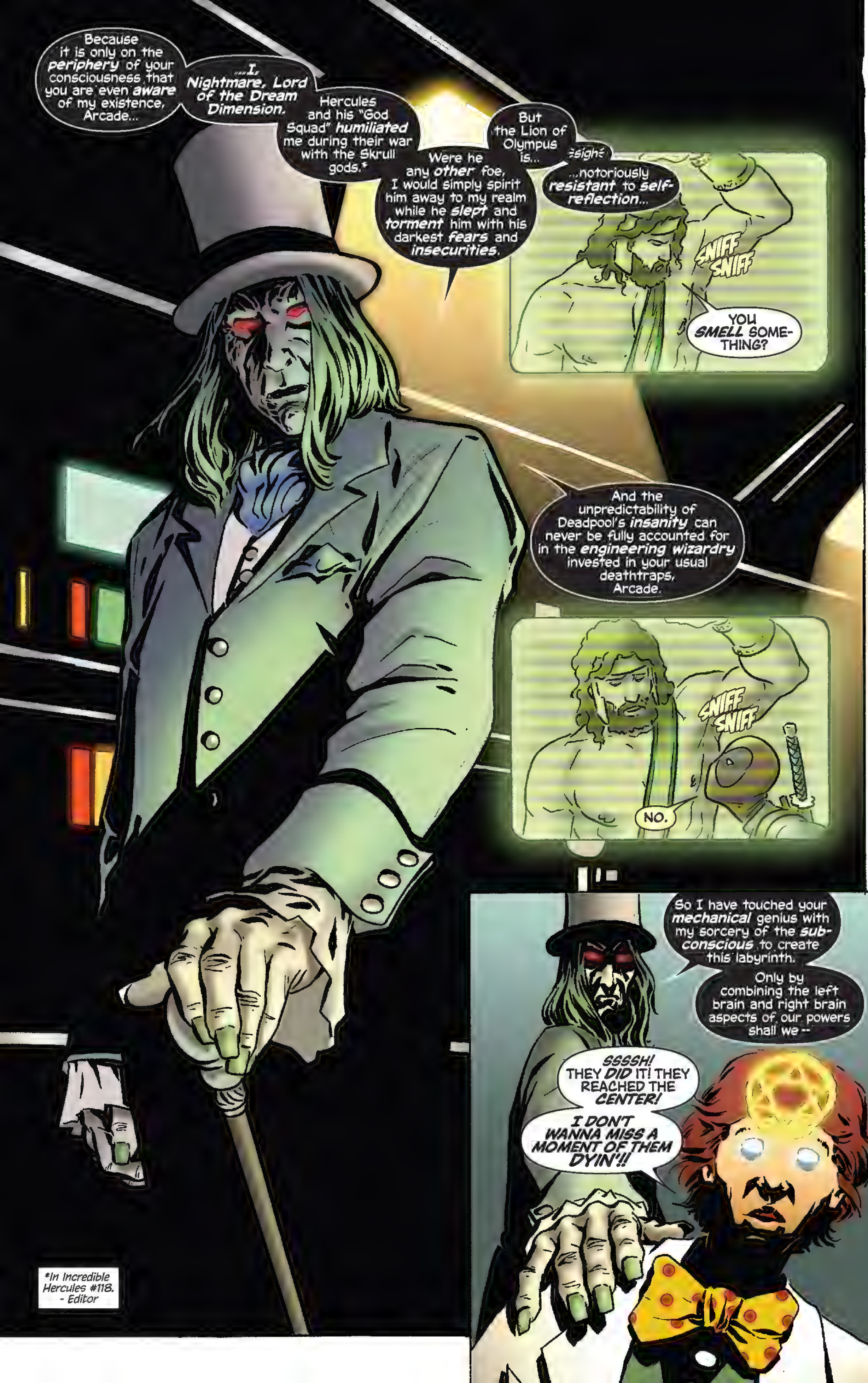

Of course not.
It's *Deadpool*.
SO MINOS'S QUEEN PASIPHAË VENTURED ONTO THE PASTURE *INSIDE* THE COW COSTUME.
THE CRETAN BULL WAS *COMPLETELY* FOOLED! THE BEAST GOT ON *TOP* OF HER, THEN —
BLURG! *THAT'S* WHERE *MINOTAURS* COME FROM? GEEZ, YOU *ANCIENT GREEKS* REALLY KNEW HOW TO *PARTY!*
THAT STORY MAKES "2 GIRLS, 1 CUP" LOOK LIKE AN EPISODE OF *VEGGIE-TALES!*
AYE. GOOD TIMES. GOOD TIMES.
I, FOR ONE, DON'T REALLY *MISS* THE CLASSICAL WORLD, THOUGH. I'VE GROWN RATHER FOND OF *INDOOR PLUMBING...*
FRIEND *WILSON!* BY ZEUS! YOUR *LEG...*
SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE THAT LOOKED AT?
NAH... THAT'S JUST MY *CANCER!* WHOLE *BOD'S* RIDDLED WITH IT.
I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE *WEAPON X* PROGRAM LOOKIN' FOR A *CURE*. THE DOCS INOCULATED ME WITH SUPER-HEALING *DNA* FROM THAT STUCK-UP JERK-FACE *WOLVERINE*.
JOKE WAS ON *ME*, THOUGH! MY CANCER GOT THE HEALING FACTOR *TOO*, SO IT'S IN A CONSTANT *BATTLE* WITH MY REGULAR CELLS --
-- CAUSING ME TO LIVE ON AND ON AND ON IN NEVERENDING *AGONY!*
IS *THAT* WHY YOU LOST YOUR MARBLES AND WON'T STOP *TALKING* TO YOURSELF?
I DO *NOT!*
Do too!
SHUT UP! ALL *SIX* OF YOU!

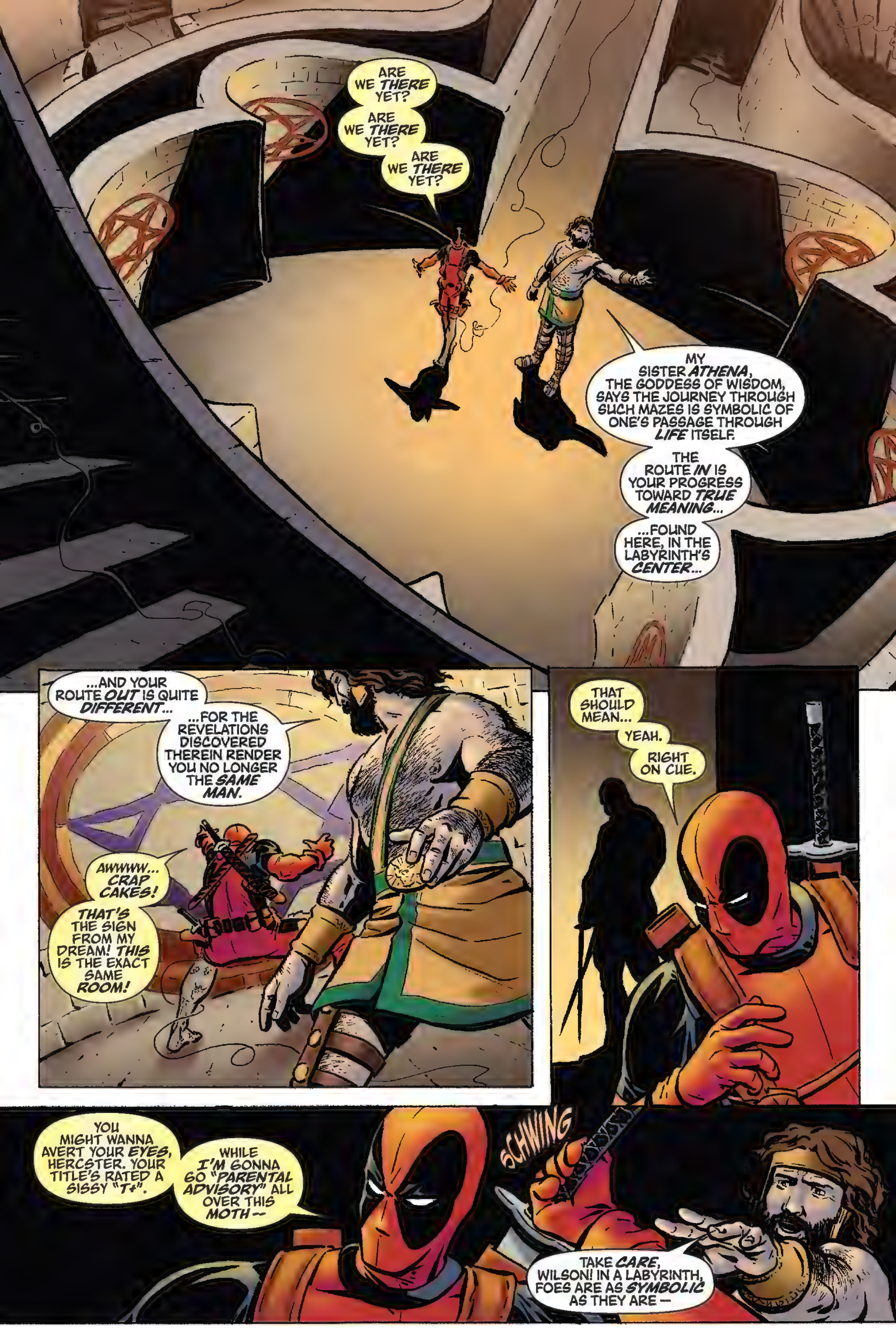

WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN YOU *SUSPECT*, WADE WILSON.
I *TOO* HAD *IMMORTALITY* THRUST UPON ME IN A MOST *AGONIZING* WAY.
"A JEALOUS WIFE TRICKED ME INTO DONNING A GARMENT LACED WITH THE GALL OF THE HYDRA.
"I WAS PLUNGED INTO *PAIN* SO UNSPEAKABLE I COULD ONLY CURE IT BY HURLING MYSELF ONTO A *FUNERAL PYRE*.
"MY FATHER, *ZEUS*, KING OF HEAVEN, TOOK PITY ON ME, AND RAISED ME UP TO OLYMPUS TO BE A *GOD*..."
...AND I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO PROVE MYSELF *WORTHY* OF HIS *FAITH* IN ME EVER *SINCE*...
ALL I GOTTA SAY IF YOU SEE ANY GRODY HALF-ROYAL FLOOZY/ HALF-ANGUS BEEF MUTANT *LOVE BABIES* ROUNDING THE CORNER...
...*WARN* ME, SO I GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO *HURL*...
WHAT THE...
SON OF A--

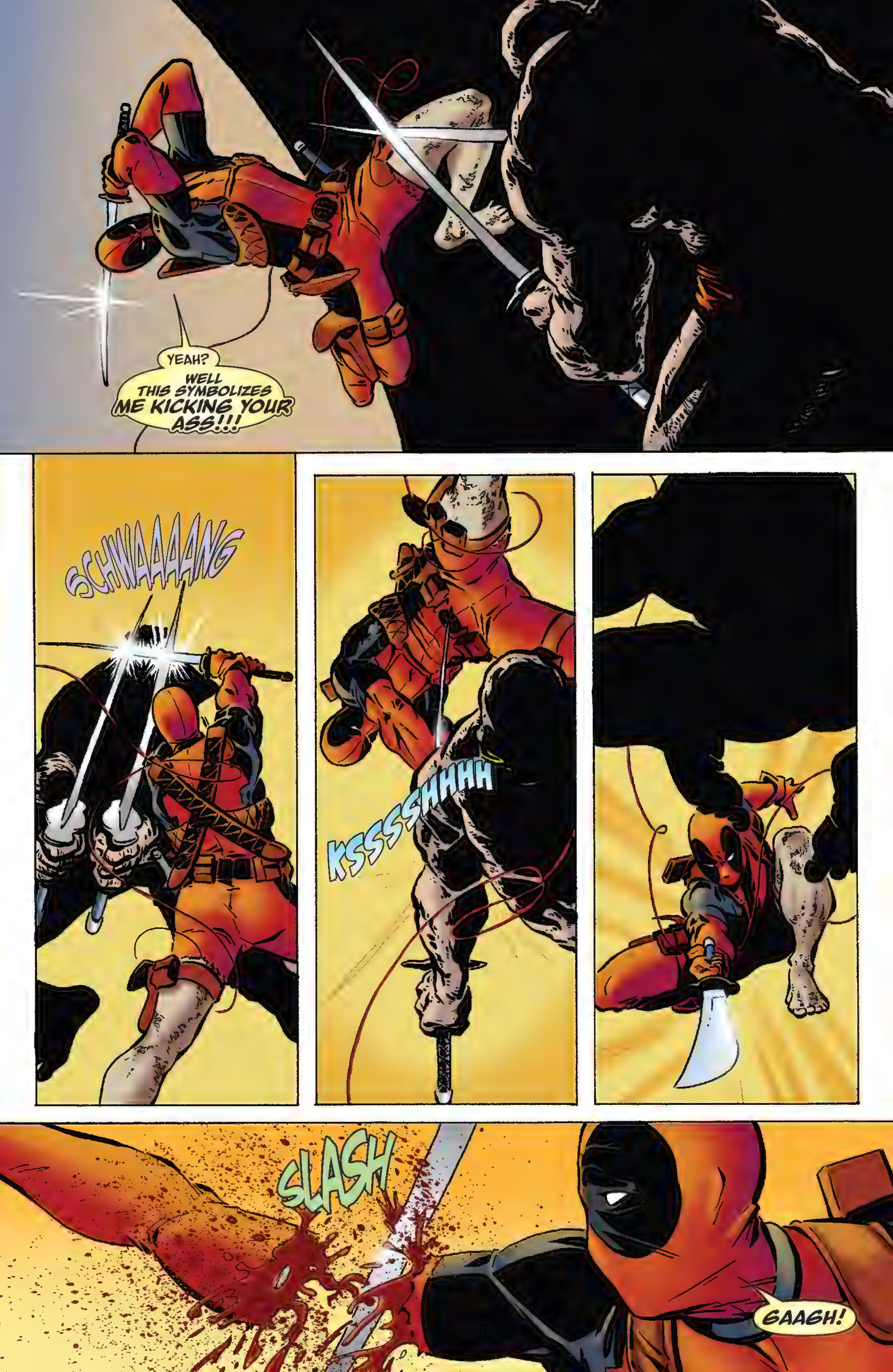

AHAHAHAHAHA!!
LOOK AT 'EM!
LOOK AT 'EM SCURRYIN' LIKE RATS!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, FELLA, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A "DOESN'T-PLAY-WELL-WITH-OTHERS" KINDA GUY --
-- BUT OUR COLLABORATION HAS PRODUCED ONE OF MY FAVORITE MURDER-WORLDS YET!
THIS IS ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS WHEN I GOT HIRED TO WHACK THE ARCHBISHOP OF NOTRE DAME, AND I TRAPPED HIM IN A LETHAL VERSION OF THE GROTTO AT LOURDES!
ALMOST.

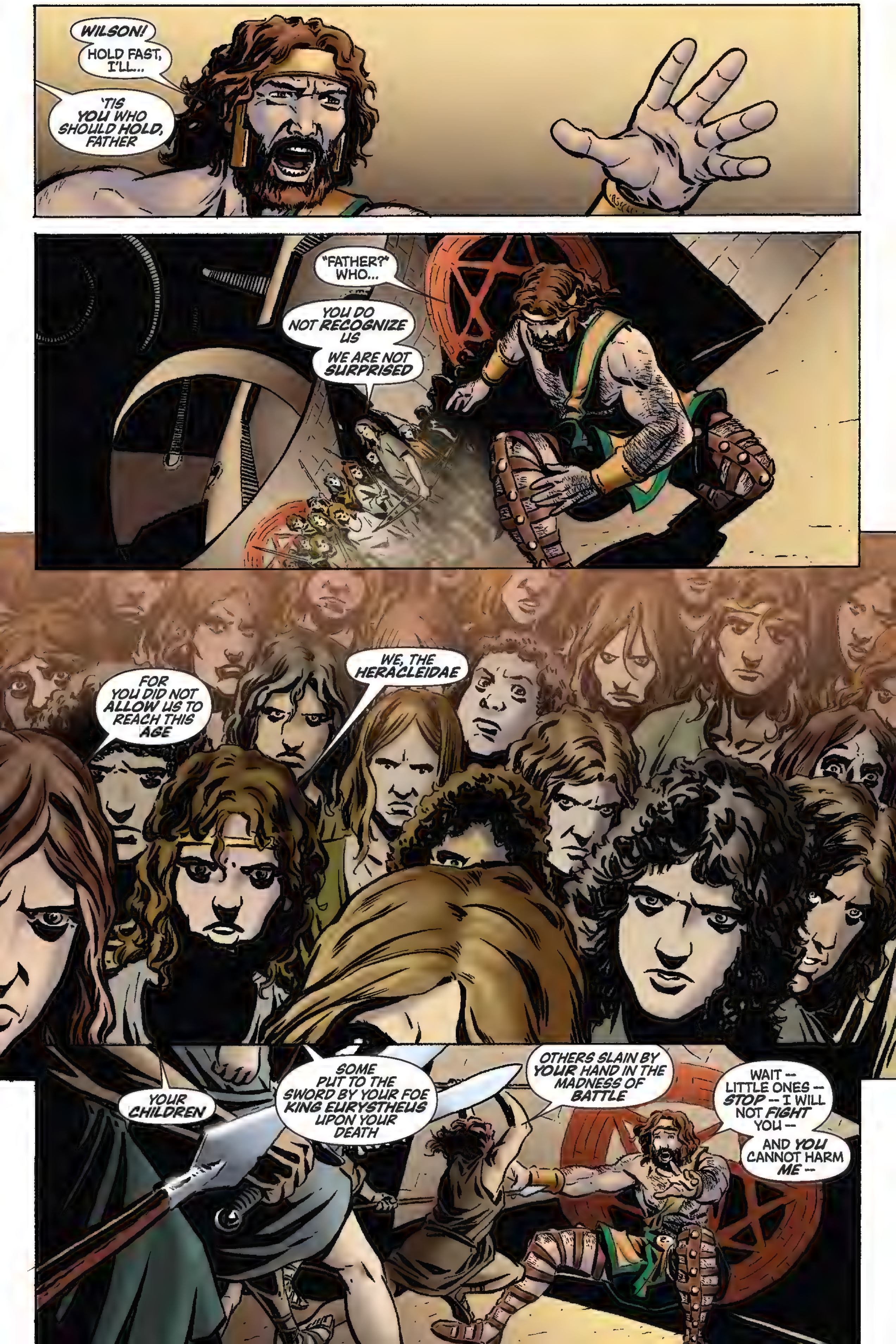

A
US TEAMIN' UP TO DIRTNAP OUR RESPECTIVE ENEMIES WAS GENIUS!
EVER SINCE THAT IDIOT DEADPOOL MADE HIS BIG COMEBACK THE ASSASSINATION CONTRACTS FOR POOR OL' ARCADE HAVE DRIED UP!

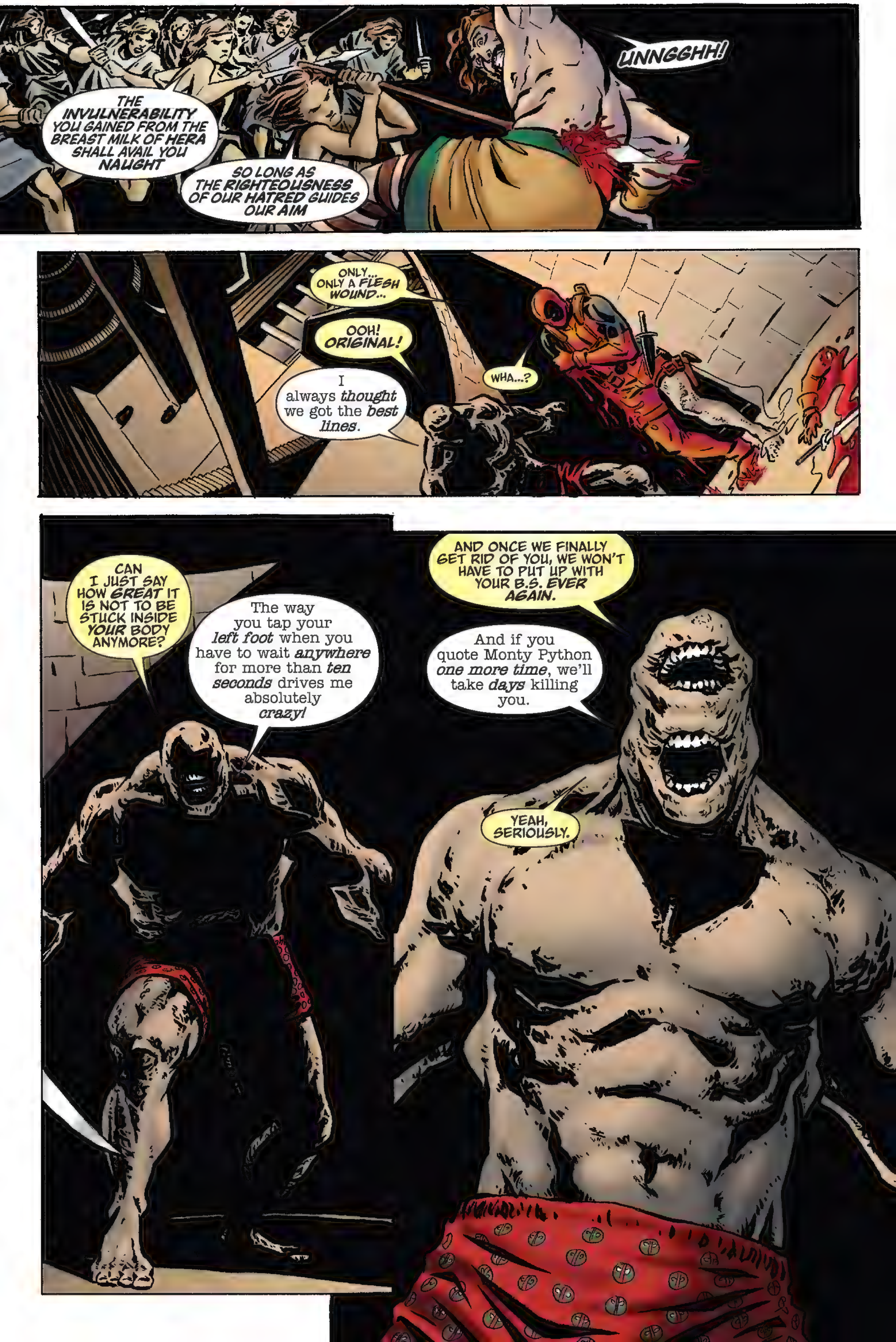

BUT THIS'LL ELIMINATE MY COMPETITION, AND O' COURSE, YOU... UH...
...REMIND ME WHY YOU HATE THE GUY WHO EXPECTS US TO BELIEVE HE'S HERCULES, AGAIN?
AND... AND... WHY CAN'T I EVER REMEMBER YOUR NAME?

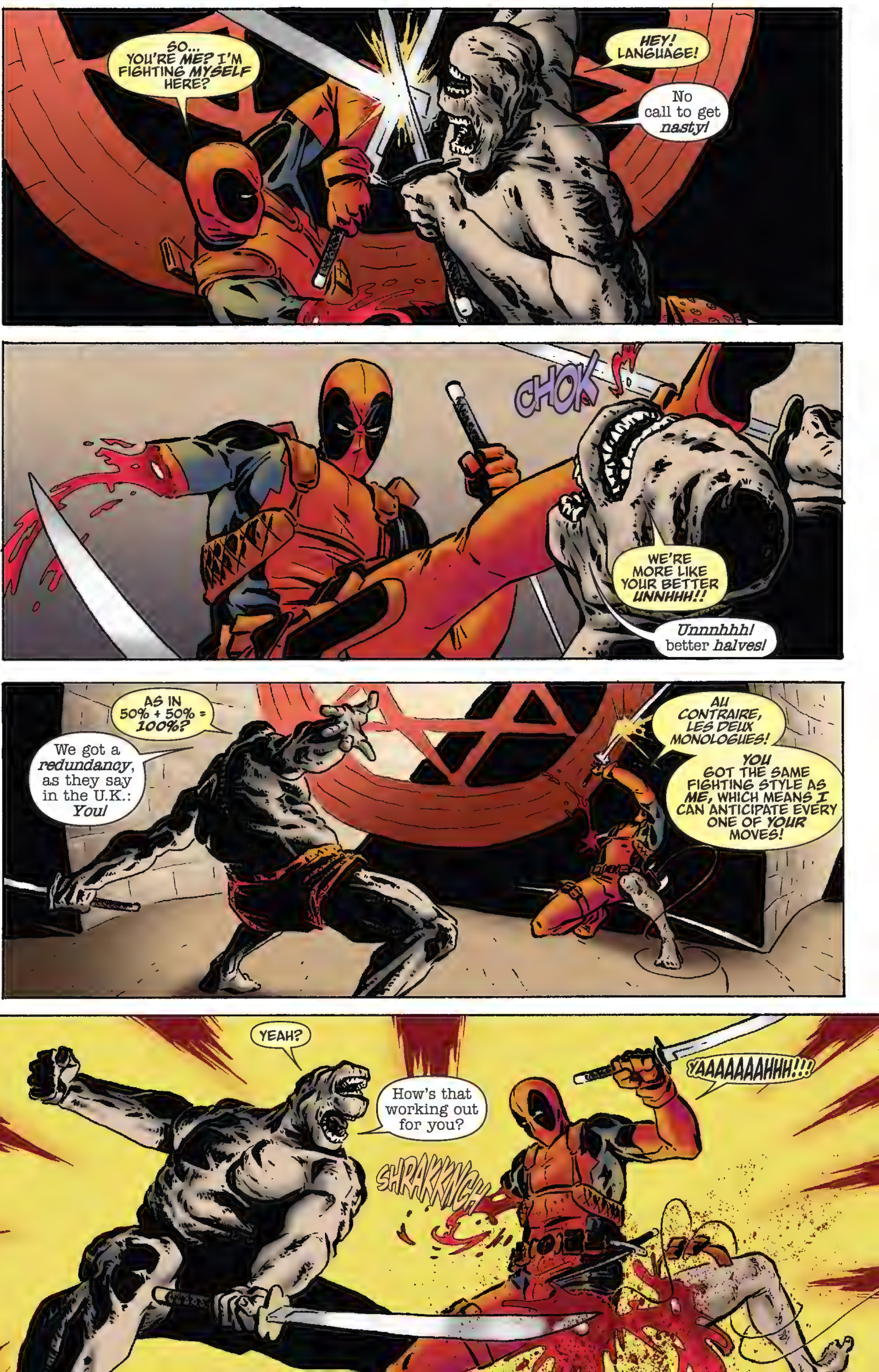

Because it is only on the *periphery* of your consciousness that you are even *aware* of my existence, Arcade...
...I, Nightmare, Lord of the Dream Dimension.
Hercules and his "God Squad" *humiliated* me during their war with the Skrull gods.*
Were he any *other* foe, I would simply spirit him away to my realm while he *slept* and *torment* him with his darkest *fears* and *insecurities*.
But the Lion of Olympus is...
≈sigh≈
...notoriously *resistant* to *self-reflection*...
SNIFF SNIFF
YOU *SMELL* SOME-THING?
And the unpredictability of Deadpool's *insanity* can never be fully accounted for in the *engineering wizardry* invested in your usual deathtraps, Arcade.
SNIFF SNIFF
NO.
So I have touched your *mechanical* genius with my sorcery of the *sub-conscious* to create this labyrinth.
Only by combining the left brain and right brain aspects of our powers shall we --
SSSSH! THEY *DID* IT! THEY REACHED THE *CENTER!*
I DON'T WANNA MISS A MOMENT OF THEM DYIN'!!
*In Incredible Hercules #118. - Editor

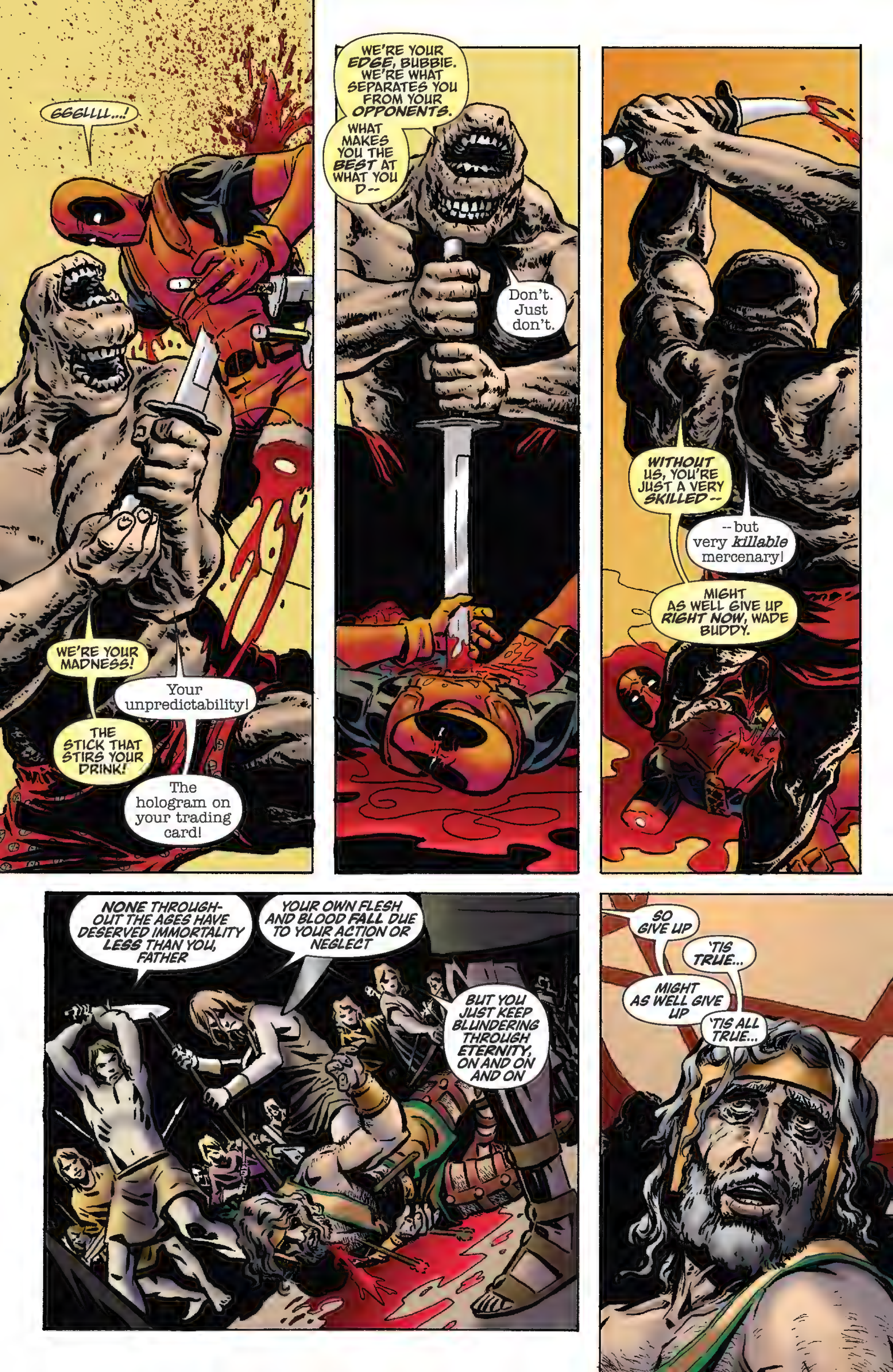

ARE WE *THERE* YET?
ARE WE *THERE* YET?
ARE WE *THERE* YET?
MY SISTER *ATHENA*, THE GODDESS OF WISDOM, SAYS THE JOURNEY THROUGH SUCH MAZES IS SYMBOLIC OF ONE'S PASSAGE THROUGH *LIFE* ITSELF.
THE ROUTE *IN* IS YOUR PROGRESS TOWARD *TRUE MEANING*...
...FOUND HERE, IN THE LABYRINTH'S *CENTER*...
...AND YOUR ROUTE *OUT* IS QUITE *DIFFERENT*...
...FOR THE REVELATIONS DISCOVERED THEREIN RENDER YOU NO LONGER THE *SAME MAN*.
AWWWW... CRAP CAKES!
THAT'S THE SIGN FROM MY DREAM! THIS IS THE EXACT SAME ROOM!
THAT SHOULD MEAN...
YEAH.
RIGHT ON CUE.
YOU MIGHT WANNA AVERT YOUR *EYES*, HERCSTER. YOUR TITLE'S RATED A SISSY "*T+*".
WHILE *I'M* GONNA GO "*PARENTAL ADVISORY*" ALL OVER THIS *MOTH*--
SCHWING
TAKE *CARE*, WILSON! IN A LABYRINTH, FOES ARE AS *SYMBOLIC* AS THEY ARE --

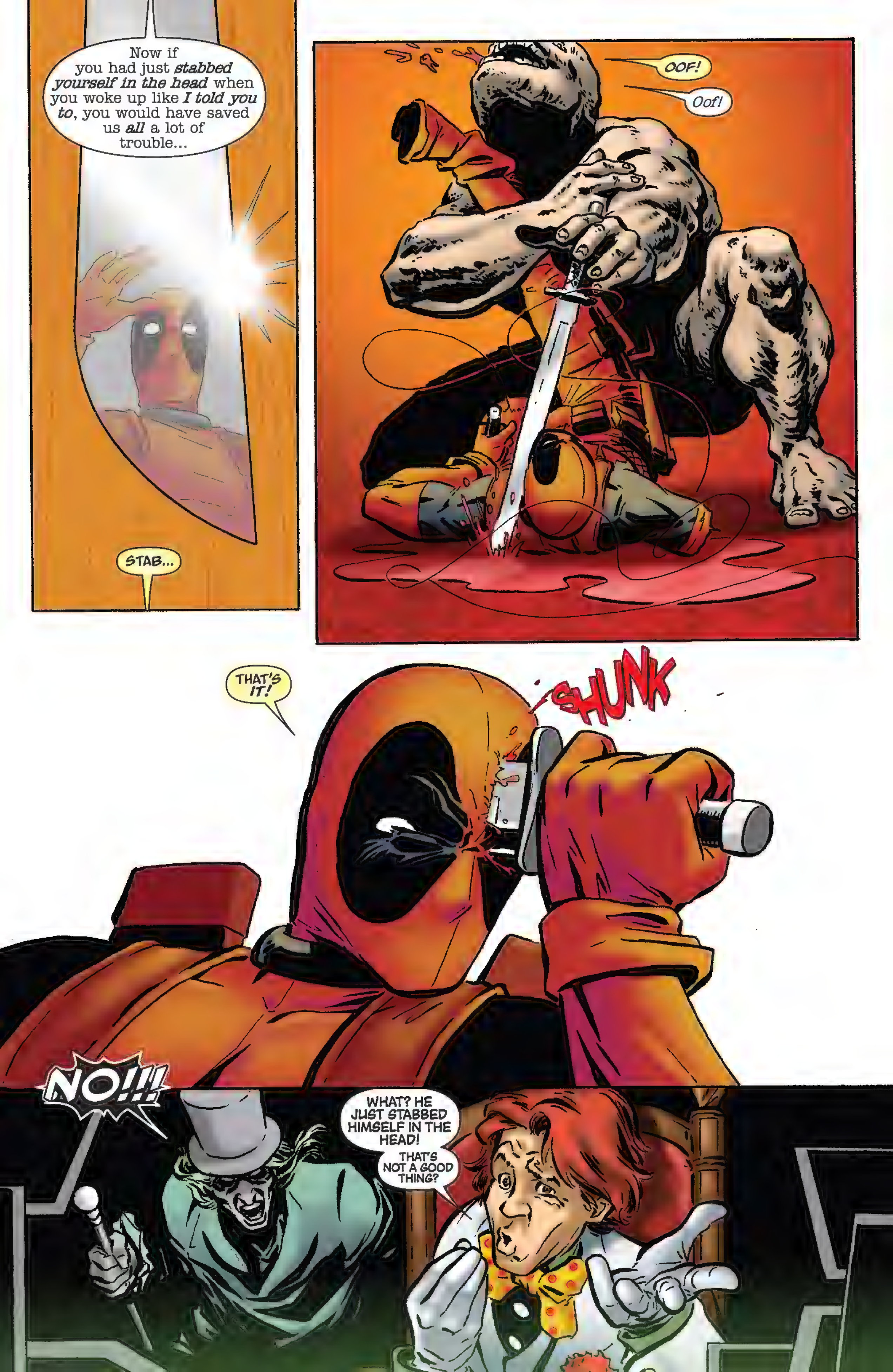

YEAH? WELL THIS SYMBOLIZES ME KICKING YOUR ASS!!!
SCHWAAAAANG
KSSSSSHHHH
SLASH
GAAGH!

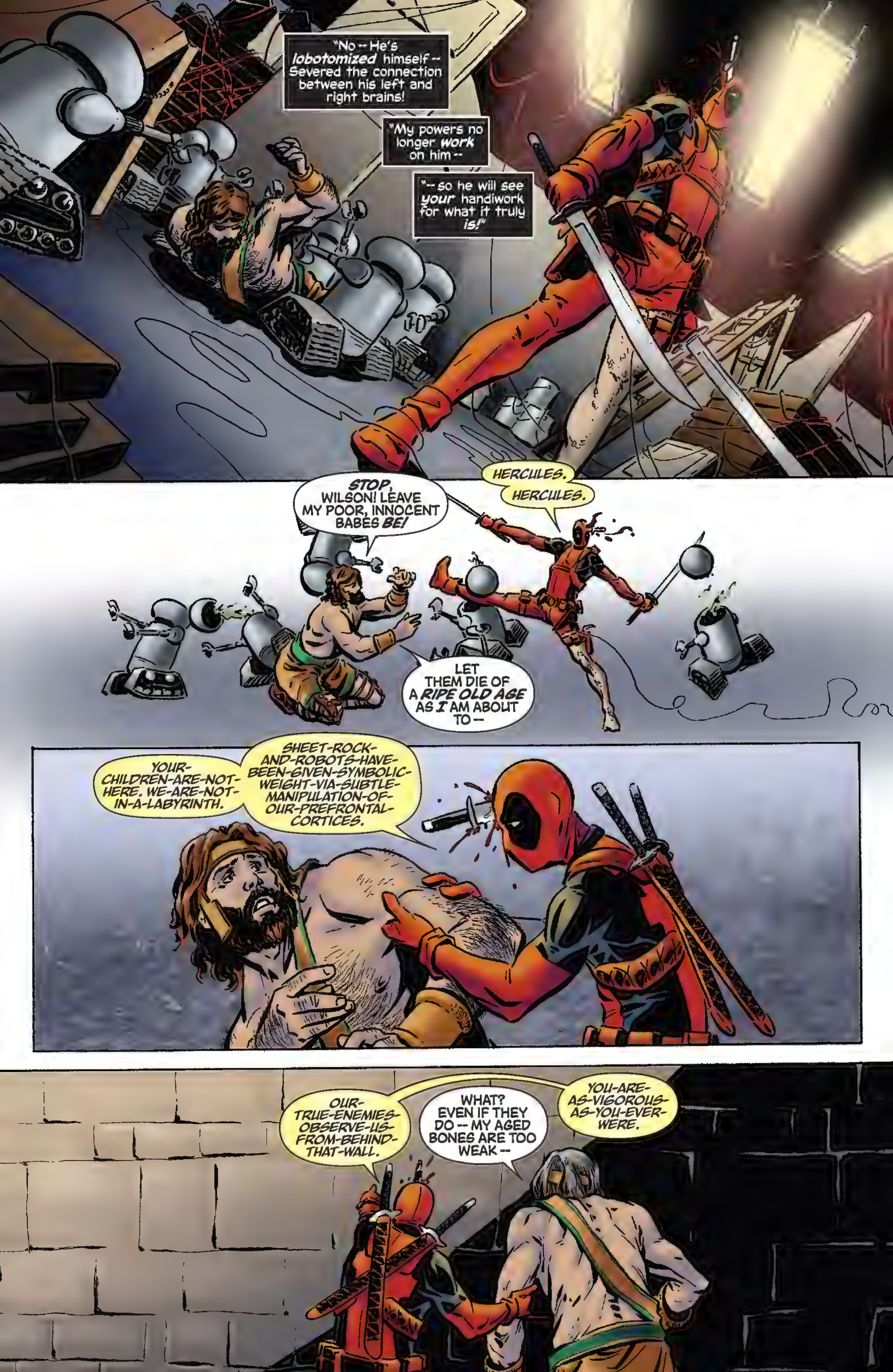

WILSON!
HOLD FAST, I'LL...
'TIS YOU WHO SHOULD HOLD, FATHER
"FATHER?" WHO...
YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE US
WE ARE NOT SURPRISED
FOR YOU DID NOT ALLOW US TO REACH THIS AGE
WE, THE HERACLEIDAE
YOUR CHILDREN
SOME PUT TO THE SWORD BY YOUR FOE KING EURYSTHEUS UPON YOUR DEATH
OTHERS SLAIN BY YOUR HAND IN THE MADNESS OF BATTLE
WAIT -- LITTLE ONES -- STOP -- I WILL NOT FIGHT YOU --
AND YOU CANNOT HARM ME --

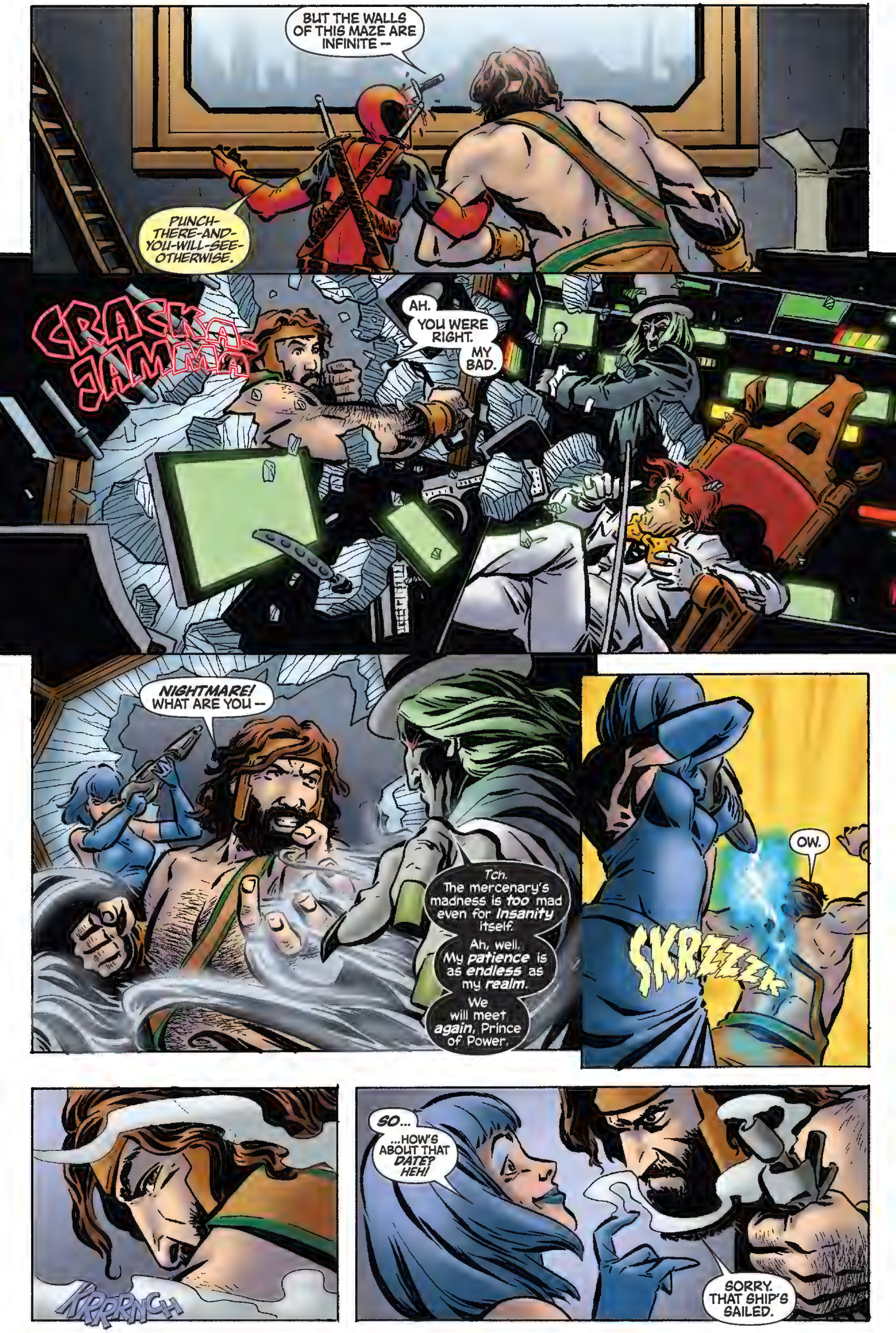

THE INVULNERABILITY YOU GAINED FROM THE BREAST MILK OF HERA SHALL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT
SO LONG AS THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF OUR HATRED GUIDES OUR AIM
UNNGGHH!
ONLY... ONLY A FLESH WOUND...
OOH! ORIGINAL!
I always thought we got the best lines.
WHA...?
CAN I JUST SAY HOW GREAT IT IS NOT TO BE STUCK INSIDE YOUR BODY ANYMORE?
The way you tap your left foot when you have to wait anywhere for more than ten seconds drives me absolutely crazy!
AND ONCE WE FINALLY GET RID OF YOU, WE WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH YOUR B.S. EVER AGAIN.
And if you quote Monty Python one more time, we'll take days killing you.
YEAH, SERIOUSLY.

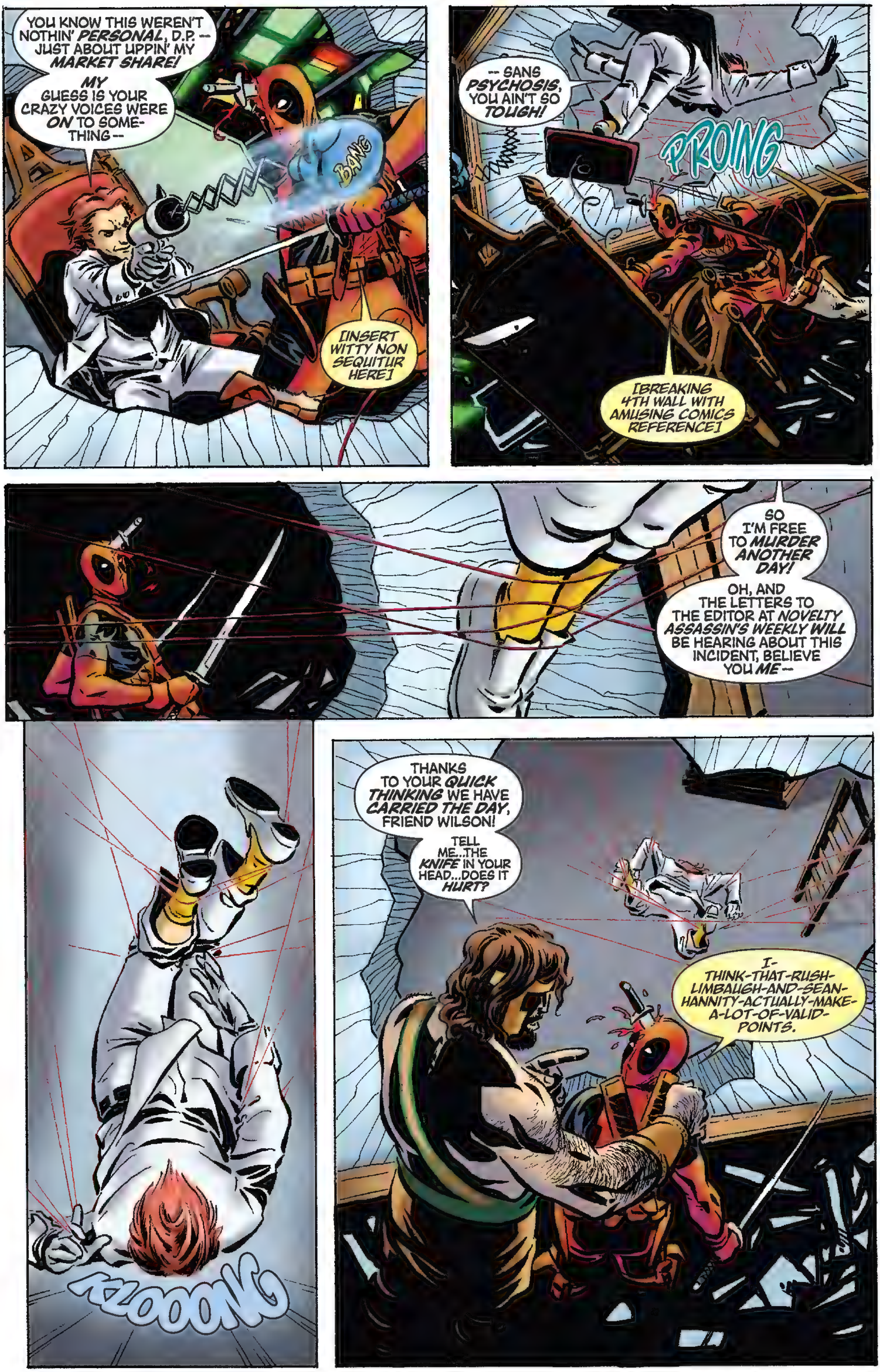

SO... YOU'RE *ME?* I'M FIGHTING *MYSELF* HERE?
HEY! LANGUAGE!
No call to get ***nasty!***
CHOK
WE'RE MORE LIKE YOUR BETTER ***UNNHHH!!***
Unnnhhh! better ***halves!***
AS IN 50% + 50% = *100%?*
We got a ***redundancy***, as they say in the U.K.: ***You!***
AU CONTRAIRE, LES DEUX MONOLOGUES!
YOU GOT THE SAME FIGHTING STYLE AS ***ME***, WHICH MEANS ***I*** CAN ANTICIPATE EVERY ONE OF ***YOUR*** MOVES!
YEAH?
How's that working out for you?
YAAAAAAAHHH!!!
SHRAKKKCH

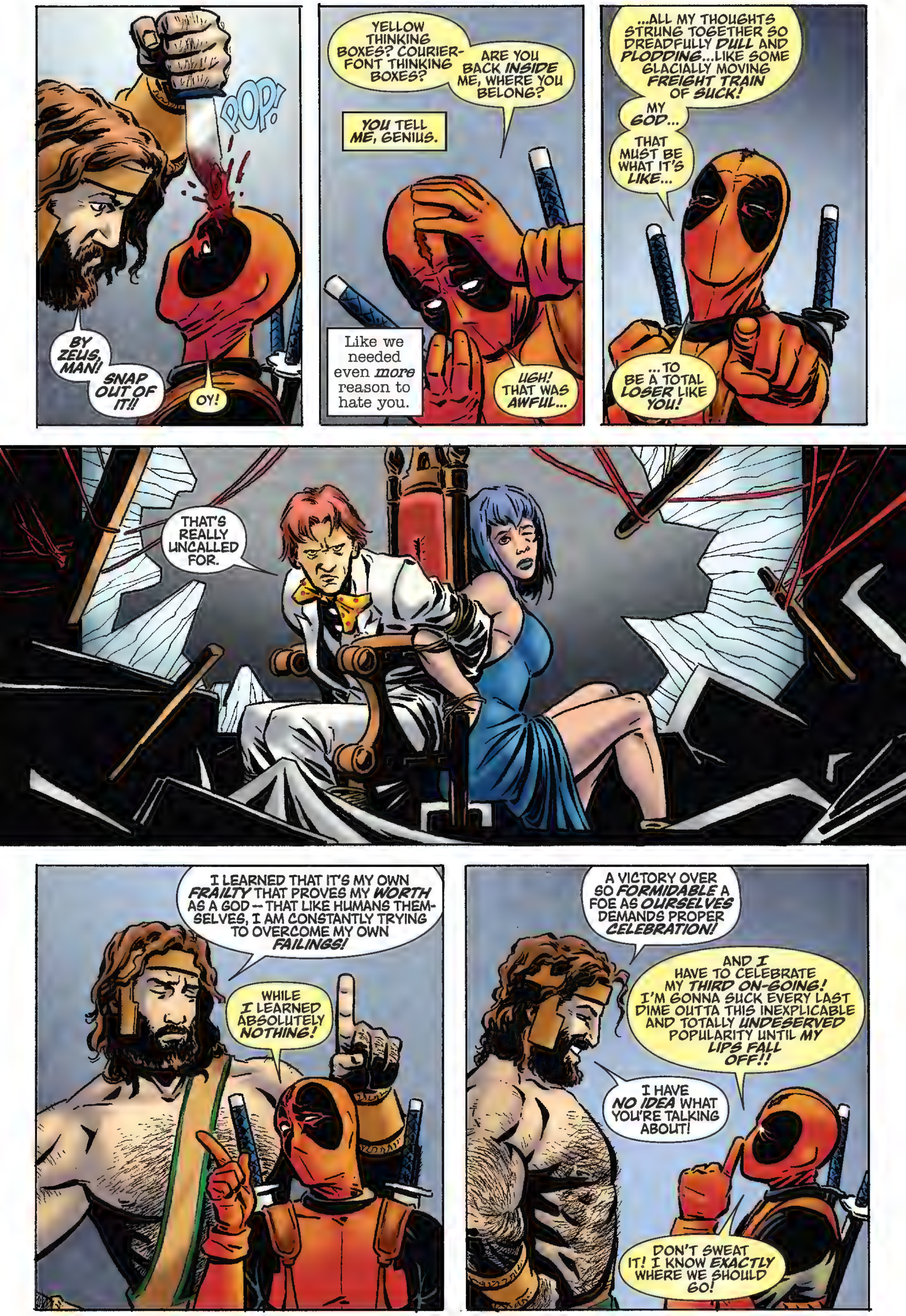

GGGLLLL...!
WE'RE YOUR MADNESS!
Your unpredictability!
THE STICK THAT STIRS YOUR DRINK!
The hologram on your trading card!
WE'RE YOUR EDGE, BUBBIE. WE'RE WHAT SEPARATES YOU FROM YOUR OPPONENTS.
WHAT MAKES YOU THE BEST AT WHAT YOU D--
Don't. Just don't.
WITHOUT US, YOU'RE JUST A VERY SKILLED--
--but very killable mercenary!
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP RIGHT NOW, WADE BUDDY.
NONE THROUGHOUT THE AGES HAVE DESERVED IMMORTALITY LESS THAN YOU, FATHER
YOUR OWN FLESH AND BLOOD FALL DUE TO YOUR ACTION OR NEGLECT
BUT YOU JUST KEEP BLUNDERING THROUGH ETERNITY, ON AND ON AND ON
SO GIVE UP
'TIS TRUE...
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP
'TIS ALL TRUE...

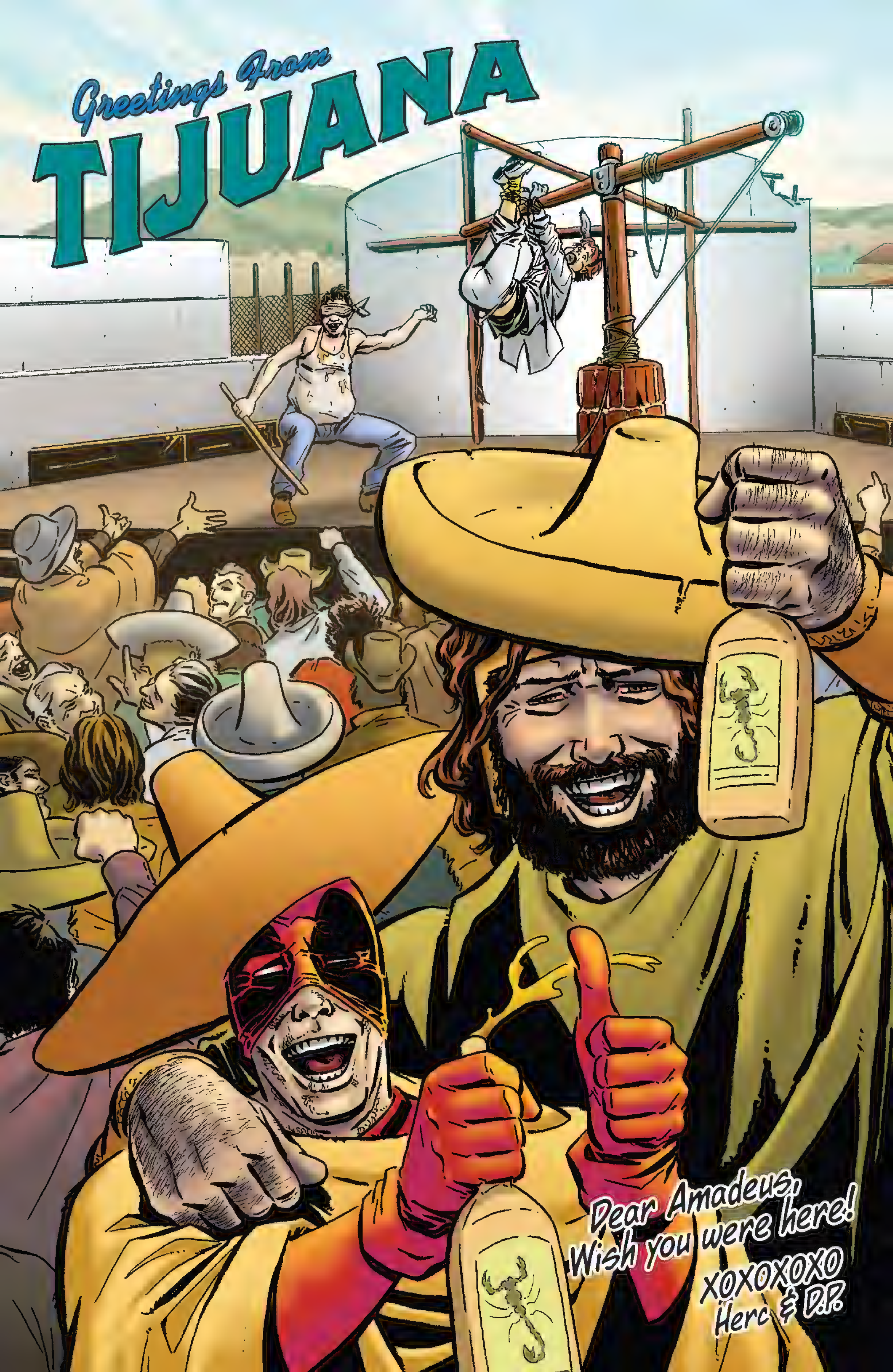

Now if you had just *stabbed yourself in the head* when you woke up like *I told you to*, you would have saved us *all* a lot of trouble...
STAB...
OOF!
Oof!
THAT'S IT!
SHUNK
NO!!!
WHAT? HE JUST STABBED HIMSELF IN THE HEAD!
THAT'S NOT A GOOD THING?

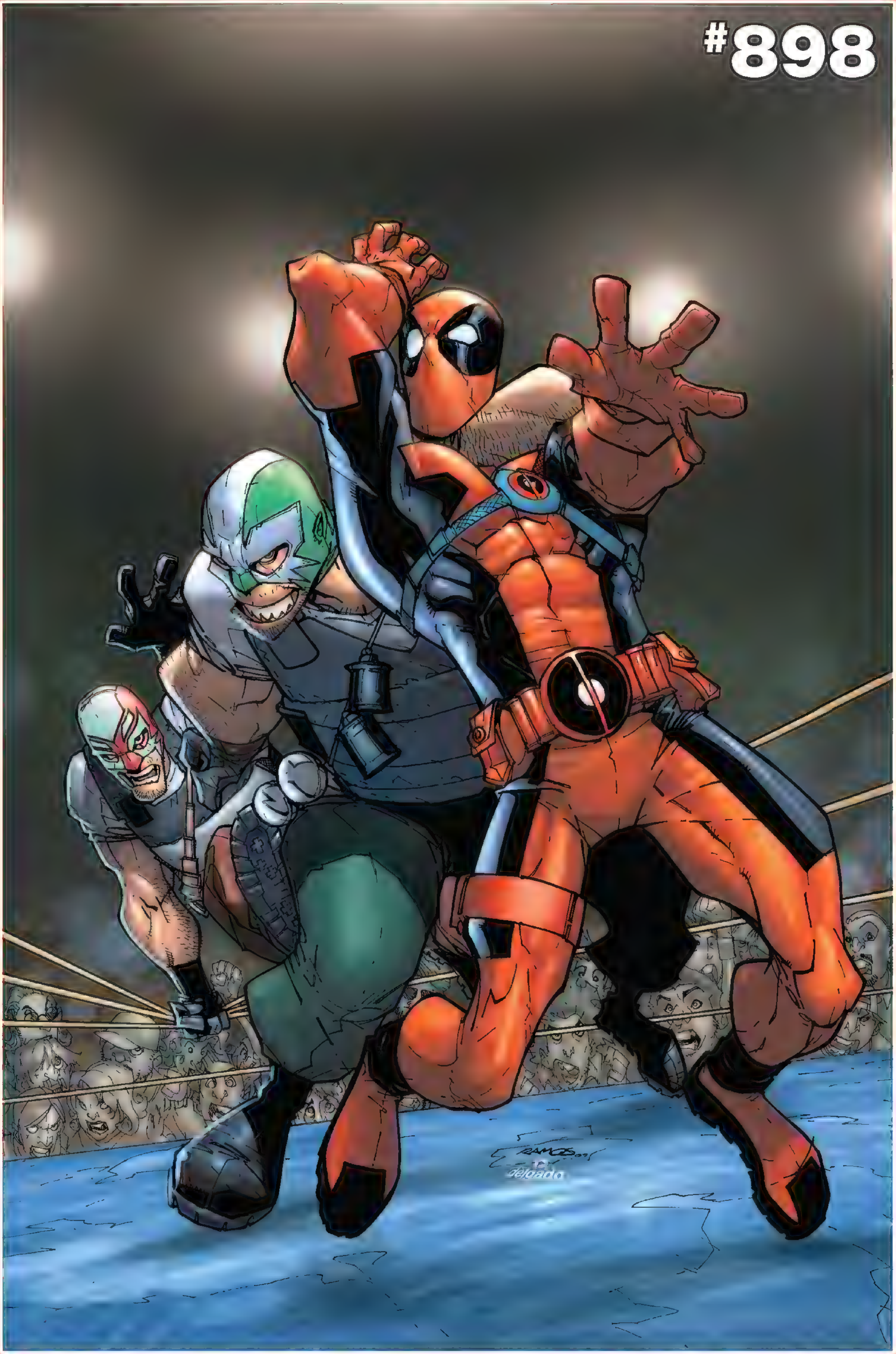

"No -- He's *lobotomized* himself -- Severed the connection between his left and right brains!
"My powers no longer *work* on him --
"-- so he will see *your* handiwork for what it truly *is!*"
HERCULES.
HERCULES.
STOP, WILSON! LEAVE MY POOR, INNOCENT BABES *BE!*
LET THEM DIE OF A *RIPE OLD AGE* AS *I* AM ABOUT TO --
YOUR-CHILDREN-ARE-NOT-HERE. WE-ARE-NOT-IN-A-LABYRINTH.
SHEET-ROCK-AND-ROBOTS-HAVE-BEEN-GIVEN-SYMBOLIC-WEIGHT-VIA-SUBTLE-MANIPULATION-OF-OUR-PREFRONTAL-CORTICES.
OUR-TRUE-ENEMIES-OBSERVE-US-FROM-BEHIND-THAT-WALL.
WHAT? EVEN IF THEY DO -- MY AGED BONES ARE TOO WEAK --
YOU-ARE-AS-VIGOROUS-AS-YOU-EVER-WERE.

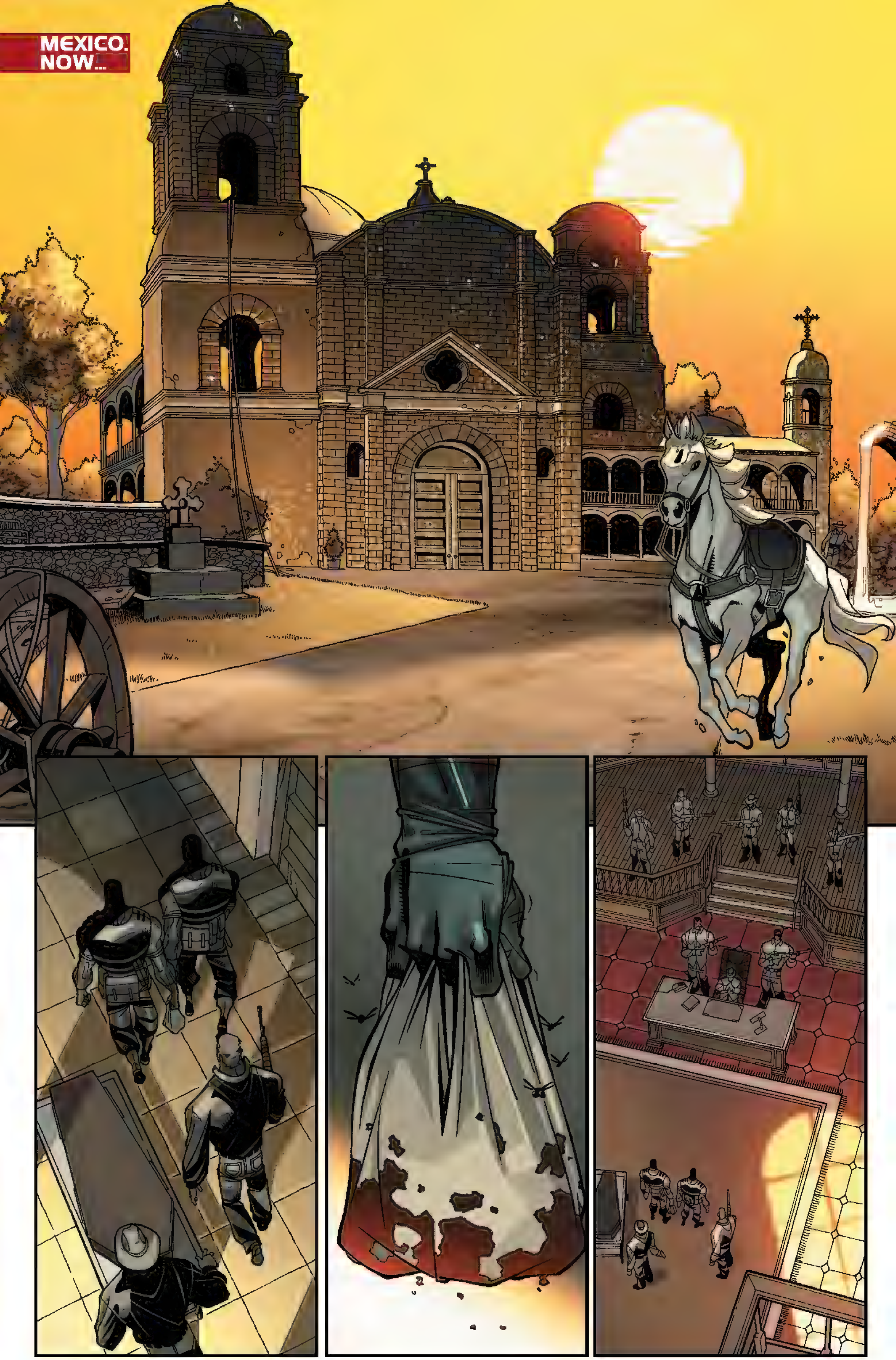

BUT THE WALLS OF THIS MAZE ARE INFINITE --
PUNCH-THERE-AND-YOU-WILL-SEE-OTHERWISE.
CRACKA-JAMMA
AH.
YOU WERE RIGHT.
MY BAD.
NIGHTMARE! WHAT ARE YOU --
Tch. The mercenary's madness is *too* mad even for *Insanity* itself.
Ah, well. My *patience* is as *endless* as my *realm*.
We will meet *again*, Prince of Power.
OW.
SKRZZZK
KRRRNCH
SO...
...HOW'S ABOUT THAT *DATE?* *HEH!*
SORRY. THAT SHIP'S SAILED.

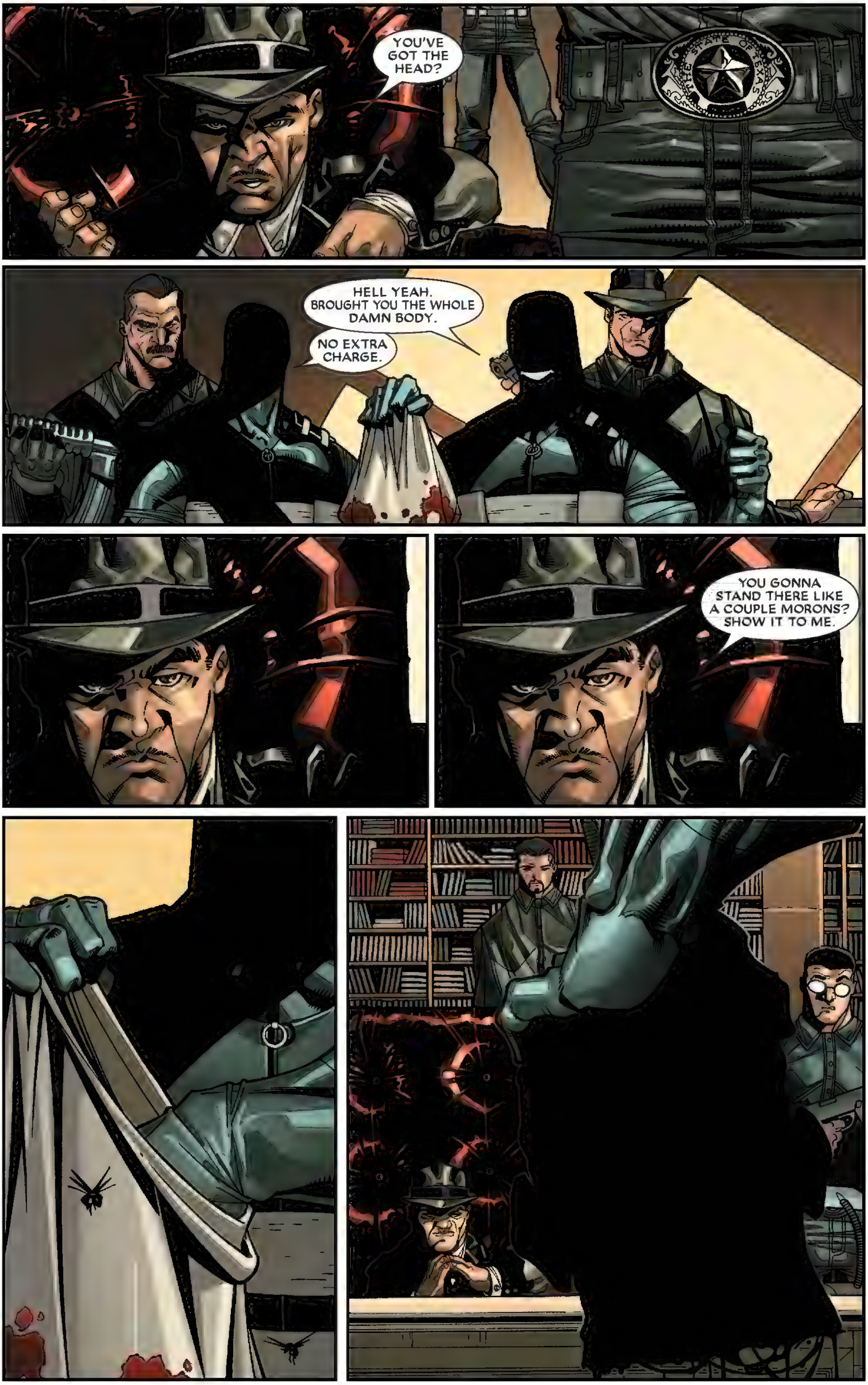

YOU KNOW THIS WEREN'T NOTHIN' *PERSONAL*, D.P. -- JUST ABOUT UPPIN' MY *MARKET SHARE!*
MY GUESS IS YOUR CRAZY VOICES WERE *ON* TO SOME-THING --
BANG
[INSERT WITTY NON SEQUITUR HERE]
-- SANS *PSYCHOSIS*, YOU AIN'T SO *TOUGH!*
PROING
[BREAKING 4TH WALL WITH AMUSING COMICS REFERENCE]
SO I'M FREE TO *MURDER ANOTHER DAY!*
OH, AND THE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR AT *NOVELTY ASSASSIN'S WEEKLY WILL* BE HEARING ABOUT THIS INCIDENT, BELIEVE YOU *ME* --
KLOOONG
THANKS TO YOUR *QUICK THINKING* WE HAVE *CARRIED THE DAY*, FRIEND WILSON!
TELL ME...THE *KNIFE* IN YOUR HEAD...DOES IT *HURT?*
I-THINK-THAT-RUSH-LIMBAUGH-AND-SEAN-HANNITY-ACTUALLY-MAKE-A-LOT-OF-VALID-POINTS.

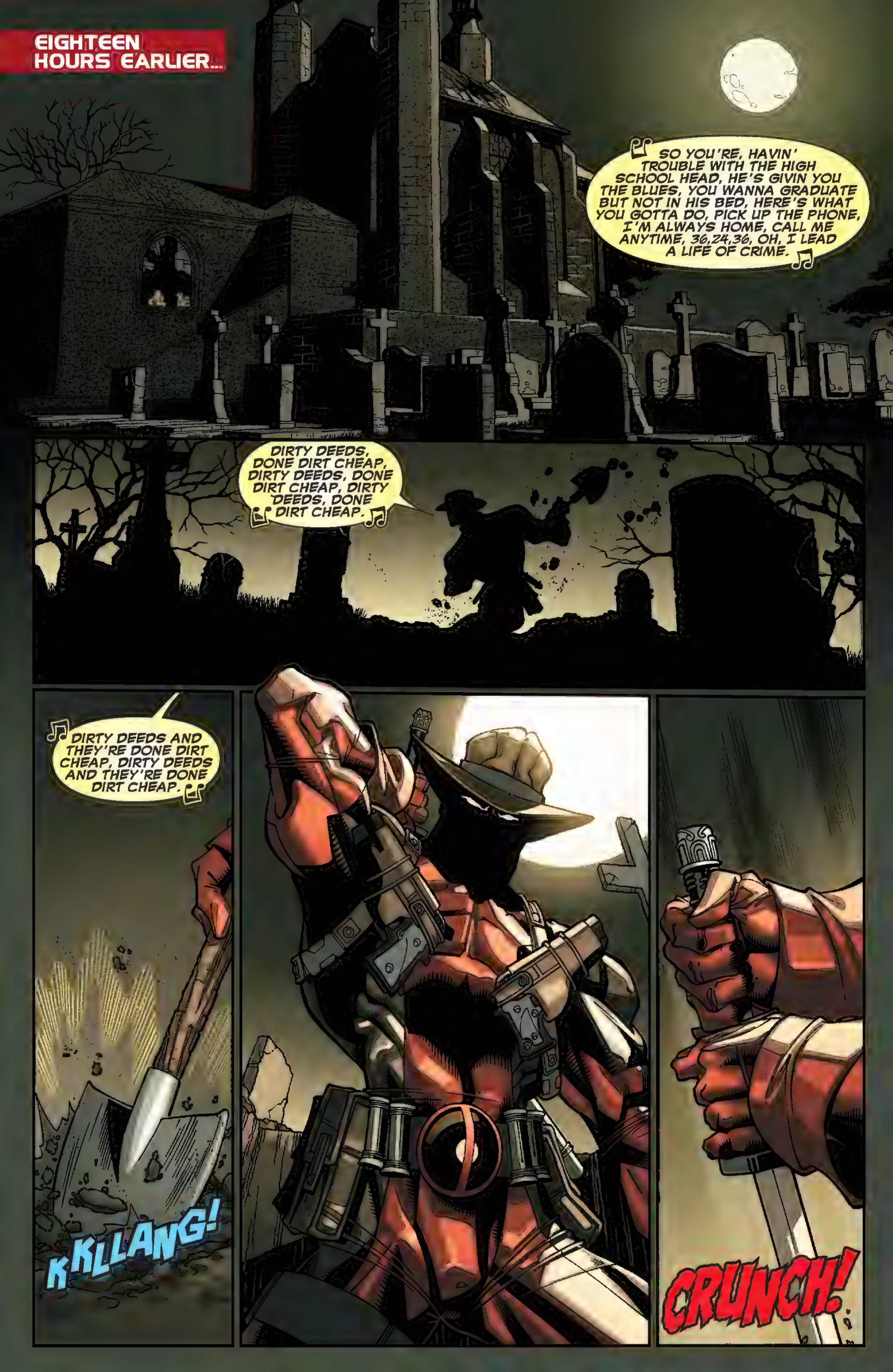

POP!
BY ZEUS, MAN!
SNAP OUT OF IT!!
OY!
YELLOW THINKING BOXES? COURIER-FONT THINKING BOXES?
ARE YOU BACK INSIDE ME, WHERE YOU BELONG?
YOU TELL ME, GENIUS.
Like we needed even more reason to hate you.
UGH! THAT WAS AWFUL...
...ALL MY THOUGHTS STRUNG TOGETHER SO DREADFULLY DULL AND PLODDING...LIKE SOME GLACIALLY MOVING FREIGHT TRAIN OF SUCK!
MY GOD...
THAT MUST BE WHAT IT'S LIKE...
...TO BE A TOTAL LOSER LIKE YOU!
THAT'S REALLY UNCALLED FOR.
I LEARNED THAT IT'S MY OWN FRAILTY THAT PROVES MY WORTH AS A GOD -- THAT LIKE HUMANS THEMSELVES, I AM CONSTANTLY TRYING TO OVERCOME MY OWN FAILINGS!
WHILE I LEARNED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!
A VICTORY OVER SO FORMIDABLE A FOE AS OURSELVES DEMANDS PROPER CELEBRATION!
AND I HAVE TO CELEBRATE MY THIRD ON-GOING! I'M GONNA SUCK EVERY LAST DIME OUTTA THIS INEXPLICABLE AND TOTALLY UNDESERVED POPULARITY UNTIL MY LIPS FALL OFF!!
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
DON'T SWEAT IT! I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE SHOULD GO!

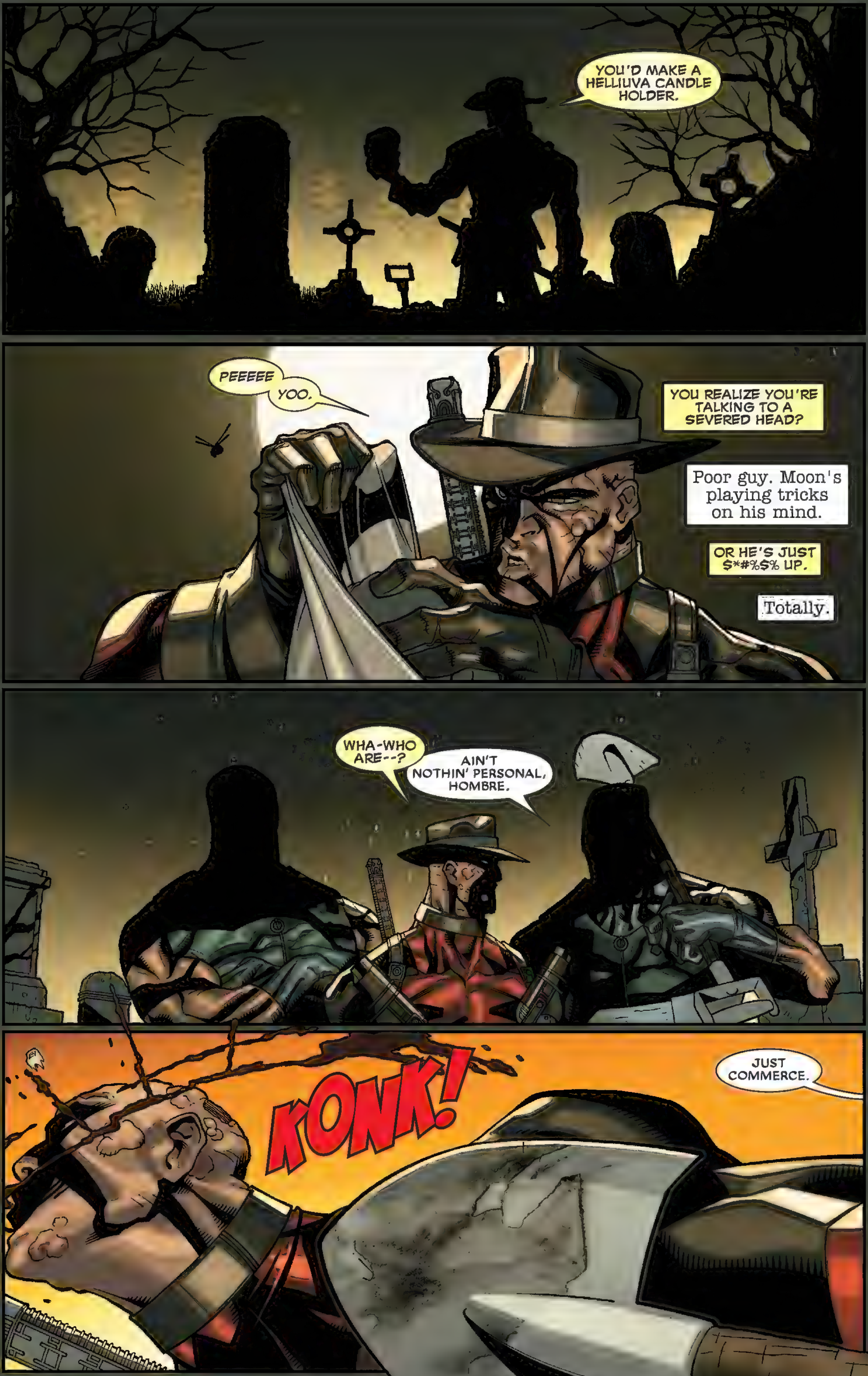

Greetings From
TIJUANA
Dear Amadeus,
Wish you were here!
XOXOXOXO
Herc & D.P.

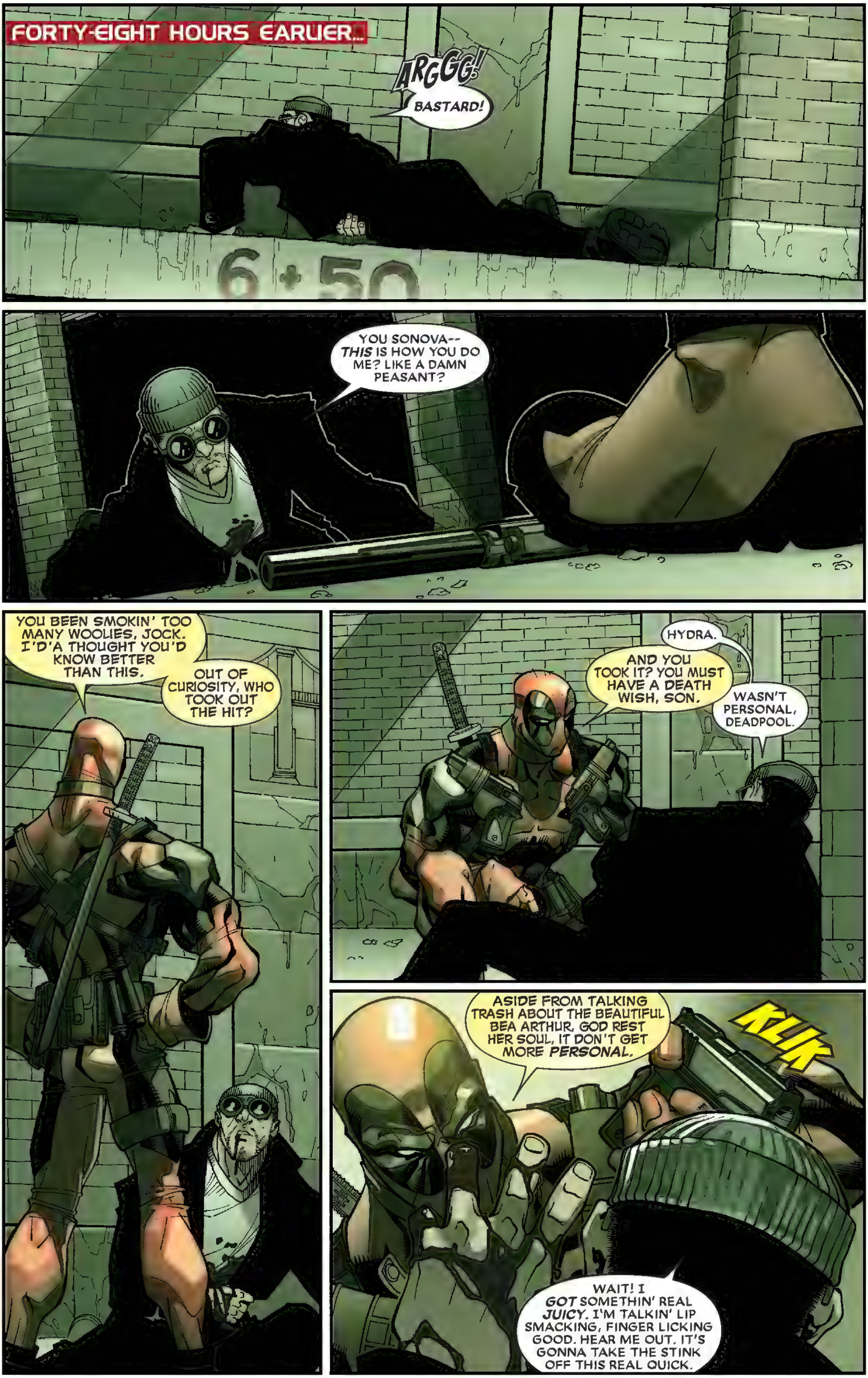

#898
RAMOS 09
delgado

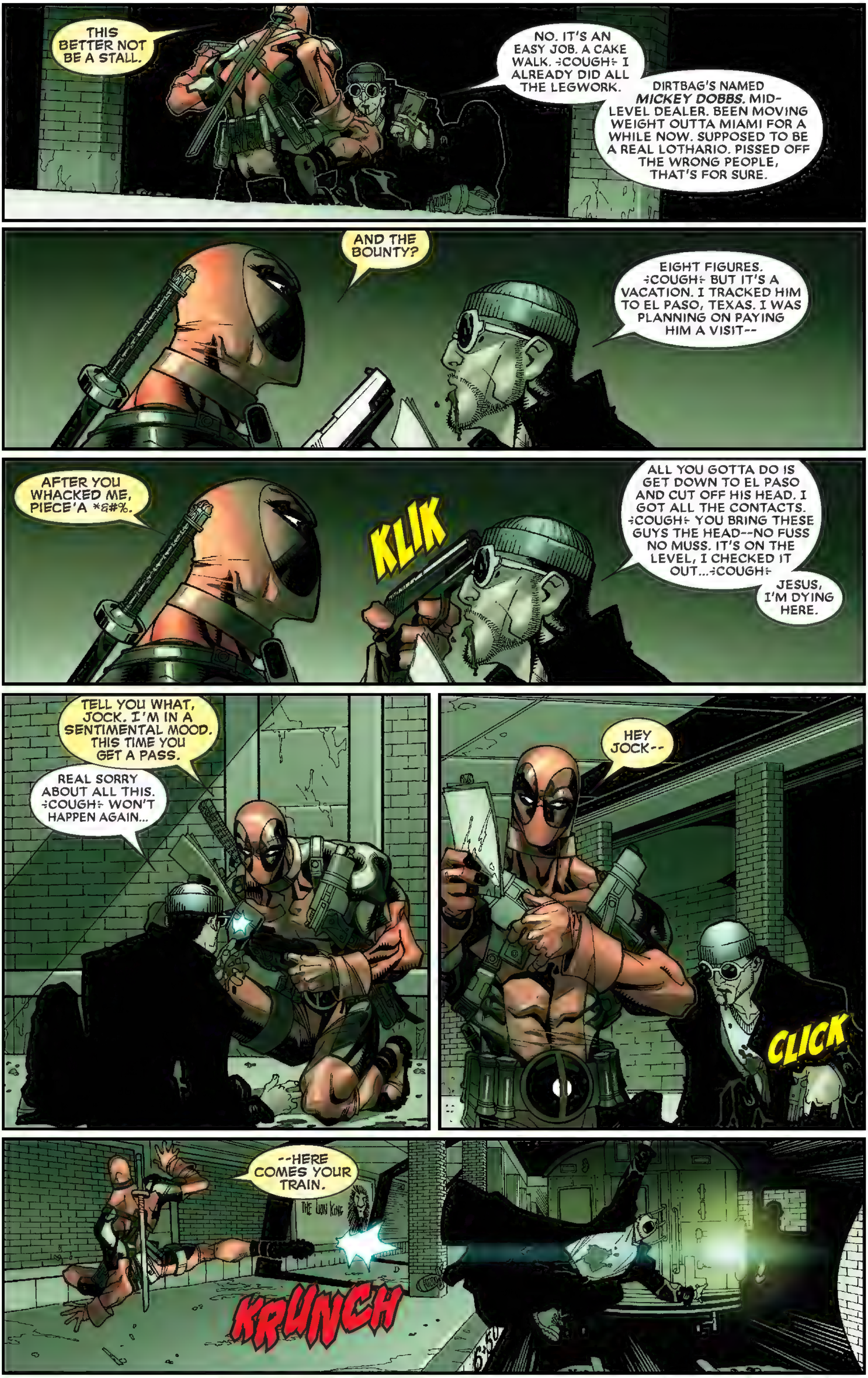

MEXICO. NOW...

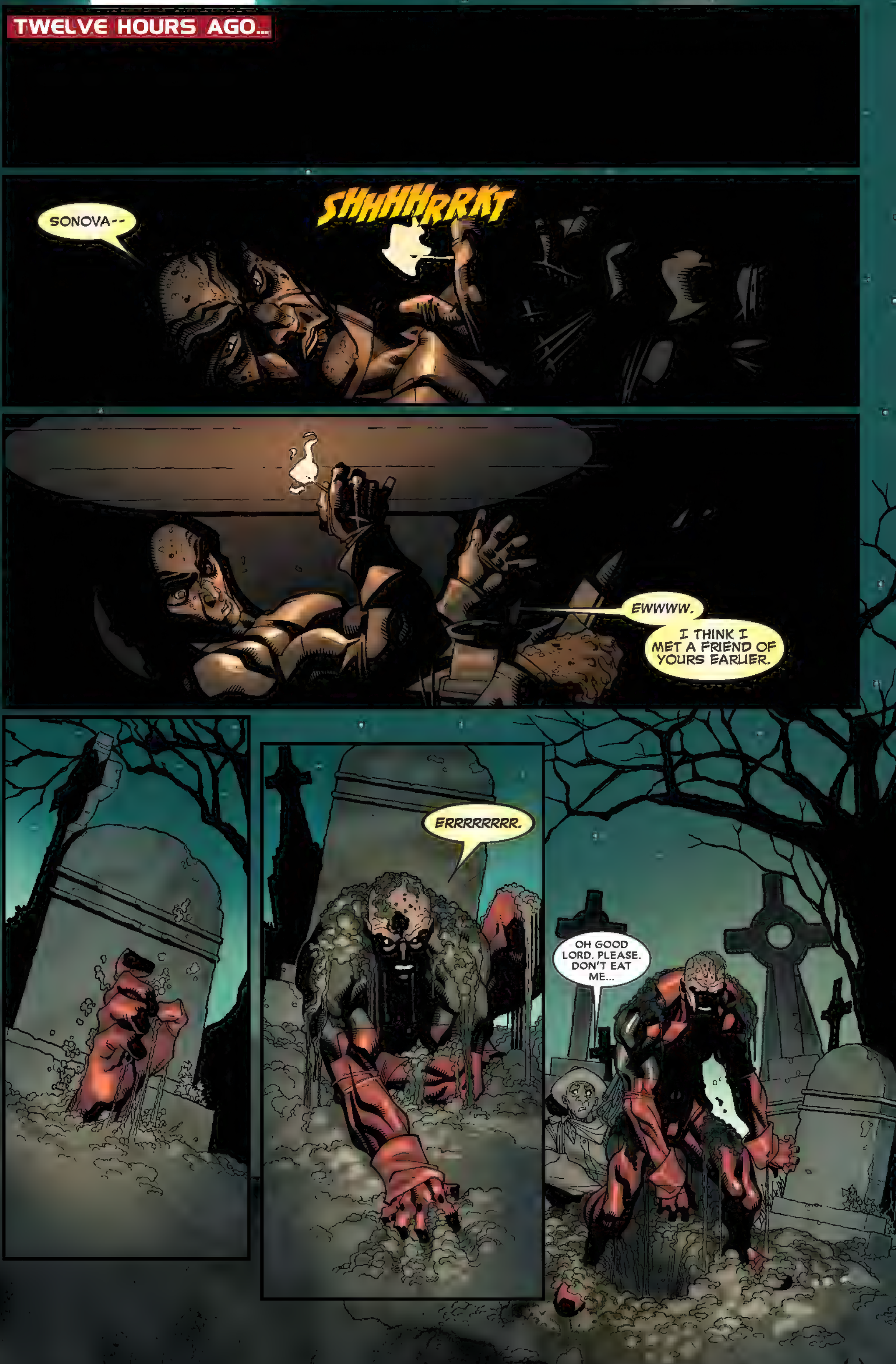

YOU'VE GOT THE HEAD?
THE STATE OF TEXAS
HELL YEAH. BROUGHT YOU THE WHOLE DAMN BODY.
NO EXTRA CHARGE.
YOU GONNA STAND THERE LIKE A COUPLE MORONS? SHOW IT TO ME.

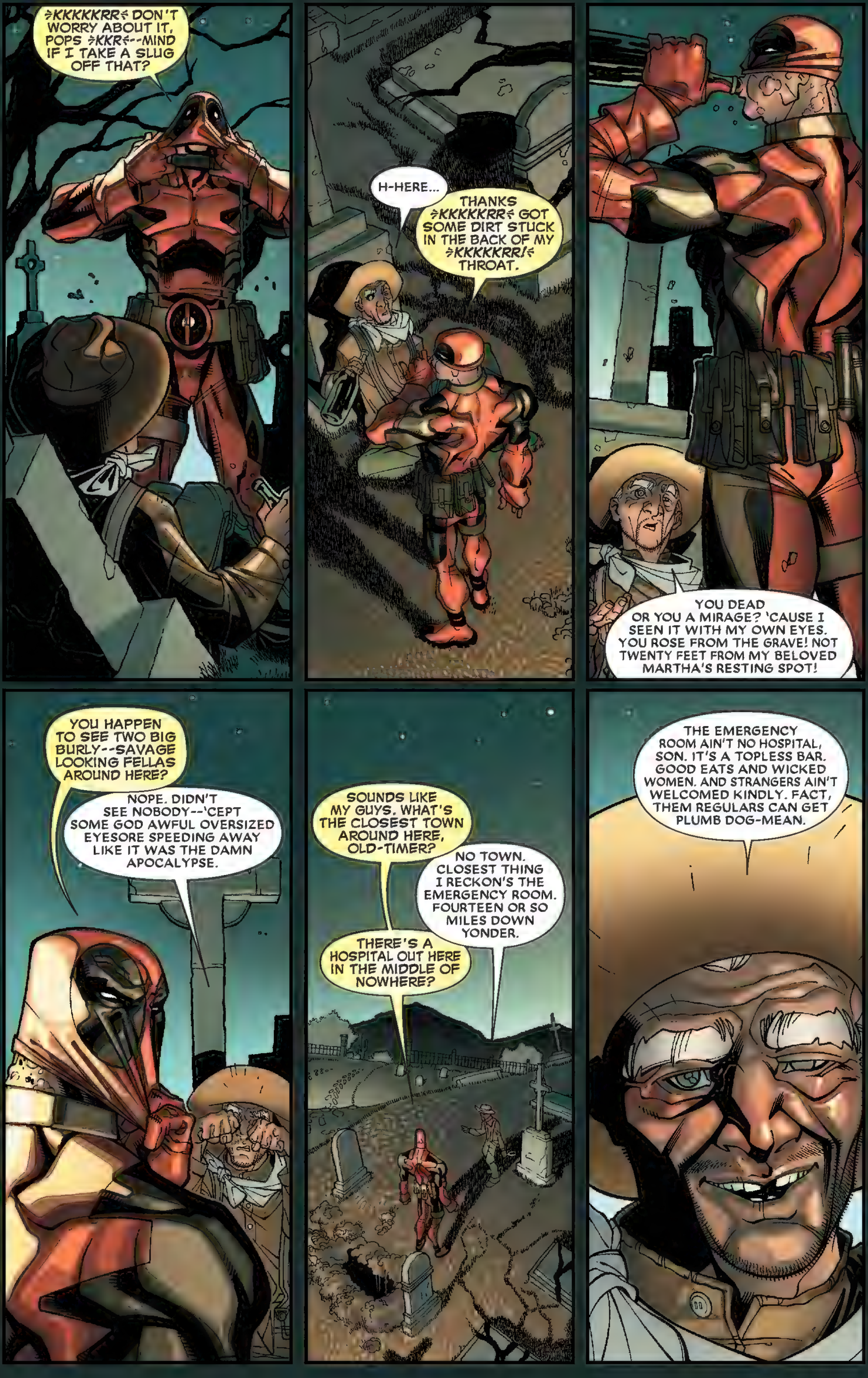

EIGHTEEN HOURS EARLIER...
♫ SO YOU'RE, HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH THE HIGH SCHOOL HEAD, HE'S GIVIN YOU THE BLUES, YOU WANNA GRADUATE BUT NOT IN HIS BED, HERE'S WHAT YOU GOTTA DO, PICK UP THE PHONE, I'M ALWAYS HOME, CALL ME ANYTIME, 36,24,36, OH, I LEAD A LIFE OF CRIME. ♫
DIRTY DEEDS, DONE DIRT CHEAP, DIRTY DEEDS, DONE DIRT CHEAP, DIRTY DEEDS, DONE DIRT CHEAP. ♫
♫ DIRTY DEEDS AND THEY'RE DONE DIRT CHEAP, DIRTY DEEDS AND THEY'RE DONE DIRT CHEAP. ♫
KKLLANG!
CRUNCH!

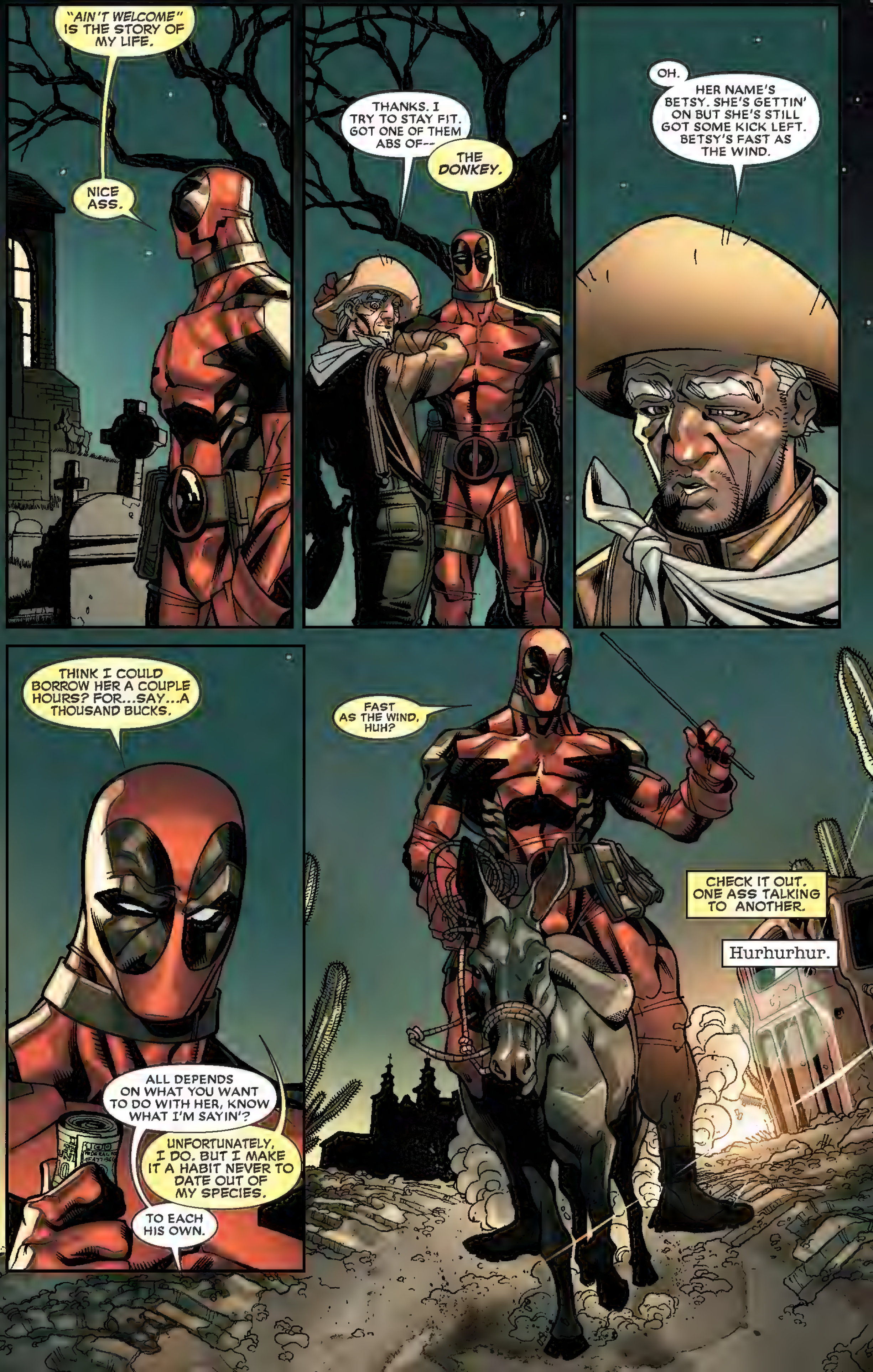

YOU'D MAKE A HELLUVA CANDLE HOLDER.
PEEEEEE YOO.
YOU REALIZE YOU'RE TALKING TO A SEVERED HEAD?
Poor guy. Moon's playing tricks on his mind.
OR HE'S JUST $*#%$% UP.
Totally.
WHA-WHO ARE--?
AIN'T NOTHIN' PERSONAL, HOMBRE.
KONK!
JUST COMMERCE.

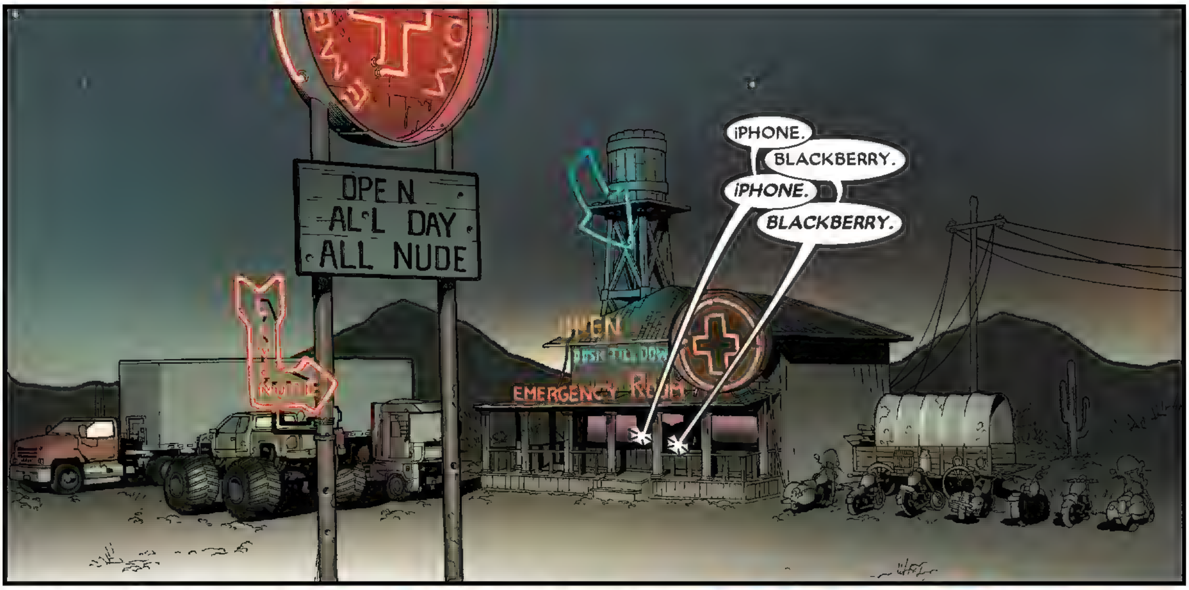

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS EARLIER...
ARGGG!
BASTARD!
6 50
YOU SONOVA-- *THIS* IS HOW YOU DO ME? LIKE A DAMN PEASANT?
YOU BEEN SMOKIN' TOO MANY WOOLIES, JOCK. I'D'A THOUGHT YOU'D KNOW BETTER THAN THIS.
OUT OF CURIOSITY, WHO TOOK OUT THE HIT?
HYDRA.
AND YOU TOOK IT? YOU MUST HAVE A DEATH WISH, SON.
WASN'T PERSONAL, DEADPOOL.
ASIDE FROM TALKING TRASH ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL BEA ARTHUR, GOD REST HER SOUL, IT DON'T GET MORE *PERSONAL*.
KLIK
WAIT! I *GOT* SOMETHIN' REAL *JUICY*. I'M TALKIN' LIP SMACKING, FINGER LICKING GOOD. HEAR ME OUT. IT'S GONNA TAKE THE STINK OFF THIS REAL QUICK.

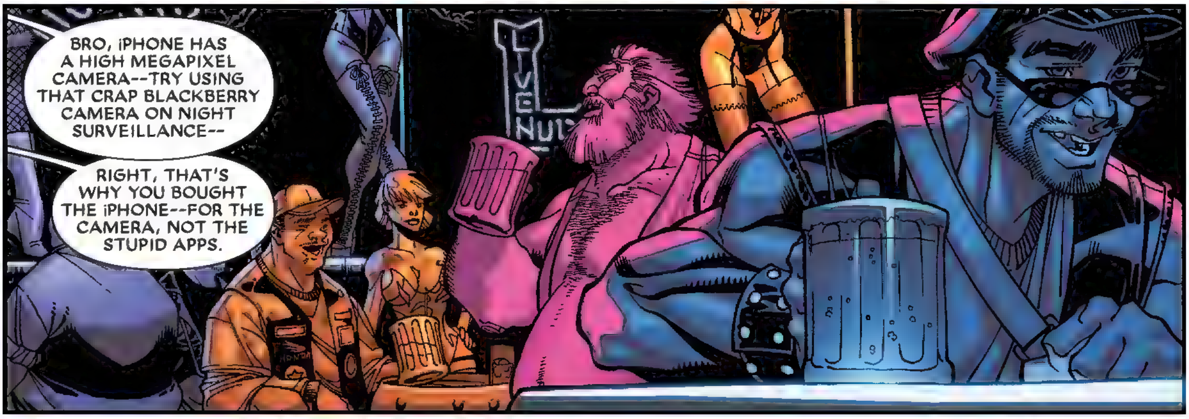

THIS BETTER NOT BE A STALL.
NO. IT'S AN EASY JOB. A CAKE WALK. ÷COUGH÷ I ALREADY DID ALL THE LEGWORK.
DIRTBAG'S NAMED *MICKEY DOBBS.* MID-LEVEL DEALER. BEEN MOVING WEIGHT OUTTA MIAMI FOR A WHILE NOW. SUPPOSED TO BE A REAL LOTHARIO. PISSED OFF THE WRONG PEOPLE, THAT'S FOR SURE.
AND THE BOUNTY?
EIGHT FIGURES. ÷COUGH÷ BUT IT'S A VACATION. I TRACKED HIM TO EL PASO, TEXAS. I WAS PLANNING ON PAYING HIM A VISIT--
AFTER YOU WHACKED ME, PIECE'A *&#%.
KLIK
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS GET DOWN TO EL PASO AND CUT OFF HIS HEAD. I GOT ALL THE CONTACTS. ÷COUGH÷ YOU BRING THESE GUYS THE HEAD--NO FUSS NO MUSS. IT'S ON THE LEVEL, I CHECKED IT OUT... ÷COUGH÷
JESUS, I'M DYING HERE.
TELL YOU WHAT, JOCK. I'M IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD. THIS TIME YOU GET A PASS.
REAL SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS. ÷COUGH÷ WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN...
HEY JOCK--
CLICK
--HERE COMES YOUR TRAIN.
THE LION KING
KRUNCH

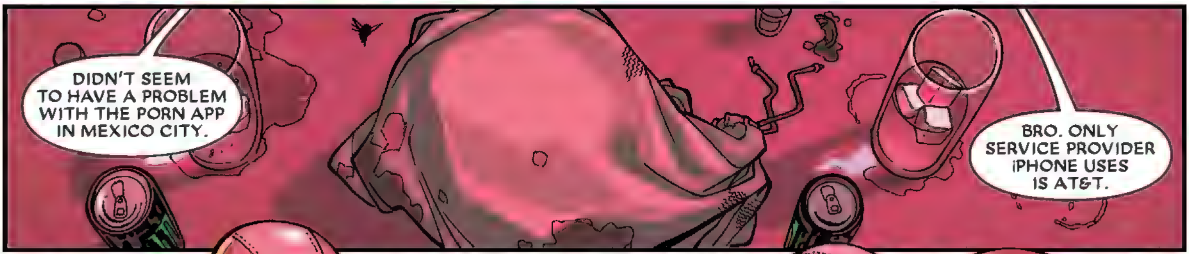

TWELVE HOURS AGO...
SONOVA--
SHHHHRRKT
EWWWW.
I THINK I MET A FRIEND OF YOURS EARLIER.
ERRRRRRRR.
OH GOOD LORD. PLEASE. DON'T EAT ME...

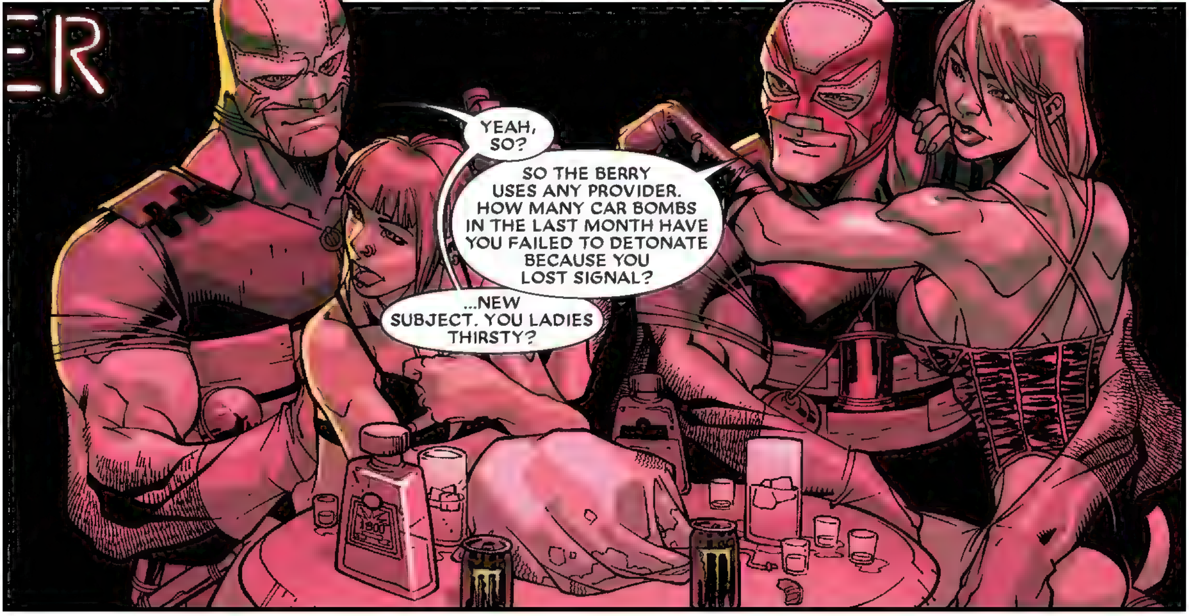

≽KKKKKRR≼ DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, POPS ≽KKR≼--MIND IF I TAKE A SLUG OFF THAT?
H-HERE...
THANKS ≽KKKKKKRR≼ GOT SOME DIRT STUCK IN THE BACK OF MY ≽KKKKKRR!≼ THROAT.
YOU DEAD OR YOU A MIRAGE? 'CAUSE I SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES. YOU ROSE FROM THE GRAVE! NOT TWENTY FEET FROM MY BELOVED MARTHA'S RESTING SPOT!
YOU HAPPEN TO SEE TWO BIG BURLY--SAVAGE LOOKING FELLAS AROUND HERE?
NOPE. DIDN'T SEE NOBODY--'CEPT SOME GOD AWFUL OVERSIZED EYESORE SPEEDING AWAY LIKE IT WAS THE DAMN APOCALYPSE.
SOUNDS LIKE MY GUYS. WHAT'S THE CLOSEST TOWN AROUND HERE, OLD-TIMER?
NO TOWN. CLOSEST THING I RECKON'S THE EMERGENCY ROOM. FOURTEEN OR SO MILES DOWN YONDER.
THERE'S A HOSPITAL OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?
THE EMERGENCY ROOM AIN'T NO HOSPITAL, SON. IT'S A TOPLESS BAR. GOOD EATS AND WICKED WOMEN. AND STRANGERS AIN'T WELCOMED KINDLY. FACT, THEM REGULARS CAN GET PLUMB DOG-MEAN.

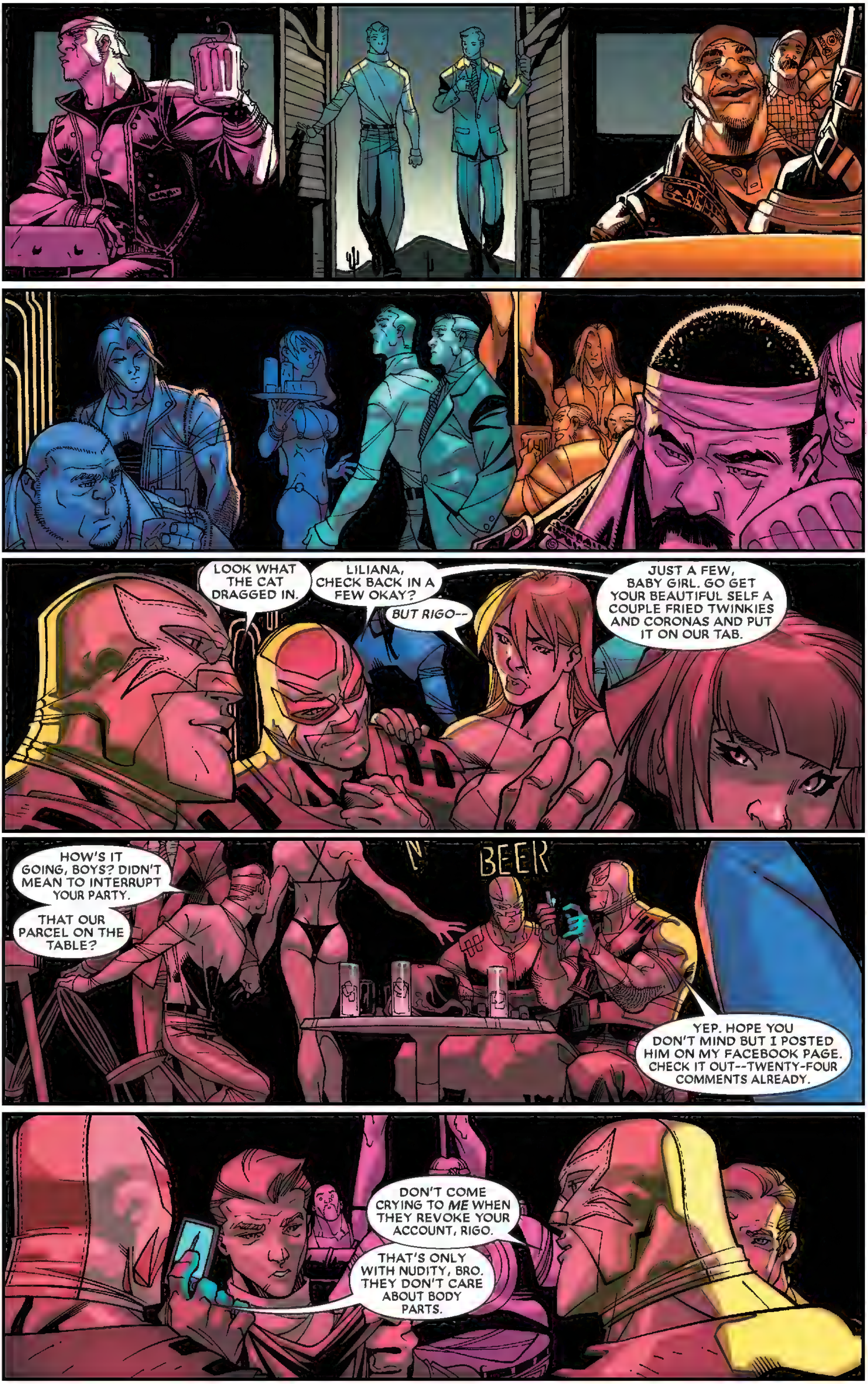

"AIN'T WELCOME" IS THE STORY OF MY LIFE.
NICE ASS.
THANKS. I TRY TO STAY FIT. GOT ONE OF THEM ABS OF--
THE *DONKEY*.
OH.
HER NAME'S BETSY. SHE'S GETTIN' ON BUT SHE'S STILL GOT SOME KICK LEFT. BETSY'S FAST AS THE WIND.
THINK I COULD BORROW HER A COUPLE HOURS? FOR...SAY...A THOUSAND BUCKS.
ALL DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH HER, KNOW WHAT I'M SAYIN'?
UNFORTUNATELY, I DO. BUT I MAKE IT A HABIT NEVER TO DATE OUT OF MY SPECIES.
TO EACH HIS OWN.
FAST AS THE WIND, HUH?
CHECK IT OUT. ONE ASS TALKING TO ANOTHER.
Hurhurhur.

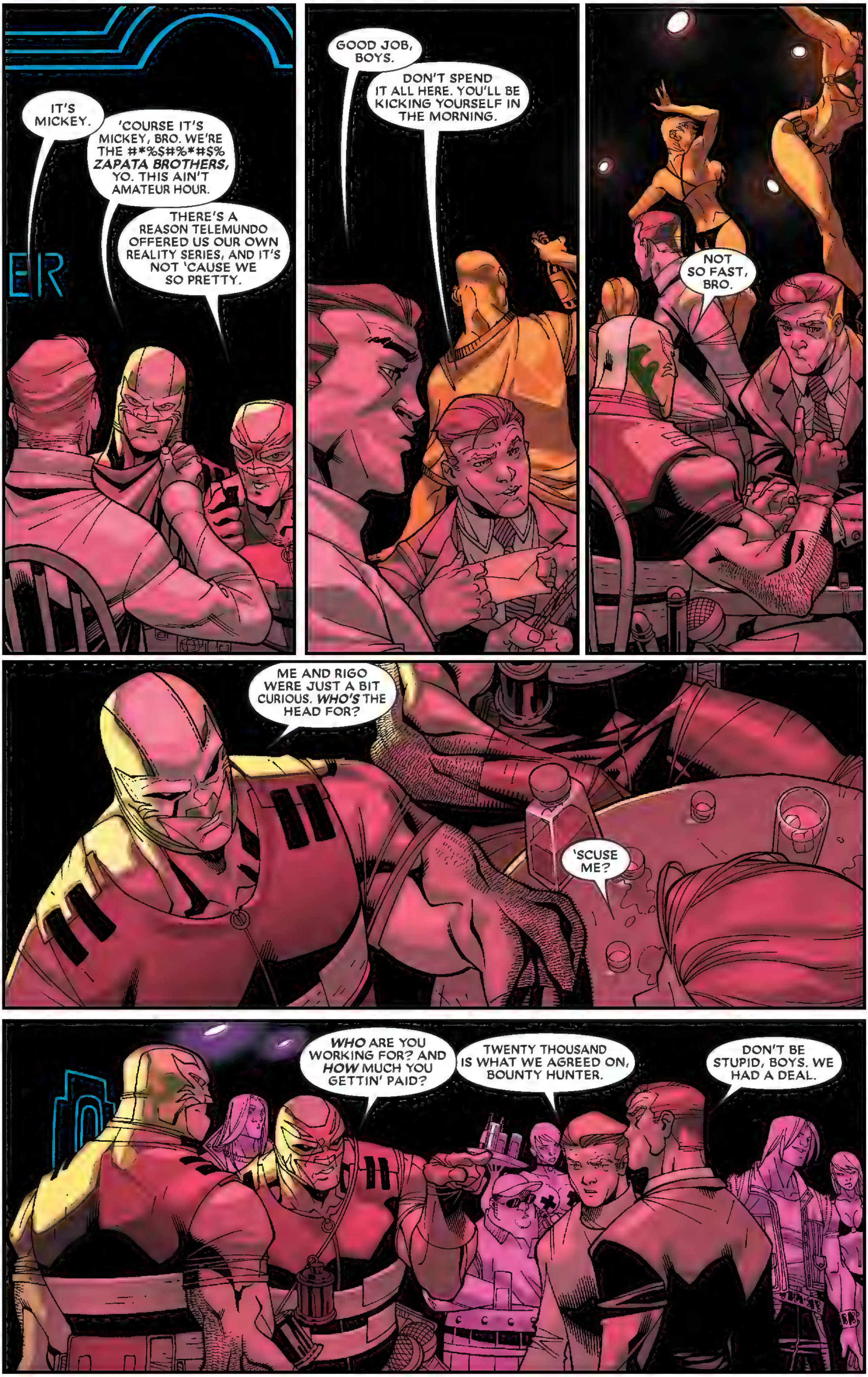

OPEN ALL DAY ALL NUDE
LIVE NUDE
DUSK TILL DOWN
EMERGENCY ROOM
iPHONE.
BLACKBERRY.
iPHONE.
BLACKBERRY.

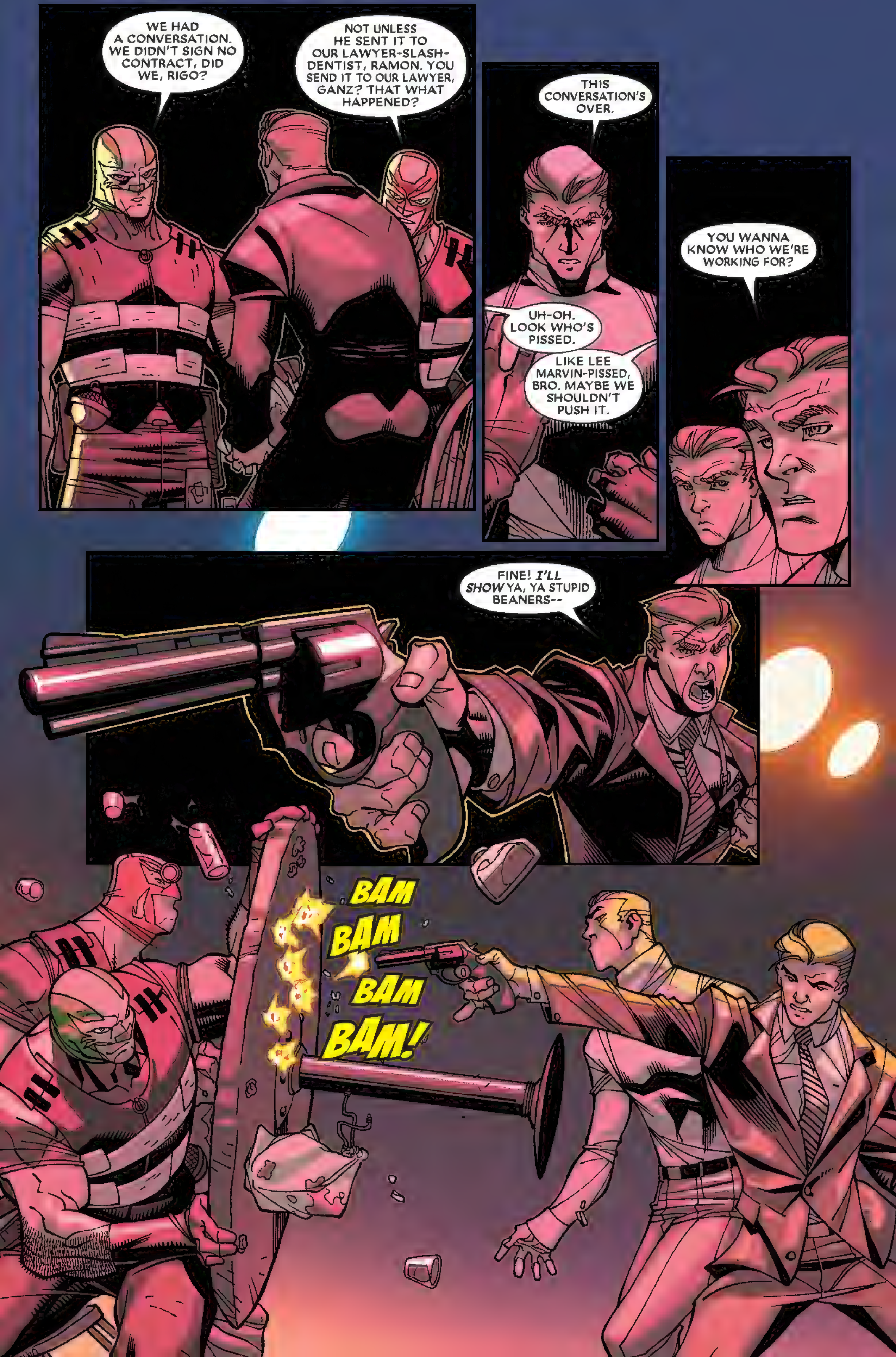

LIVE NU
BRO, iPHONE HAS A HIGH MEGAPIXEL CAMERA--TRY USING THAT CRAP BLACKBERRY CAMERA ON NIGHT SURVEILLANCE--
RIGHT, THAT'S WHY YOU BOUGHT THE iPHONE--FOR THE CAMERA, NOT THE STUPID APPS.

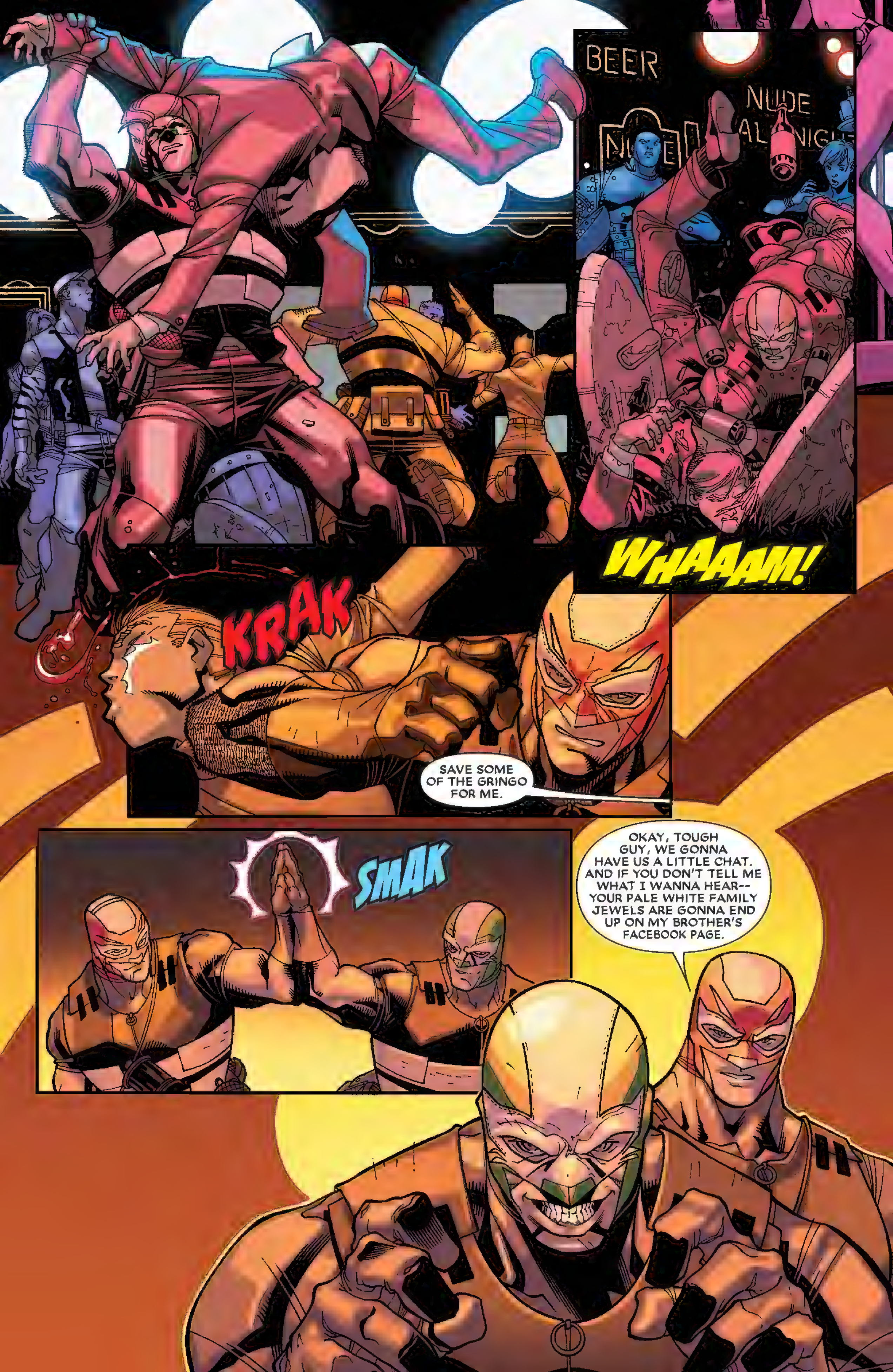

DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THE PORN APP IN MEXICO CITY.
BRO. ONLY SERVICE PROVIDER iPHONE USES IS AT&T.

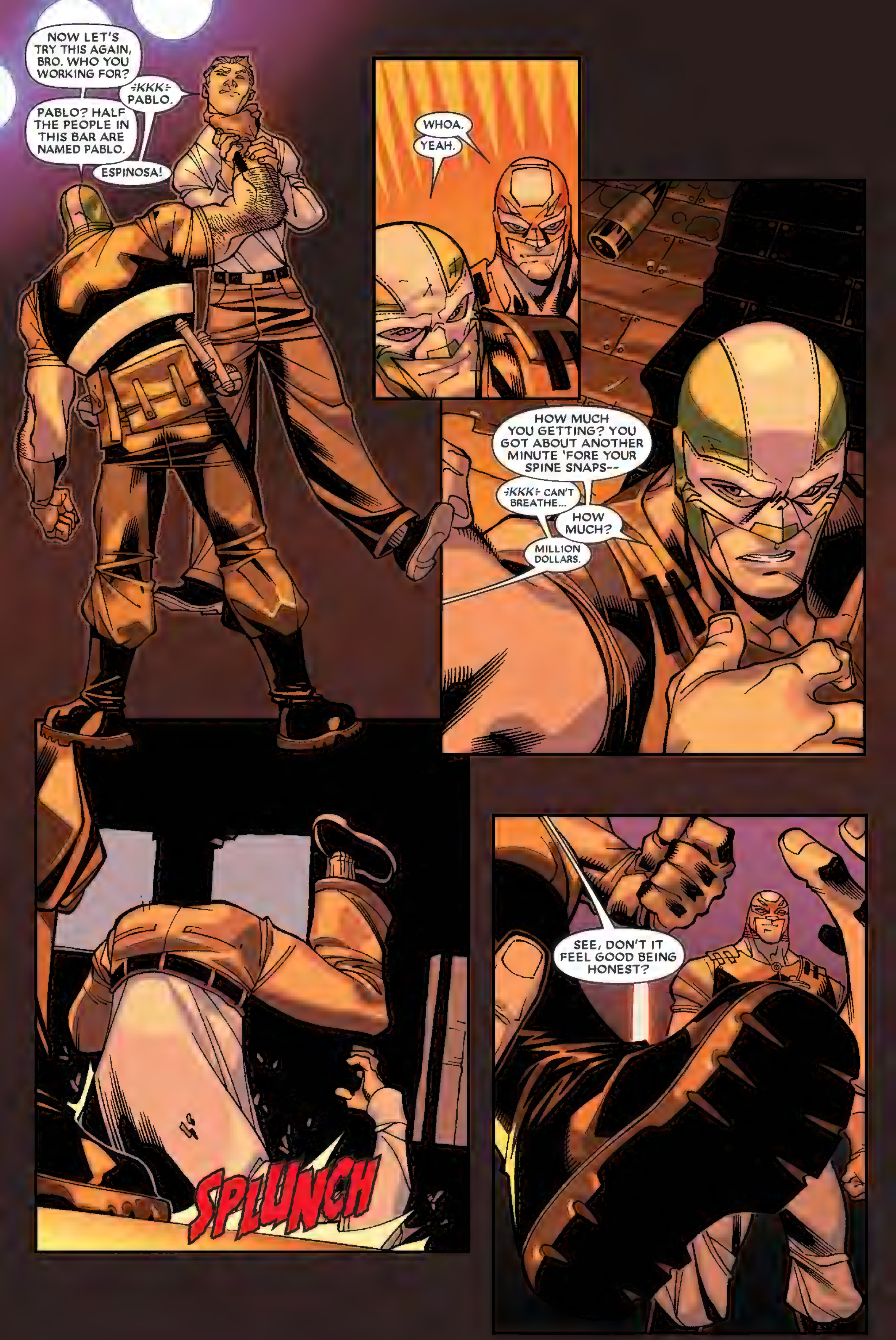

ER
YEAH, SO?
SO THE BERRY USES ANY PROVIDER. HOW MANY CAR BOMBS IN THE LAST MONTH HAVE YOU FAILED TO DETONATE BECAUSE YOU LOST SIGNAL?
...NEW SUBJECT. YOU LADIES THIRSTY?
1800

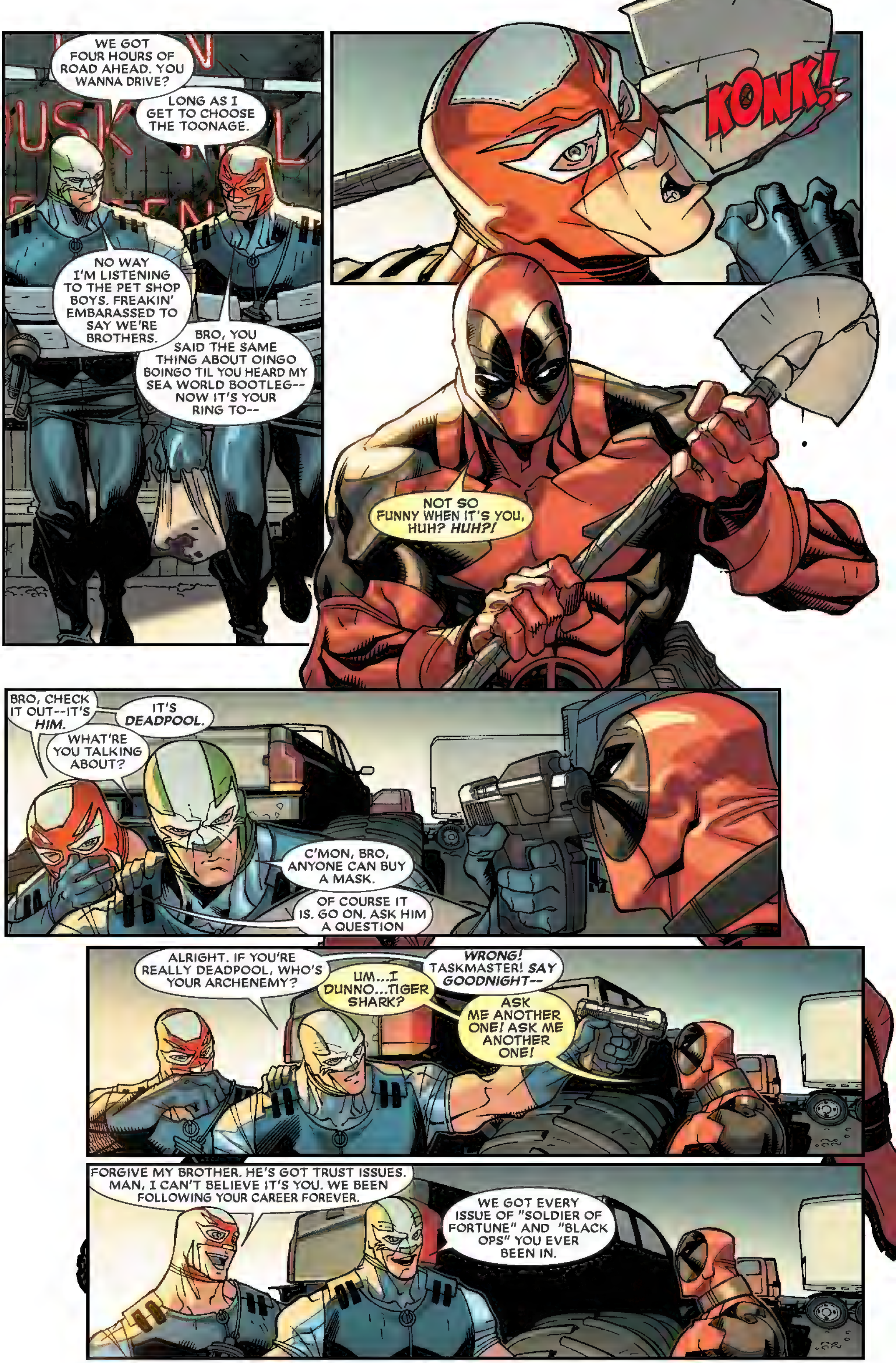

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.
LILIANA, CHECK BACK IN A FEW OKAY?
BUT RIGO--
JUST A FEW, BABY GIRL. GO GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL SELF A COUPLE FRIED TWINKIES AND CORONAS AND PUT IT ON OUR TAB.
HOW'S IT GOING, BOYS? DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT YOUR PARTY.
THAT OUR PARCEL ON THE TABLE?
BEER
YEP. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND BUT I POSTED HIM ON MY FACEBOOK PAGE. CHECK IT OUT--TWENTY-FOUR COMMENTS ALREADY.
DON'T COME CRYING TO *ME* WHEN THEY REVOKE YOUR ACCOUNT, RIGO.
THAT'S ONLY WITH NUDITY, BRO. THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT BODY PARTS.

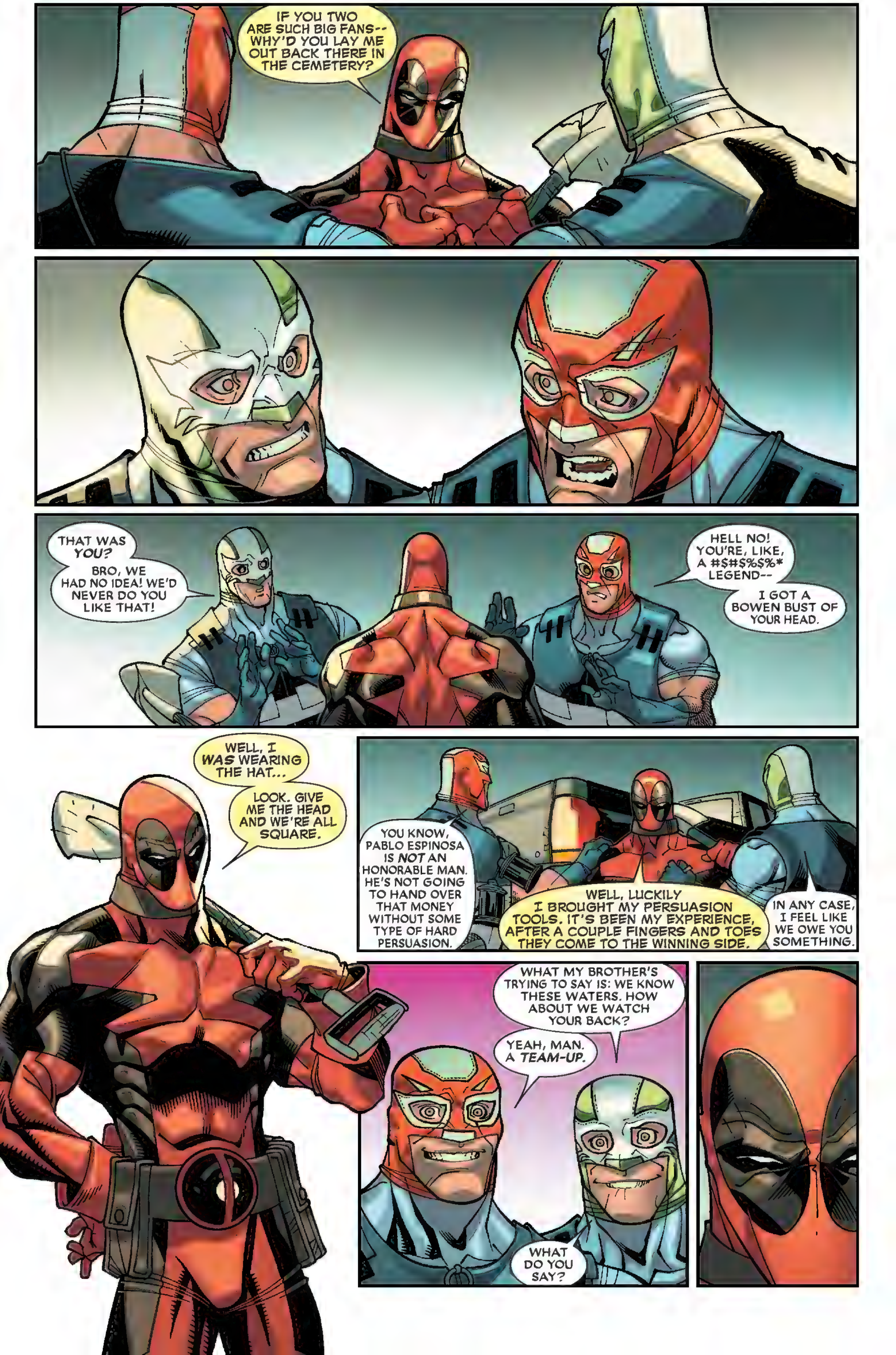

IT'S MICKEY.
'COURSE IT'S MICKEY, BRO. WE'RE THE #*%$#%*#$% *ZAPATA BROTHERS,* YO. THIS AIN'T AMATEUR HOUR.
THERE'S A REASON TELEMUNDO OFFERED US OUR OWN REALITY SERIES, AND IT'S NOT 'CAUSE WE SO PRETTY.
ER
GOOD JOB, BOYS.
DON'T SPEND IT ALL HERE. YOU'LL BE KICKING YOURSELF IN THE MORNING.
NOT SO FAST, BRO.
ME AND RIGO WERE JUST A BIT CURIOUS. *WHO'S* THE HEAD FOR?
'SCUSE ME?
WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR? AND *HOW* MUCH YOU GETTIN' PAID?
TWENTY THOUSAND IS WHAT WE AGREED ON, BOUNTY HUNTER.
DON'T BE STUPID, BOYS. WE HAD A DEAL.

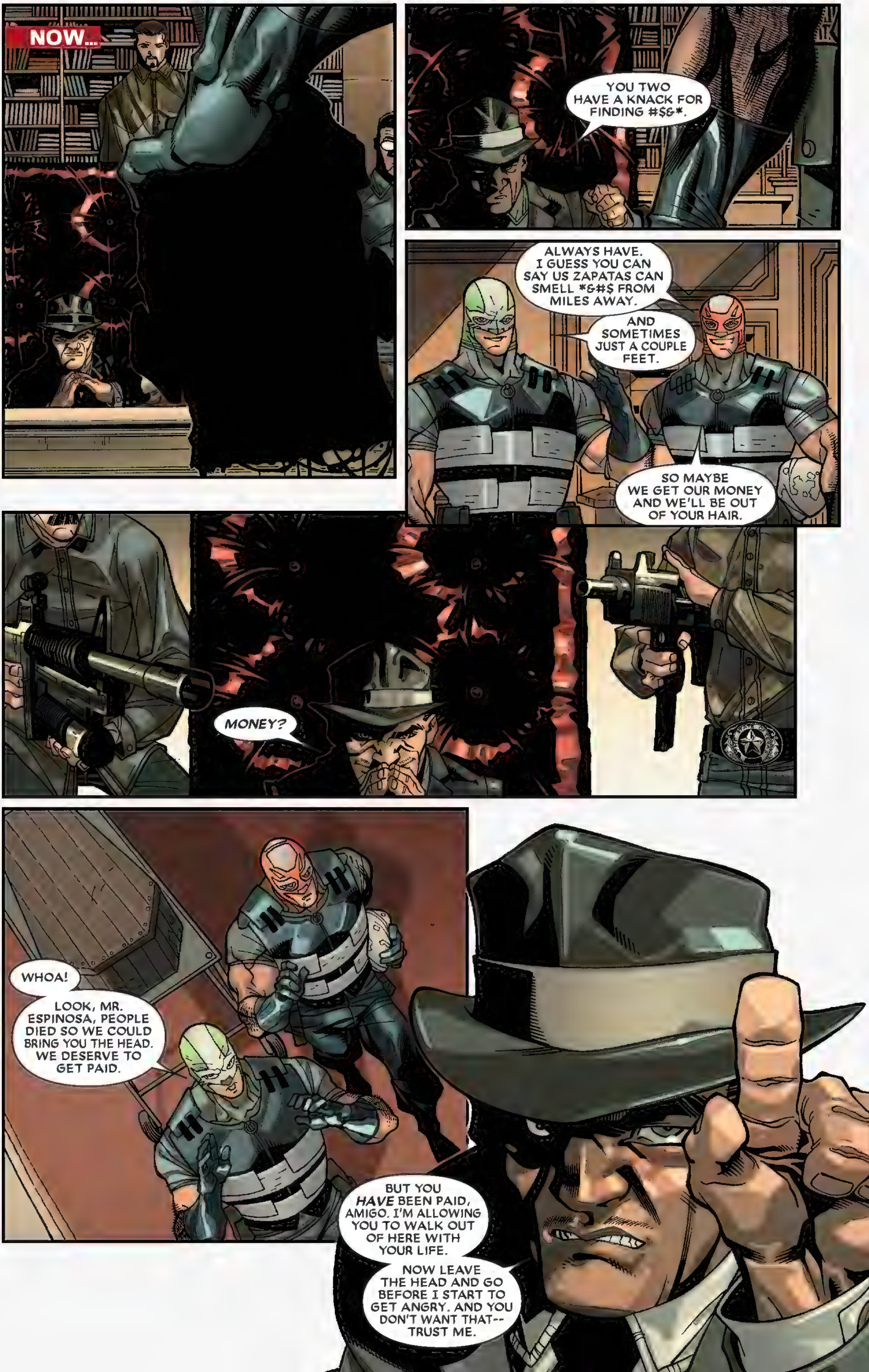

WE HAD A CONVERSATION. WE DIDN'T SIGN NO CONTRACT, DID WE, RIGO?
NOT UNLESS HE SENT IT TO OUR LAWYER-SLASH-DENTIST, RAMON. YOU SEND IT TO OUR LAWYER, GANZ? THAT WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS CONVERSATION'S OVER.
UH-OH. LOOK WHO'S PISSED.
LIKE LEE MARVIN-PISSED, BRO. MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T PUSH IT.
YOU WANNA KNOW WHO WE'RE WORKING FOR?
FINE! I'LL SHOW YA, YA STUPID BEANERS--
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM!

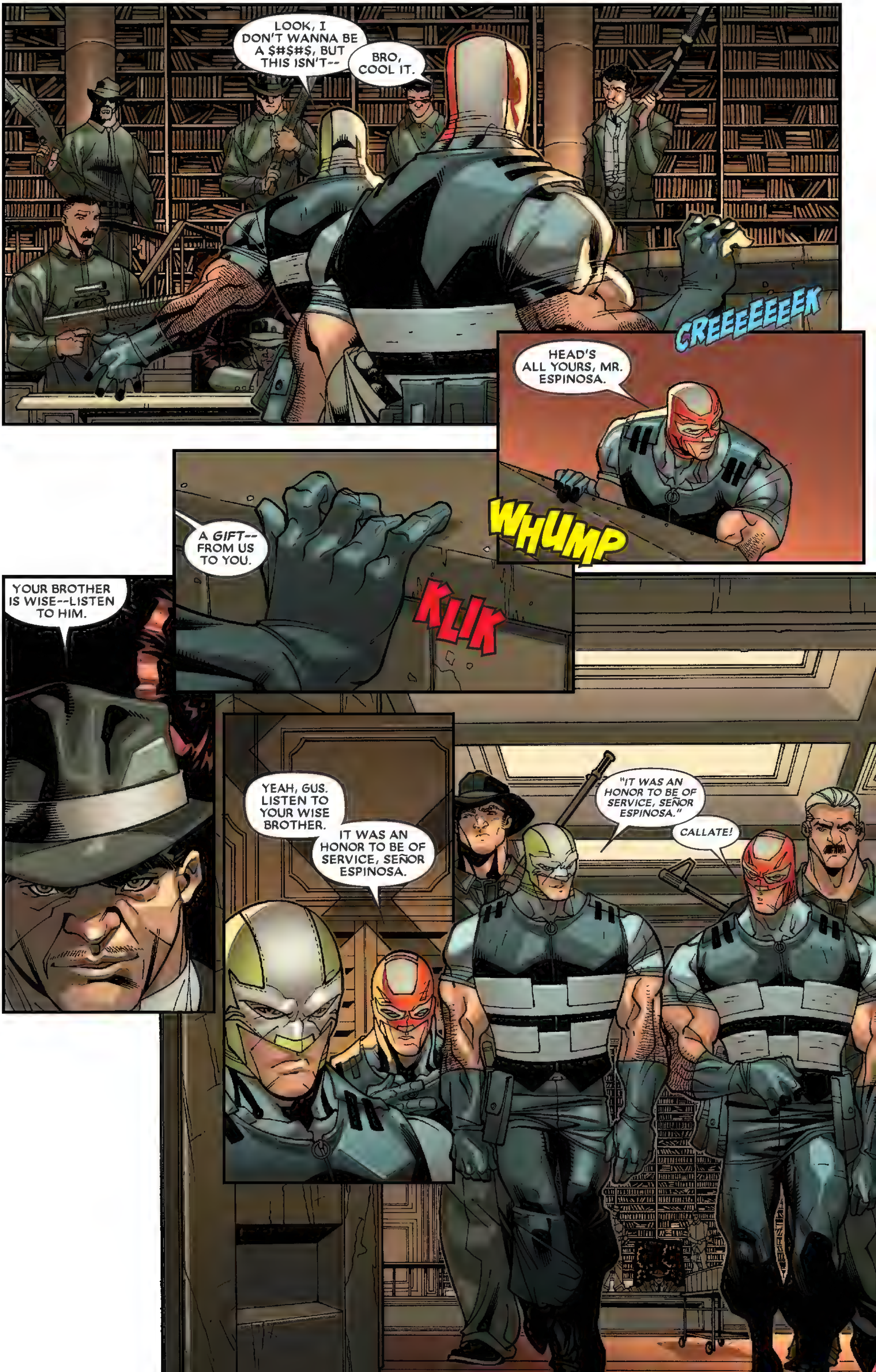

BEER
NUDE ALL NIGHT
NUDE
WHAAAM!
KRAK
SAVE SOME OF THE GRINGO FOR ME.
SMAK
OKAY, TOUGH GUY, WE GONNA HAVE US A LITTLE CHAT. AND IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANNA HEAR-- YOUR PALE WHITE FAMILY JEWELS ARE GONNA END UP ON MY BROTHER'S FACEBOOK PAGE.

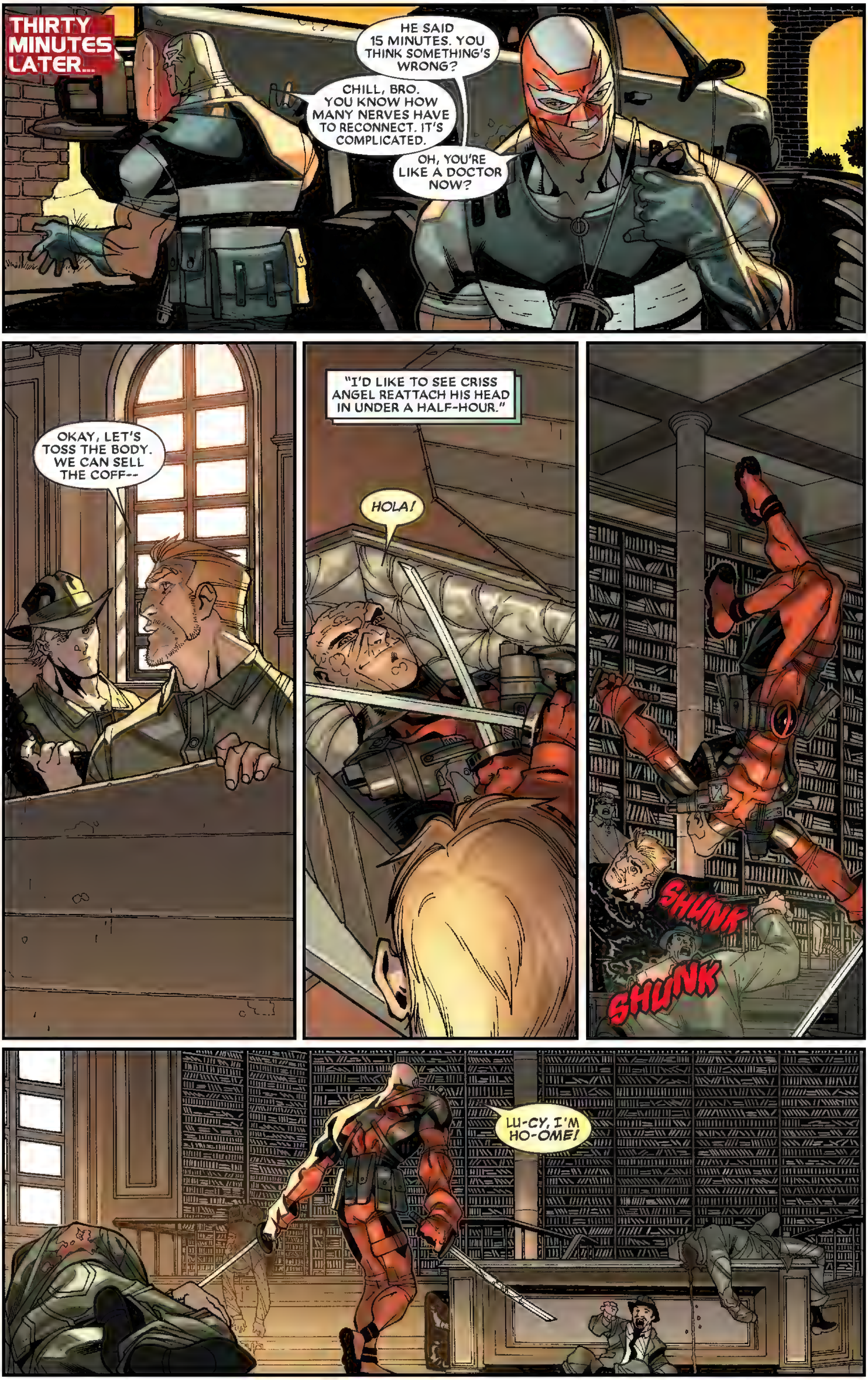

NOW LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN, BRO. WHO YOU WORKING FOR?
≑KKK≑ PABLO.
PABLO? HALF THE PEOPLE IN THIS BAR ARE NAMED PABLO.
ESPINOSA!
WHOA.
YEAH.
HOW MUCH YOU GETTING? YOU GOT ABOUT ANOTHER MINUTE 'FORE YOUR SPINE SNAPS--
≑KKK≑ CAN'T BREATHE...
HOW MUCH?
MILLION DOLLARS.
SPLUNCH
SEE, DON'T IT FEEL GOOD BEING HONEST?

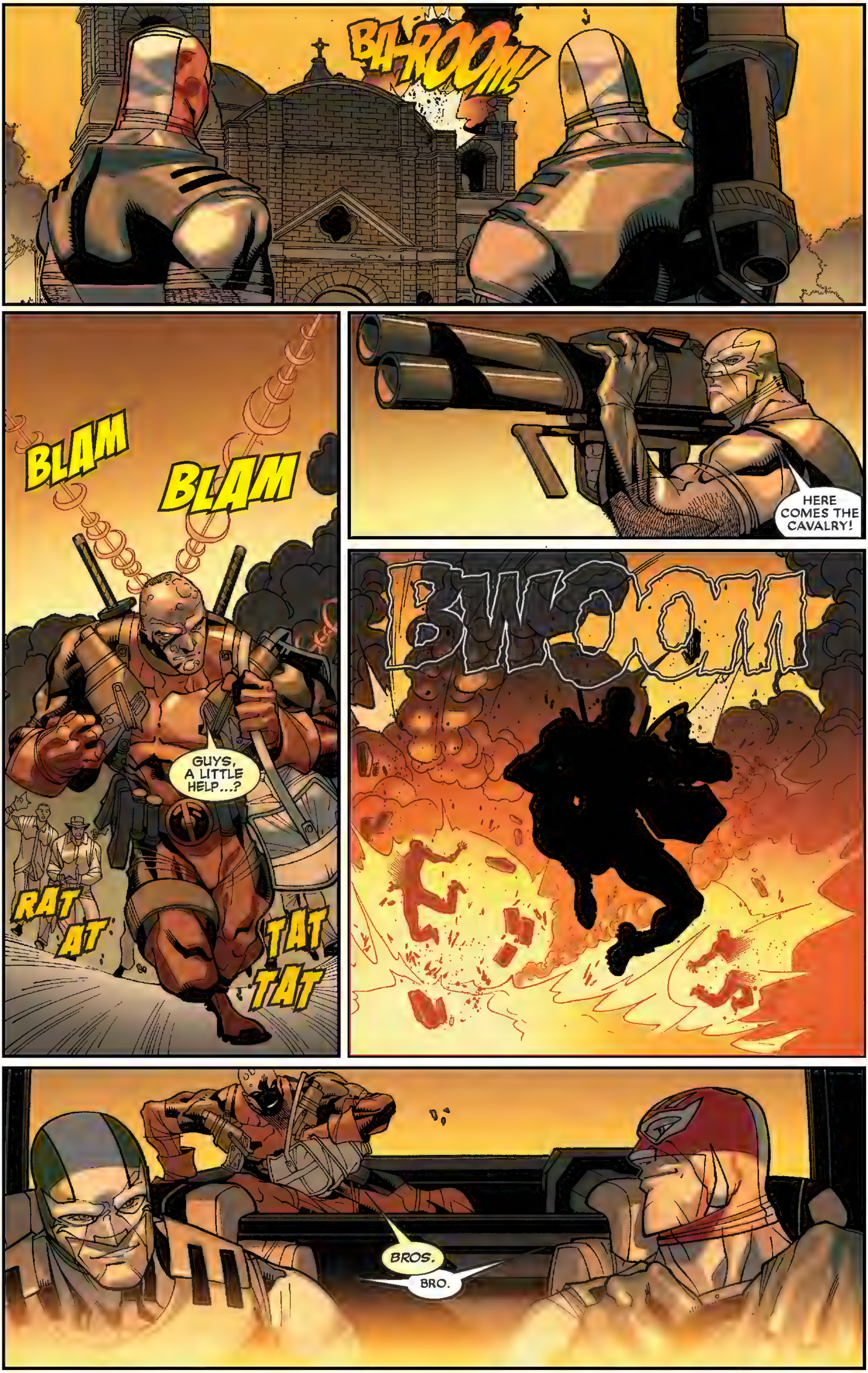

WE GOT FOUR HOURS OF ROAD AHEAD. YOU WANNA DRIVE?
LONG AS I GET TO CHOOSE THE TOONAGE.
NO WAY I'M LISTENING TO THE PET SHOP BOYS. FREAKIN' EMBARASSED TO SAY WE'RE BROTHERS.
BRO, YOU SAID THE SAME THING ABOUT OINGO BOINGO TIL YOU HEARD MY SEA WORLD BOOTLEG-- NOW IT'S YOUR RING TO--
KONK!
NOT SO FUNNY WHEN IT'S YOU, HUH? *HUH?!*
BRO, CHECK IT OUT--IT'S *HIM.*
IT'S *DEADPOOL.*
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
C'MON, BRO, ANYONE CAN BUY A MASK.
OF COURSE IT IS. GO ON. ASK HIM A QUESTION
ALRIGHT. IF YOU'RE REALLY DEADPOOL, WHO'S YOUR ARCHENEMY?
UM...I DUNNO...TIGER SHARK?
WRONG! TASKMASTER! *SAY* GOODNIGHT--
ASK ME ANOTHER ONE! ASK ME ANOTHER ONE!
FORGIVE MY BROTHER. HE'S GOT TRUST ISSUES. MAN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S YOU. WE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR CAREER FOREVER.
WE GOT EVERY ISSUE OF "SOLDIER OF FORTUNE" AND "BLACK OPS" YOU EVER BEEN IN.

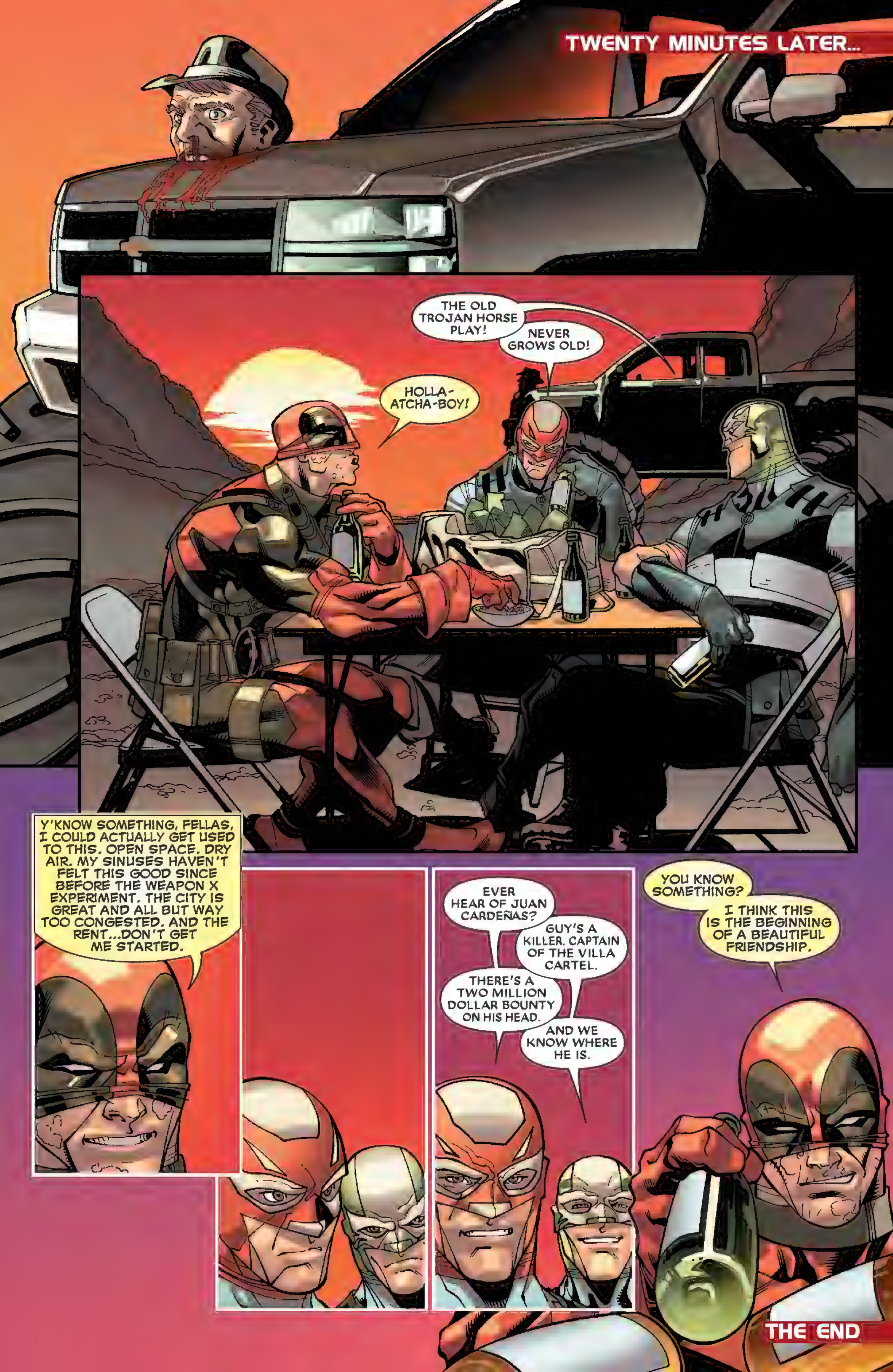

IF YOU TWO ARE SUCH BIG FANS-- WHY'D YOU LAY ME OUT BACK THERE IN THE CEMETERY?
THAT WAS *YOU?*
BRO, WE HAD NO IDEA! WE'D NEVER DO YOU LIKE THAT!
HELL NO! YOU'RE, LIKE, A #$#$%$%* LEGEND--
I GOT A BOWEN BUST OF YOUR HEAD.
WELL, I *WAS* WEARING THE HAT...
LOOK. GIVE ME THE HEAD AND WE'RE ALL SQUARE.
YOU KNOW, PABLO ESPINOSA IS *NOT* AN HONORABLE MAN. HE'S NOT GOING TO HAND OVER THAT MONEY WITHOUT SOME TYPE OF HARD PERSUASION.
WELL, LUCKILY I BROUGHT MY PERSUASION TOOLS. IT'S BEEN MY EXPERIENCE, AFTER A COUPLE FINGERS AND TOES THEY COME TO THE WINNING SIDE.
IN ANY CASE, I FEEL LIKE WE OWE YOU SOMETHING.
WHAT MY BROTHER'S TRYING TO SAY IS: WE KNOW THESE WATERS. HOW ABOUT WE WATCH YOUR BACK?
YEAH, MAN. A *TEAM-UP.*
WHAT DO YOU SAY?


NOW...
YOU TWO HAVE A KNACK FOR FINDING #$&*.
ALWAYS HAVE. I GUESS YOU CAN SAY US ZAPATAS CAN SMELL *&#$ FROM MILES AWAY.
AND SOMETIMES JUST A COUPLE FEET.
SO MAYBE WE GET OUR MONEY AND WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR.
MONEY?
WHOA!
LOOK, MR. ESPINOSA, PEOPLE DIED SO WE COULD BRING YOU THE HEAD. WE DESERVE TO GET PAID.
BUT YOU *HAVE* BEEN PAID, AMIGO. I'M ALLOWING YOU TO WALK OUT OF HERE WITH YOUR LIFE.
NOW LEAVE THE HEAD AND GO BEFORE I START TO GET ANGRY. AND YOU DON'T WANT THAT-- TRUST ME.

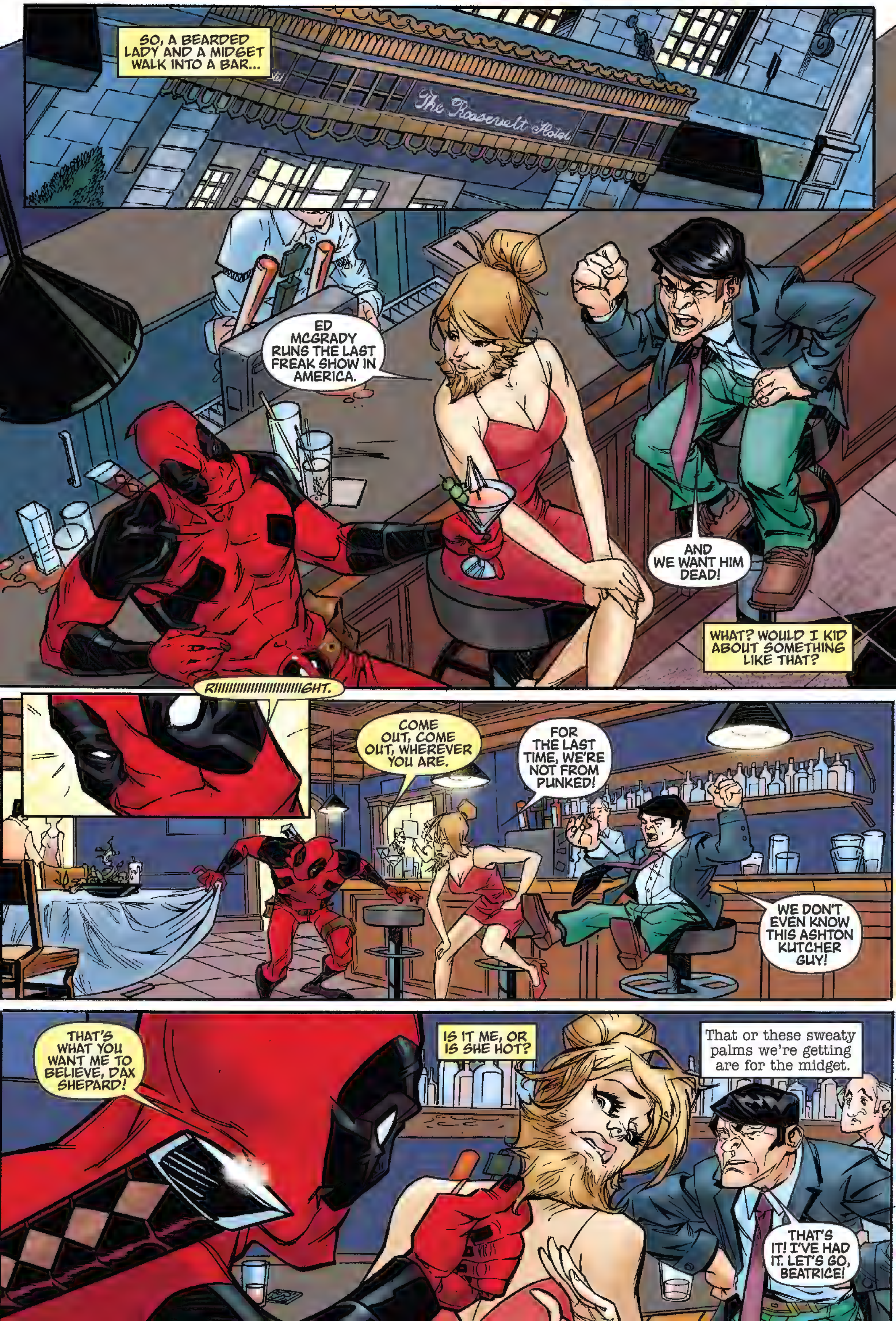

LOOK, I DON'T WANNA BE A $#$#$, BUT THIS ISN'T--
BRO, COOL IT.
CREEEEEEEK
HEAD'S ALL YOURS, MR. ESPINOSA.
WHUMP
A *GIFT*-- FROM US TO YOU.
KLIK
YOUR BROTHER IS WISE--LISTEN TO HIM.
YEAH, GUS. LISTEN TO YOUR WISE BROTHER.
IT WAS AN HONOR TO BE OF SERVICE, SEÑOR ESPINOSA.
"IT WAS AN HONOR TO BE OF SERVICE, SEÑOR ESPINOSA."
CALLATE!

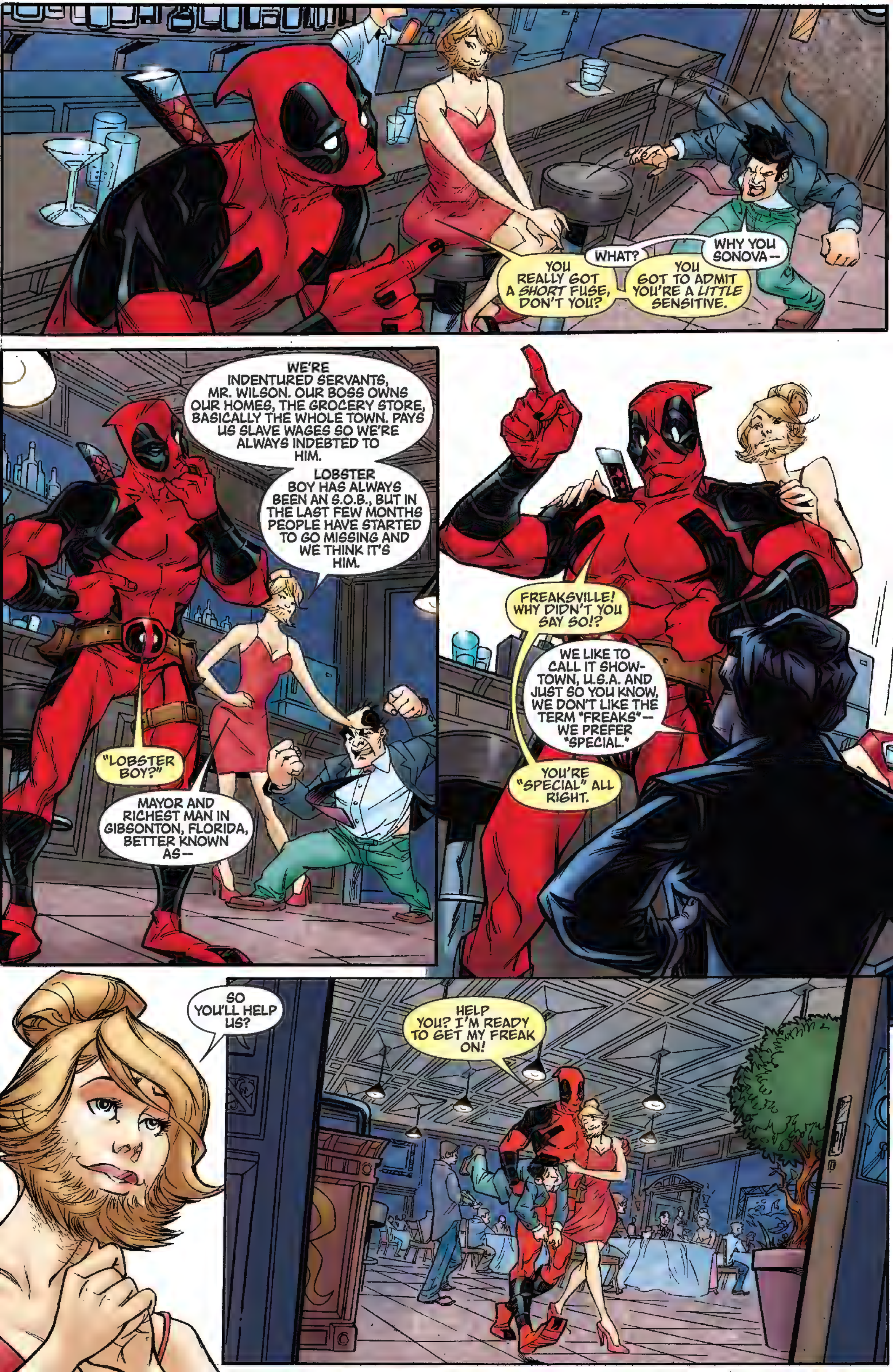

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...
HE SAID 15 MINUTES. YOU THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG?
CHILL, BRO. YOU KNOW HOW MANY NERVES HAVE TO RECONNECT. IT'S COMPLICATED.
OH, YOU'RE LIKE A DOCTOR NOW?
OKAY, LET'S TOSS THE BODY. WE CAN SELL THE COFF--
"I'D LIKE TO SEE CRISS ANGEL REATTACH HIS HEAD IN UNDER A HALF-HOUR."
HOLA!
SHUNK
SHUNK
LU-CY, I'M HO-OME!

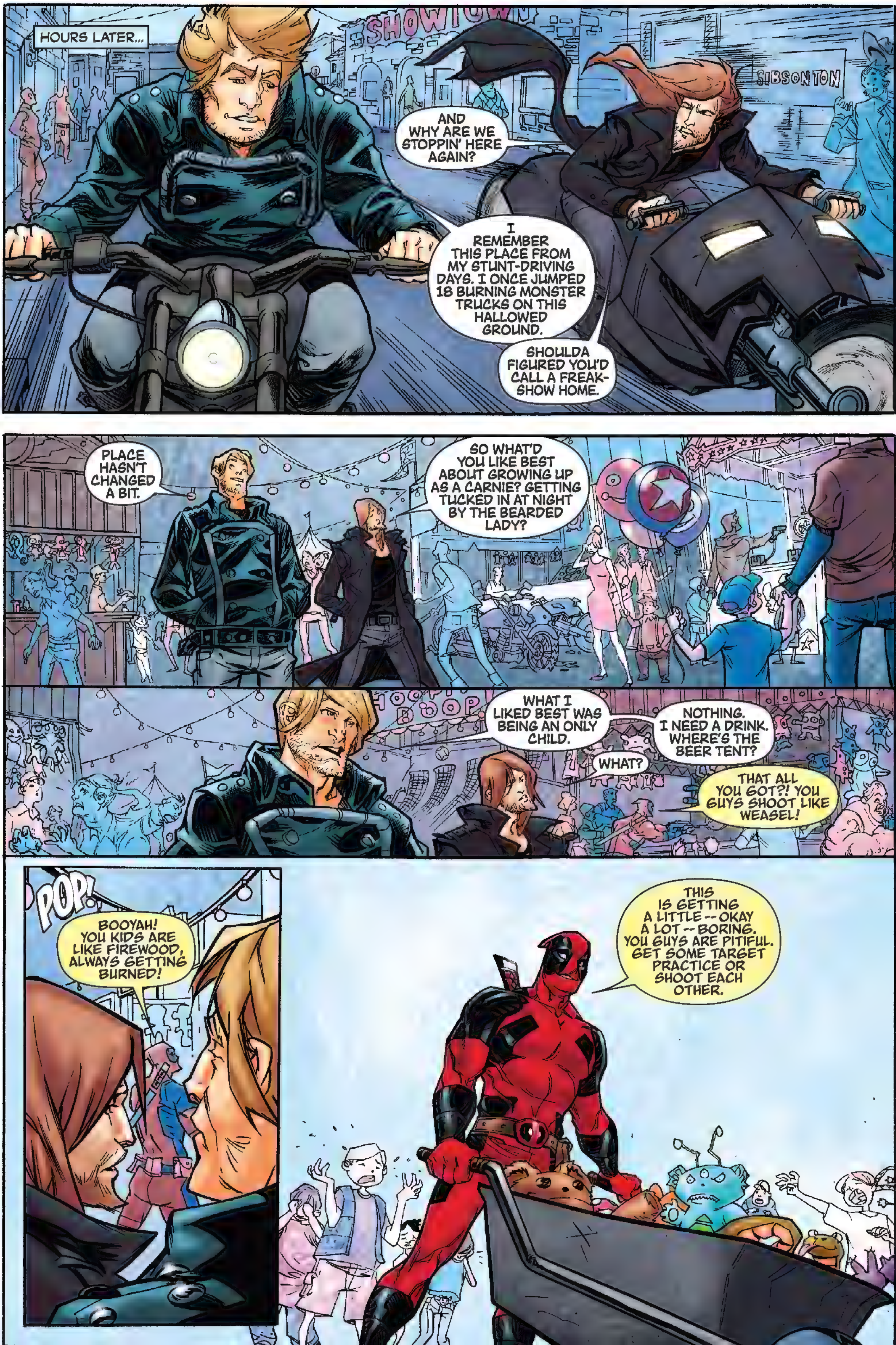

BA-ROOM!
BLAM
BLAM
GUYS, A LITTLE HELP...?
RAT AT
TAT TAT
HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!
BWOOM
BROS.
BRO.

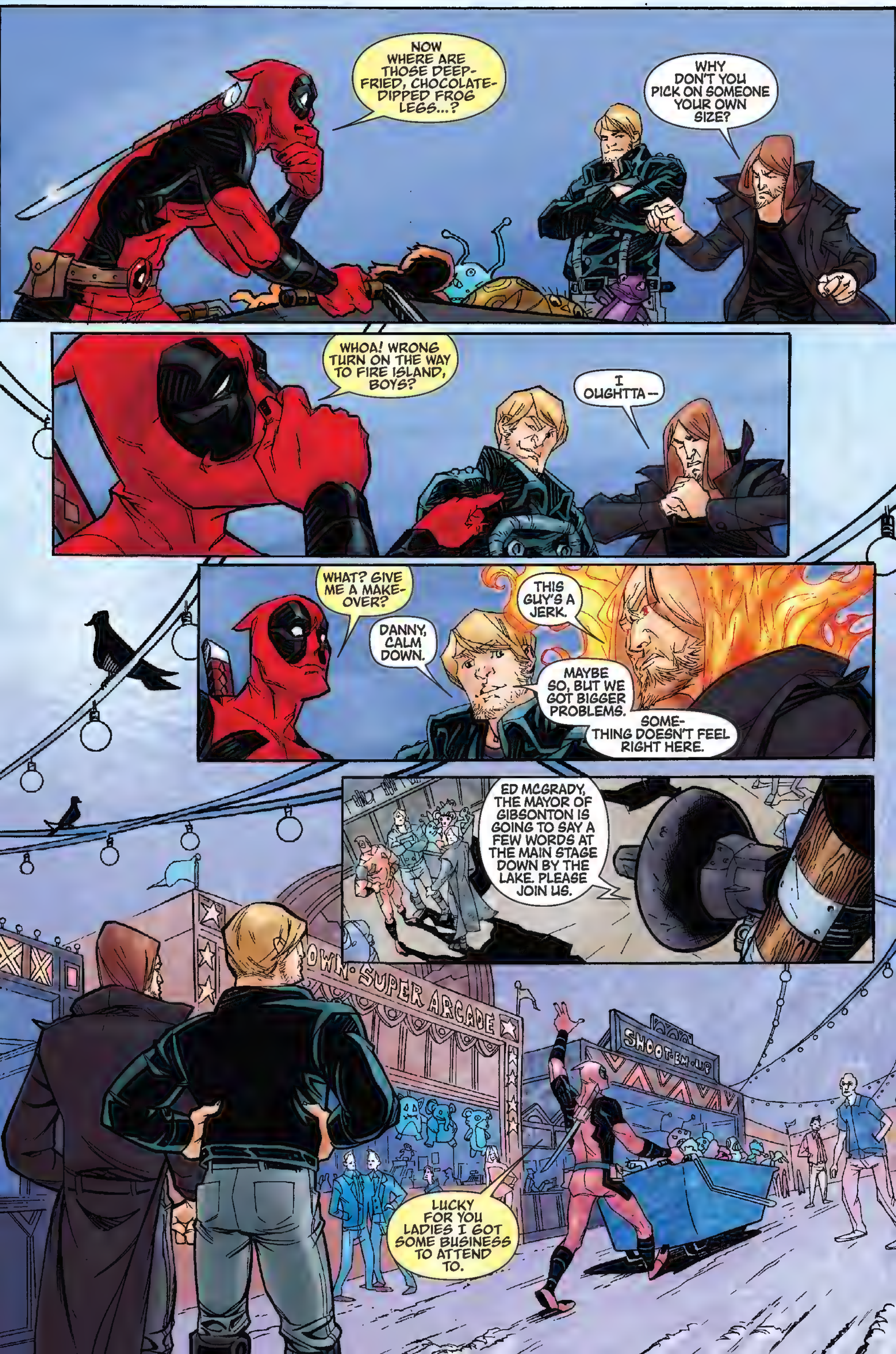

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
THE OLD TROJAN HORSE PLAY!
NEVER GROWS OLD!
HOLLA-ATCHA-BOY!
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, FELLAS, I COULD ACTUALLY GET USED TO THIS. OPEN SPACE. DRY AIR. MY SINUSES HAVEN'T FELT THIS GOOD SINCE BEFORE THE WEAPON X EXPERIMENT. THE CITY IS GREAT AND ALL BUT WAY TOO CONGESTED. AND THE RENT...DON'T GET ME STARTED.
EVER HEAR OF JUAN CARDEÑAS?
GUY'S A KILLER. CAPTAIN OF THE VILLA CARTEL.
THERE'S A TWO MILLION DOLLAR BOUNTY ON HIS HEAD.
AND WE KNOW WHERE HE IS.
YOU KNOW SOMETHING?
I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.
THE END

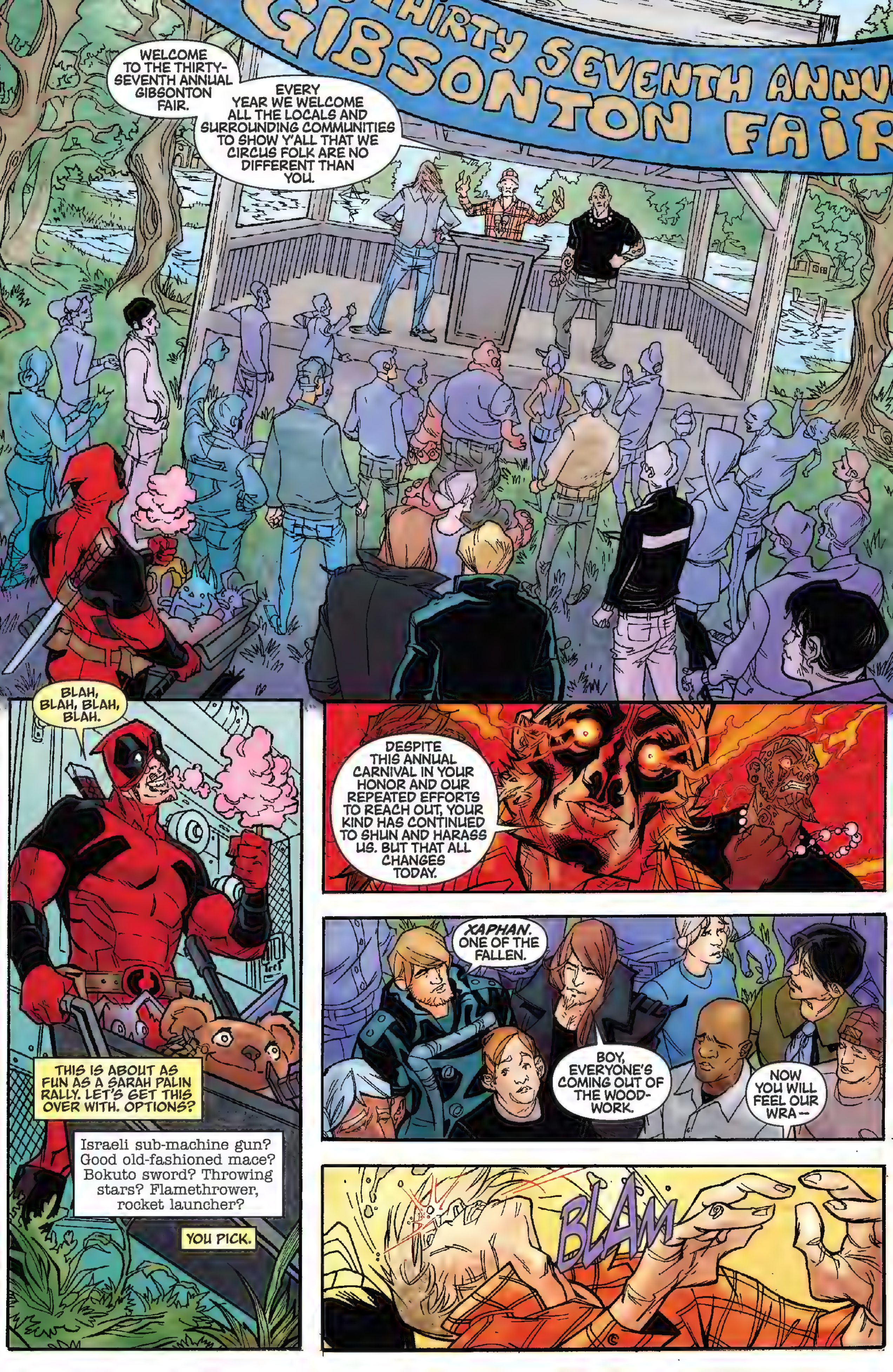
#897

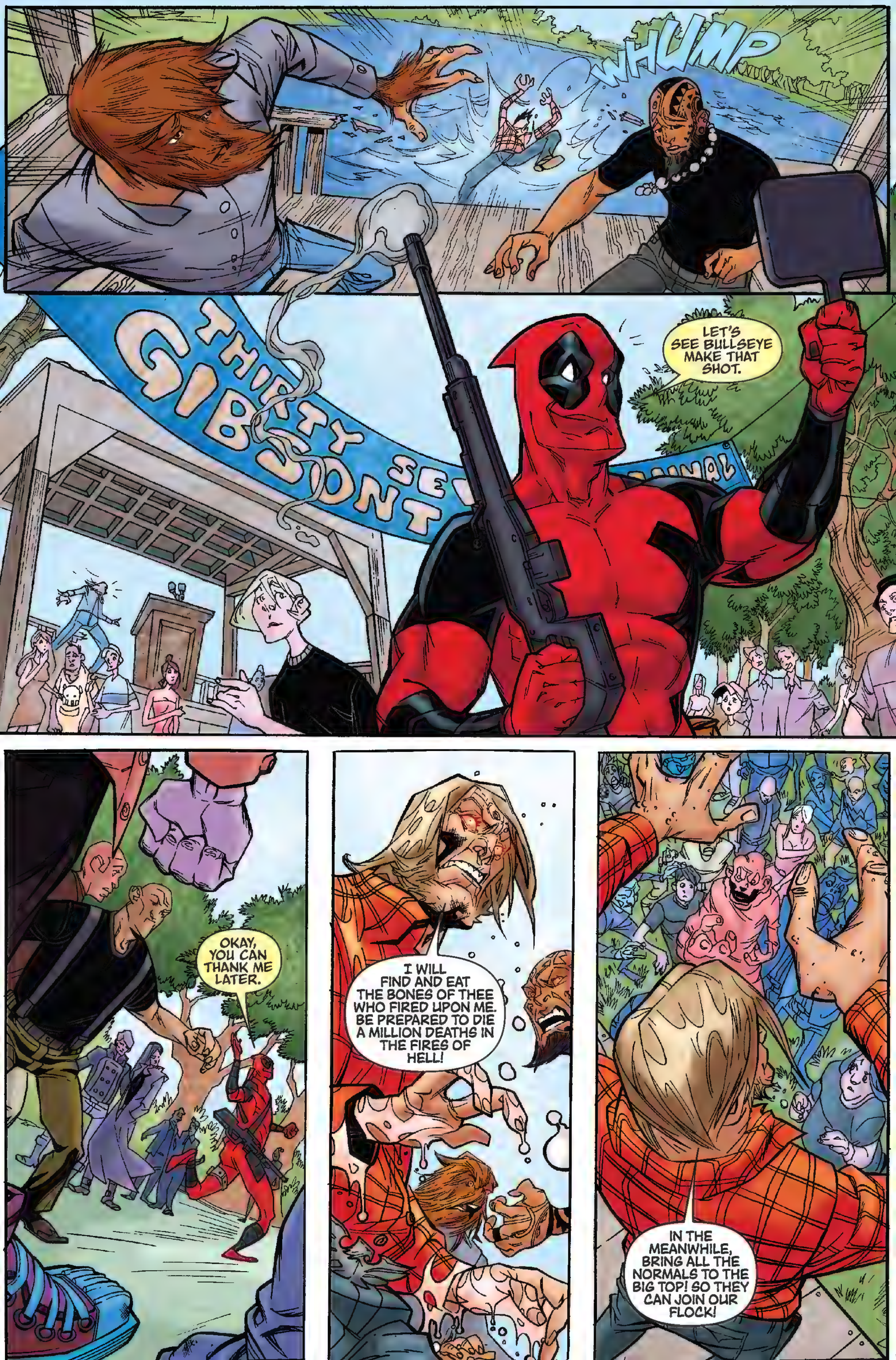

SO, A BEARDED LADY AND A MIDGET WALK INTO A BAR...
The Roosevelt Hotel
ED MCGRADY RUNS THE LAST FREAK SHOW IN AMERICA.
AND WE WANT HIM DEAD!
WHAT? WOULD I KID ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT.
COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE.
FOR THE LAST TIME, WE'RE NOT FROM PUNKED!
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW THIS ASHTON KUTCHER GUY!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE, DAX SHEPARD!
IS IT ME, OR IS SHE HOT?
That or these sweaty palms we're getting are for the midget.
THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT. LET'S GO, BEATRICE!

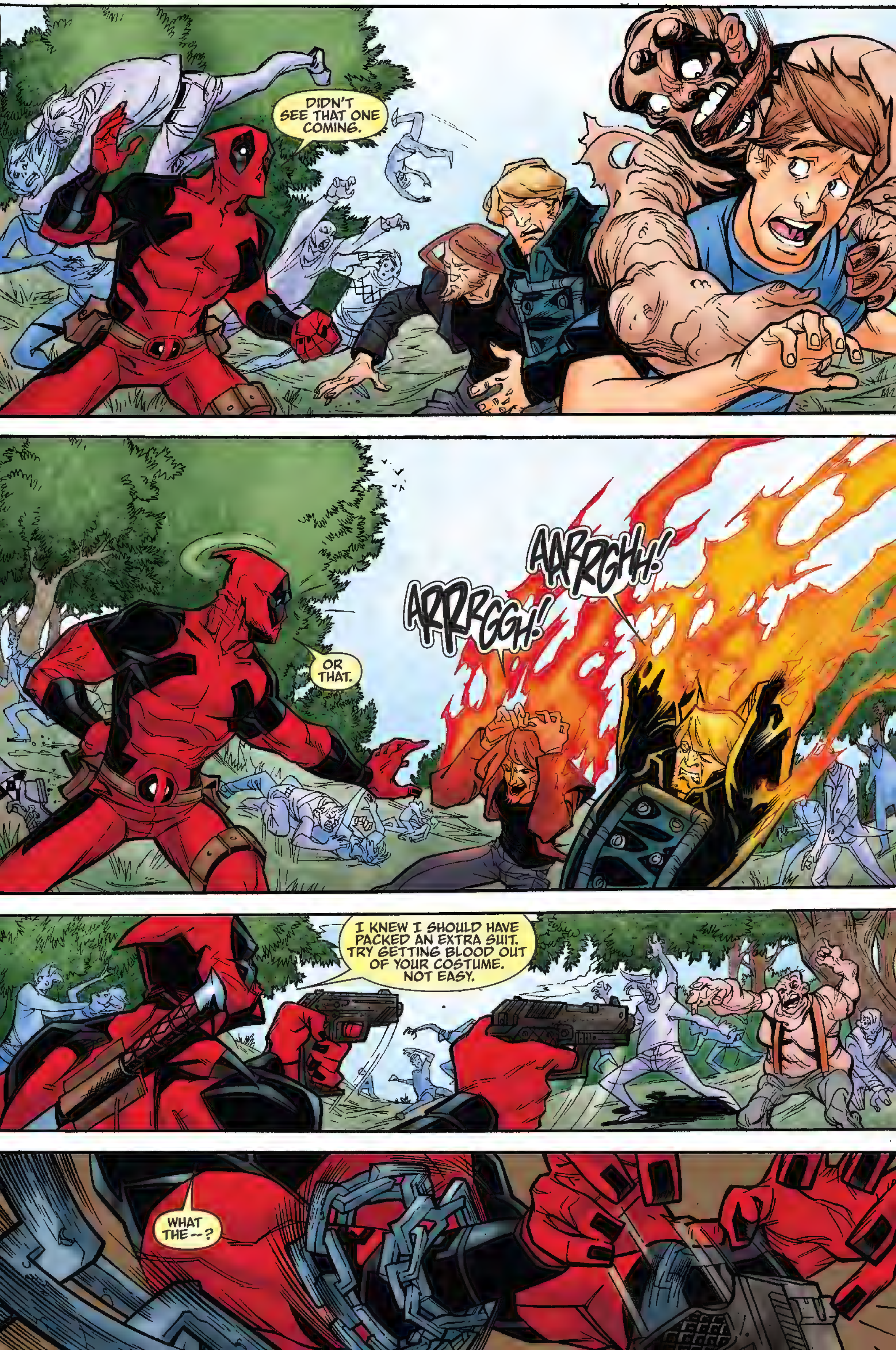

YOU REALLY GOT A *SHORT* FUSE, DON'T YOU?
WHAT?
YOU GOT TO ADMIT YOU'RE A *LITTLE* SENSITIVE.
WHY YOU SONOVA--
WE'RE INDENTURED SERVANTS, MR. WILSON. OUR BOSS OWNS OUR HOMES, THE GROCERY STORE, BASICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN. PAYS US SLAVE WAGES SO WE'RE ALWAYS INDEBTED TO HIM.
LOBSTER BOY HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN S.O.B., BUT IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS PEOPLE HAVE STARTED TO GO MISSING AND WE THINK IT'S HIM.
"LOBSTER BOY?"
MAYOR AND RICHEST MAN IN GIBSONTON, FLORIDA, BETTER KNOWN AS--
FREAKSVILLE! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO!?
WE LIKE TO CALL IT SHOW-TOWN, U.S.A. AND JUST SO YOU KNOW, WE DON'T LIKE THE TERM "FREAKS"-- WE PREFER "SPECIAL."
YOU'RE "SPECIAL" ALL RIGHT.
SO YOU'LL HELP US?
HELP YOU? I'M READY TO GET MY FREAK ON!

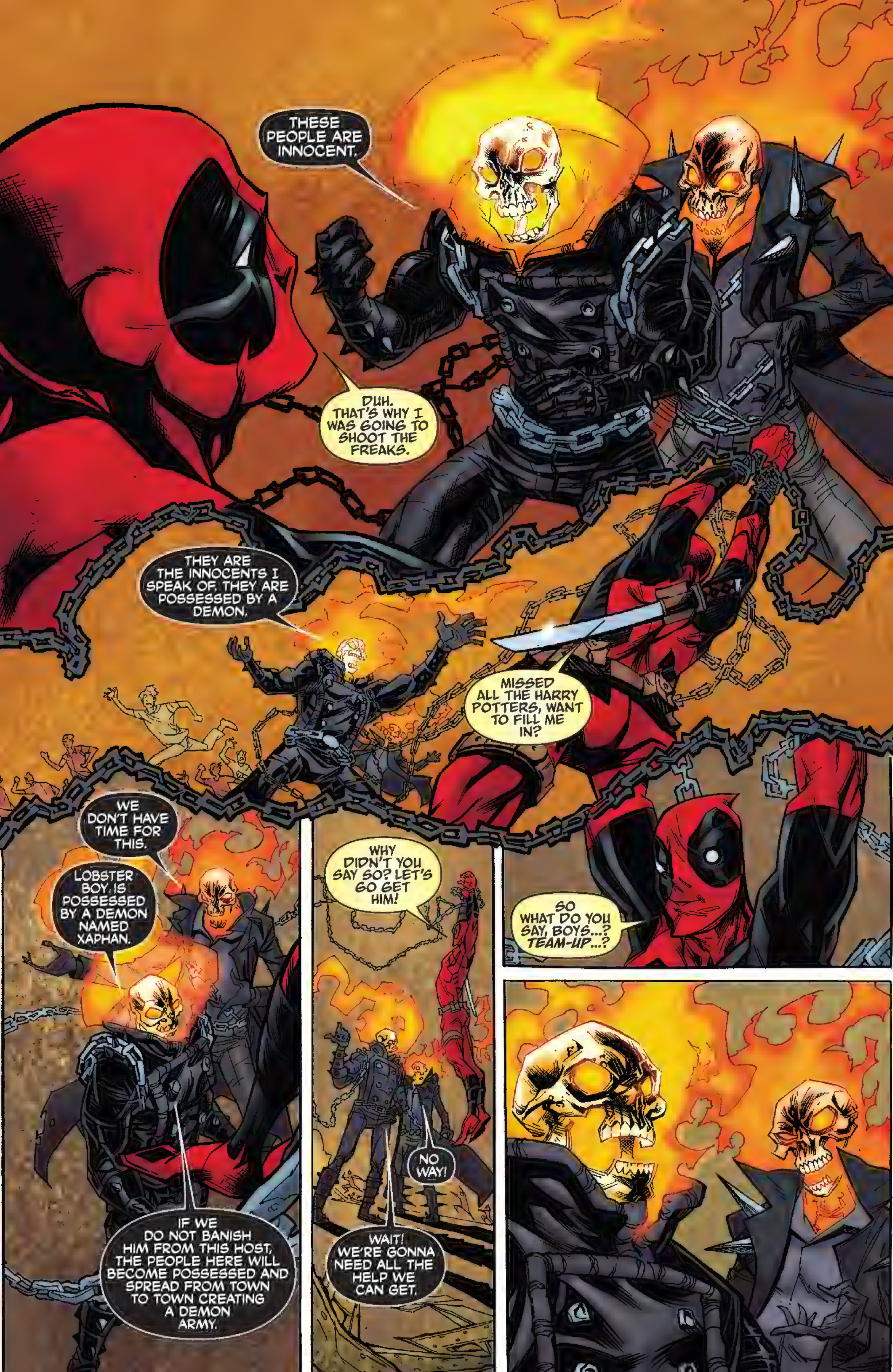

HOURS LATER...
SHOWTOWN
GIBSONTON
AND WHY ARE WE STOPPIN' HERE AGAIN?
I REMEMBER THIS PLACE FROM MY STUNT-DRIVING DAYS. I ONCE JUMPED 18 BURNING MONSTER TRUCKS ON THIS HALLOWED GROUND.
SHOULDA FIGURED YOU'D CALL A FREAK-SHOW HOME.
PLACE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT.
SO WHAT'D YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT GROWING UP AS A CARNIE? GETTING TUCKED IN AT NIGHT BY THE BEARDED LADY?
WHAT I LIKED BEST WAS BEING AN ONLY CHILD.
WHAT?
NOTHING. I NEED A DRINK. WHERE'S THE BEER TENT?
THAT ALL YOU GOT?! YOU GUYS SHOOT LIKE WEASEL!
POP!
BOOYAH! YOU KIDS ARE LIKE FIREWOOD, ALWAYS GETTING BURNED!
THIS IS GETTING A LITTLE -- OKAY A LOT -- BORING. YOU GUYS ARE PITIFUL. GET SOME TARGET PRACTICE OR SHOOT EACH OTHER.

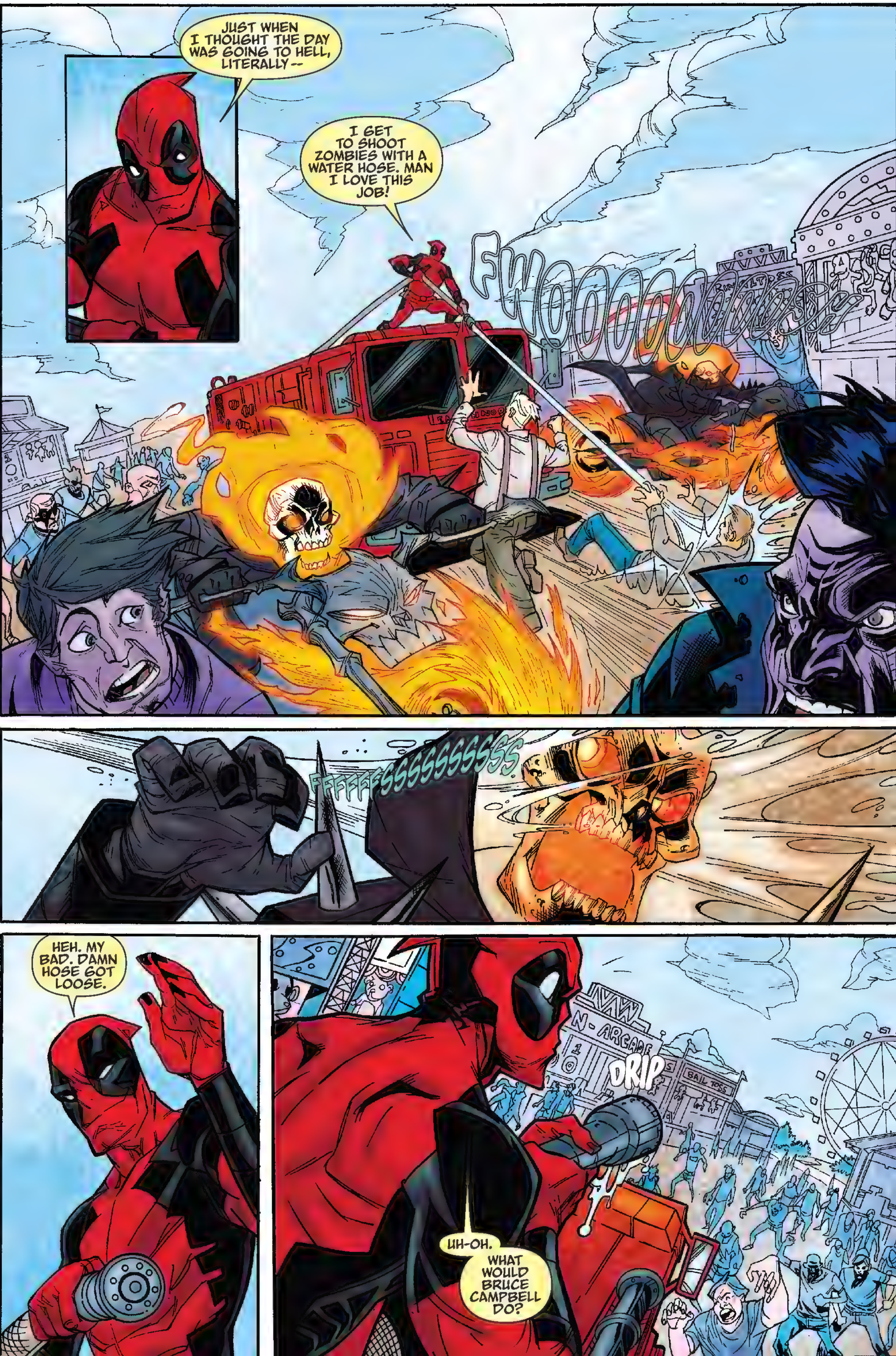

NOW WHERE ARE THOSE DEEP-FRIED, CHOCOLATE-DIPPED FROG LEGS...?
WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE?
WHOA! WRONG TURN ON THE WAY TO FIRE ISLAND, BOYS?
I OUGHTTA --
WHAT? GIVE ME A MAKE-OVER?
THIS GUY'S A JERK.
DANNY, CALM DOWN.
MAYBE SO, BUT WE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS.
SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT HERE.
ED MCGRADY, THE MAYOR OF GIBSONTON IS GOING TO SAY A FEW WORDS AT THE MAIN STAGE DOWN BY THE LAKE. PLEASE JOIN US.
OWN SUPER ARCADE
SHOOT-EM-UP
LUCKY FOR YOU LADIES I GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

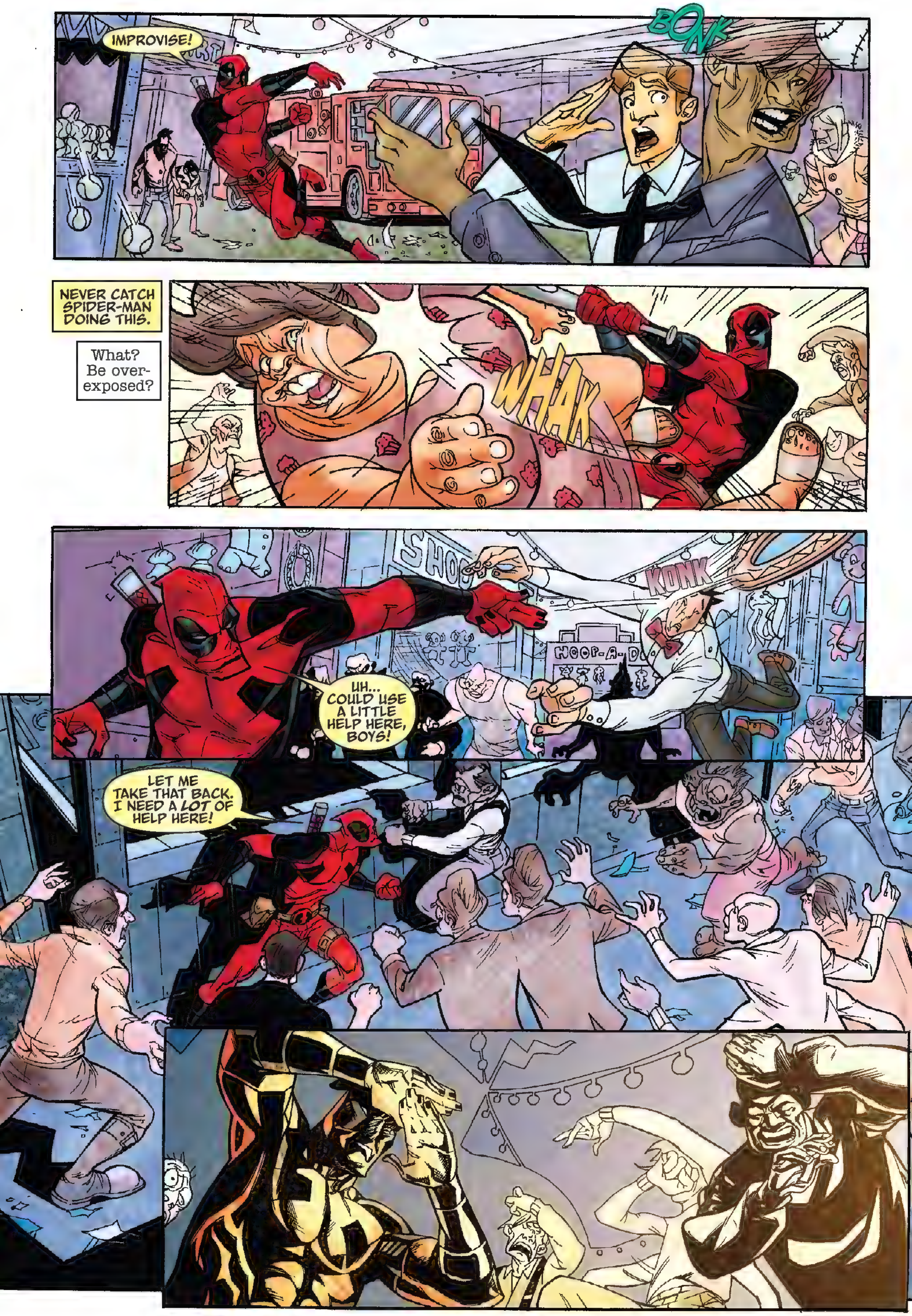

THIRTY SEVENTH ANNU
GIBSONTON FAIR
WELCOME TO THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL GIBSONTON FAIR.
EVERY YEAR WE WELCOME ALL THE LOCALS AND SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES TO SHOW Y'ALL THAT WE CIRCUS FOLK ARE NO DIFFERENT THAN YOU.
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
THIS IS ABOUT AS FUN AS A SARAH PALIN RALLY. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH. OPTIONS?
Israeli sub-machine gun? Good old-fashioned mace? Bokuto sword? Throwing stars? Flamethrower, rocket launcher?
YOU PICK.
DESPITE THIS ANNUAL CARNIVAL IN YOUR HONOR AND OUR REPEATED EFFORTS TO REACH OUT, YOUR KIND HAS CONTINUED TO SHUN AND HARASS US. BUT THAT ALL CHANGES TODAY.
XAPHAN. ONE OF THE FALLEN.
BOY, EVERYONE'S COMING OUT OF THE WOOD-WORK.
NOW YOU WILL FEEL OUR WRA--
BLAM

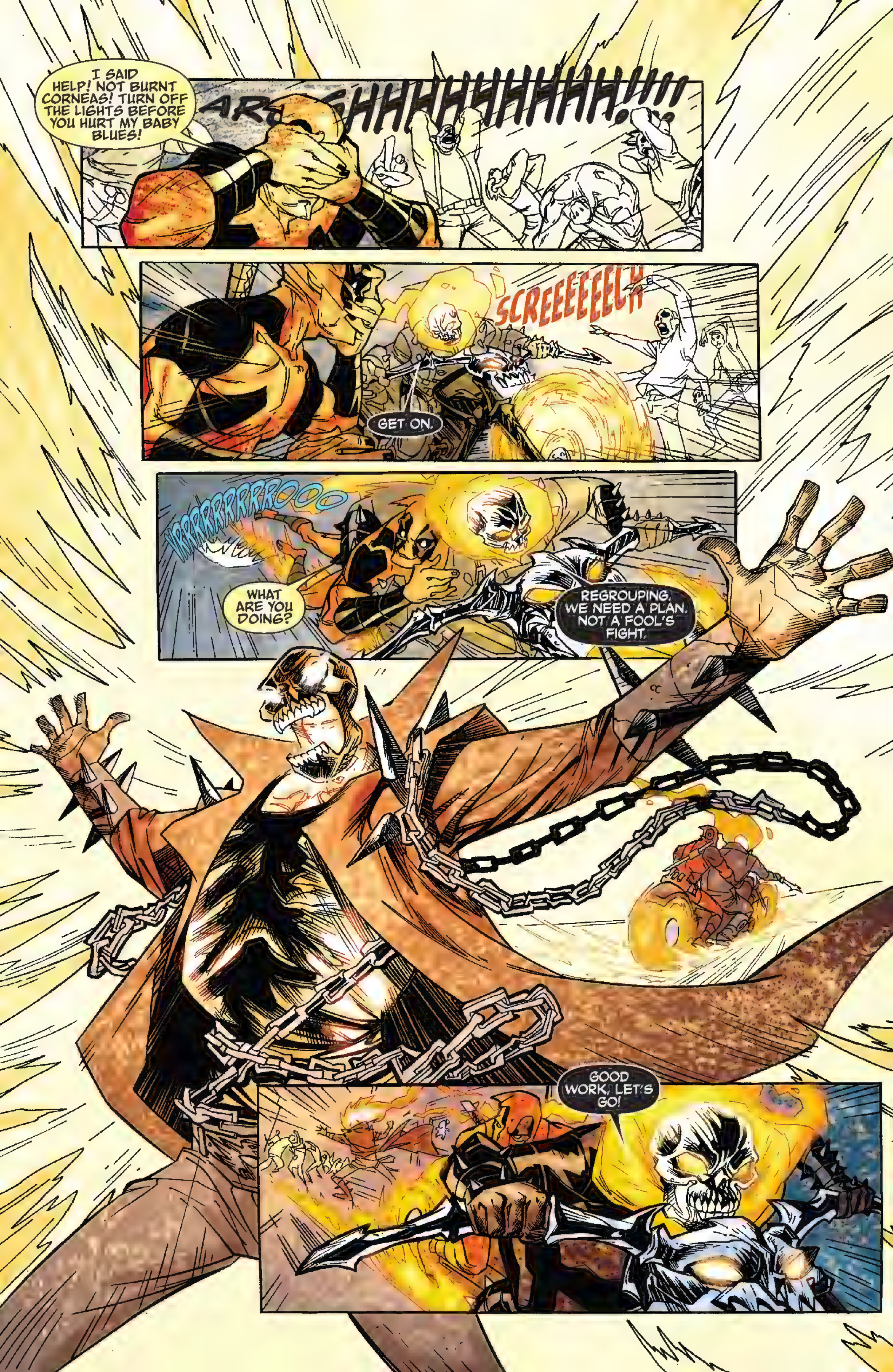

WHUMP
THIRTY SEV
GIBSONT
LET'S SEE BULLSEYE MAKE THAT SHOT.
OKAY, YOU CAN THANK ME LATER.
I WILL FIND AND EAT THE BONES OF THEE WHO FIRED UPON ME. BE PREPARED TO DIE A MILLION DEATHS IN THE FIRES OF HELL!
IN THE MEANWHILE, BRING ALL THE NORMALS TO THE BIG TOP! SO THEY CAN JOIN OUR FLOCK!

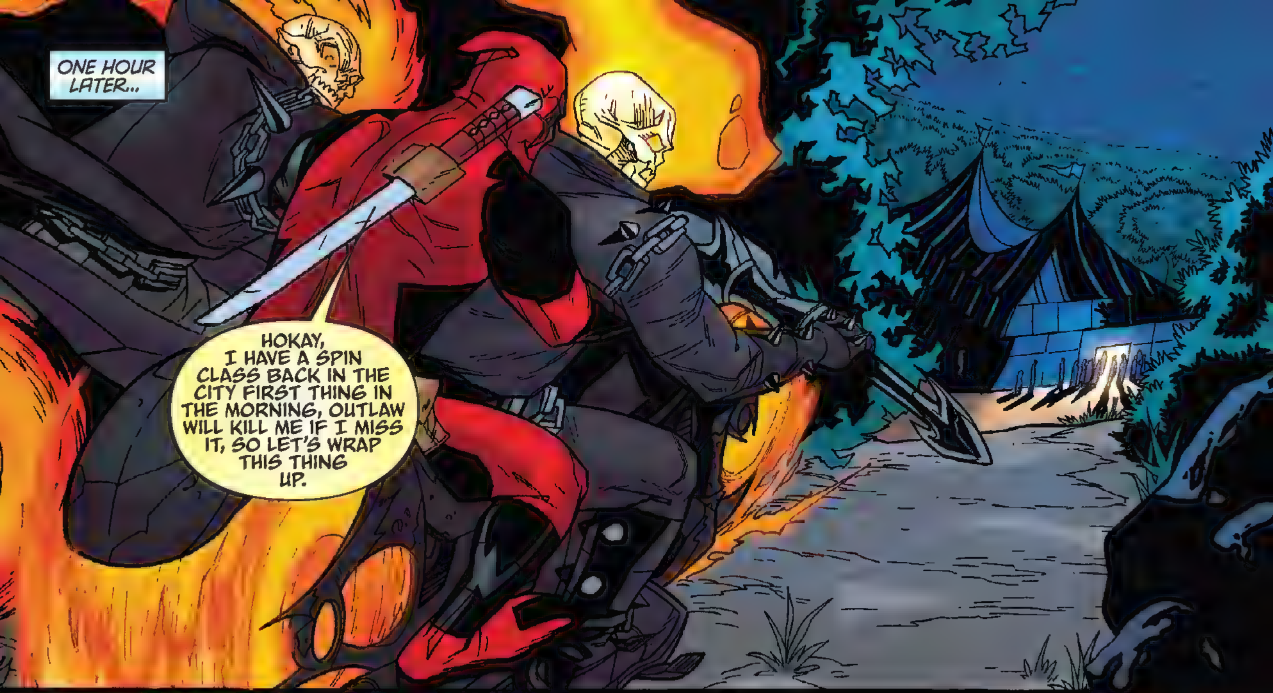

DIDN'T SEE THAT ONE COMING.
OR THAT.
AARRGHH!
ARRRGGH!
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE PACKED AN EXTRA SUIT. TRY GETTING BLOOD OUT OF YOUR COSTUME. NOT EASY.
WHAT THE--?

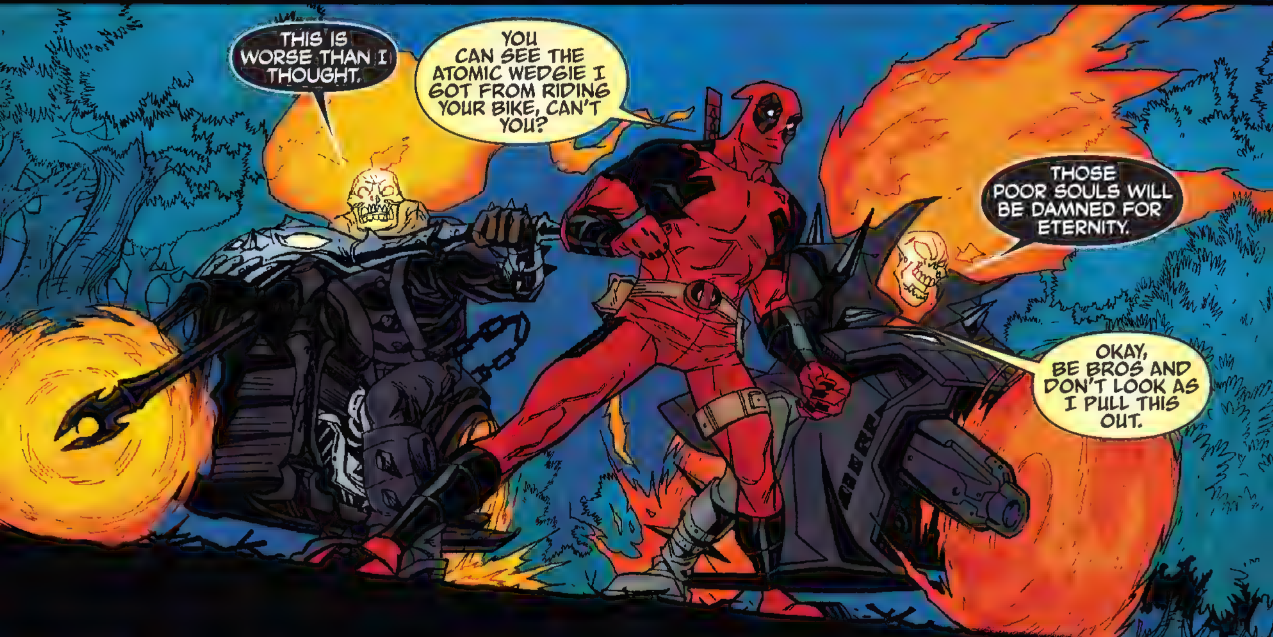

THESE PEOPLE ARE INNOCENT.
DUH. THAT'S WHY I WAS GOING TO SHOOT THE FREAKS.
THEY ARE THE INNOCENTS I SPEAK OF. THEY ARE POSSESSED BY A DEMON.
MISSED ALL THE HARRY POTTERS, WANT TO FILL ME IN?
WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
LOBSTER BOY IS POSSESSED BY A DEMON NAMED XAPHAN.
IF WE DO NOT BANISH HIM FROM THIS HOST, THE PEOPLE HERE WILL BECOME POSSESSED AND SPREAD FROM TOWN TO TOWN CREATING A DEMON ARMY.
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? LET'S GO GET HIM!
NO WAY!
WAIT! WE'RE GONNA NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY, BOYS...? *TEAM-UP...?*

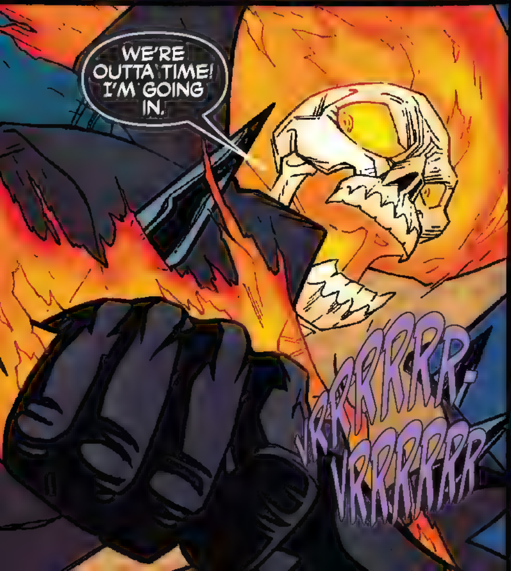

JUST WHEN I THOUGHT THE DAY WAS GOING TO HELL, LITERALLY --
I GET TO SHOOT ZOMBIES WITH A WATER HOSE. MAN I LOVE THIS JOB!
FWOOOOOOOOOOSH
FFFFFSSSSSSSSSS
HEH. MY BAD. DAMN HOSE GOT LOOSE.
N-ARCADE
BALL TOSS
DRIP
UH-OH.
WHAT WOULD BRUCE CAMPBELL DO?

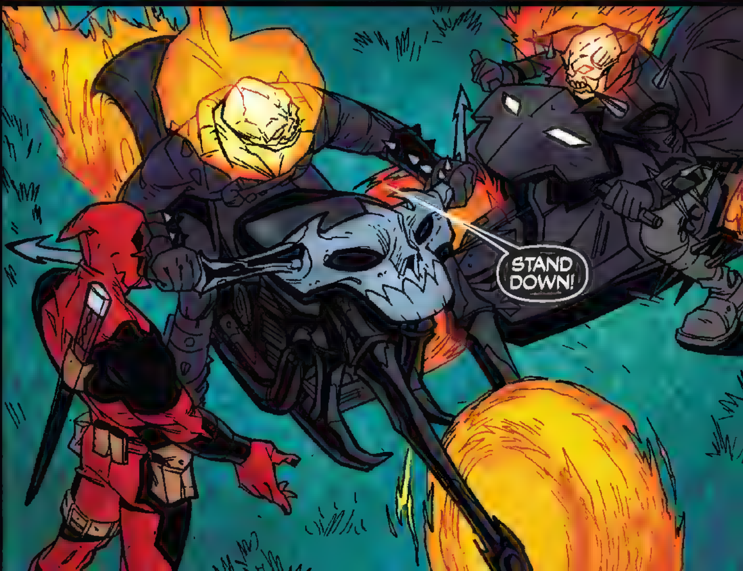

IMPROVISE!
BONK
NEVER CATCH SPIDER-MAN DOING THIS.
What? Be over-exposed?
WHAK
SHOO
KONK
HOOP-A-D
UH... COULD USE A LITTLE HELP HERE, BOYS!
LET ME TAKE THAT BACK. I NEED A *LOT* OF HELP HERE!

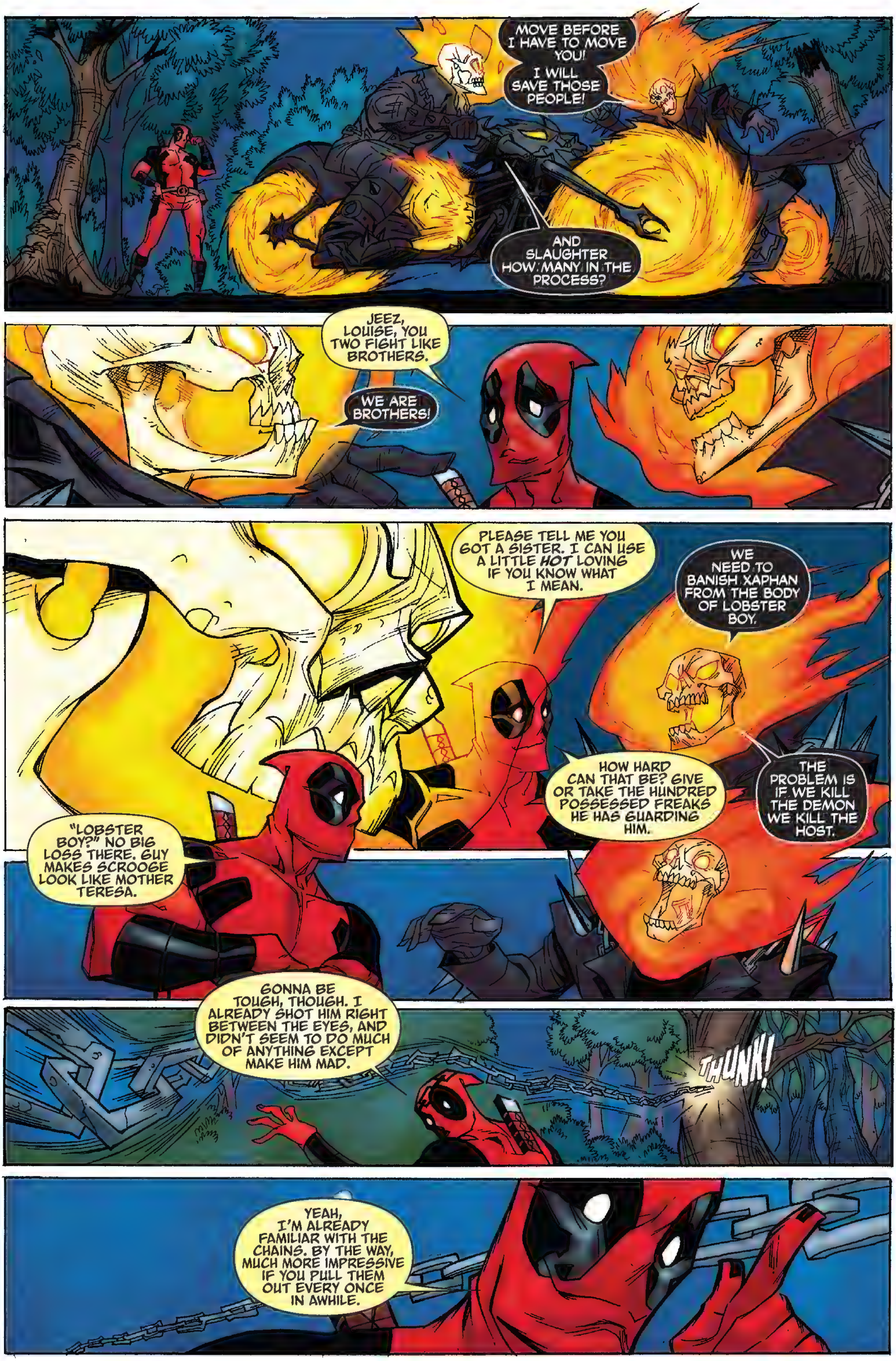

I SAID HELP! NOT BURNT CORNEAS! TURN OFF THE LIGHTS BEFORE YOU HURT MY BABY BLUES!
AR GHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!
SCREEEEEEECH
GET ON.
VRRRRRRRRRROOOO
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
REGROUPING. WE NEED A PLAN, NOT A FOOL'S FIGHT.
GOOD WORK, LET'S GO!

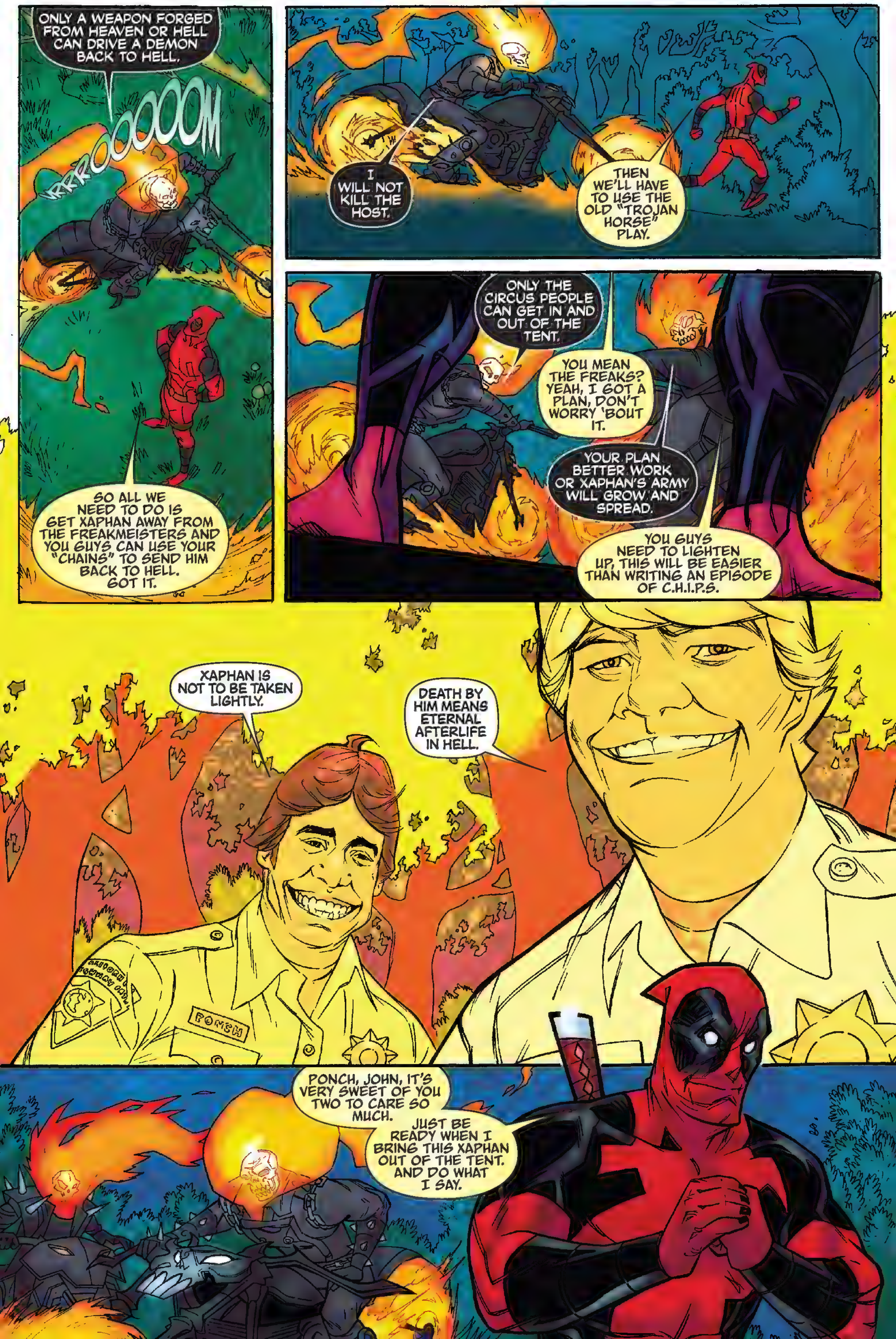

ONE HOUR LATER...
HOKAY, I HAVE A SPIN CLASS BACK IN THE CITY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, OUTLAW WILL KILL ME IF I MISS IT, SO LET'S WRAP THIS THING UP.

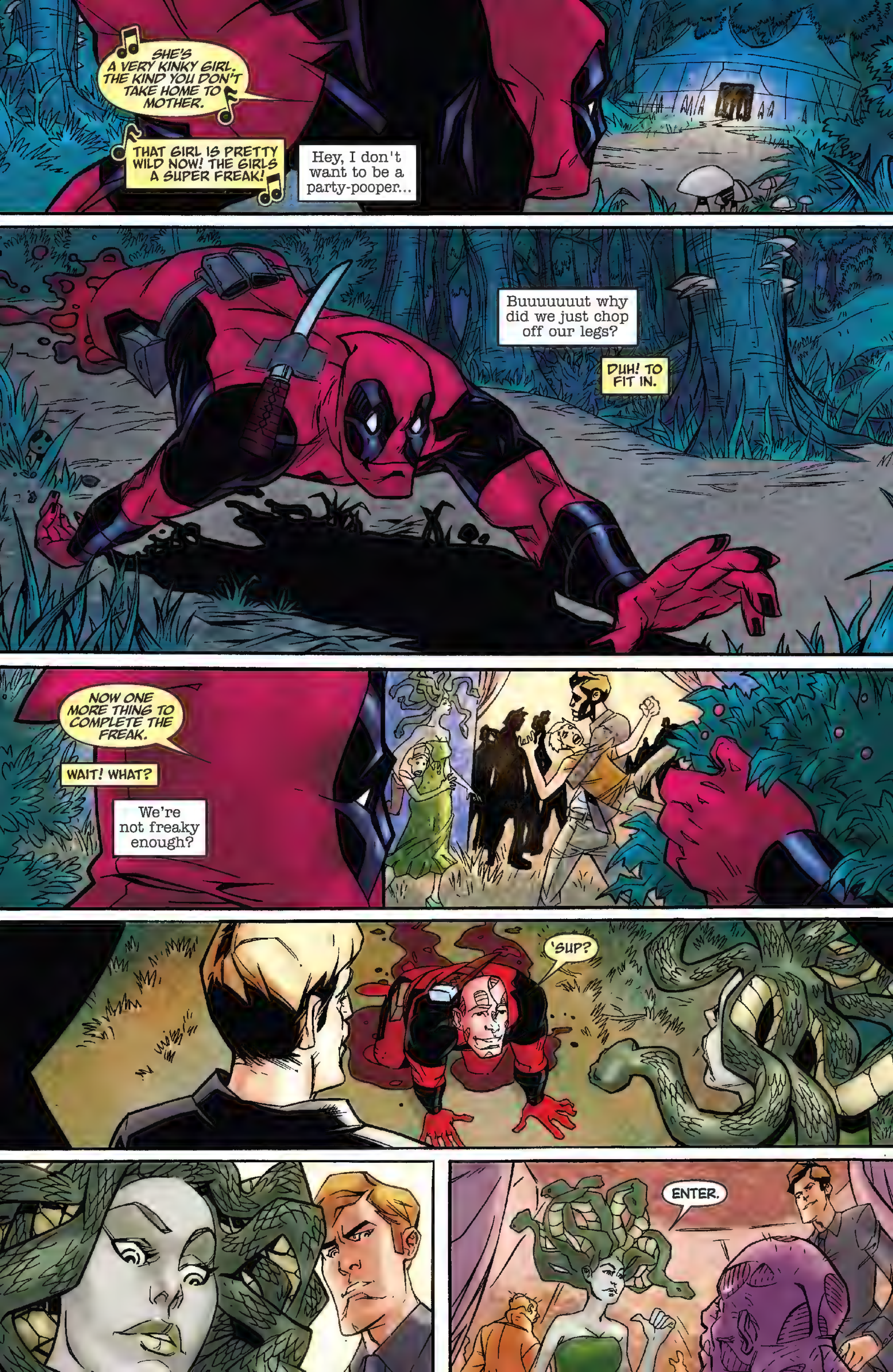

THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.
YOU CAN SEE THE ATOMIC WEDGIE I GOT FROM RIDING YOUR BIKE, CAN'T YOU?
THOSE POOR SOULS WILL BE DAMNED FOR ETERNITY.
OKAY, BE BROS AND DON'T LOOK AS I PULL THIS OUT.

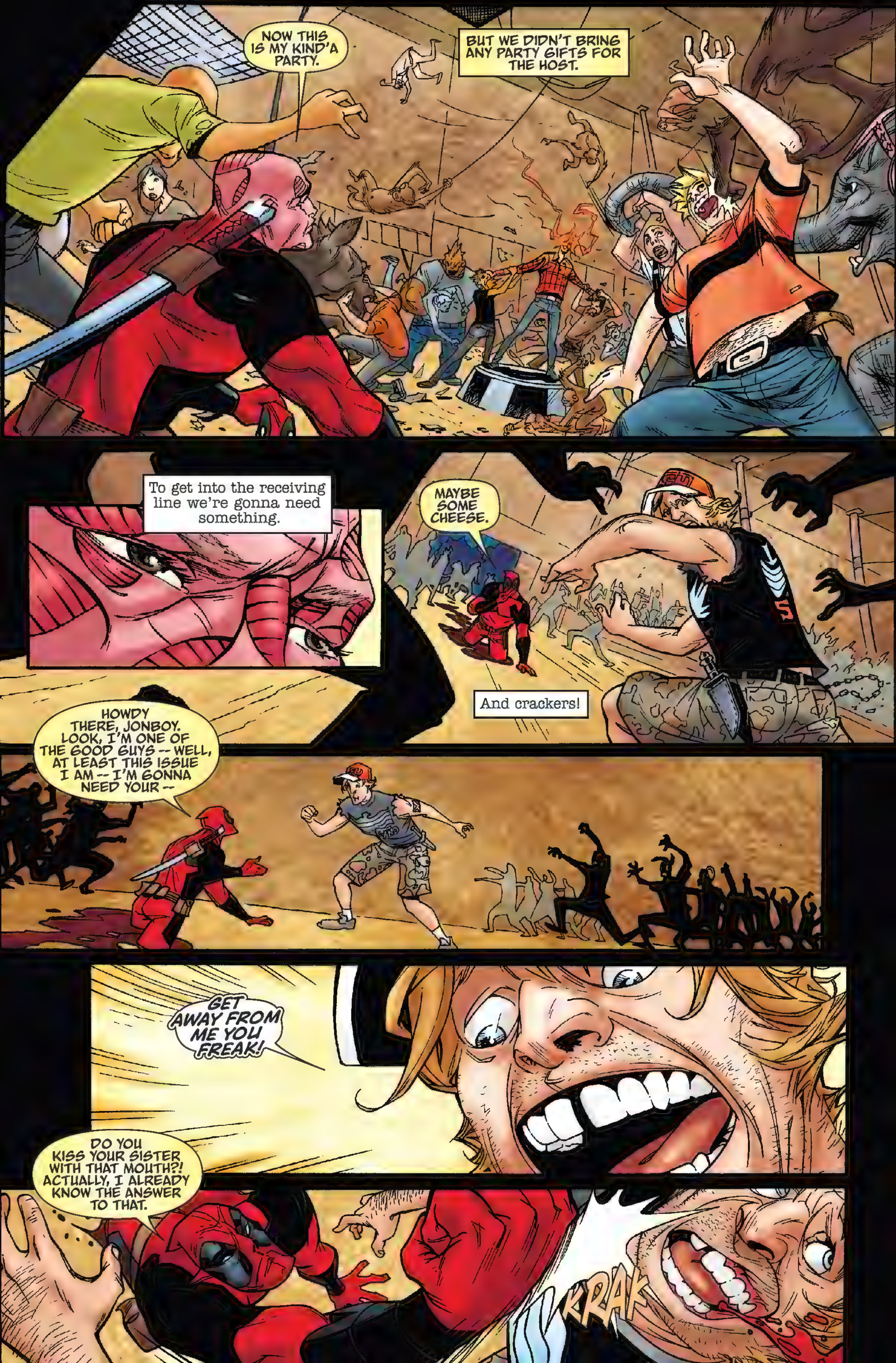

WE'RE OUTTA TIME! I'M GOING IN.
VRRRRRRR-
VRRRRRRR

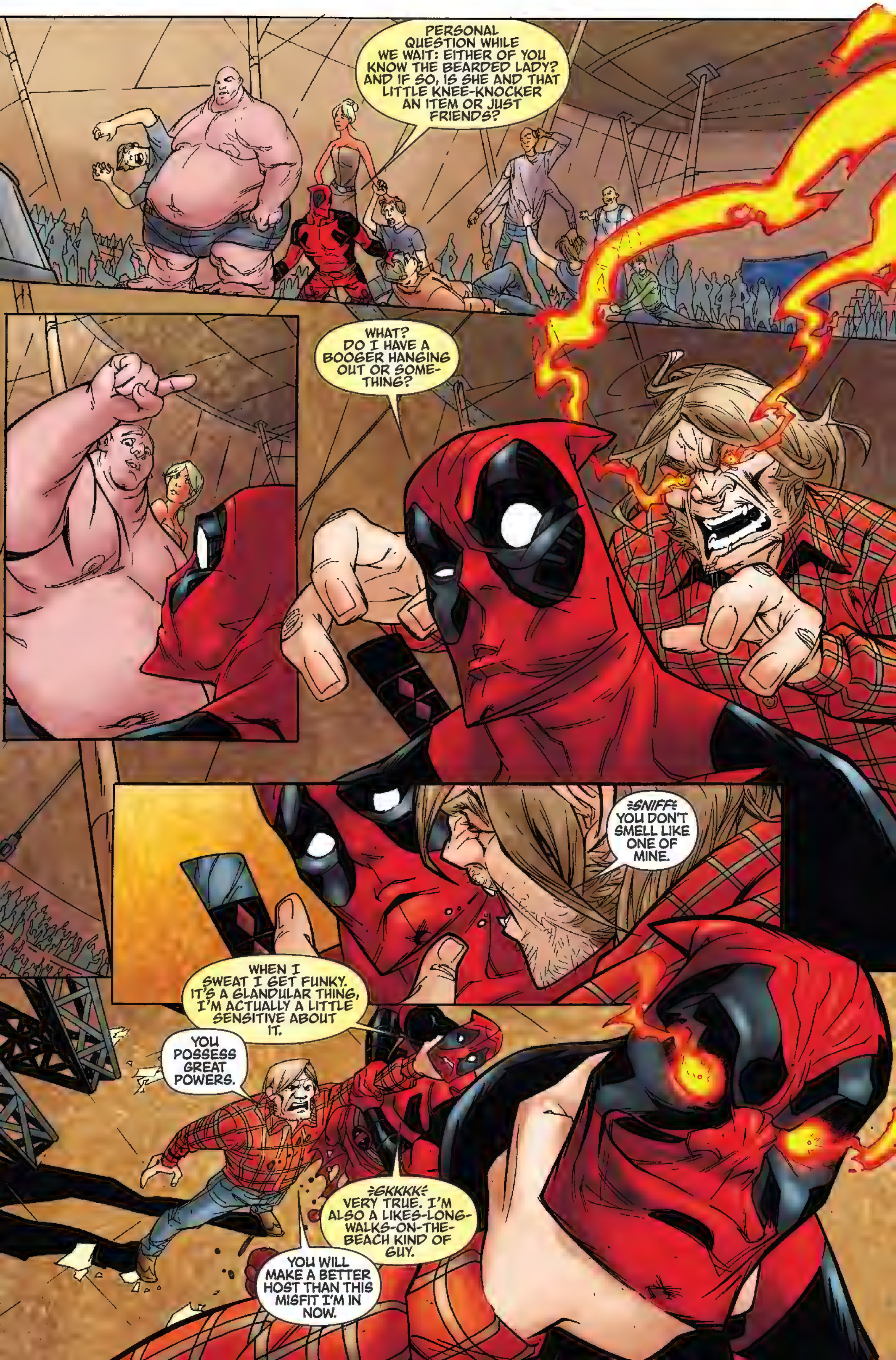

STAND DOWN!

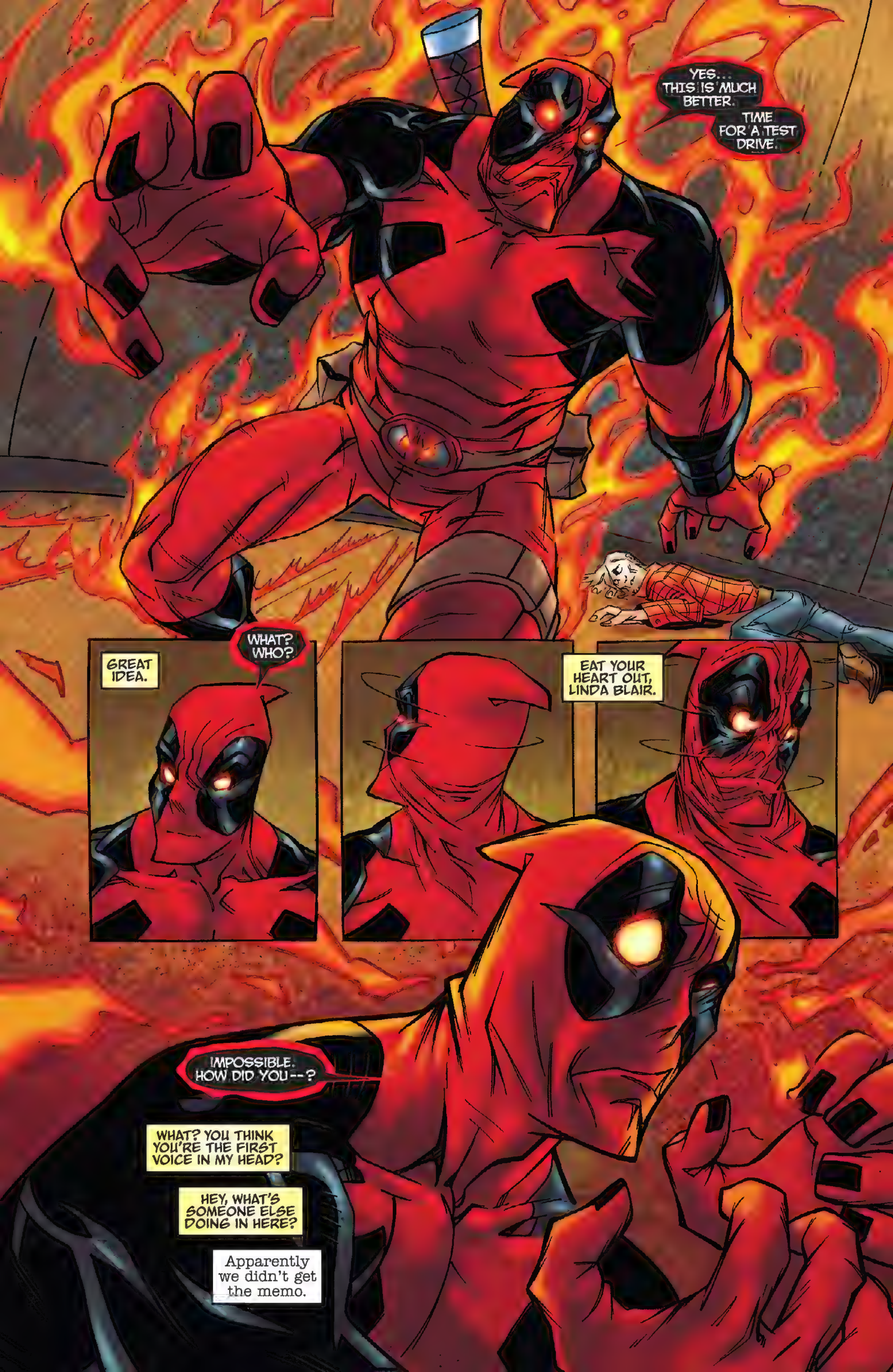

MOVE BEFORE I HAVE TO MOVE YOU!
I WILL SAVE THOSE PEOPLE!
AND SLAUGHTER HOW MANY IN THE PROCESS?
JEEZ, LOUISE, YOU TWO FIGHT LIKE BROTHERS.
WE ARE BROTHERS!
PLEASE TELL ME YOU GOT A SISTER. I CAN USE A LITTLE *HOT* LOVING IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
WE NEED TO BANISH XAPHAN FROM THE BODY OF LOBSTER BOY.
"LOBSTER BOY?" NO BIG LOSS THERE. GUY MAKES SCROOGE LOOK LIKE MOTHER TERESA.
HOW HARD CAN THAT BE? GIVE OR TAKE THE HUNDRED POSSESSED FREAKS HE HAS GUARDING HIM.
THE PROBLEM IS IF WE KILL THE DEMON WE KILL THE HOST.
GONNA BE TOUGH, THOUGH. I ALREADY SHOT HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, AND DIDN'T SEEM TO DO MUCH OF ANYTHING EXCEPT MAKE HIM MAD.
THUNK!
YEAH, I'M ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH THE CHAINS. BY THE WAY, MUCH MORE IMPRESSIVE IF YOU PULL THEM OUT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE.

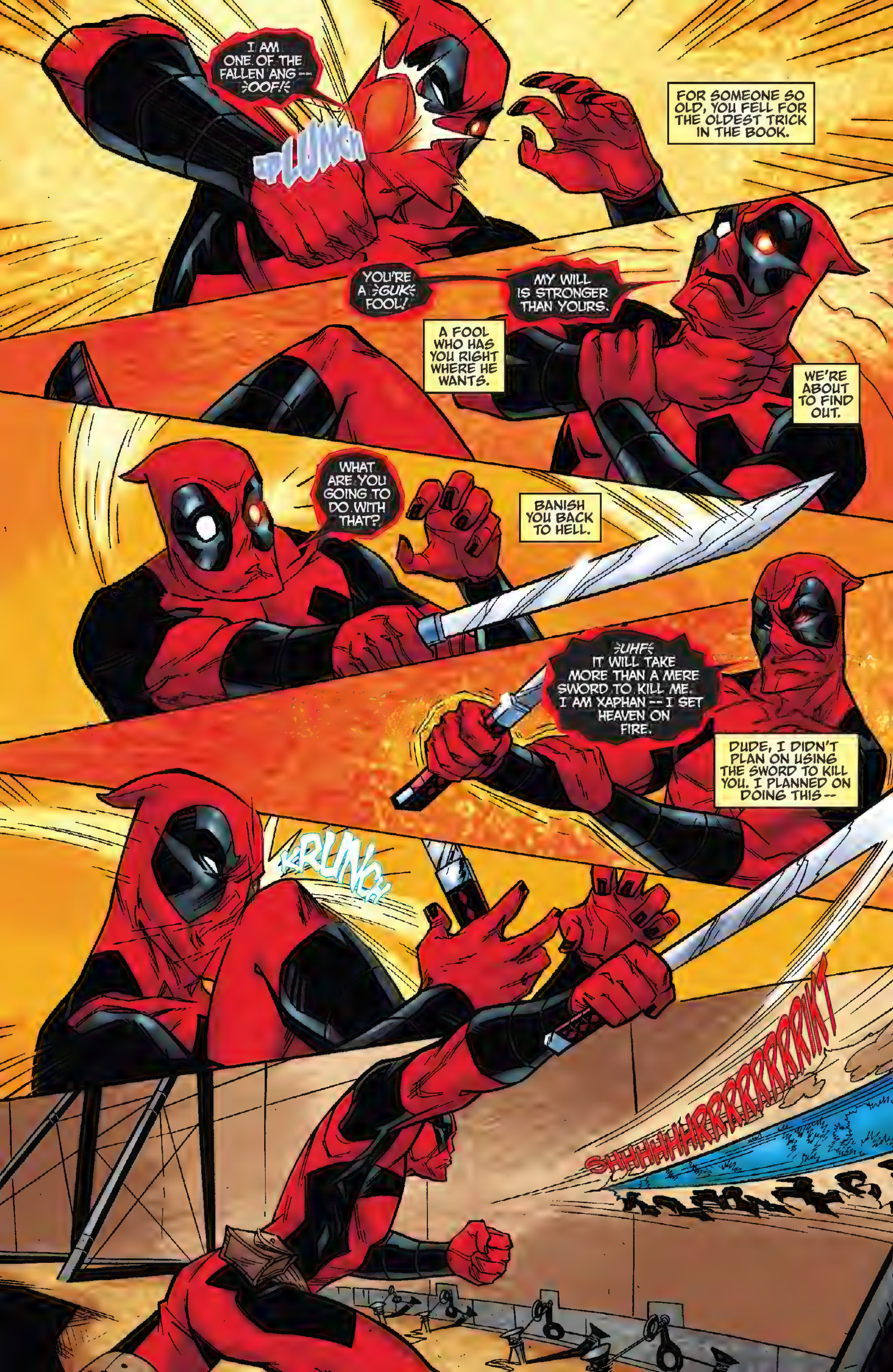

ONLY A WEAPON FORGED FROM HEAVEN OR HELL CAN DRIVE A DEMON BACK TO HELL.
VRRROOOOOOM
SO ALL WE NEED TO DO IS GET XAPHAN AWAY FROM THE FREAKMEISTERS AND YOU GUYS CAN USE YOUR "CHAINS" TO SEND HIM BACK TO HELL. GOT IT.
I WILL NOT KILL THE HOST.
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE OLD "TROJAN HORSE" PLAY.
ONLY THE CIRCUS PEOPLE CAN GET IN AND OUT OF THE TENT.
YOU MEAN THE FREAKS? YEAH, I GOT A PLAN, DON'T WORRY 'BOUT IT.
YOUR PLAN BETTER WORK OR XAPHAN'S ARMY WILL GROW AND SPREAD.
YOU GUYS NEED TO LIGHTEN UP, THIS WILL BE EASIER THAN WRITING AN EPISODE OF C.H.I.P.S.
XAPHAN IS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY.
DEATH BY HIM MEANS ETERNAL AFTERLIFE IN HELL.
PONCH
PONCH, JOHN, IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU TWO TO CARE SO MUCH.
JUST BE READY WHEN I BRING THIS XAPHAN OUT OF THE TENT. AND DO WHAT I SAY.

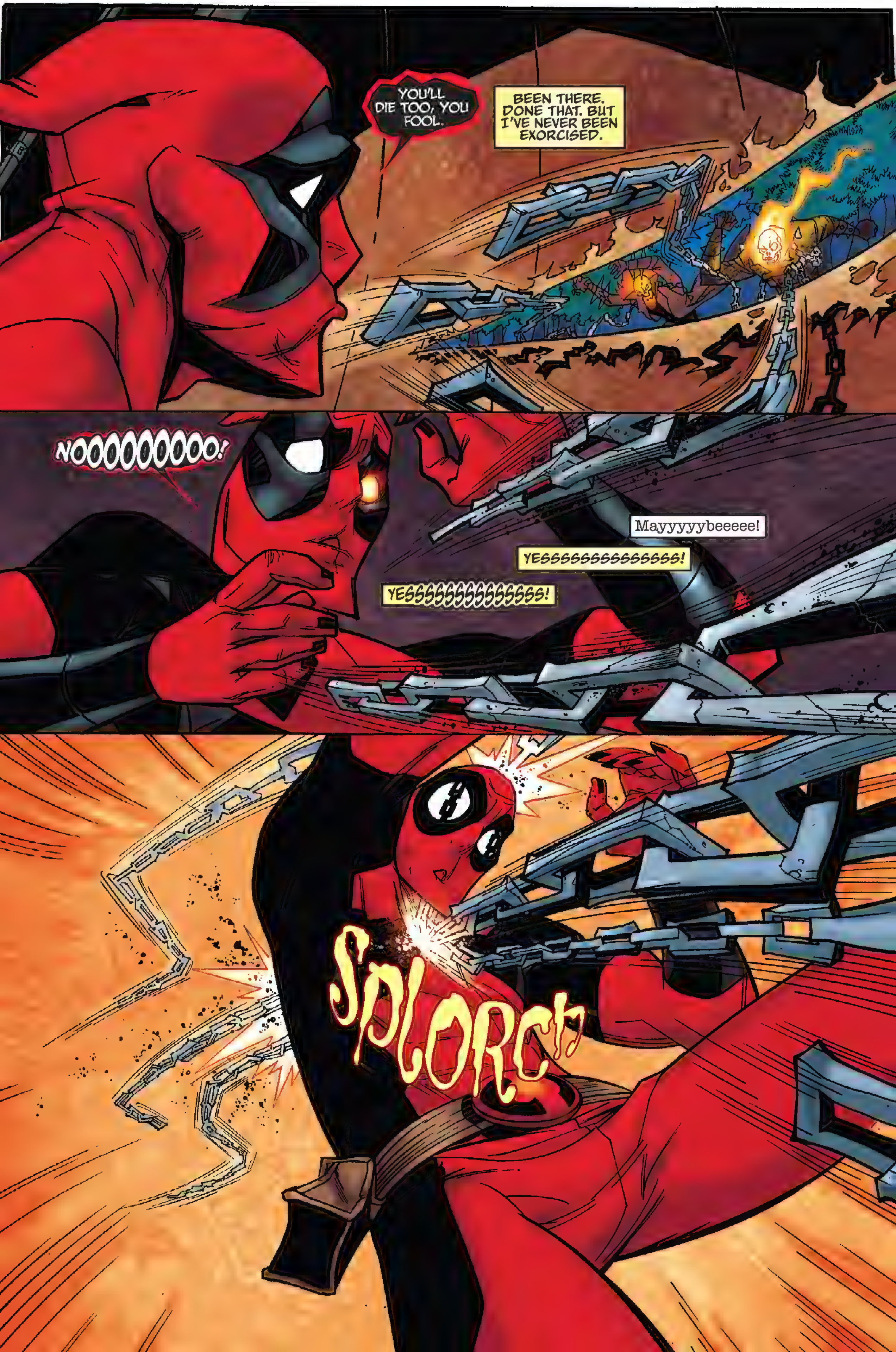

SHE'S A VERY KINKY GIRL. THE KIND YOU DON'T TAKE HOME TO MOTHER.
THAT GIRL IS PRETTY WILD NOW! THE GIRLS A SUPER FREAK!
Hey, I don't want to be a party-pooper...
Buuuuuuut why did we just chop off our legs?
DUH! TO FIT IN.
NOW ONE MORE THING TO COMPLETE THE FREAK.
WAIT! WHAT?
We're not freaky enough?
'SUP?
ENTER.

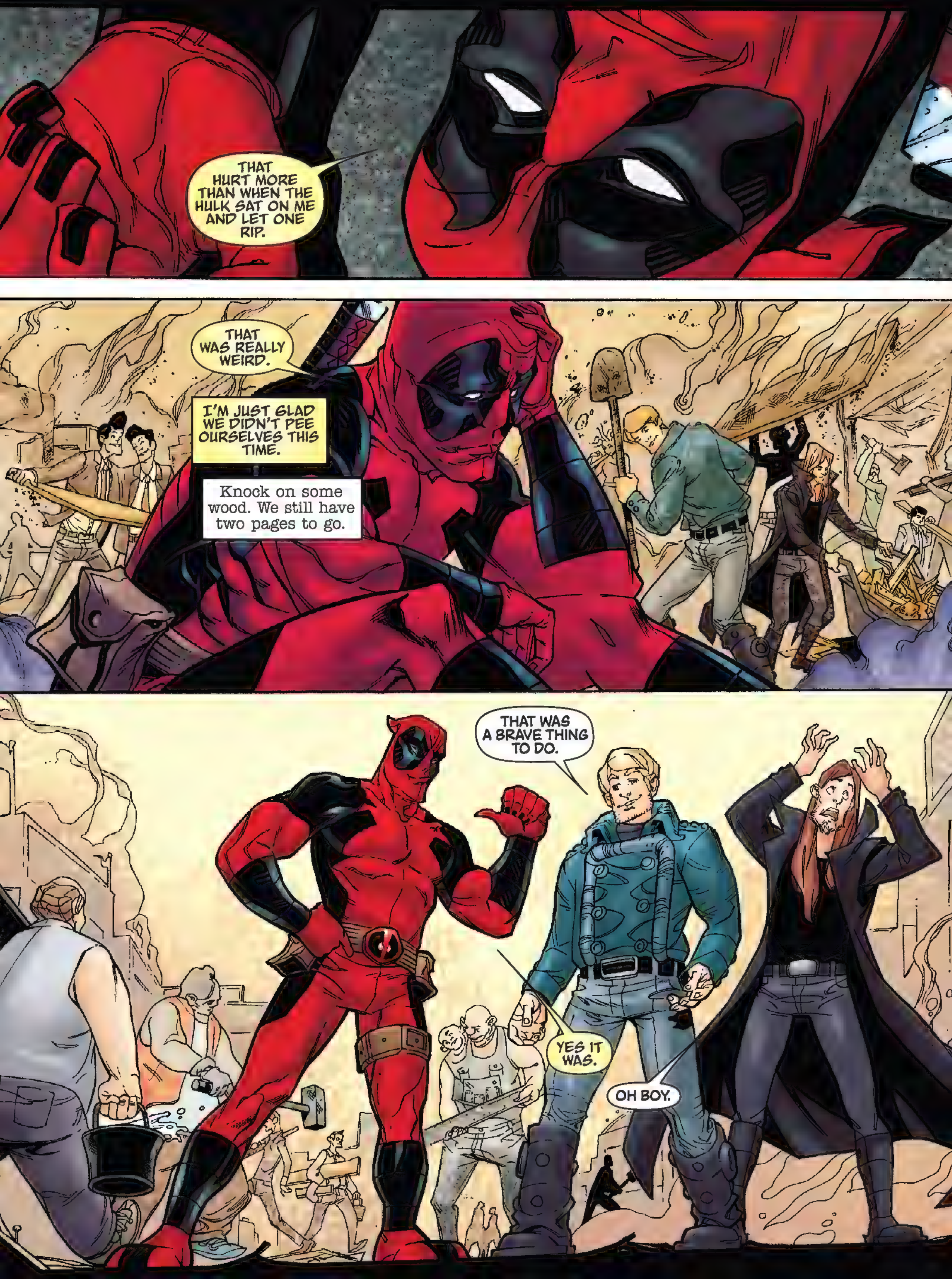

NOW THIS IS MY KIND'A PARTY.
BUT WE DIDN'T BRING ANY PARTY GIFTS FOR THE HOST.
To get into the receiving line we're gonna need something.
MAYBE SOME CHEESE.
And crackers!
HOWDY THERE, JONBOY. LOOK, I'M ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS -- WELL, AT LEAST THIS ISSUE I AM -- I'M GONNA NEED YOUR --
GET AWAY FROM ME YOU FREAK!
DO YOU KISS YOUR SISTER WITH THAT MOUTH?! ACTUALLY, I ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.
KRAK

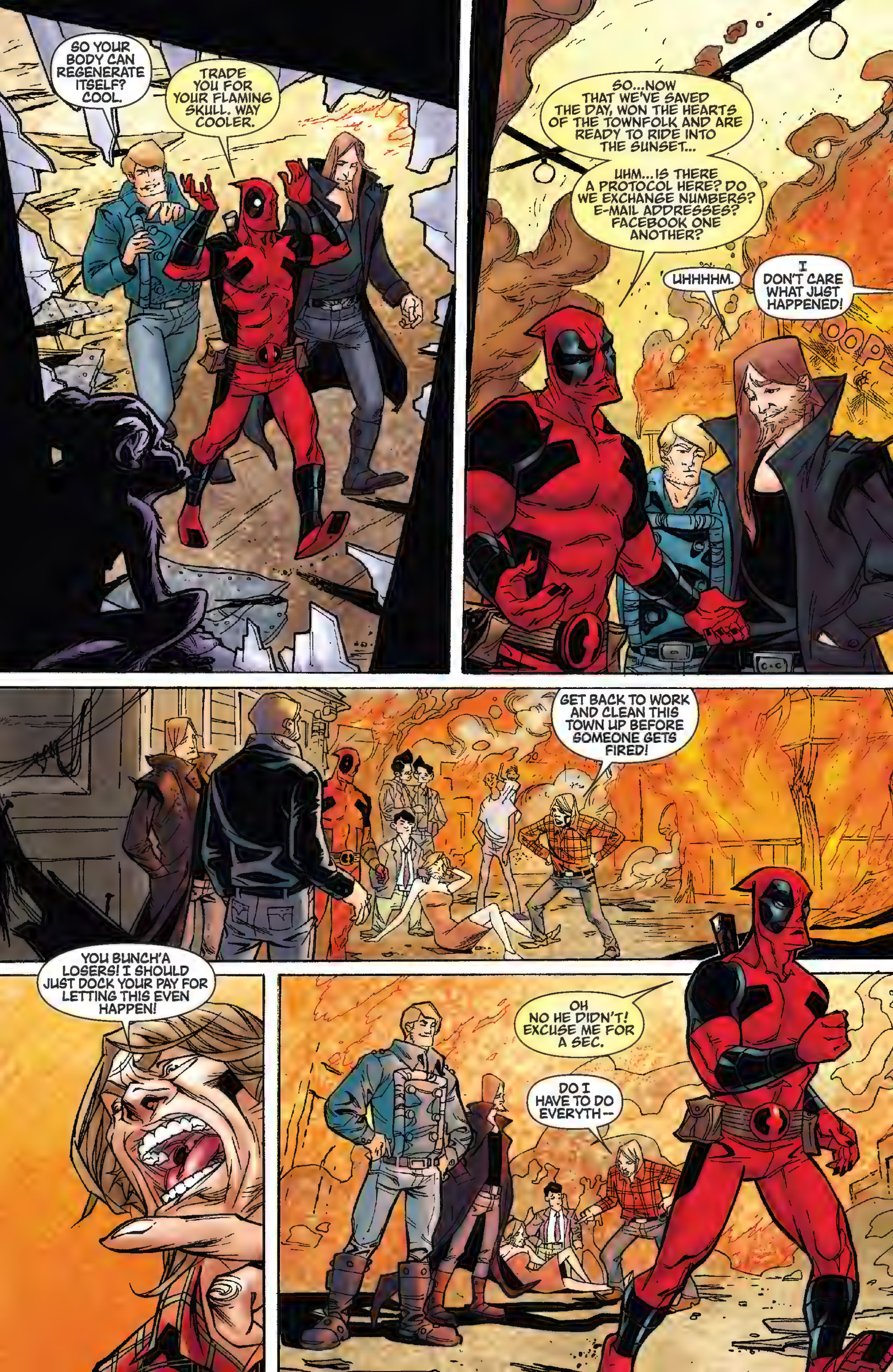

PERSONAL QUESTION WHILE WE WAIT: EITHER OF YOU KNOW THE BEARDED LADY? AND IF SO, IS SHE AND THAT LITTLE KNEE-KNOCKER AN ITEM OR JUST FRIENDS?
WHAT? DO I HAVE A BOOGER HANGING OUT OR SOMETHING?
SNIFF YOU DON'T SMELL LIKE ONE OF MINE.
WHEN I SWEAT I GET FUNKY. IT'S A GLANDULAR THING, I'M ACTUALLY A LITTLE SENSITIVE ABOUT IT.
YOU POSSESS GREAT POWERS.
GKKKK VERY TRUE. I'M ALSO A LIKES-LONG-WALKS-ON-THE-BEACH KIND OF GUY.
YOU WILL MAKE A BETTER HOST THAN THIS MISFIT I'M IN NOW.

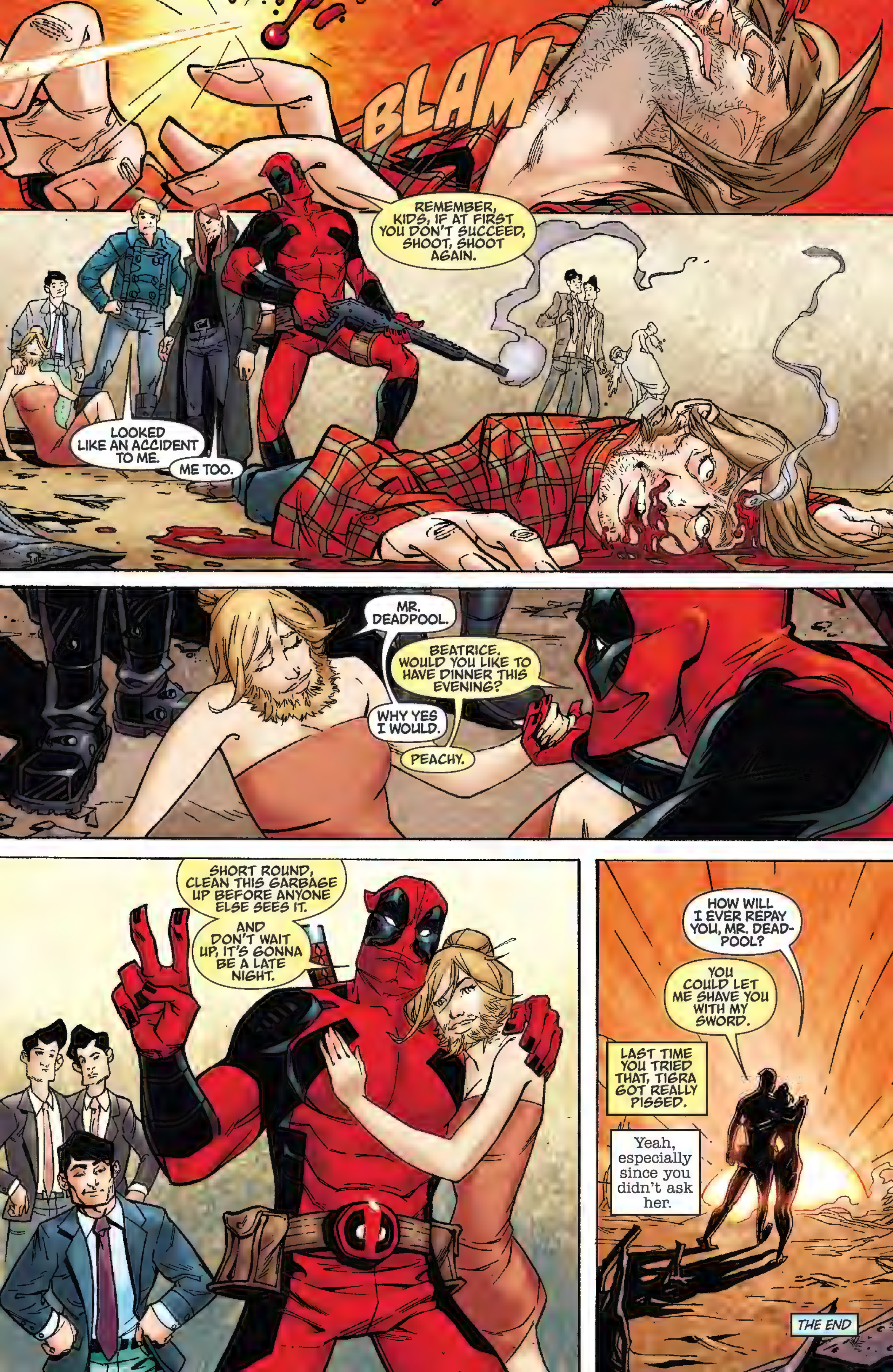

YES... THIS IS MUCH BETTER.
TIME FOR A TEST DRIVE.
GREAT IDEA.
WHAT? WHO?
EAT YOUR HEART OUT, LINDA BLAIR.
IMPOSSIBLE. HOW DID YOU--?
WHAT? YOU THINK YOU'RE THE FIRST VOICE IN MY HEAD?
HEY, WHAT'S SOMEONE ELSE DOING IN HERE?
Apparently we didn't get the memo.

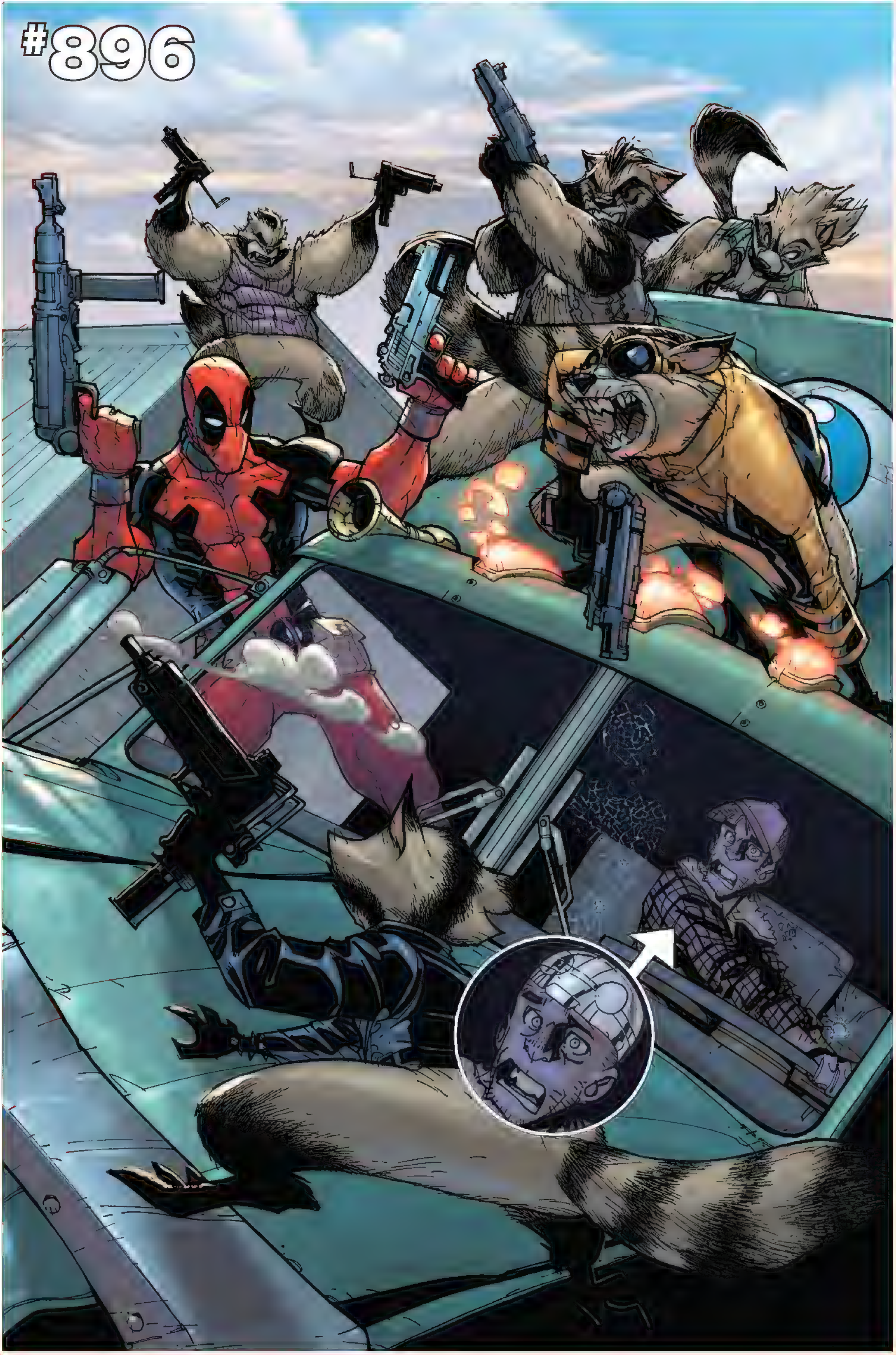

I AM ONE OF THE FALLEN ANG-- ≶OOF!≶
SPLUNCH
FOR SOMEONE SO OLD, YOU FELL FOR THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK.
YOU'RE A ≶GUK≶ FOOL!
MY WILL IS STRONGER THAN YOURS.
A FOOL WHO HAS YOU RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS.
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?
BANISH YOU BACK TO HELL.
≶UHF≶ IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A MERE SWORD TO KILL ME. I AM XAPHAN -- I SET HEAVEN ON FIRE.
DUDE, I DIDN'T PLAN ON USING THE SWORD TO KILL YOU. I PLANNED ON DOING THIS--
KRUNCH!
SHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRIKT


YOU'LL DIE TOO, YOU FOOL.
BEEN THERE. DONE THAT. BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN EXORCISED.
NOOOOOOOOOO!
Mayyyyyybeeeee!
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!
SPLORCH


THAT HURT MORE THAN WHEN THE HULK SAT ON ME AND LET ONE RIP.
THAT WAS REALLY WEIRD.
I'M JUST GLAD WE DIDN'T PEE OURSELVES THIS TIME.
Knock on some wood. We still have two pages to go.
THAT WAS A BRAVE THING TO DO.
YES IT WAS.
OH BOY.


SO YOUR BODY CAN REGENERATE ITSELF? COOL.
TRADE YOU FOR YOUR FLAMING SKULL. WAY COOLER.
SO...NOW THAT WE'VE SAVED THE DAY, WON THE HEARTS OF THE TOWNFOLK AND ARE READY TO RIDE INTO THE SUNSET...
UHM...IS THERE A PROTOCOL HERE? DO WE EXCHANGE NUMBERS? E-MAIL ADDRESSES? FACEBOOK ONE ANOTHER?
UHHHHM.
I DON'T CARE WHAT JUST HAPPENED!
GET BACK TO WORK AND CLEAN THIS TOWN UP BEFORE SOMEONE GETS FIRED!
YOU BUNCH'A LOSERS! I SHOULD JUST DOCK YOUR PAY FOR LETTING THIS EVEN HAPPEN!
OH NO HE DIDN'T! EXCUSE ME FOR A SEC.
DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTH--


BLAM
REMEMBER, KIDS, IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, SHOOT, SHOOT AGAIN.
LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME.
ME TOO.
MR. DEADPOOL.
BEATRICE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE DINNER THIS EVENING?
WHY YES I WOULD.
PEACHY.
SHORT ROUND, CLEAN THIS GARBAGE UP BEFORE ANYONE ELSE SEES IT.
AND DON'T WAIT UP, IT'S GONNA BE A LATE NIGHT.
HOW WILL I EVER REPAY YOU, MR. DEADPOOL?
YOU COULD LET ME SHAVE YOU WITH MY SWORD.
LAST TIME YOU TRIED THAT, TIGRA GOT REALLY PISSED.
Yeah, especially since you didn't ask her.
THE END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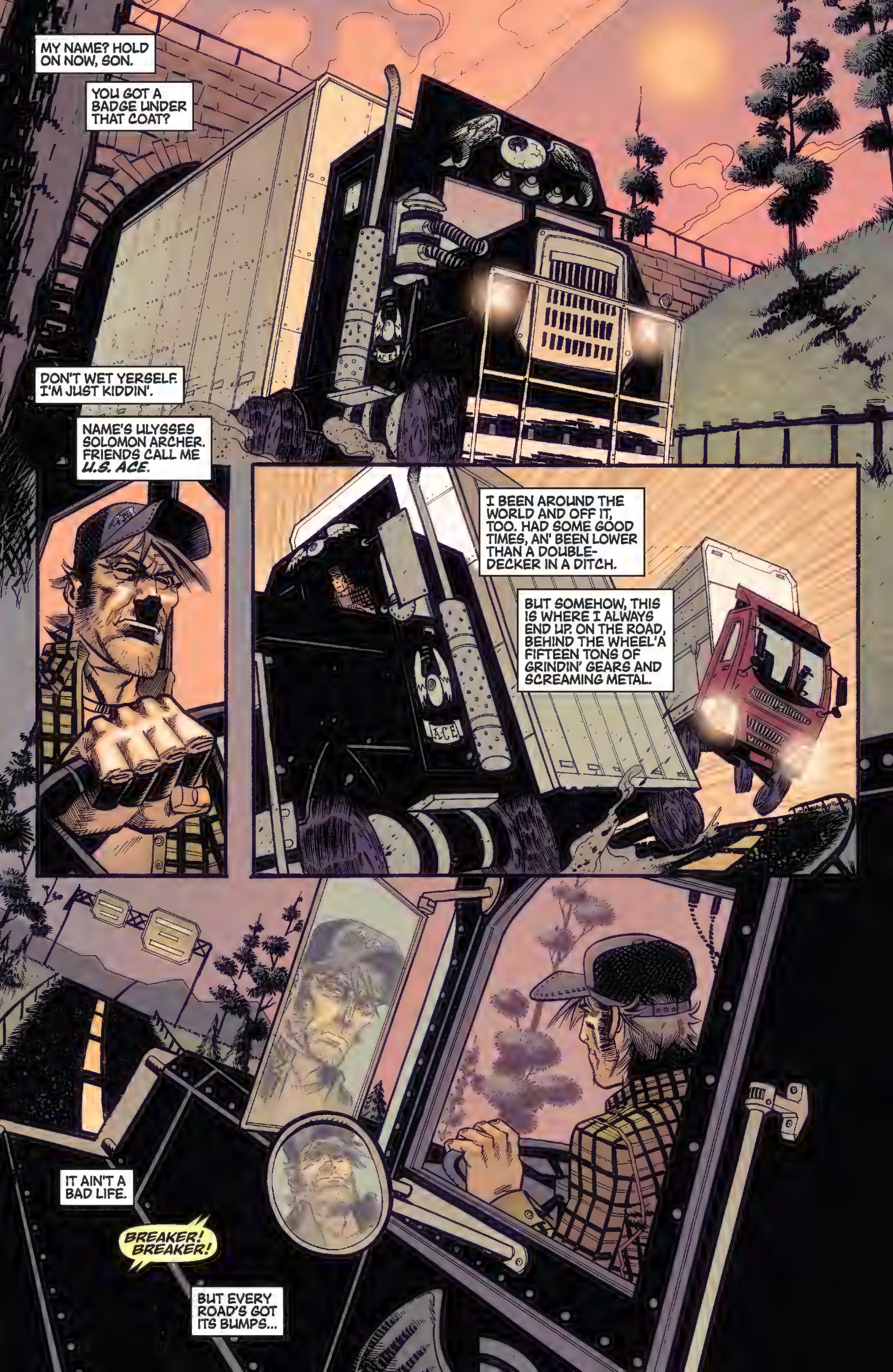
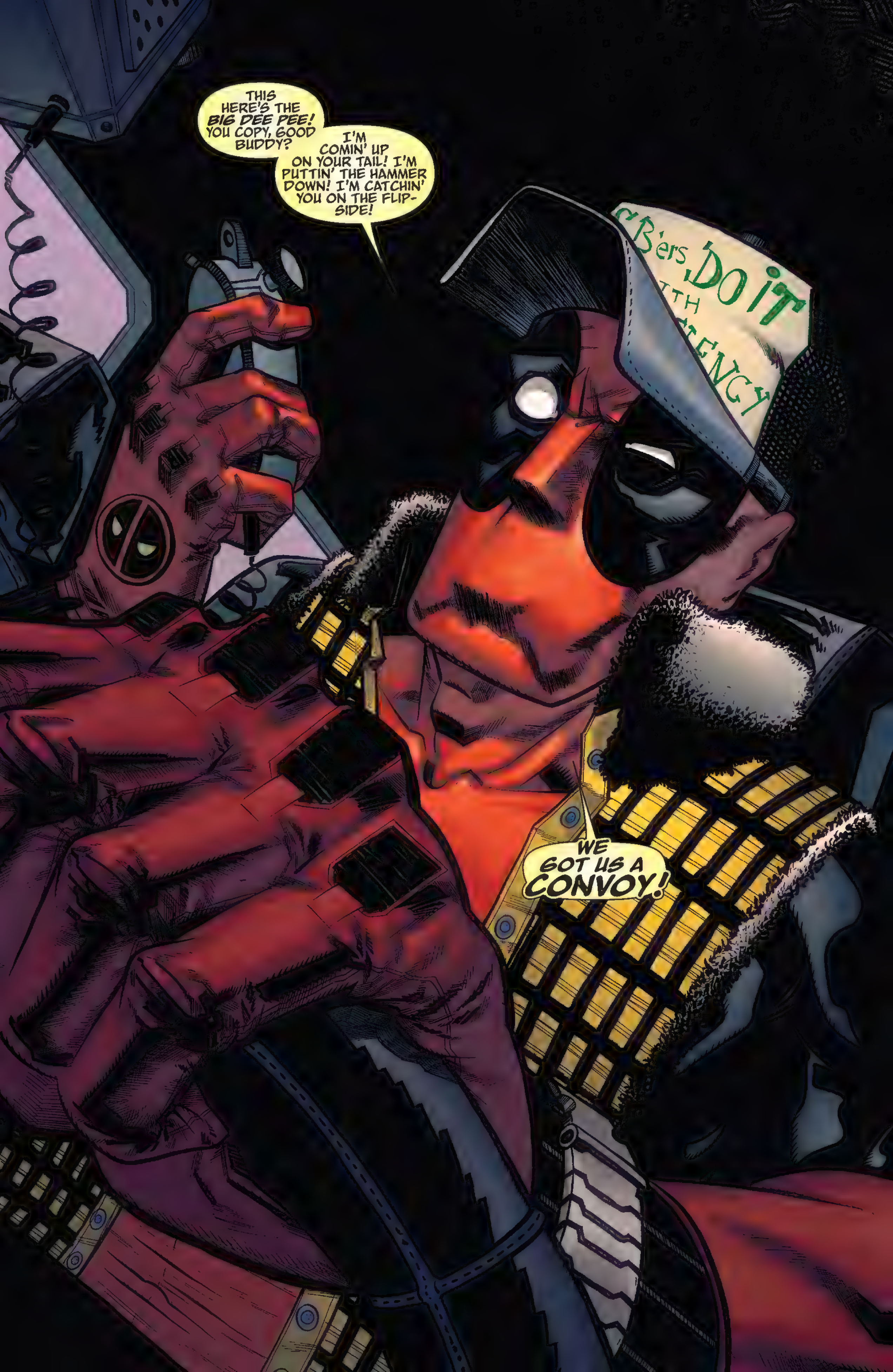
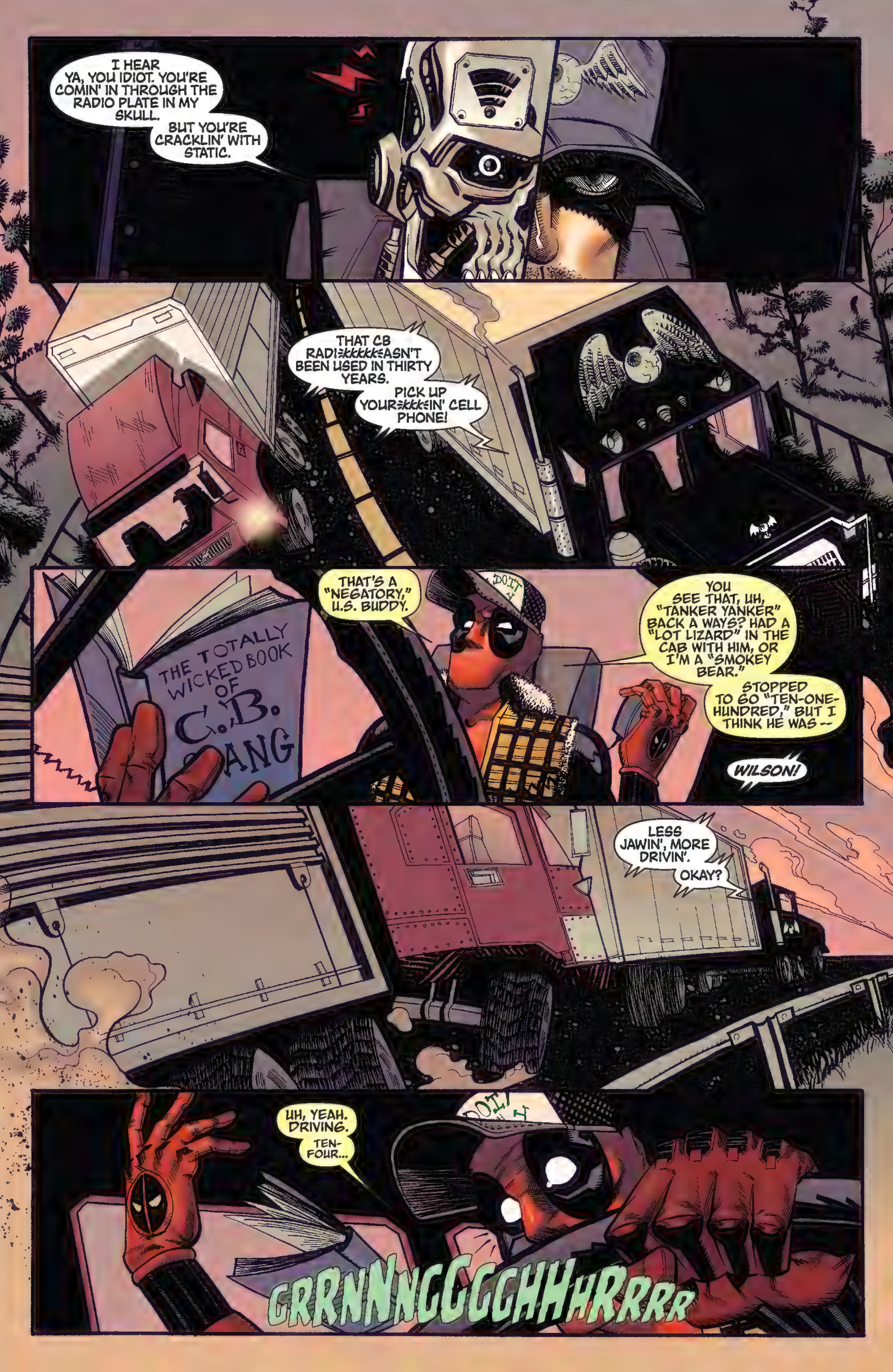
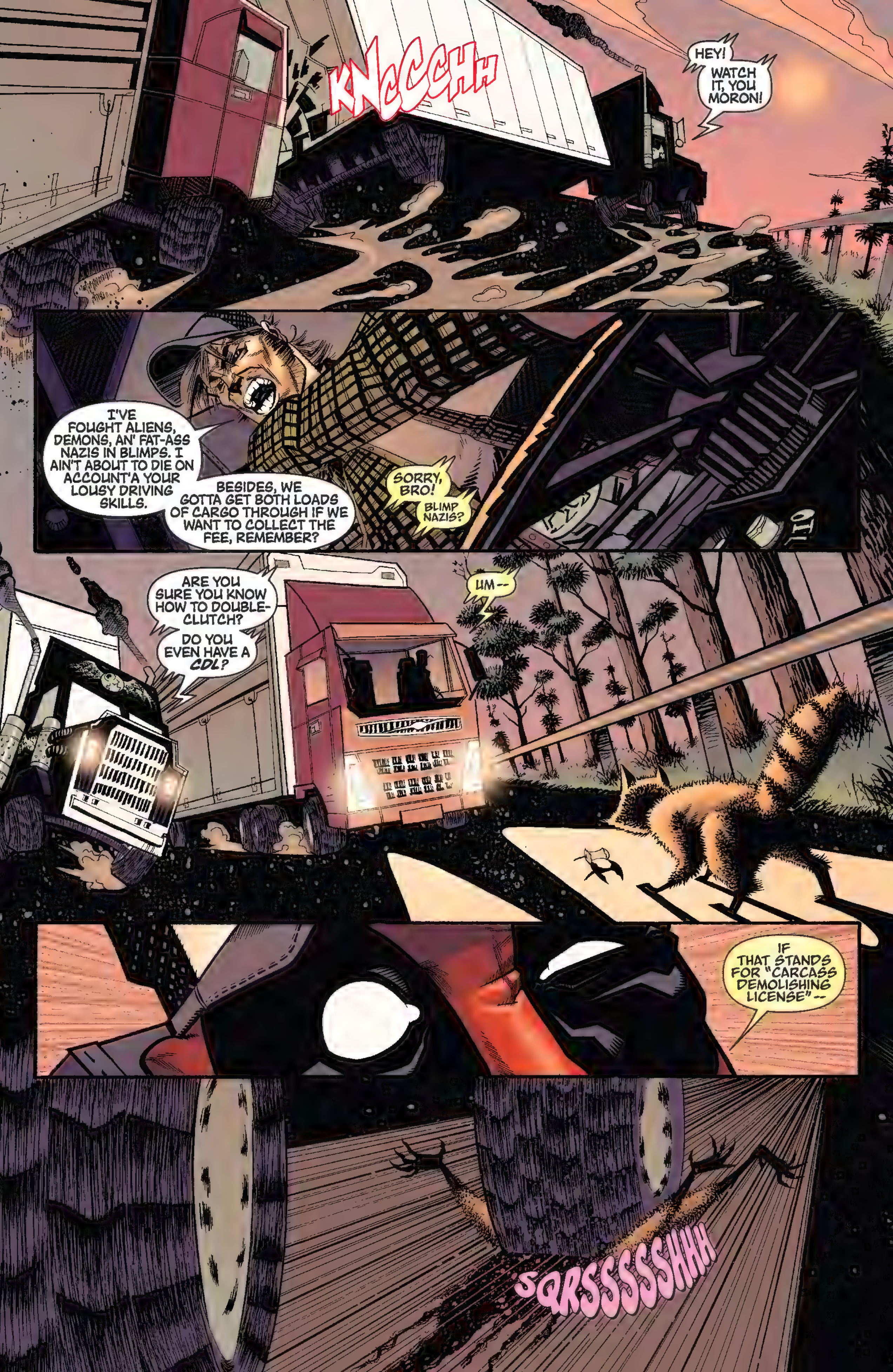
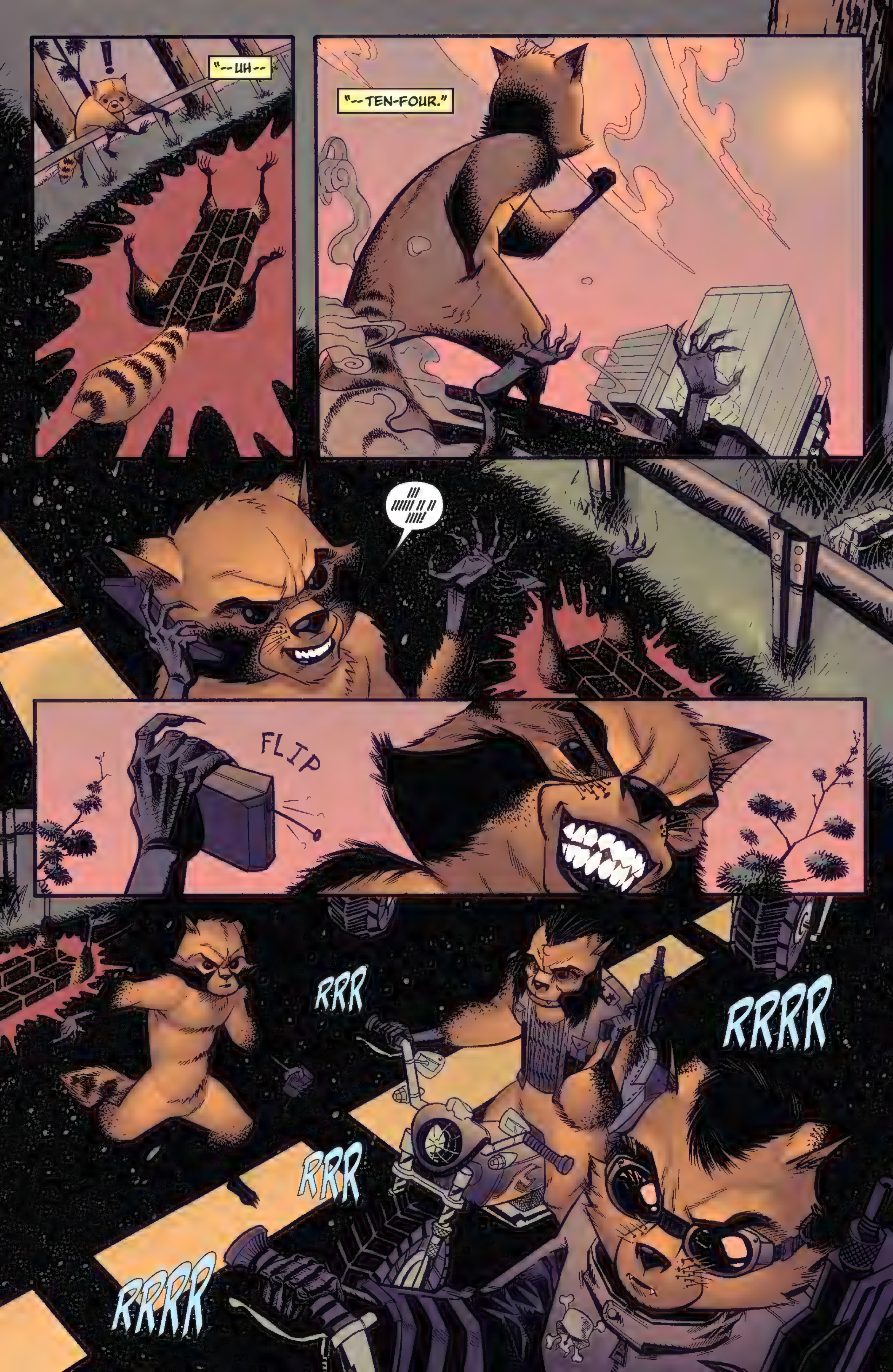
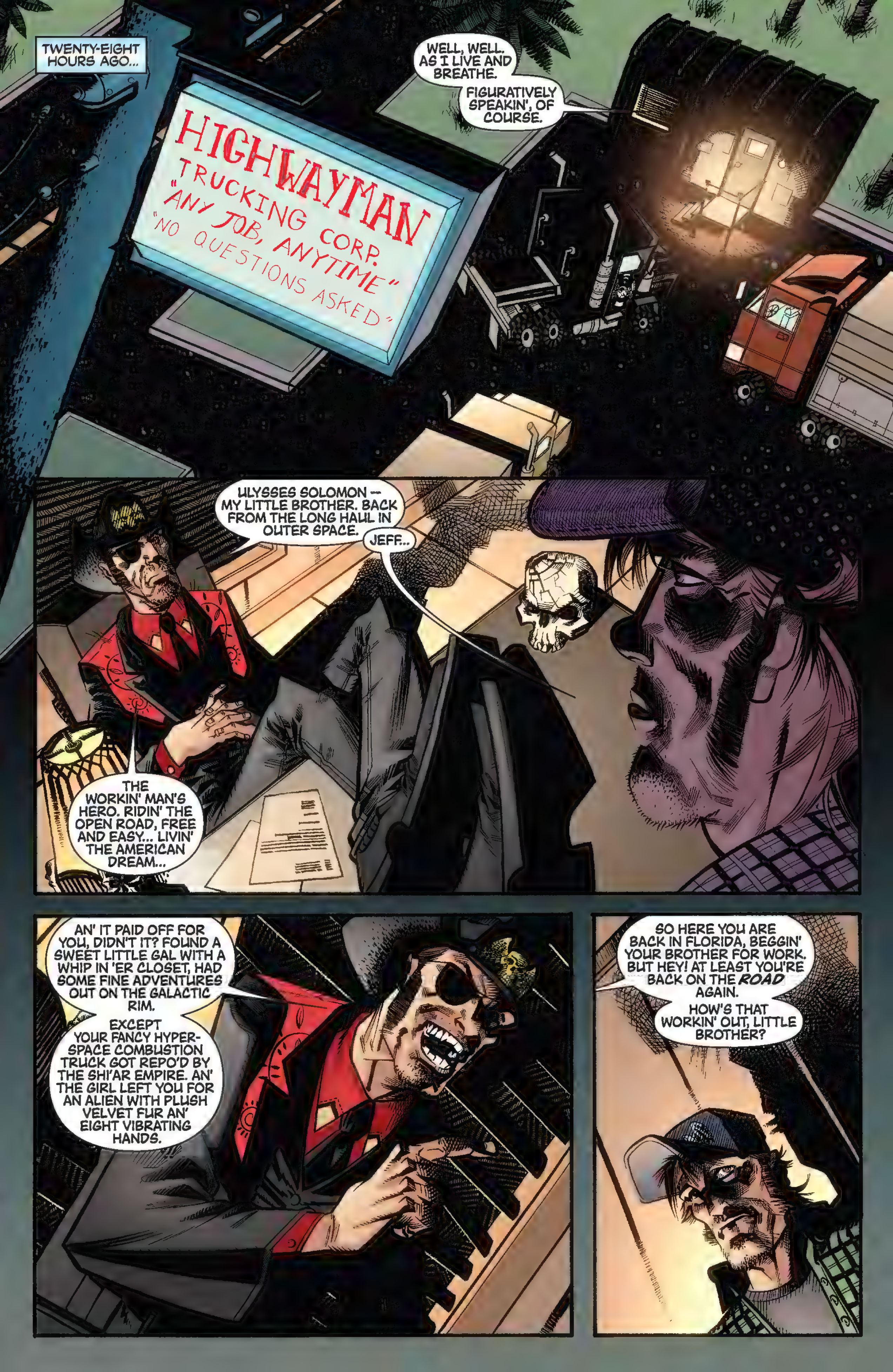

MY NAME? HOLD ON NOW, SON.
YOU GOT A BADGE UNDER THAT COAT?
DON'T WET YERSELF. I'M JUST KIDDIN'.
NAME'S ULYSSES SOLOMON ARCHER. FRIENDS CALL ME *U.S. ACE*.
ACE
I BEEN AROUND THE WORLD AND OFF IT, TOO. HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, AN' BEEN LOWER THAN A DOUBLE-DECKER IN A DITCH.
BUT SOMEHOW, THIS IS WHERE I ALWAYS END UP. ON THE ROAD, BEHIND THE WHEEL'A FIFTEEN TONS OF GRINDIN' GEARS AND SCREAMING METAL.
ACE
IT AIN'T A BAD LIFE.
BREAKER! BREAKER!
BUT EVERY ROAD'S GOT ITS BUMPS...

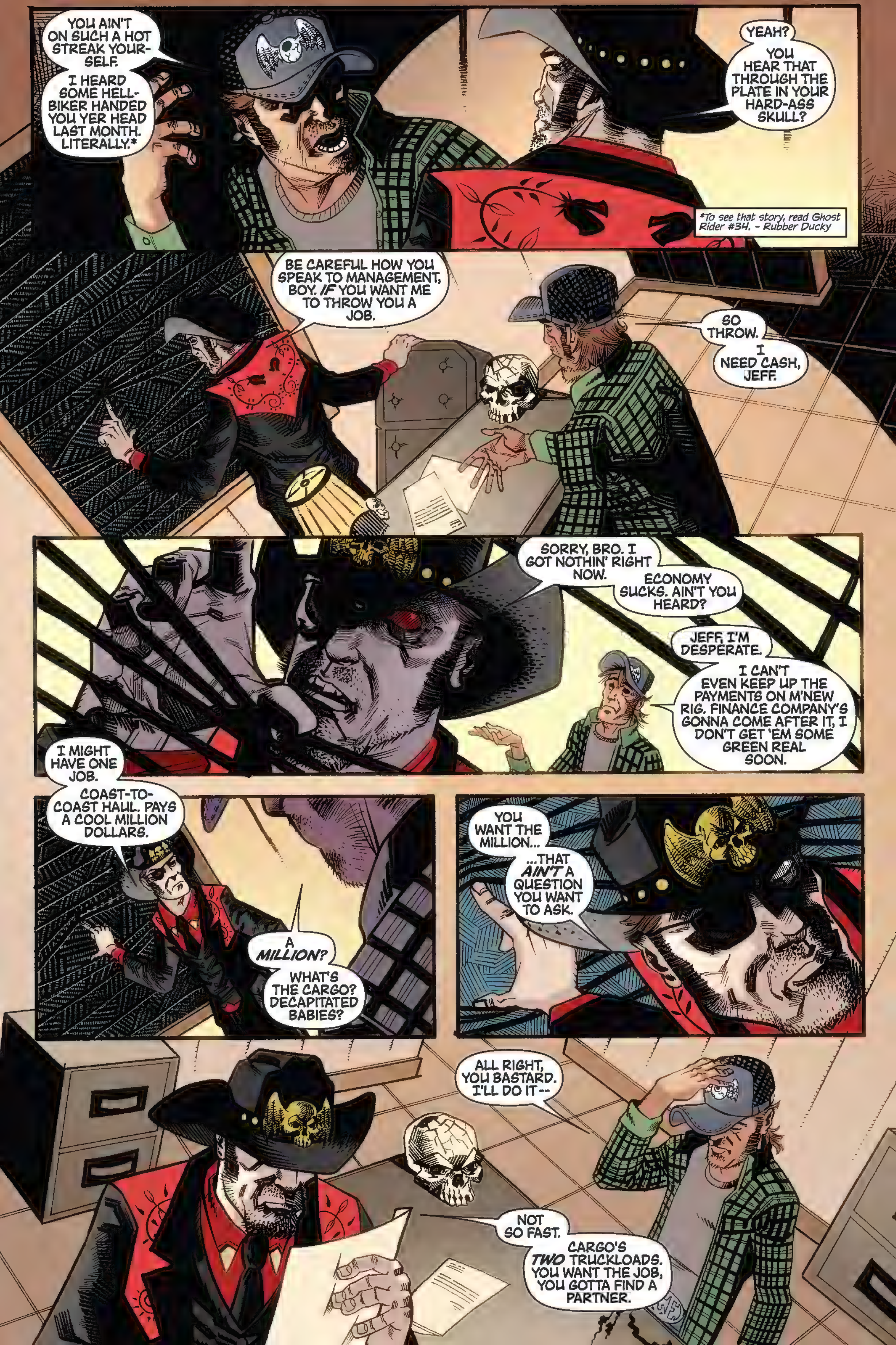

THIS HERE'S THE *BIG DEE PEE!* YOU COPY, GOOD BUDDY?
I'M COMIN' UP ON YOUR TAIL! I'M PUTTIN' THE HAMMER DOWN! I'M CATCHIN' YOU ON THE FLIP-SIDE!
B'ers, DO IT
WE GOT US A CONVOY!

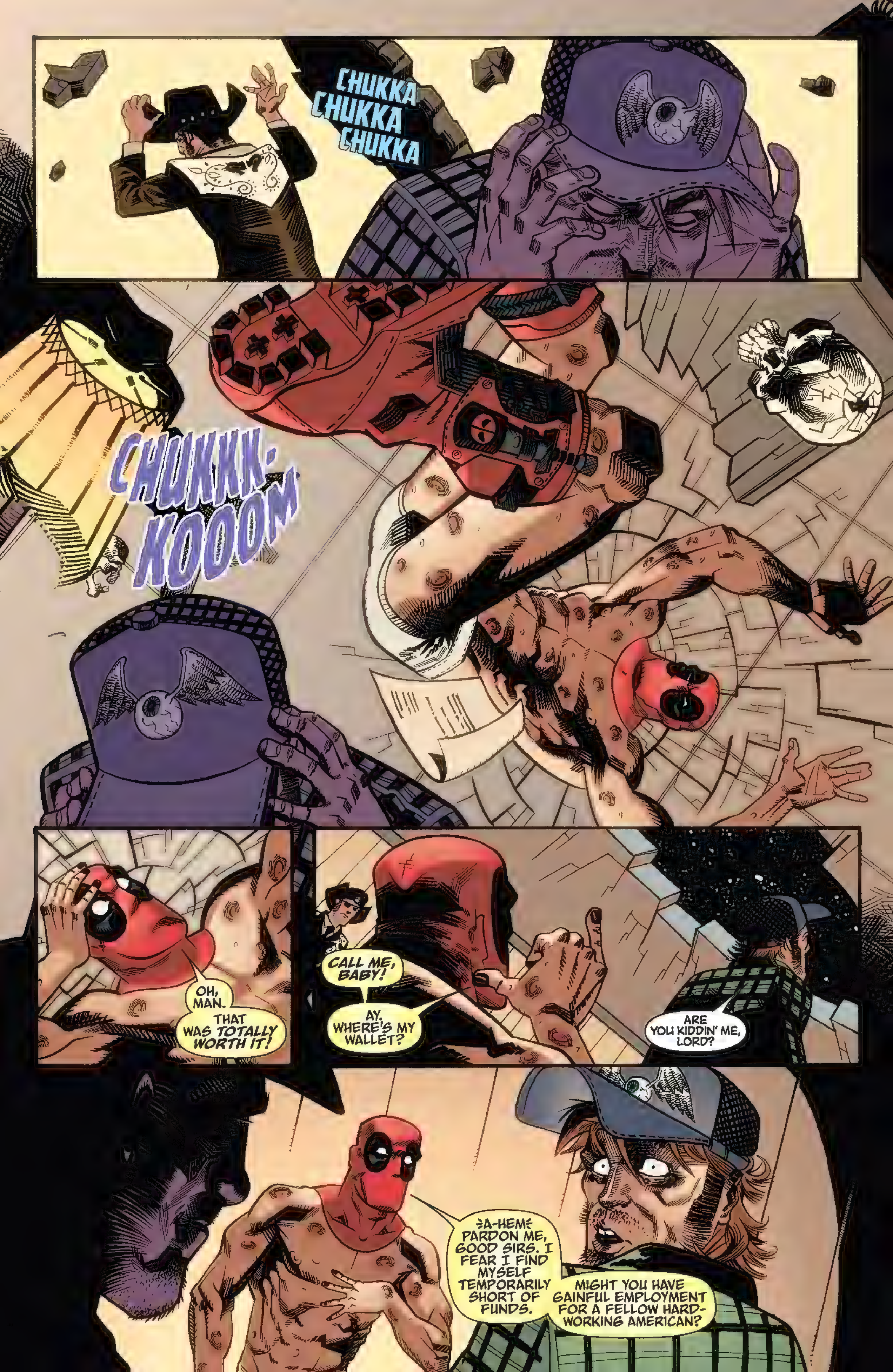

I HEAR YA, YOU IDIOT. YOU'RE COMIN' IN THROUGH THE RADIO PLATE IN MY SKULL.
BUT YOU'RE CRACKLIN' WITH STATIC.
THAT CB RADI=kkkkk=ASN'T BEEN USED IN THIRTY YEARS.
PICK UP YOUR=kkk=IN' CELL PHONE!
THE TOTALLY WICKED BOOK OF C.B. ANG
DO IT
THAT'S A "NEGATORY," U.S. BUDDY.
YOU SEE THAT, UH, "TANKER YANKER" BACK A WAYS? HAD A "LOT LIZARD" IN THE CAB WITH HIM, OR I'M A "SMOKEY BEAR."
STOPPED TO GO "TEN-ONE-HUNDRED," BUT I THINK HE WAS --
WILSON!
LESS JAWIN', MORE DRIVIN'.
OKAY?
UH, YEAH. DRIVING.
TEN-FOUR...
GRRNNNGGGCHHHRRRR

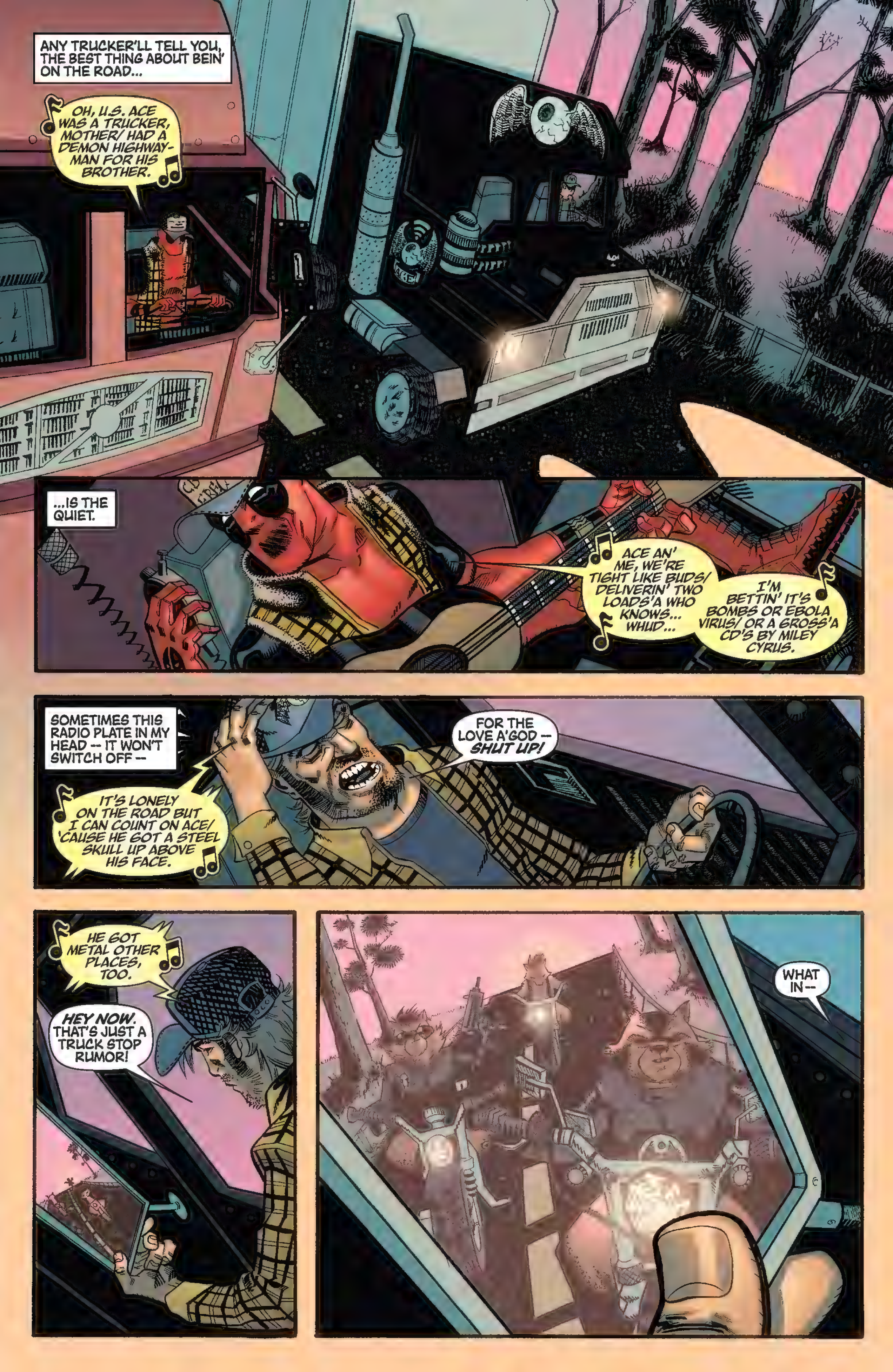

KNCCCHH
HEY!
WATCH IT, YOU MORON!
I'VE FOUGHT ALIENS, DEMONS, AN' FAT-ASS NAZIS IN BLIMPS. I AIN'T ABOUT TO DIE ON ACCOUNT'A YOUR LOUSY DRIVING SKILLS.
BESIDES, WE GOTTA GET BOTH LOADS OF CARGO THROUGH IF WE WANT TO COLLECT THE FEE, REMEMBER?
SORRY, BRO!
BLIMP NAZIS?
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO DOUBLE-CLUTCH?
DO YOU EVEN HAVE A *CDL*?
UM--
IF THAT STANDS FOR "CARCASS DEMOLISHING LICENSE"--
SQRSSSSSHHH

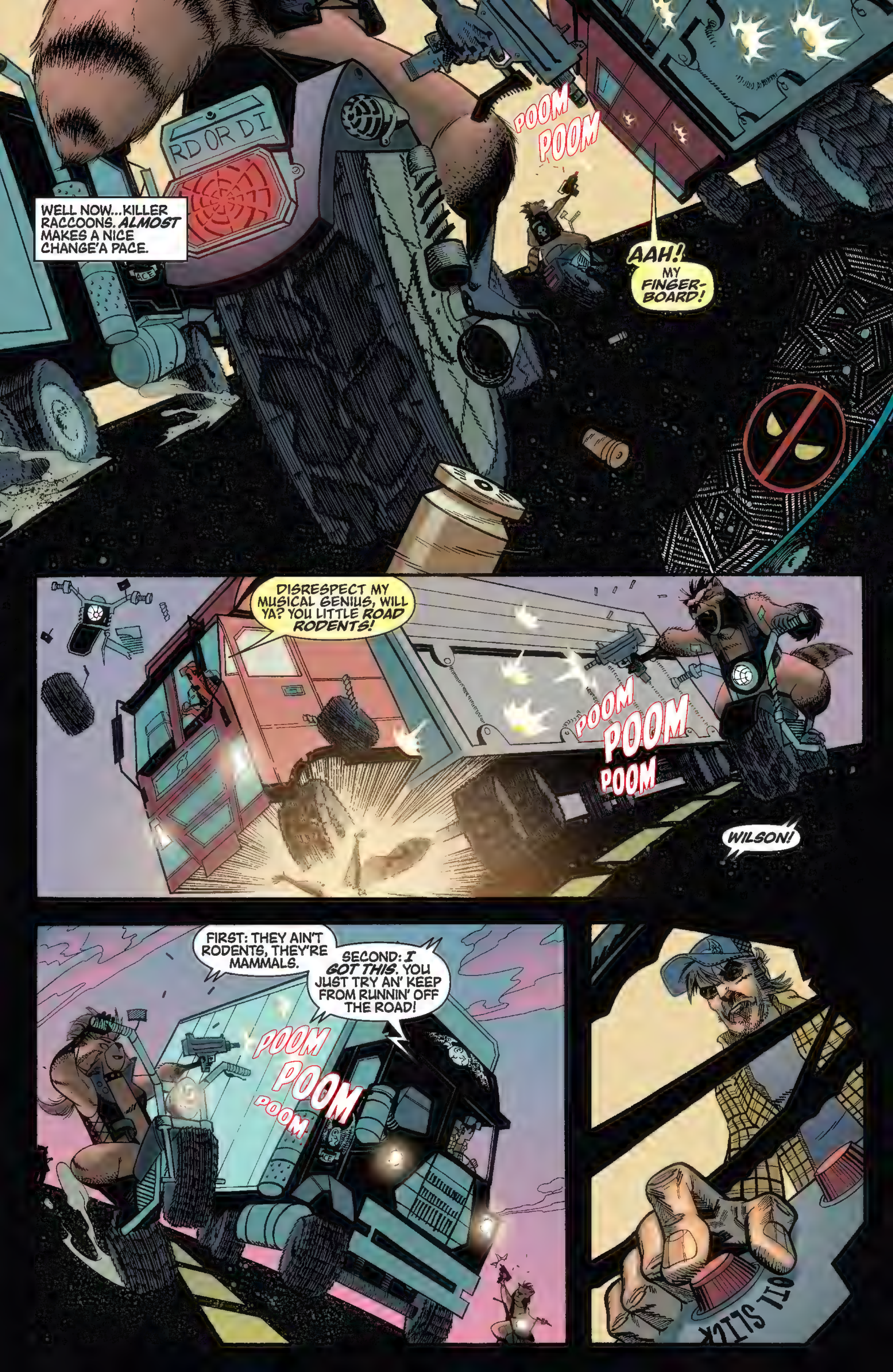

!
"--UH--
"--TEN-FOUR."
/// ///// // // ////!
FLIP
RRR
RRRR
RRR
RRRR

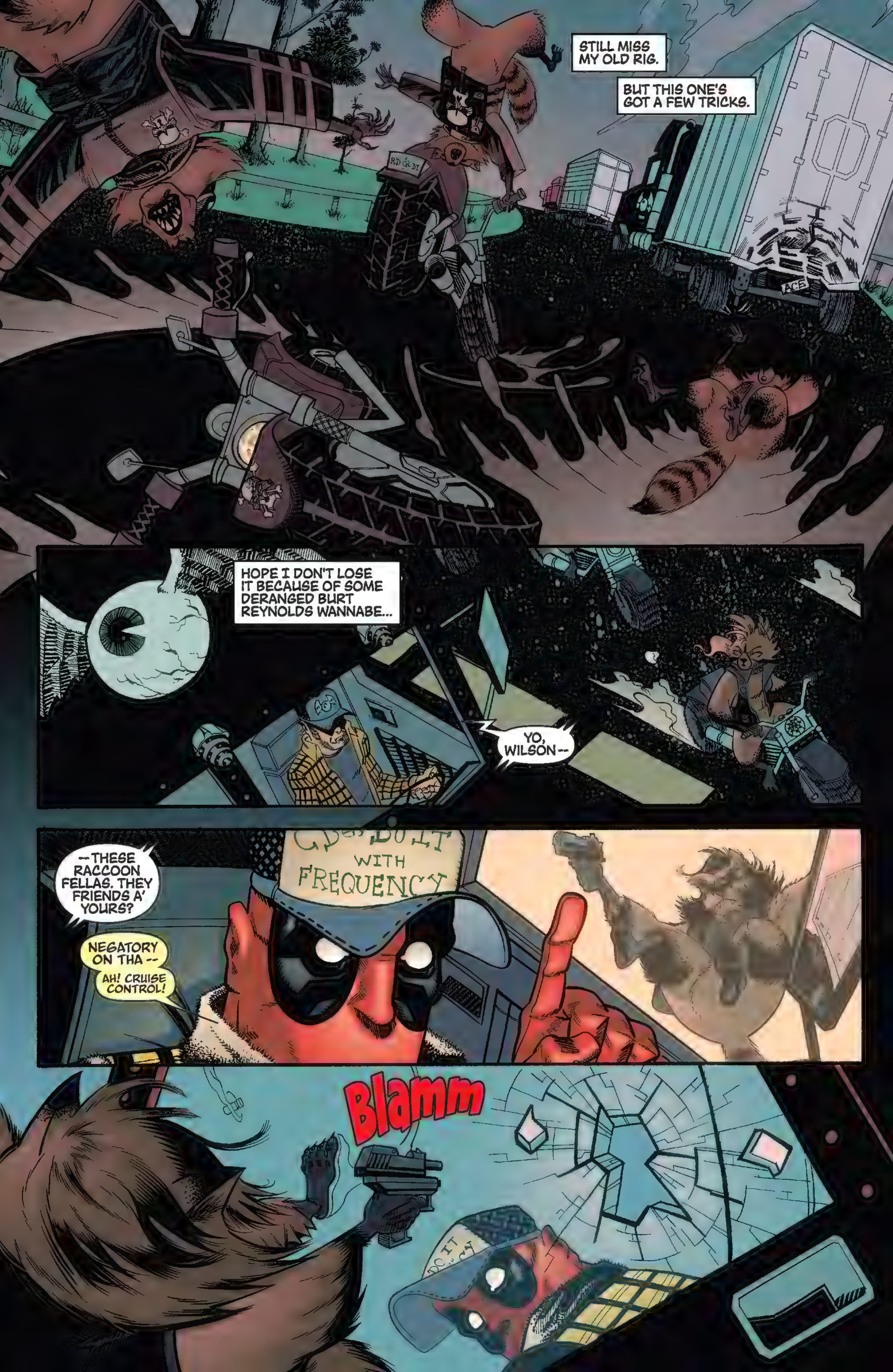

TWENTY-EIGHT HOURS AGO...
HIGHWAYMAN TRUCKING CORP. "ANY JOB, ANYTIME" "NO QUESTIONS ASKED"
WELL, WELL. AS I LIVE AND BREATHE.
FIGURATIVELY SPEAKIN', OF COURSE.
ULYSSES SOLOMON -- MY LITTLE BROTHER. BACK FROM THE LONG HAUL IN OUTER SPACE.
JEFF...
THE WORKIN' MAN'S HERO. RIDIN' THE OPEN ROAD, FREE AND EASY... LIVIN' THE AMERICAN DREAM...
AN' IT PAID OFF FOR YOU, DIDN'T IT? FOUND A SWEET LITTLE GAL WITH A WHIP IN 'ER CLOSET, HAD SOME FINE ADVENTURES OUT ON THE GALACTIC RIM.
EXCEPT YOUR FANCY HYPER-SPACE COMBUSTION TRUCK GOT REPO'D BY THE SHI'AR EMPIRE. AN' THE GIRL LEFT YOU FOR AN ALIEN WITH PLUSH VELVET FUR AN' EIGHT VIBRATING HANDS.
SO HERE YOU ARE BACK IN FLORIDA, BEGGIN' YOUR BROTHER FOR WORK. BUT HEY! AT LEAST YOU'RE BACK ON THE *ROAD* AGAIN.
HOW'S THAT WORKIN' OUT, LITTLE BROTHER?

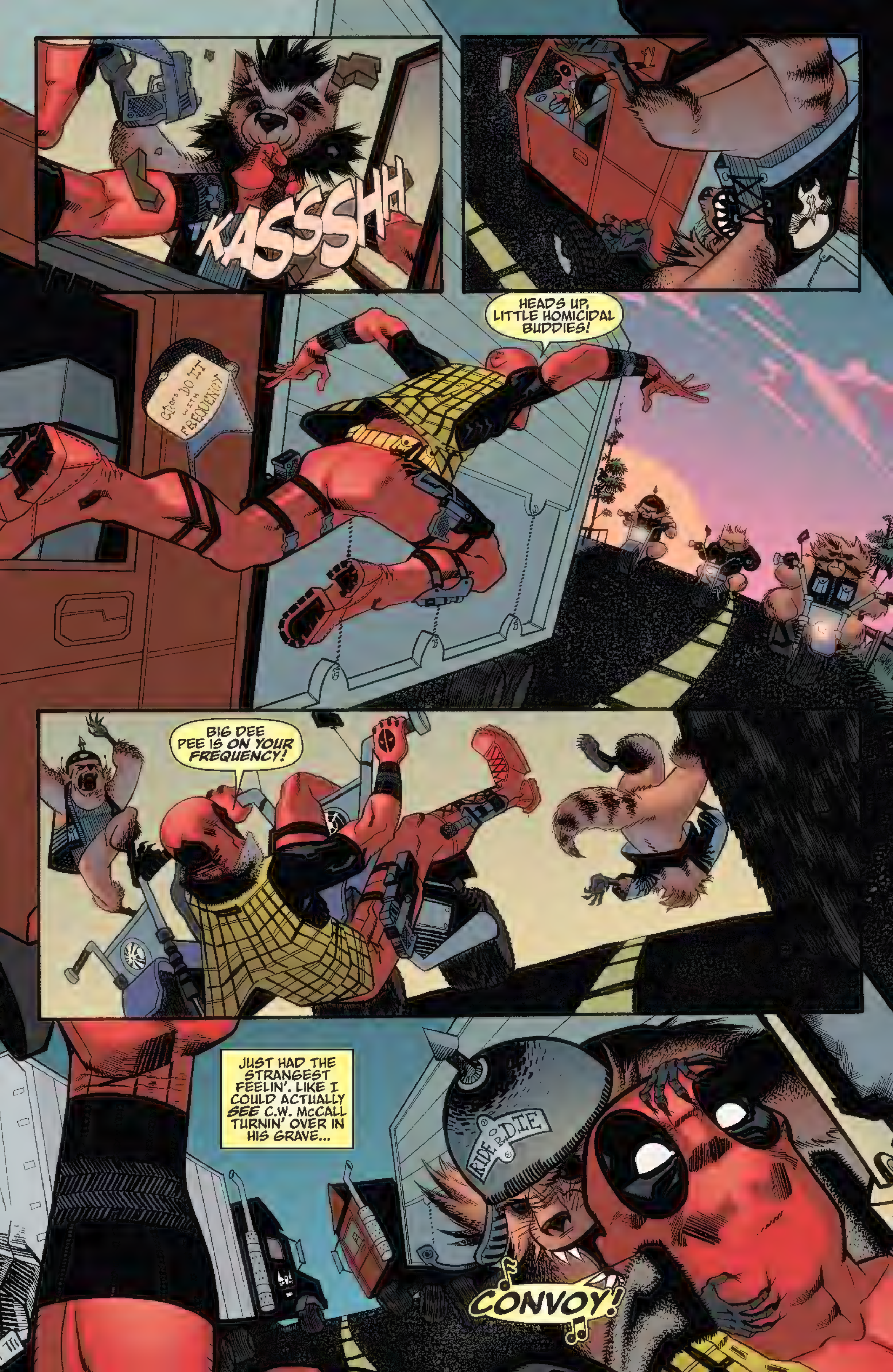

YOU AIN'T ON SUCH A HOT STREAK YOURSELF.
I HEARD SOME HELL-BIKER HANDED YOU YER HEAD LAST MONTH. LITERALLY.*
YEAH?
YOU HEAR THAT THROUGH THE PLATE IN YOUR HARD-ASS SKULL?
*To see that story, read Ghost Rider #34. - Rubber Ducky
BE CAREFUL HOW YOU SPEAK TO MANAGEMENT, BOY. *IF* YOU WANT ME TO THROW YOU A JOB.
SO THROW.
I NEED CASH, JEFF.
SORRY, BRO. I GOT NOTHIN' RIGHT NOW.
ECONOMY SUCKS. AIN'T YOU HEARD?
JEFF, I'M DESPERATE.
I CAN'T EVEN KEEP UP THE PAYMENTS ON M'NEW RIG. FINANCE COMPANY'S GONNA COME AFTER IT, I DON'T GET 'EM SOME GREEN REAL SOON.
I MIGHT HAVE ONE JOB.
COAST-TO-COAST HAUL. PAYS A COOL MILLION DOLLARS.
A *MILLION?*
WHAT'S THE CARGO? DECAPITATED BABIES?
YOU WANT THE MILLION...
...THAT *AIN'T* A QUESTION YOU WANT TO ASK.
ALL RIGHT, YOU BASTARD. I'LL DO IT --
NOT SO FAST.
CARGO'S *TWO* TRUCKLOADS. YOU WANT THE JOB, YOU GOTTA FIND A PARTNER.

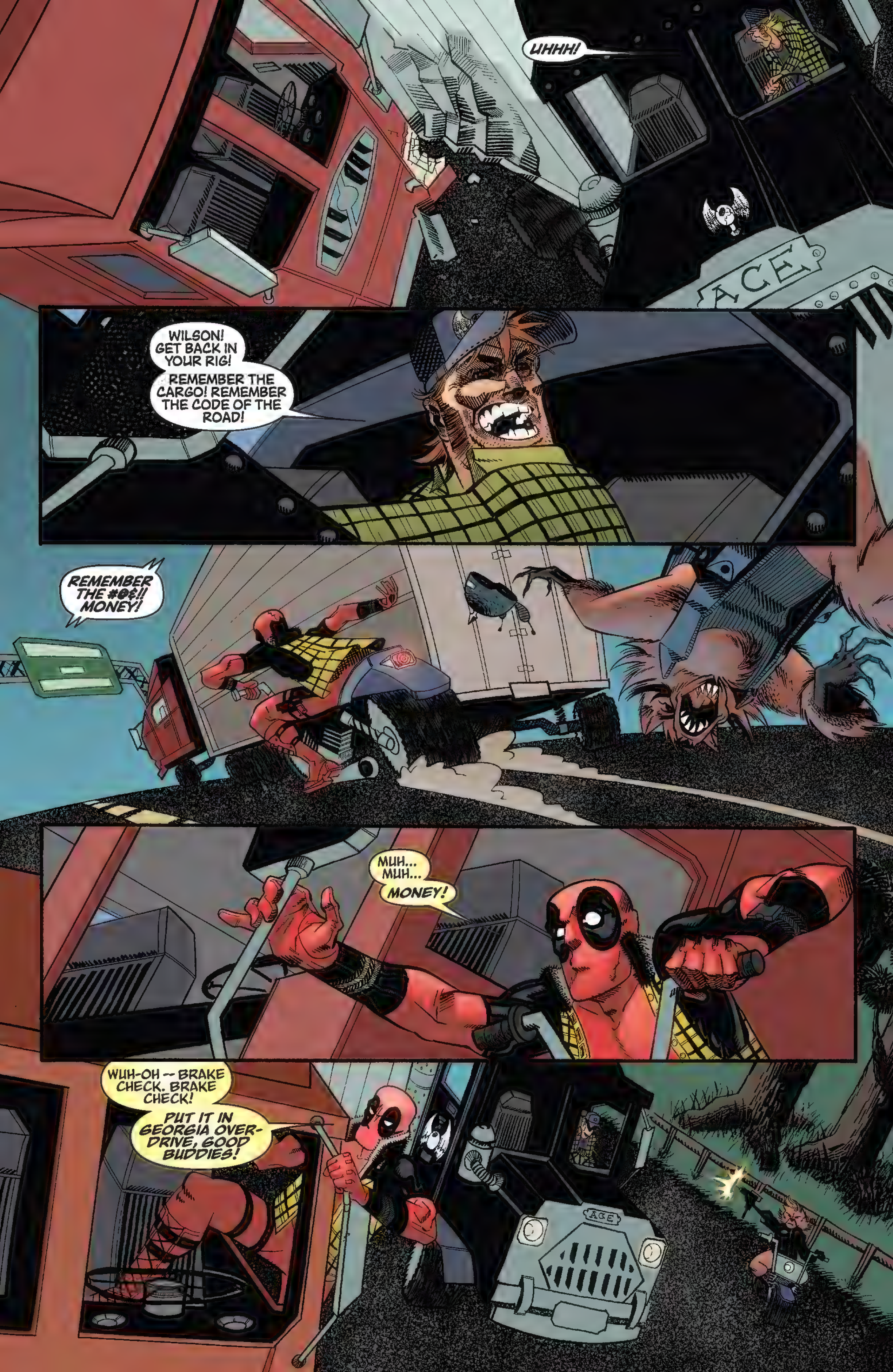

CHUKKA CHUKKA CHUKKA
CHUKKK-KOOOM
OH, MAN. THAT WAS *TOTALLY* WORTH IT!
CALL ME, BABY!
AY, WHERE'S MY WALLET?
ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME, LORD?
A-HEM PARDON ME, GOOD SIRS. I FEAR I FIND MYSELF TEMPORARILY SHORT OF FUNDS.
MIGHT YOU HAVE GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT FOR A FELLOW HARD-WORKING AMERICAN?

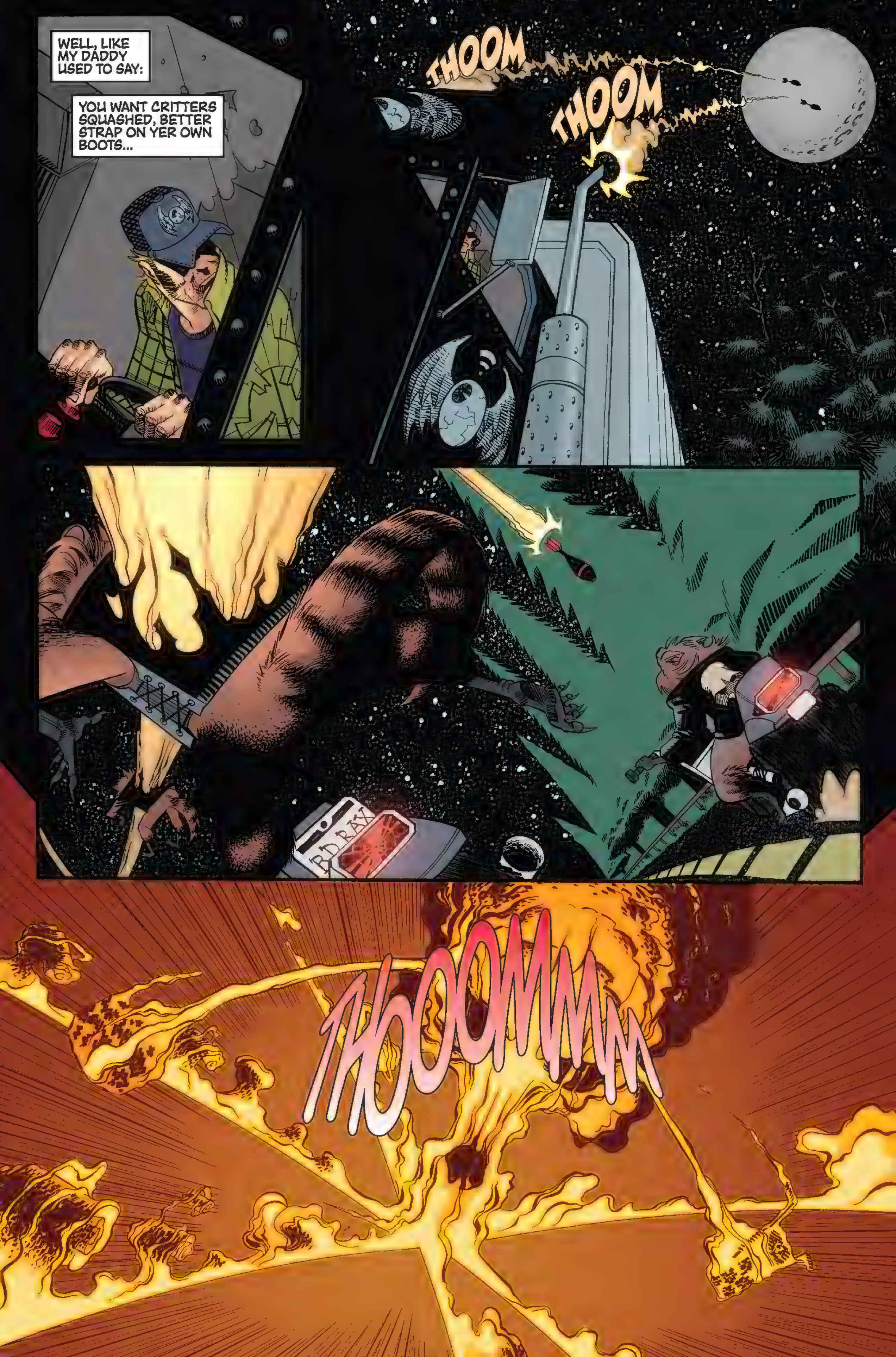

ANY TRUCKER'LL TELL YOU, THE BEST THING ABOUT BEIN' ON THE ROAD...
OH, U.S. ACE WAS A TRUCKER, MOTHER/ HAD A DEMON HIGHWAY-MAN FOR HIS BROTHER.
ACE
...IS THE QUIET.
ACE AN' ME, WE'RE TIGHT LIKE BUDS/ DELIVERIN' TWO LOADS'A WHO KNOWS... WHUD...
I'M BETTIN' IT'S BOMBS OR EBOLA VIRUS/ OR A GROSS'A CD'S BY MILEY CYRUS.
SOMETIMES THIS RADIO PLATE IN MY HEAD -- IT WON'T SWITCH OFF --
FOR THE LOVE A'GOD -- SHUT UP!
IT'S LONELY ON THE ROAD BUT I CAN COUNT ON ACE/ 'CAUSE HE GOT A STEEL SKULL UP ABOVE HIS FACE.
HE GOT METAL OTHER PLACES, TOO.
HEY NOW. THAT'S JUST A TRUCK STOP RUMOR!
WHAT IN --

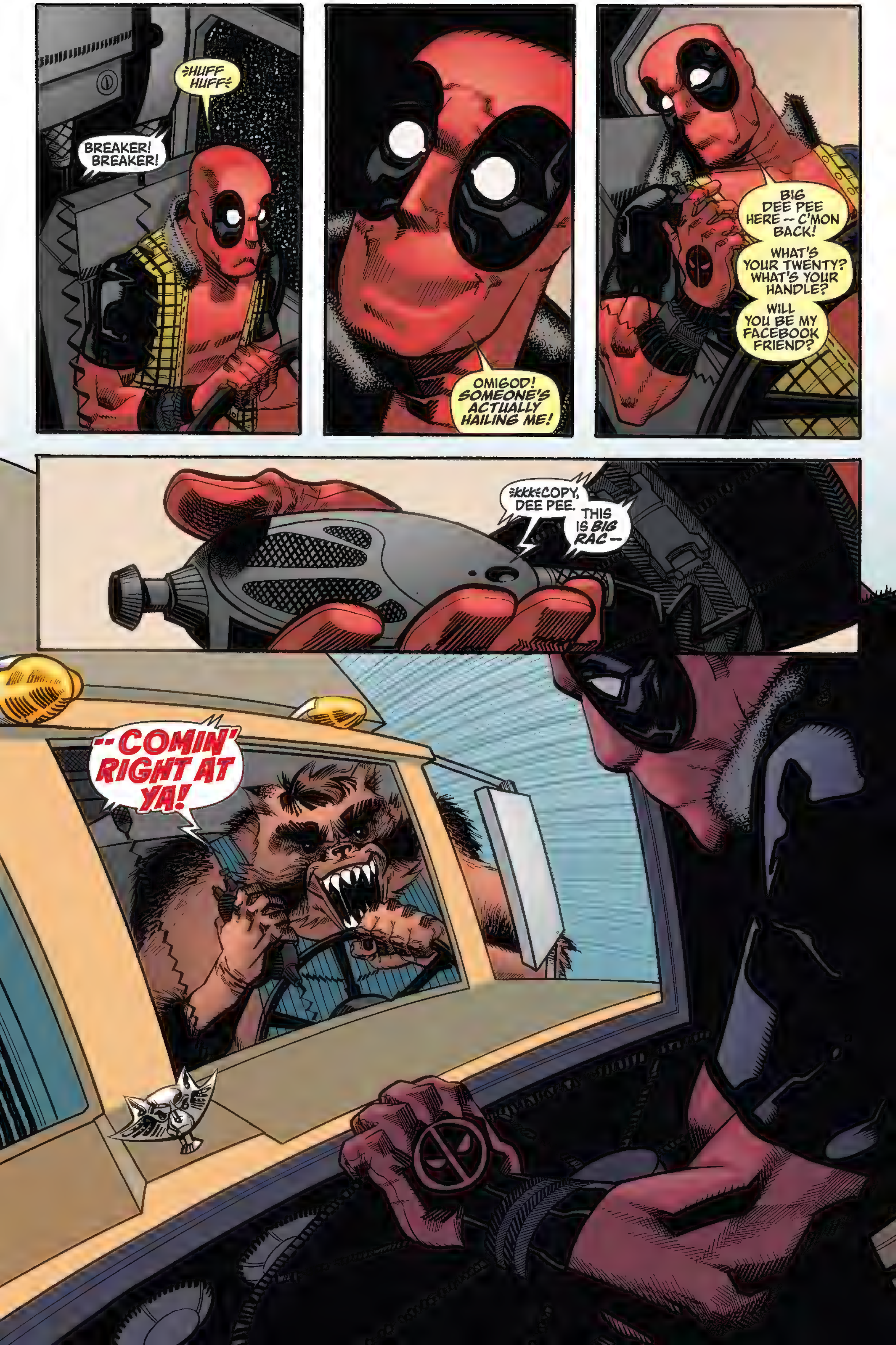

RD OR DI
WELL NOW...KILLER RACCOONS. *ALMOST* MAKES A NICE CHANGE'A PACE.
POOM POOM
AAH! MY FINGER-BOARD!
DISRESPECT MY MUSICAL GENIUS, WILL YA? YOU LITTLE *ROAD RODENTS!*
POOM POOM POOM
WILSON!
FIRST: THEY AIN'T RODENTS, THEY'RE MAMMALS.
SECOND: *I GOT THIS*. YOU JUST TRY AN' KEEP FROM RUNNIN' OFF THE ROAD!
POOM POOM POOM
OIL SLICK

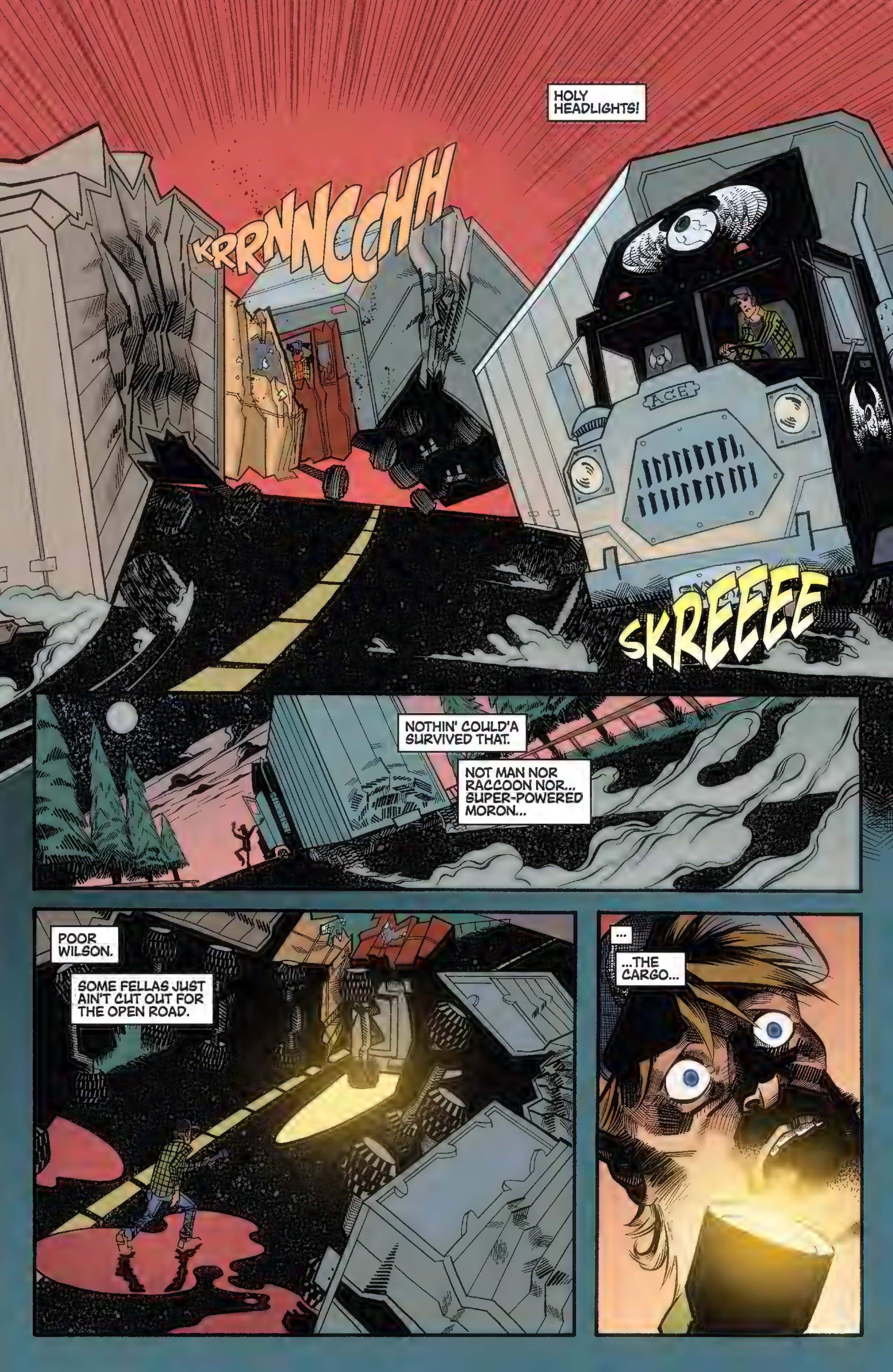

STILL MISS MY OLD RIG.
BUT THIS ONE'S GOT A FEW TRICKS.
ACE
HOPE I DON'T LOSE IT BECAUSE OF SOME DERANGED BURT REYNOLDS WANNABE...
YO, WILSON--
--THESE RACCOON FELLAS. THEY FRIENDS A' YOURS?
WITH FREQUENCY
NEGATORY ON THA--
AH! CRUISE CONTROL!
Blamm

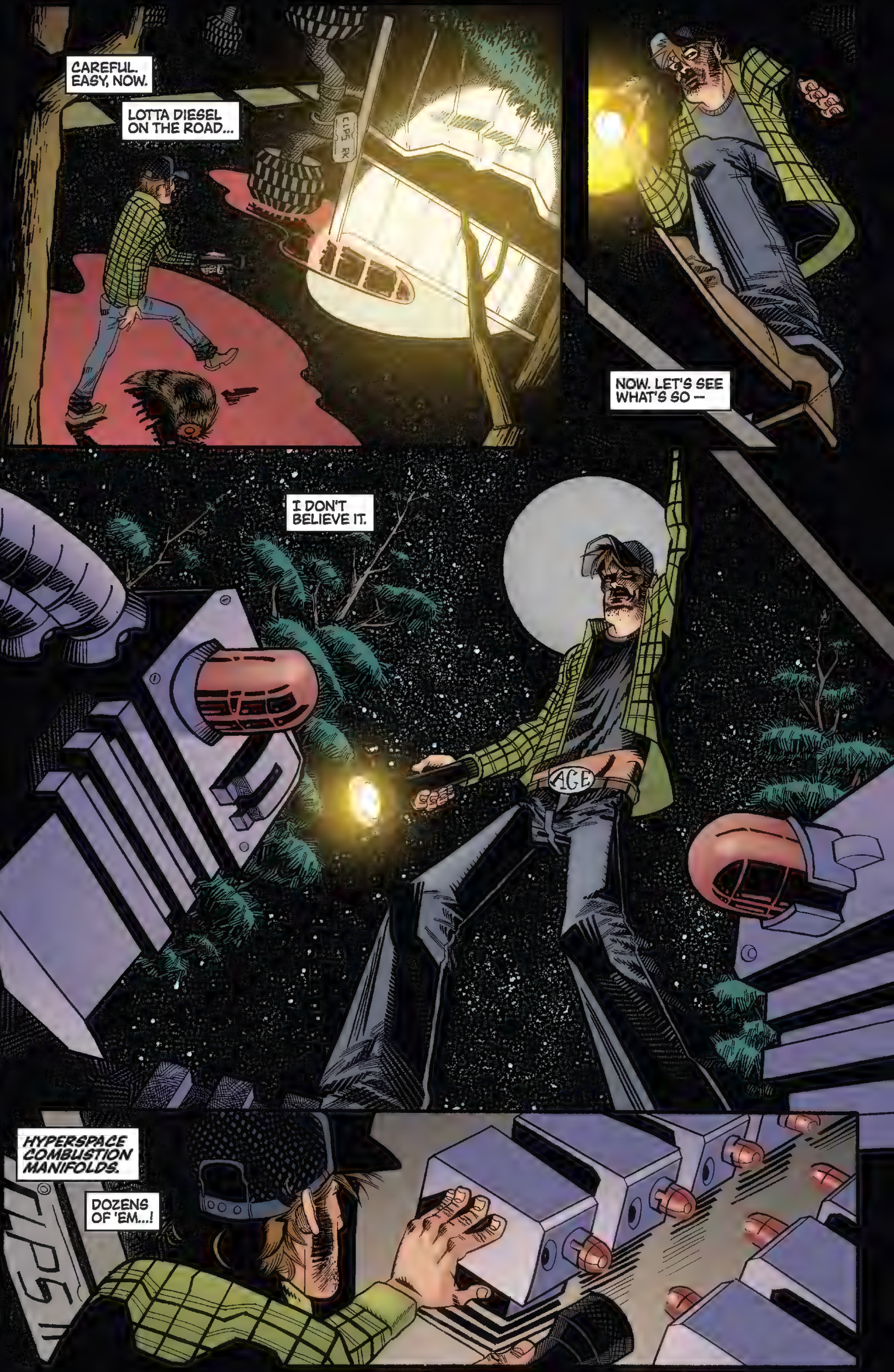

KASSSHH
CB'ers DO IT with FREQUENCY
HEADS UP, LITTLE HOMICIDAL BUDDIES!
BIG DEE PEE IS *ON YOUR FREQUENCY!*
JUST HAD THE STRANGEST FEELIN'. LIKE I COULD *ACTUALLY SEE* C.W. McCALL TURNIN' OVER IN HIS GRAVE...
RIDE or DIE
CONVOY!

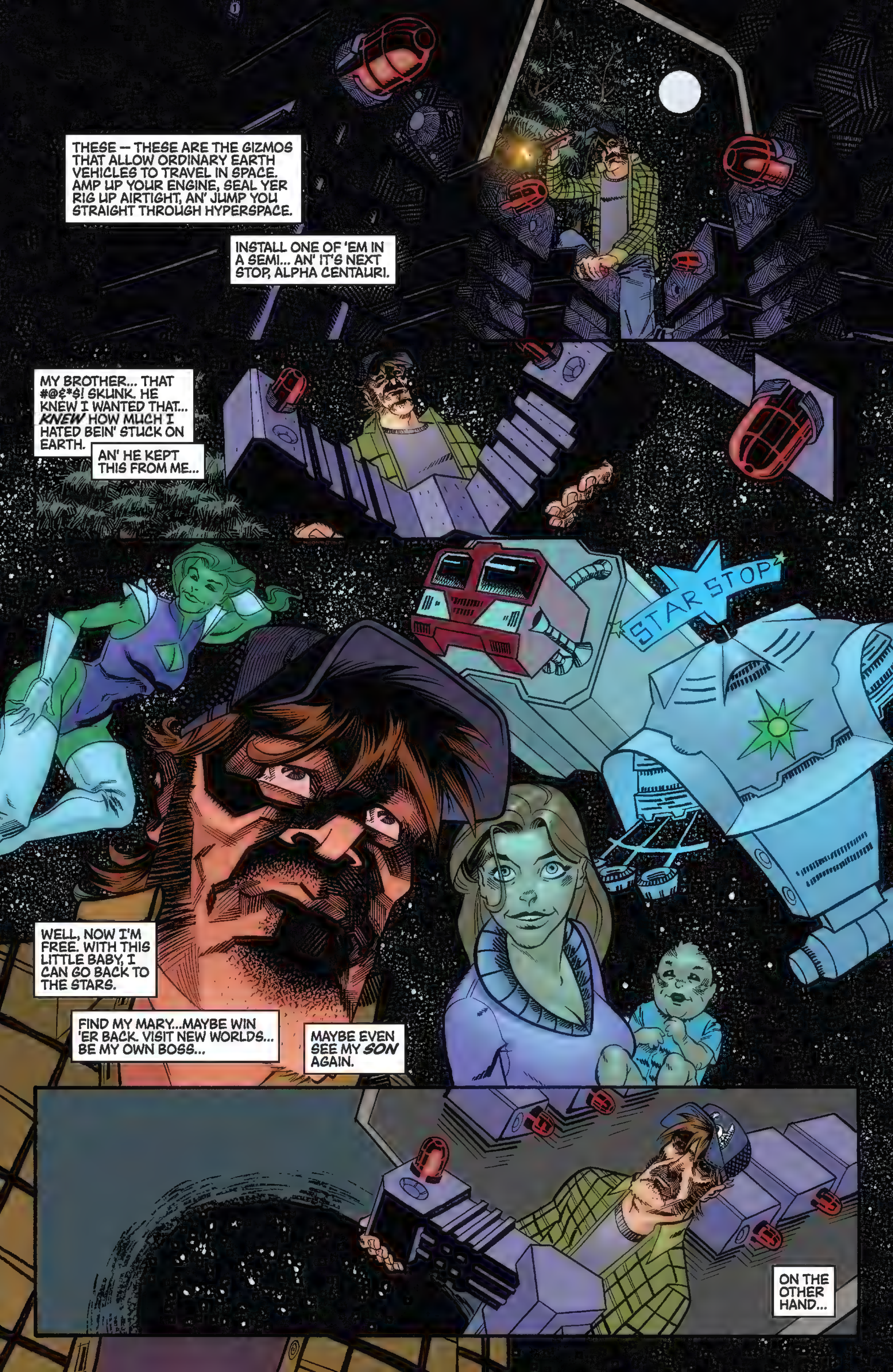

UHHH!
ACE
WILSON! GET BACK IN YOUR RIG! REMEMBER THE CARGO! REMEMBER THE CODE OF THE ROAD!
REMEMBER THE #@$!! MONEY!
MUH... MUH... MONEY!
WUH-OH -- BRAKE CHECK. BRAKE CHECK!
PUT IT IN GEORGIA OVERDRIVE, GOOD BUDDIES!
ACE

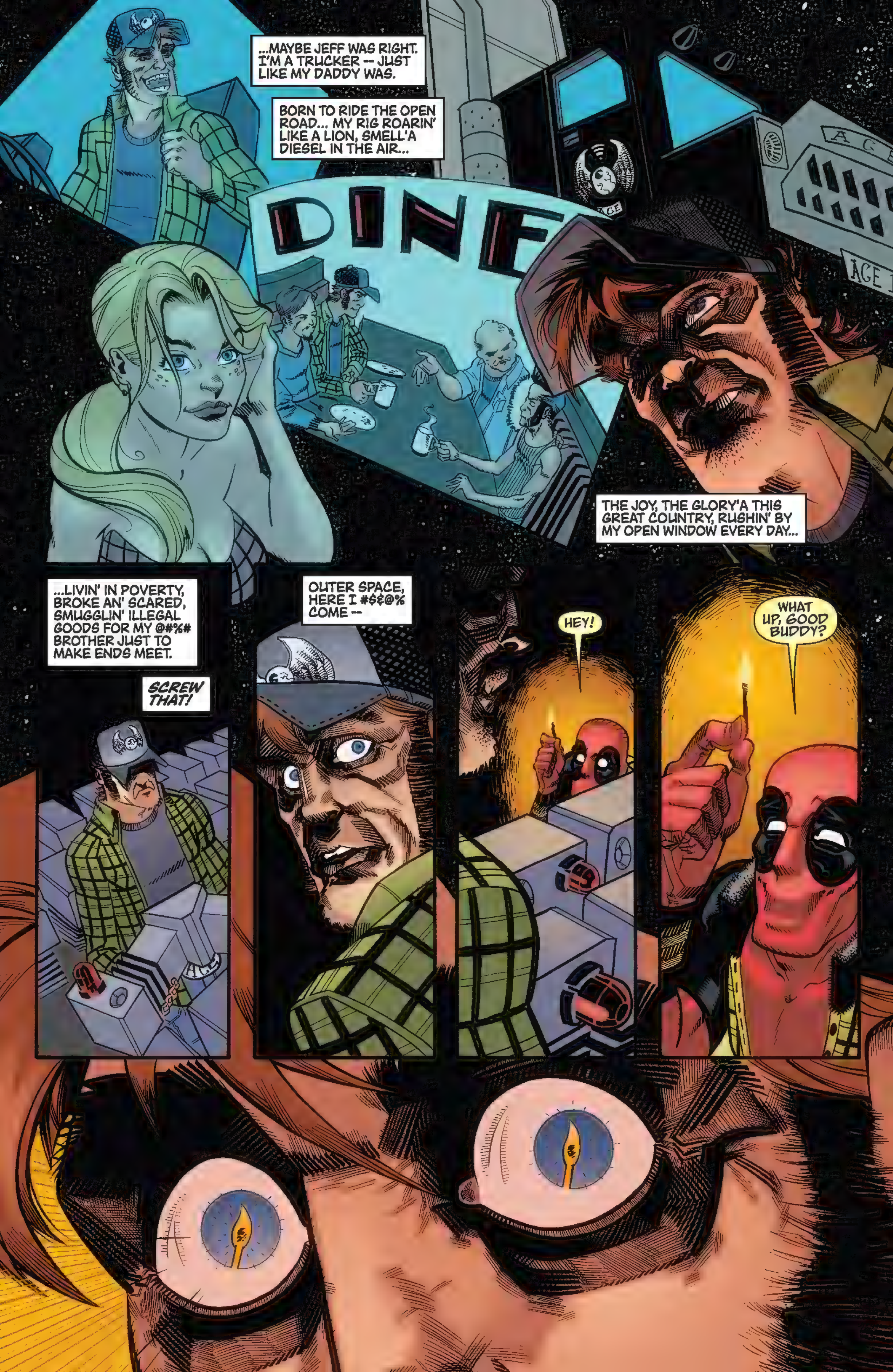

WELL, LIKE MY DADDY USED TO SAY:
YOU WANT CRITTERS SQUASHED, BETTER STRAP ON YER OWN BOOTS...
THOOM
THOOM
RD RAX
THOOMMM

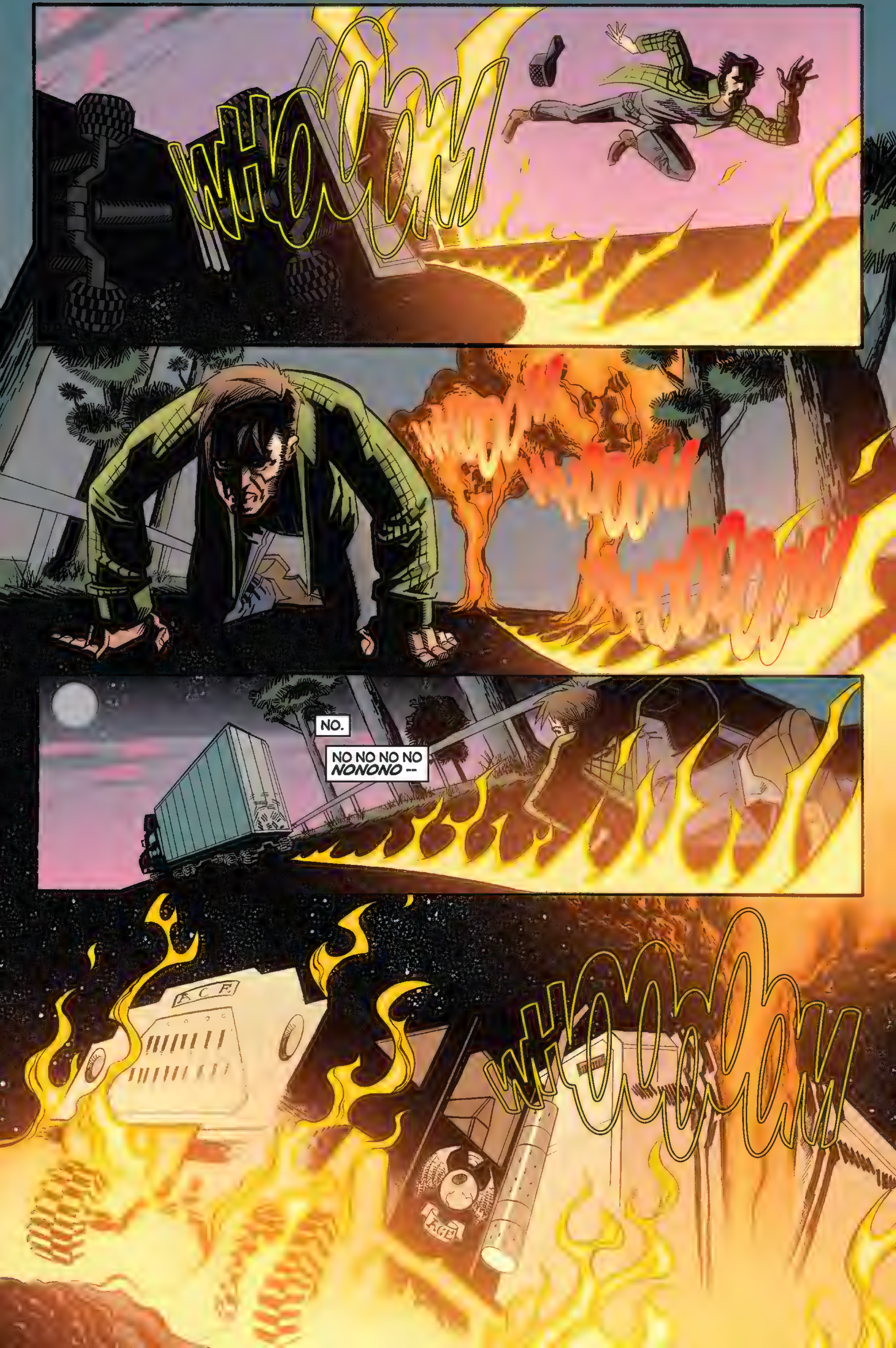

BREAKER! BREAKER!
≶HUFF HUFF≶
OMIGOD! SOMEONE'S ACTUALLY HAILING ME!
BIG DEE PEE HERE -- C'MON BACK!
WHAT'S YOUR TWENTY? WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?
WILL YOU BE MY FACEBOOK FRIEND?
≶kkk≶COPY, DEE PEE.
THIS IS BIG RAC--
--COMIN' RIGHT AT YA!

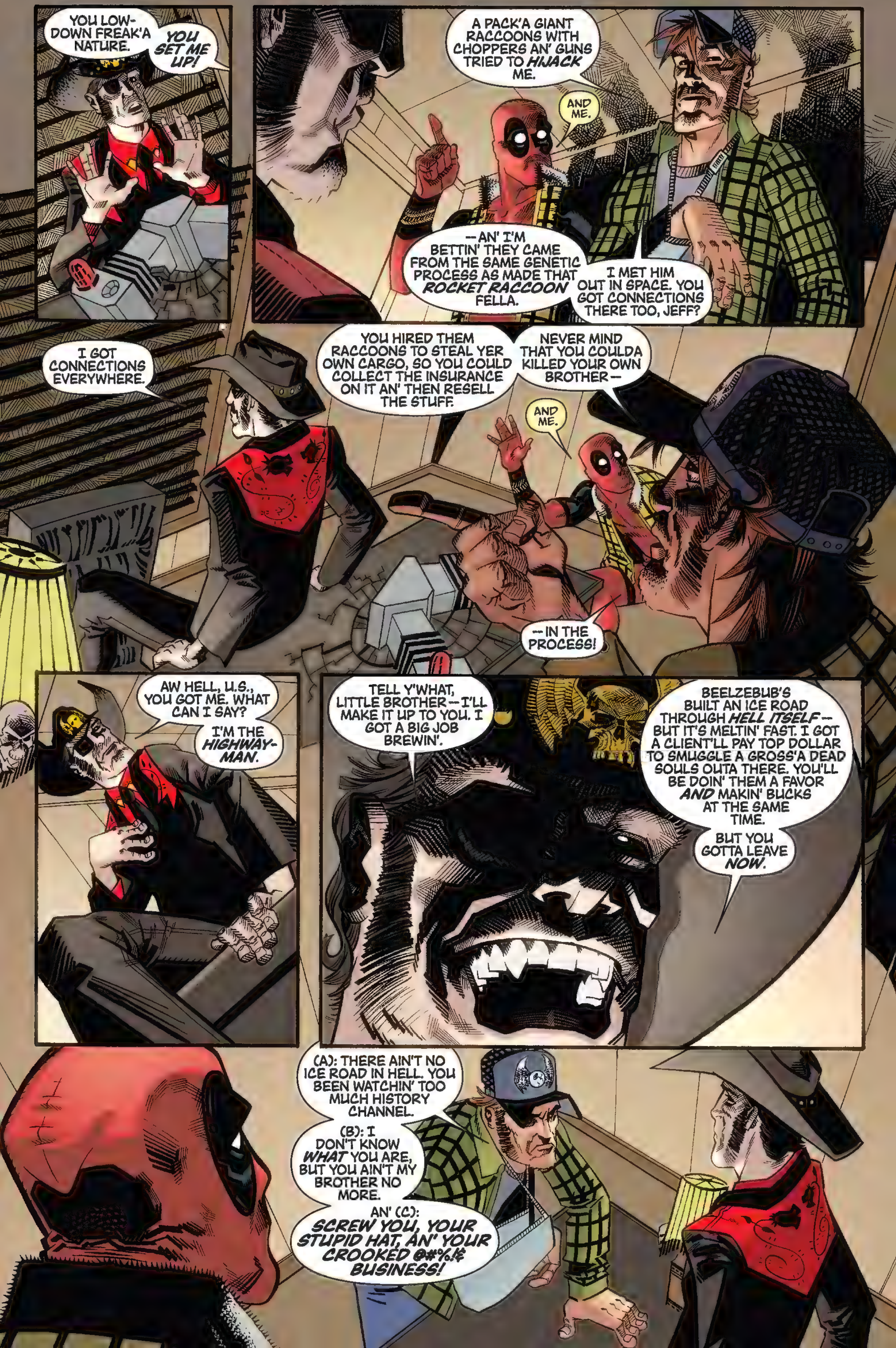

HOLY HEADLIGHTS!
KRRNNCCHH
A.C.E.
SKREEEE
NOTHIN' COULD'A SURVIVED THAT.
NOT MAN NOR RACCOON NOR... SUPER-POWERED MORON...
POOR WILSON.
SOME FELLAS JUST AIN'T CUT OUT FOR THE OPEN ROAD.
...
...THE CARGO...

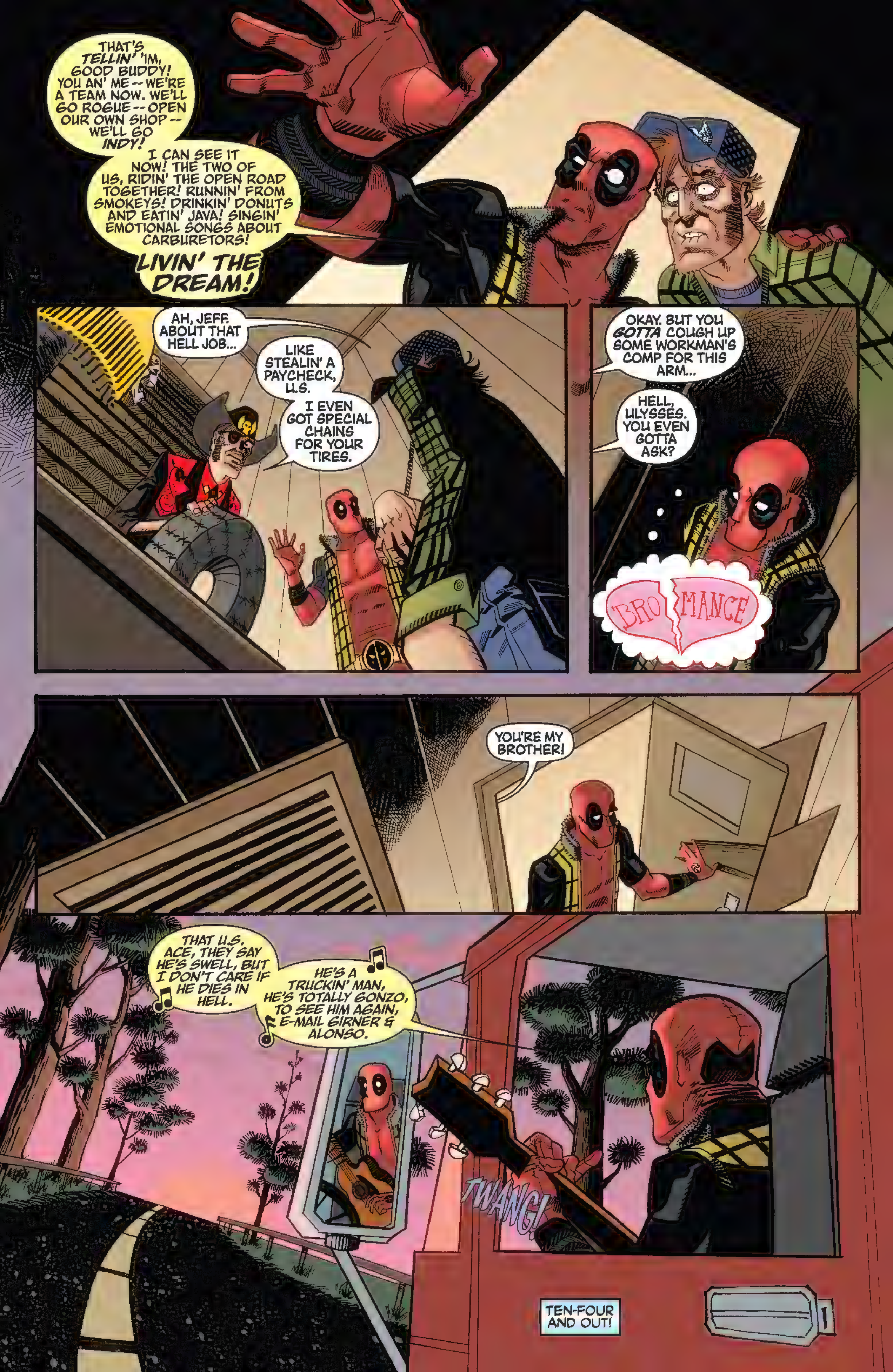

CAREFUL. EASY, NOW.
LOTTA DIESEL ON THE ROAD...
NOW. LET'S SEE WHAT'S SO --
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
ACE
HYPERSPACE COMBUSTION MANIFOLDS.
DOZENS OF 'EM...!


THESE -- THESE ARE THE GIZMOS THAT ALLOW ORDINARY EARTH VEHICLES TO TRAVEL IN SPACE. AMP UP YOUR ENGINE, SEAL YER RIG UP AIRTIGHT, AN' JUMP YOU STRAIGHT THROUGH HYPERSPACE.
INSTALL ONE OF 'EM IN A SEMI... AN' IT'S NEXT STOP, ALPHA CENTAURI.
MY BROTHER... THAT #@¢*$! SKUNK. HE KNEW I WANTED THAT... *KNEW* HOW MUCH I HATED BEIN' STUCK ON EARTH.
AN' HE KEPT THIS FROM ME...
STAR STOP
WELL, NOW I'M FREE. WITH THIS LITTLE BABY, I CAN GO BACK TO THE STARS.
FIND MY MARY...MAYBE WIN 'ER BACK. VISIT NEW WORLDS... BE MY OWN BOSS...
MAYBE EVEN SEE MY *SON* AGAIN.
ON THE OTHER HAND...

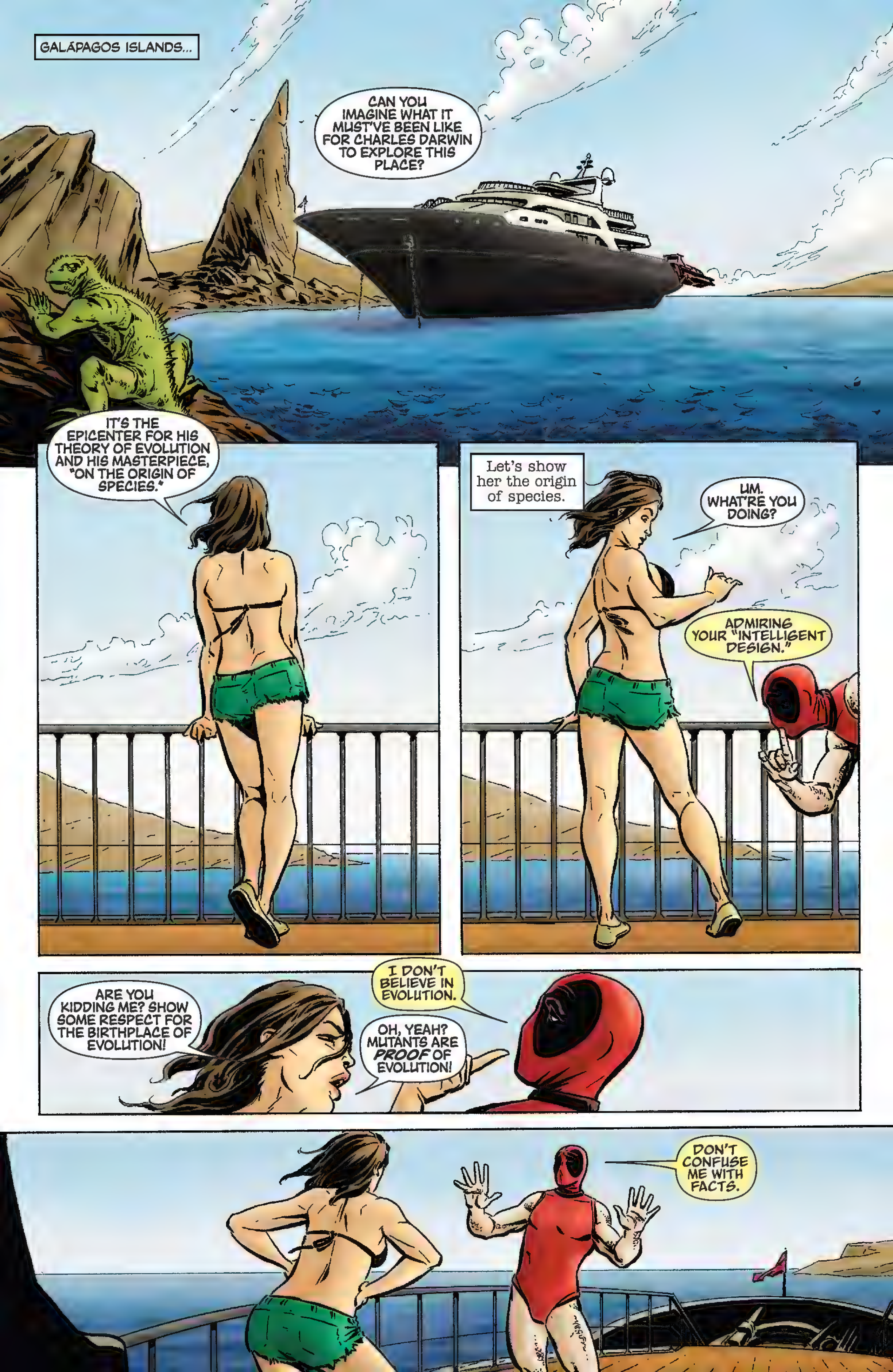

...MAYBE JEFF WAS RIGHT. I'M A TRUCKER -- JUST LIKE MY DADDY WAS.
BORN TO RIDE THE OPEN ROAD... MY RIG ROARIN' LIKE A LION, SMELL'A DIESEL IN THE AIR...
DINE
ACE
THE JOY, THE GLORY'A THIS GREAT COUNTRY, RUSHIN' BY MY OPEN WINDOW EVERY DAY...
...LIVIN' IN POVERTY, BROKE AN' SCARED, SMUGGLIN' ILLEGAL GOODS FOR MY @#%# BROTHER JUST TO MAKE ENDS MEET.
SCREW THAT!
OUTER SPACE, HERE I #$&@% COME --
HEY!
WHAT UP, GOOD BUDDY?

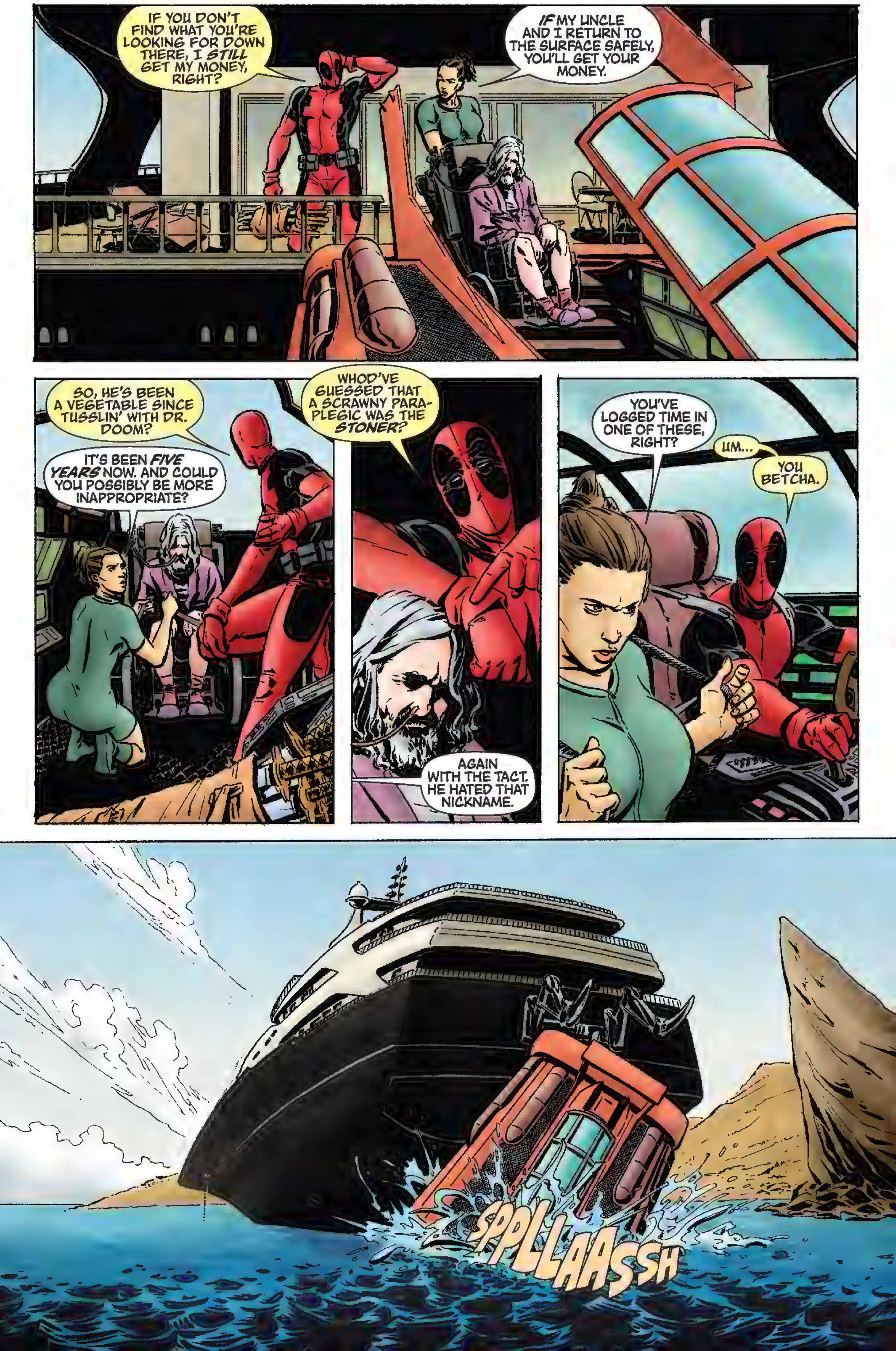

WHOOOM
NO.
NO NO NO NO
NONONO --
A.C.E.
WHOOOOOM
ACE

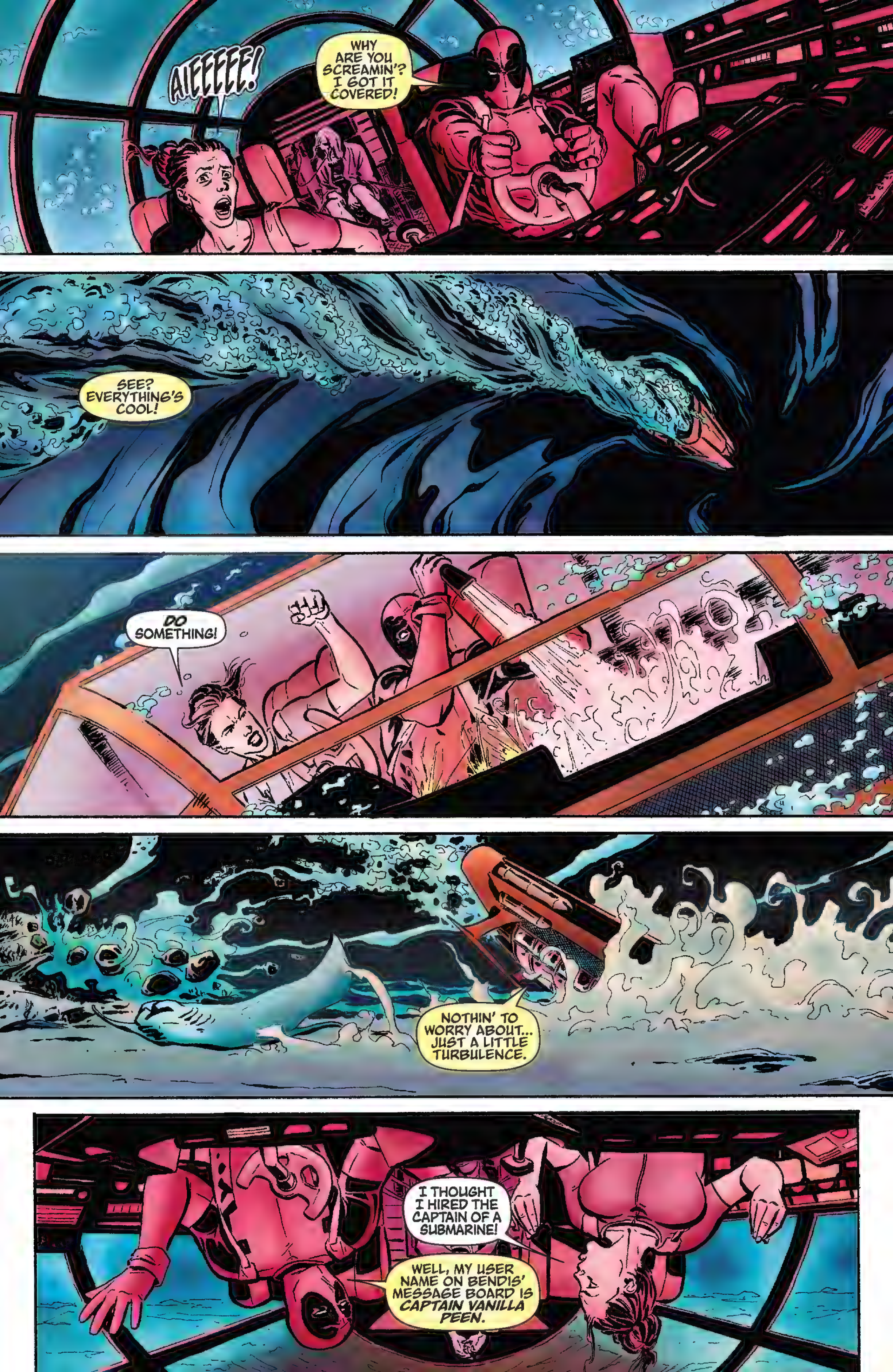

YOU LOW-DOWN FREAK'A NATURE. YOU SET ME UP!
A PACK'A GIANT RACCOONS WITH CHOPPERS AN' GUNS TRIED TO HIJACK ME.
AND ME.
--AN' I'M BETTIN' THEY CAME FROM THE SAME GENETIC PROCESS AS MADE THAT ROCKET RACCOON FELLA.
I MET HIM OUT IN SPACE. YOU GOT CONNECTIONS THERE TOO, JEFF?
I GOT CONNECTIONS EVERYWHERE.
YOU HIRED THEM RACCOONS TO STEAL YER OWN CARGO, SO YOU COULD COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON IT AN' THEN RESELL THE STUFF.
NEVER MIND THAT YOU COULDA KILLED YOUR OWN BROTHER--
AND ME.
--IN THE PROCESS!
AW HELL, U.S., YOU GOT ME. WHAT CAN I SAY?
I'M THE HIGHWAYMAN.
TELL Y'WHAT, LITTLE BROTHER--I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU. I GOT A BIG JOB BREWIN'.
BEELZEBUB'S BUILT AN ICE ROAD THROUGH HELL ITSELF-- BUT IT'S MELTIN' FAST. I GOT A CLIENT'LL PAY TOP DOLLAR TO SMUGGLE A GROSS'A DEAD SOULS OUTA THERE. YOU'LL BE DOIN' THEM A FAVOR AND MAKIN' BUCKS AT THE SAME TIME.
BUT YOU GOTTA LEAVE NOW.
(A): THERE AIN'T NO ICE ROAD IN HELL. YOU BEEN WATCHIN' TOO MUCH HISTORY CHANNEL.
(B): I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, BUT YOU AIN'T MY BROTHER NO MORE.
AN' (C): SCREW YOU, YOUR STUPID HAT, AN' YOUR CROOKED @#%.!¢ BUSINESS!

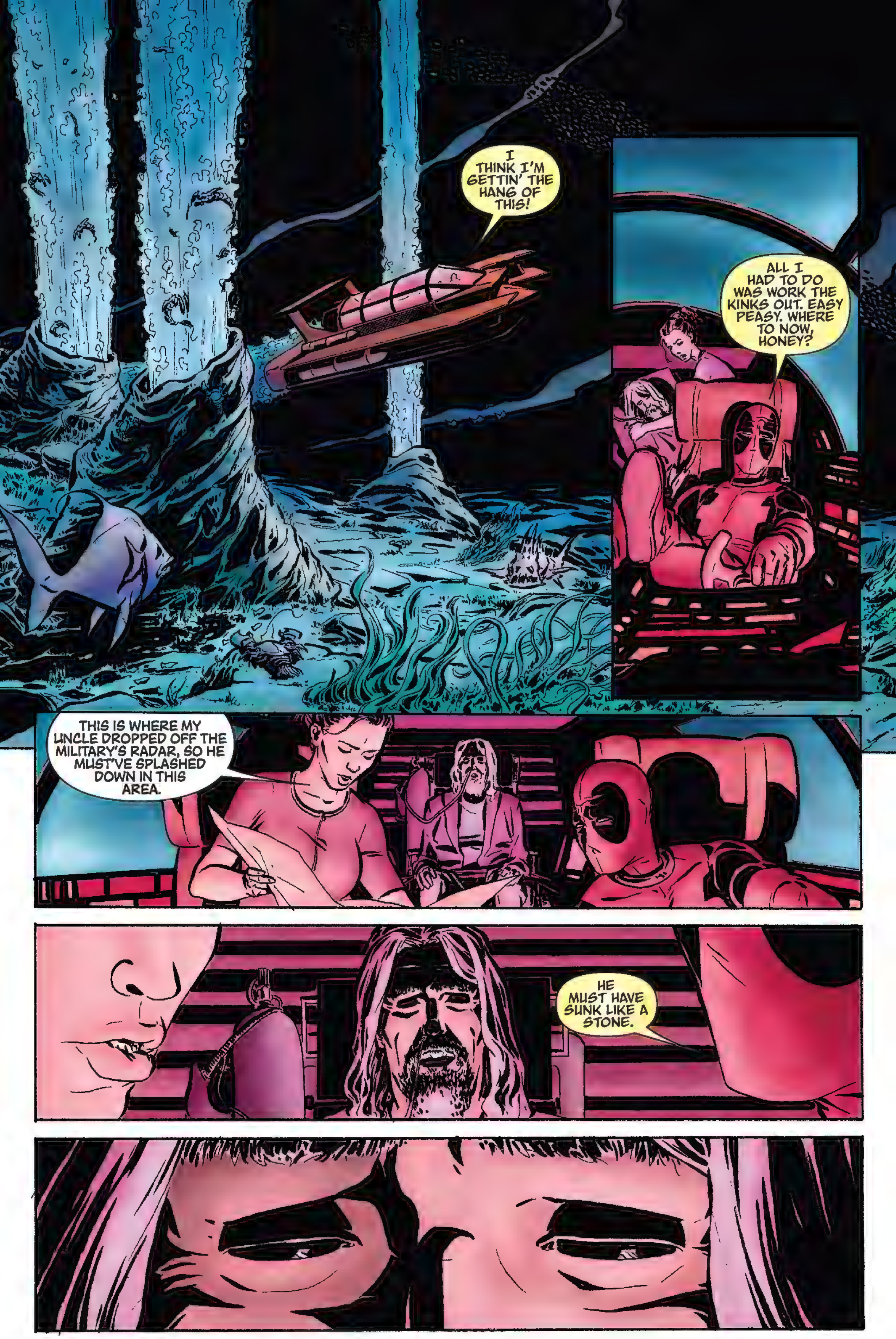

THAT'S *TELLIN'* 'IM, GOOD BUDDY! YOU AN' ME -- WE'RE A TEAM NOW. WE'LL GO ROGUE -- OPEN OUR OWN SHOP -- WE'LL GO *INDY!*
I CAN SEE IT NOW! THE TWO OF US, RIDIN' THE OPEN ROAD TOGETHER! RUNNIN' FROM SMOKEYS! DRINKIN' DONUTS AND EATIN' JAVA! SINGIN' EMOTIONAL SONGS ABOUT CARBURETORS!
LIVIN' THE DREAM!
AH, JEFF. ABOUT THAT HELL JOB...
LIKE STEALIN' A PAYCHECK, U.S.
I EVEN GOT SPECIAL CHAINS FOR YOUR TIRES.
OKAY. BUT YOU *GOTTA* COUGH UP SOME WORKMAN'S COMP FOR THIS ARM...
HELL, ULYSSES. YOU EVEN GOTTA ASK?
BRO MANCE
YOU'RE MY BROTHER!
THAT U.S. ACE, THEY SAY HE'S SWELL, BUT I DON'T CARE IF HE DIES IN HELL.
HE'S A TRUCKIN' MAN, HE'S TOTALLY GONZO, TO SEE HIM AGAIN, E-MAIL GIRNER & ALONSO.
TWANG!
TEN-FOUR AND OUT!

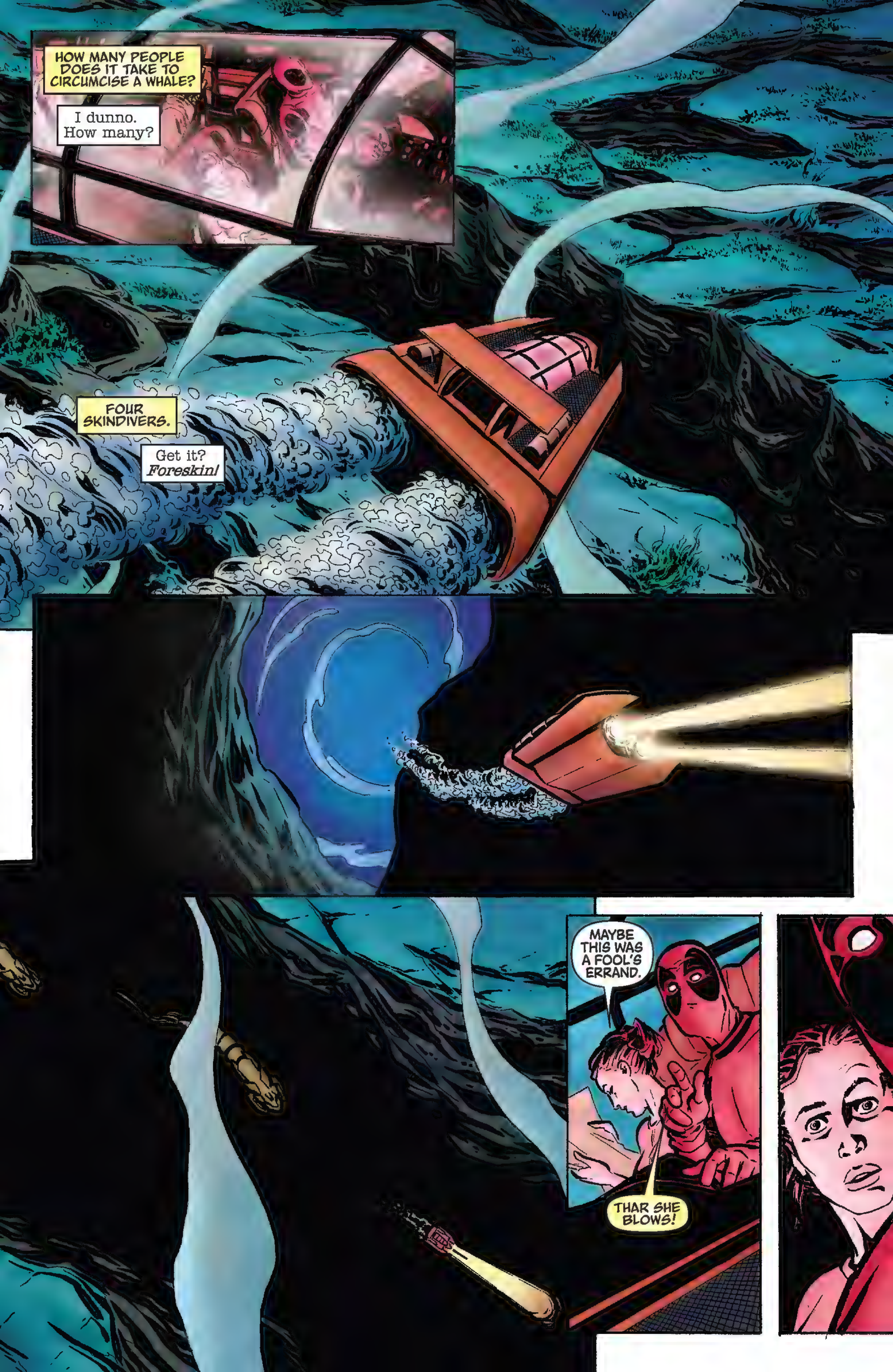
#895

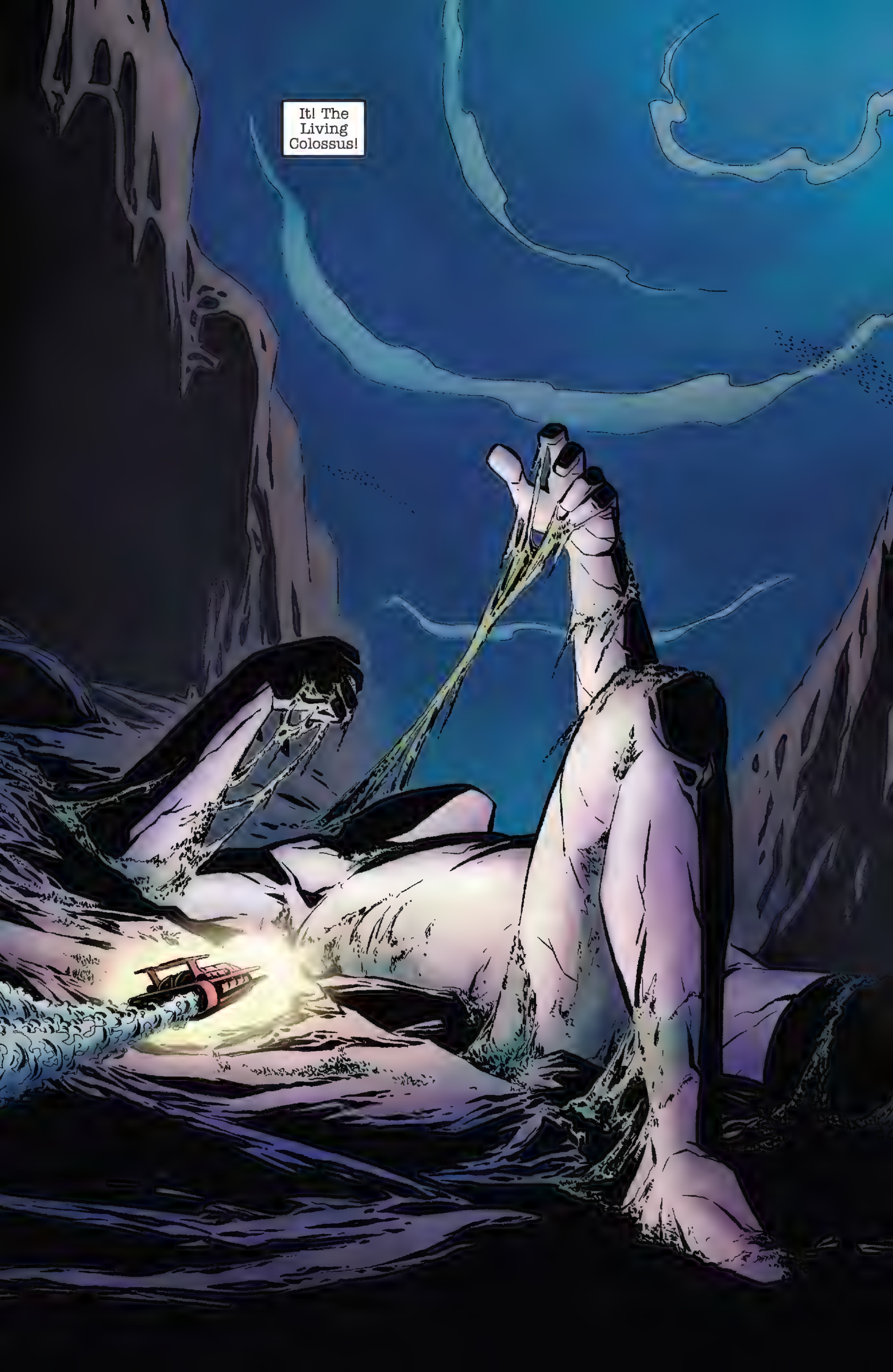

GALÁPAGOS ISLANDS...
CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST'VE BEEN LIKE FOR CHARLES DARWIN TO EXPLORE THIS PLACE?
IT'S THE EPICENTER FOR HIS THEORY OF EVOLUTION AND HIS MASTERPIECE, "ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES."
Let's show her the origin of species.
UM. WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
ADMIRING YOUR "INTELLIGENT DESIGN."
ARE YOU KIDDING ME? SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR THE BIRTHPLACE OF EVOLUTION!
I DON'T BELIEVE IN EVOLUTION.
OH, YEAH? MUTANTS ARE *PROOF* OF EVOLUTION!
DON'T CONFUSE ME WITH FACTS.

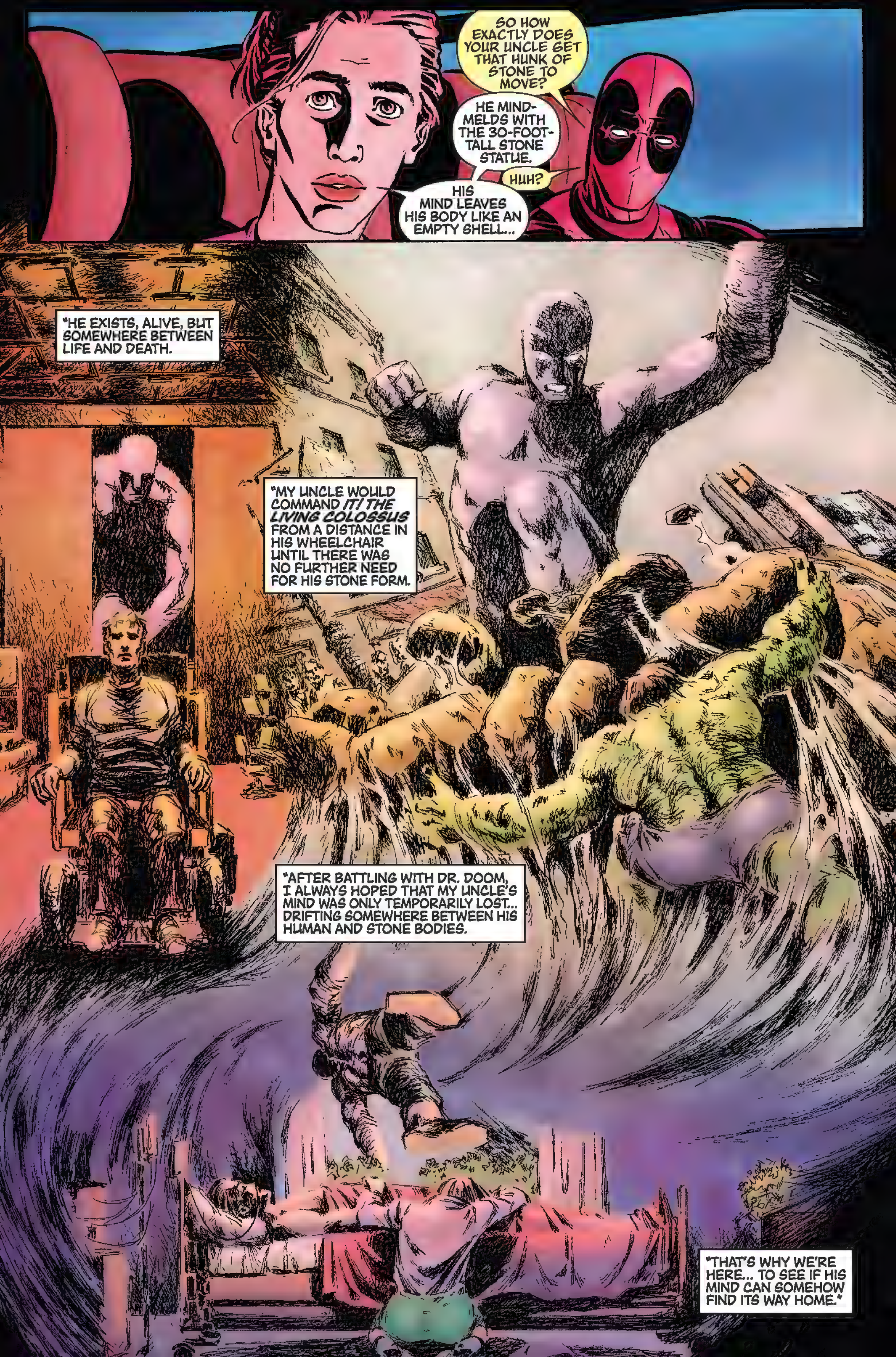

IF YOU DON'T FIND WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR DOWN THERE, I *STILL* GET MY MONEY, RIGHT?
IF MY UNCLE AND I RETURN TO THE SURFACE SAFELY, YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY.
SO, HE'S BEEN A VEGETABLE SINCE TUSSLIN' WITH DR. DOOM?
IT'S BEEN *FIVE YEARS* NOW. AND COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE MORE INAPPROPRIATE?
WHO'D'VE GUESSED THAT A SCRAWNY PARAPLEGIC WAS THE *STONER*?
AGAIN WITH THE TACT. HE HATED THAT NICKNAME.
YOU'VE LOGGED TIME IN ONE OF THESE, RIGHT?
UM...
YOU BETCHA.
SPPLLAASSH

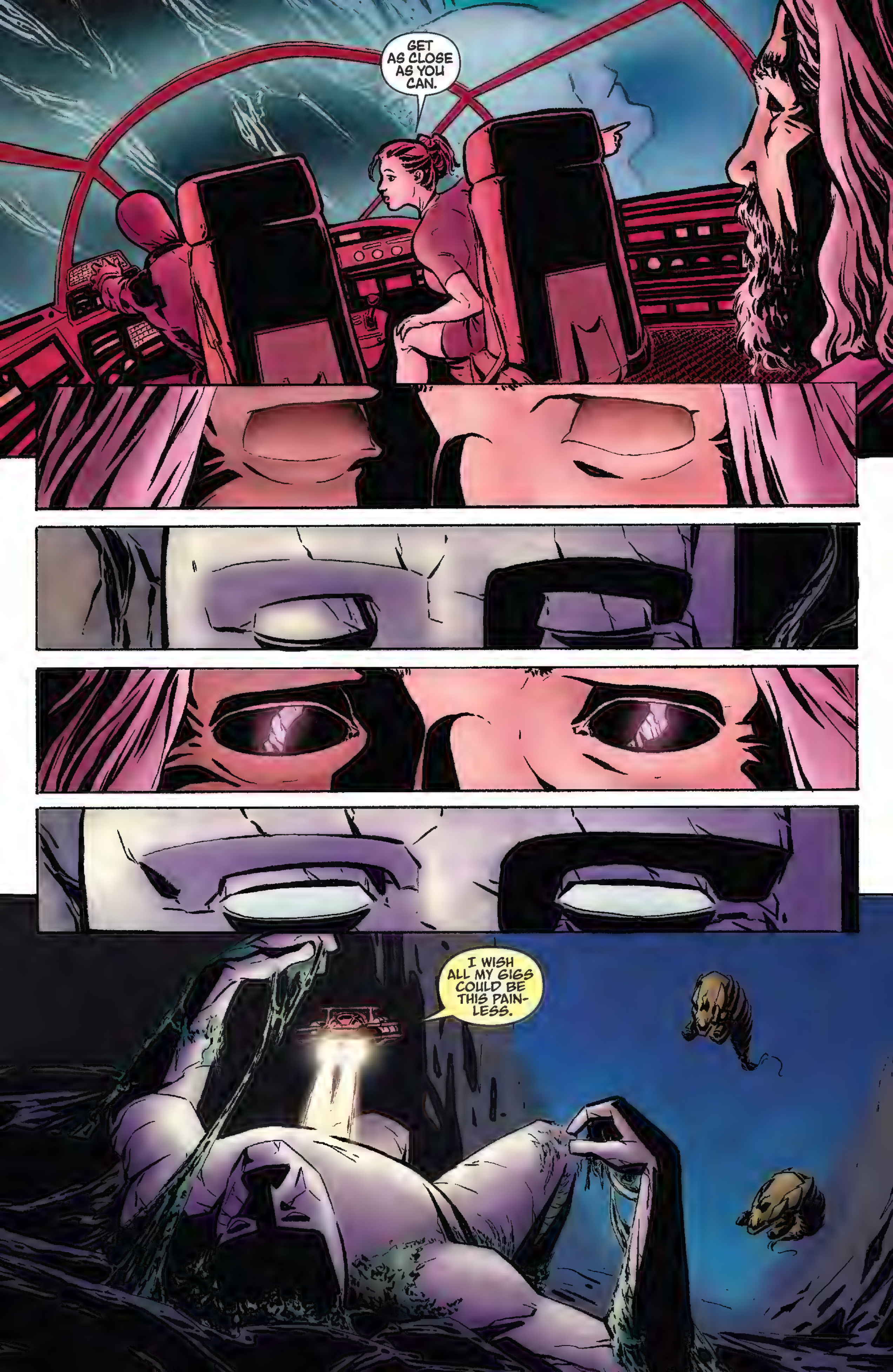

AIEEEEE!
WHY ARE YOU SCREAMIN'? I GOT IT COVERED!
SEE? EVERYTHING'S COOL!
DO SOMETHING!
NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT... JUST A LITTLE TURBULENCE.
I THOUGHT I HIRED THE CAPTAIN OF A SUBMARINE!
WELL, MY USER NAME ON BENDIS' MESSAGE BOARD IS CAPTAIN VANILLA PEEN.

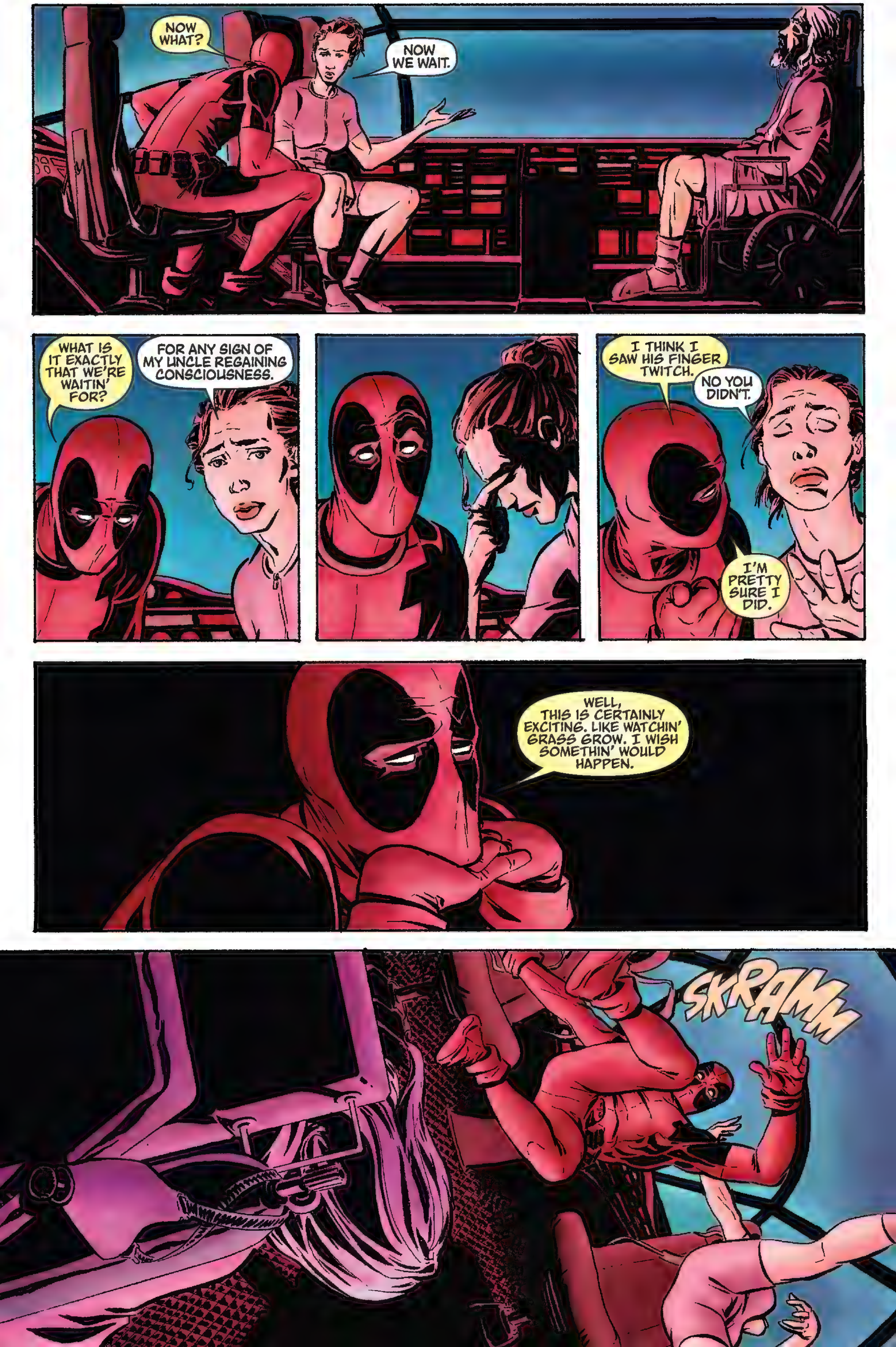

I THINK I'M GETTIN' THE HANG OF THIS!
ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WORK THE KINKS OUT. EASY PEASY. WHERE TO NOW, HONEY?
THIS IS WHERE MY UNCLE DROPPED OFF THE MILITARY'S RADAR, SO HE MUST'VE SPLASHED DOWN IN THIS AREA.
HE MUST HAVE SUNK LIKE A STONE.

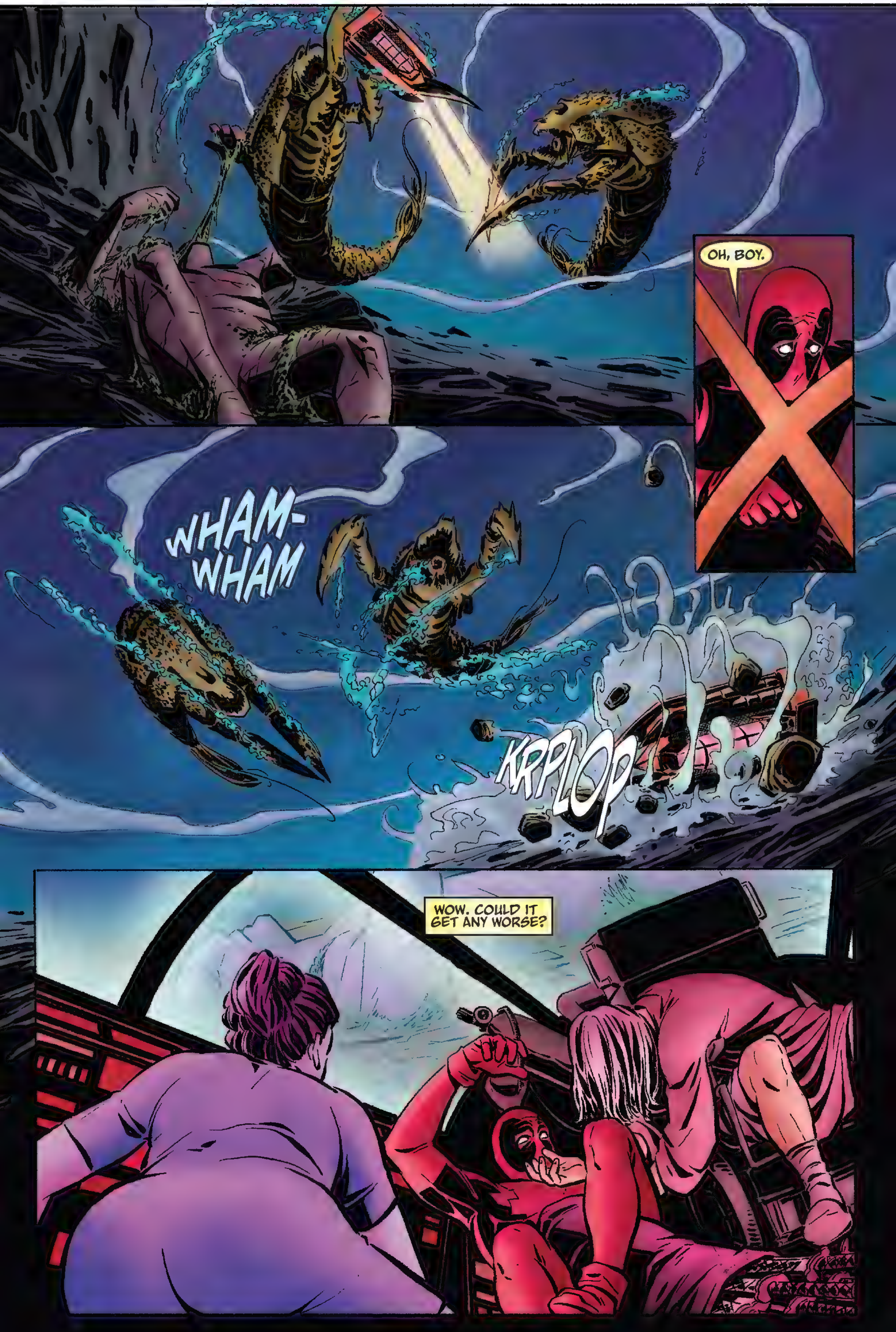

HOW MANY PEOPLE DOES IT TAKE TO CIRCUMCISE A WHALE?
I dunno. How many?
FOUR SKINDIVERS.
Get it? *Foreskin!*
MAYBE THIS WAS A FOOL'S ERRAND.
THAR SHE BLOWS!

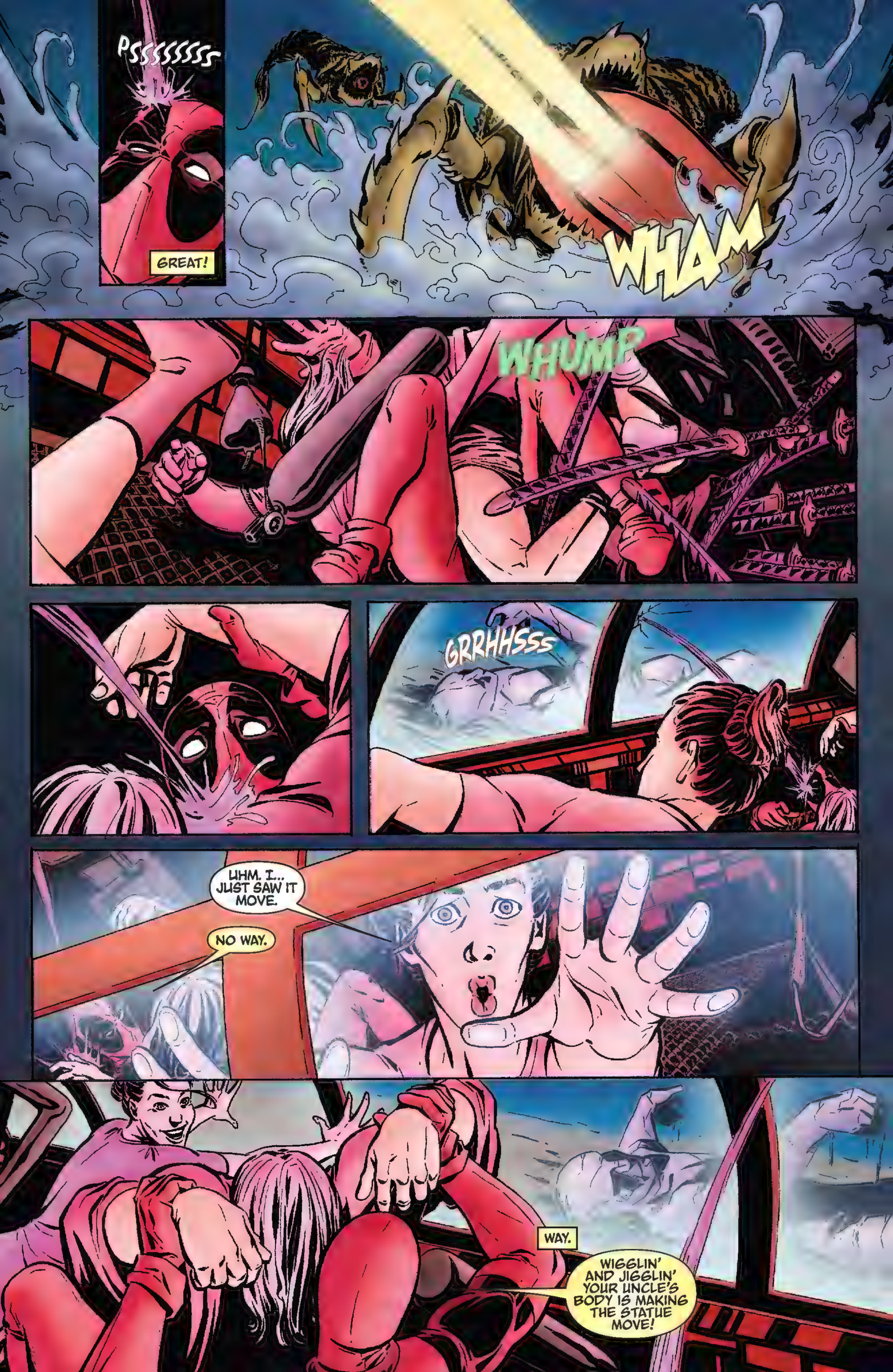

It! The Living Colossus!

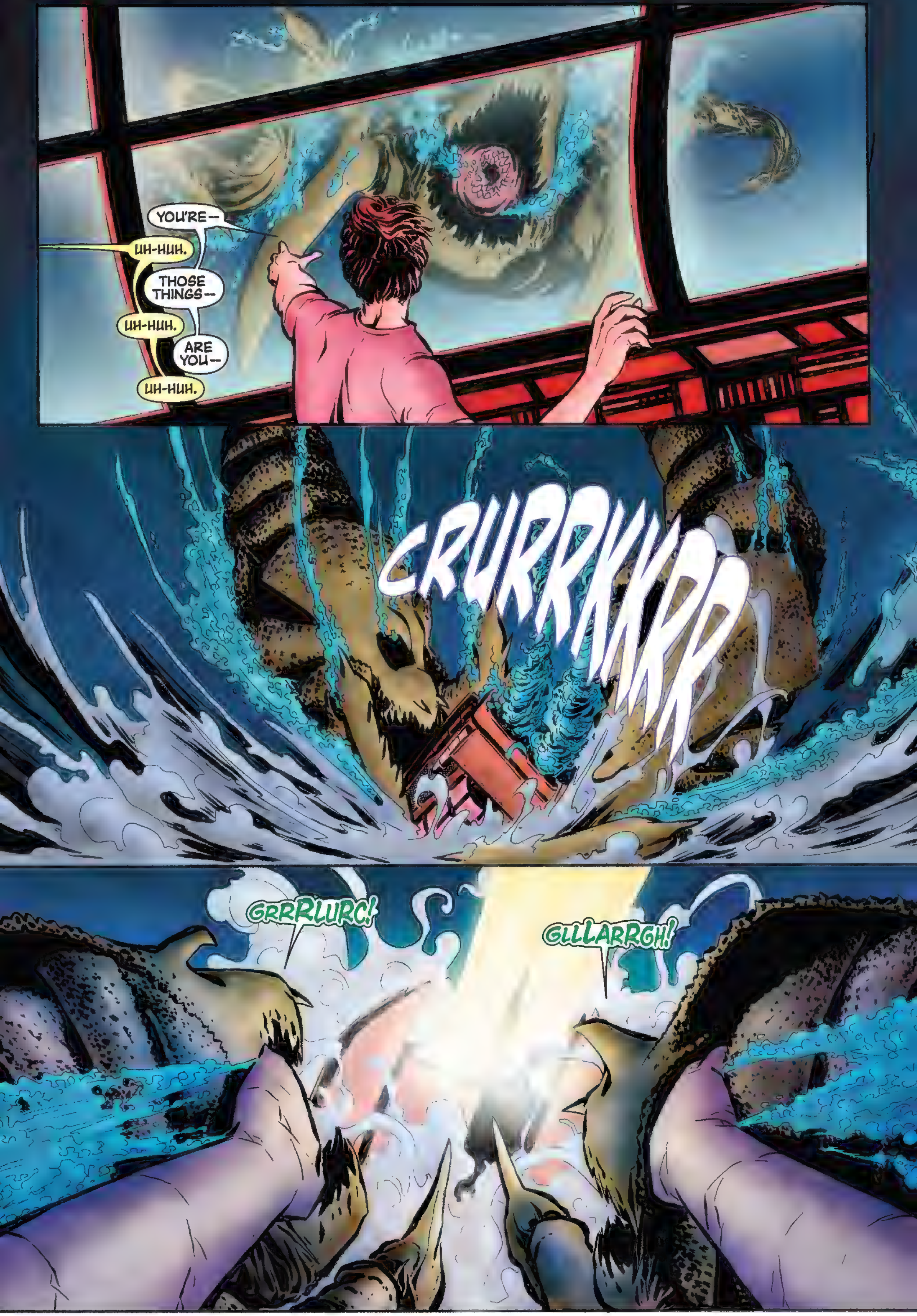

SO HOW EXACTLY DOES YOUR UNCLE GET THAT HUNK OF STONE TO MOVE?
HE MIND-MELDS WITH THE 30-FOOT-TALL STONE STATUE.
HUH?
HIS MIND LEAVES HIS BODY LIKE AN EMPTY SHELL...
"HE EXISTS, ALIVE, BUT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.
"MY UNCLE WOULD COMMAND *IT! THE LIVING COLOSSUS* FROM A DISTANCE IN HIS WHEELCHAIR UNTIL THERE WAS NO FURTHER NEED FOR HIS STONE FORM.
"AFTER BATTLING WITH DR. DOOM, I ALWAYS HOPED THAT MY UNCLE'S MIND WAS ONLY TEMPORARILY LOST... DRIFTING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HIS HUMAN AND STONE BODIES.
"THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO SEE IF HIS MIND CAN SOMEHOW FIND ITS WAY HOME."

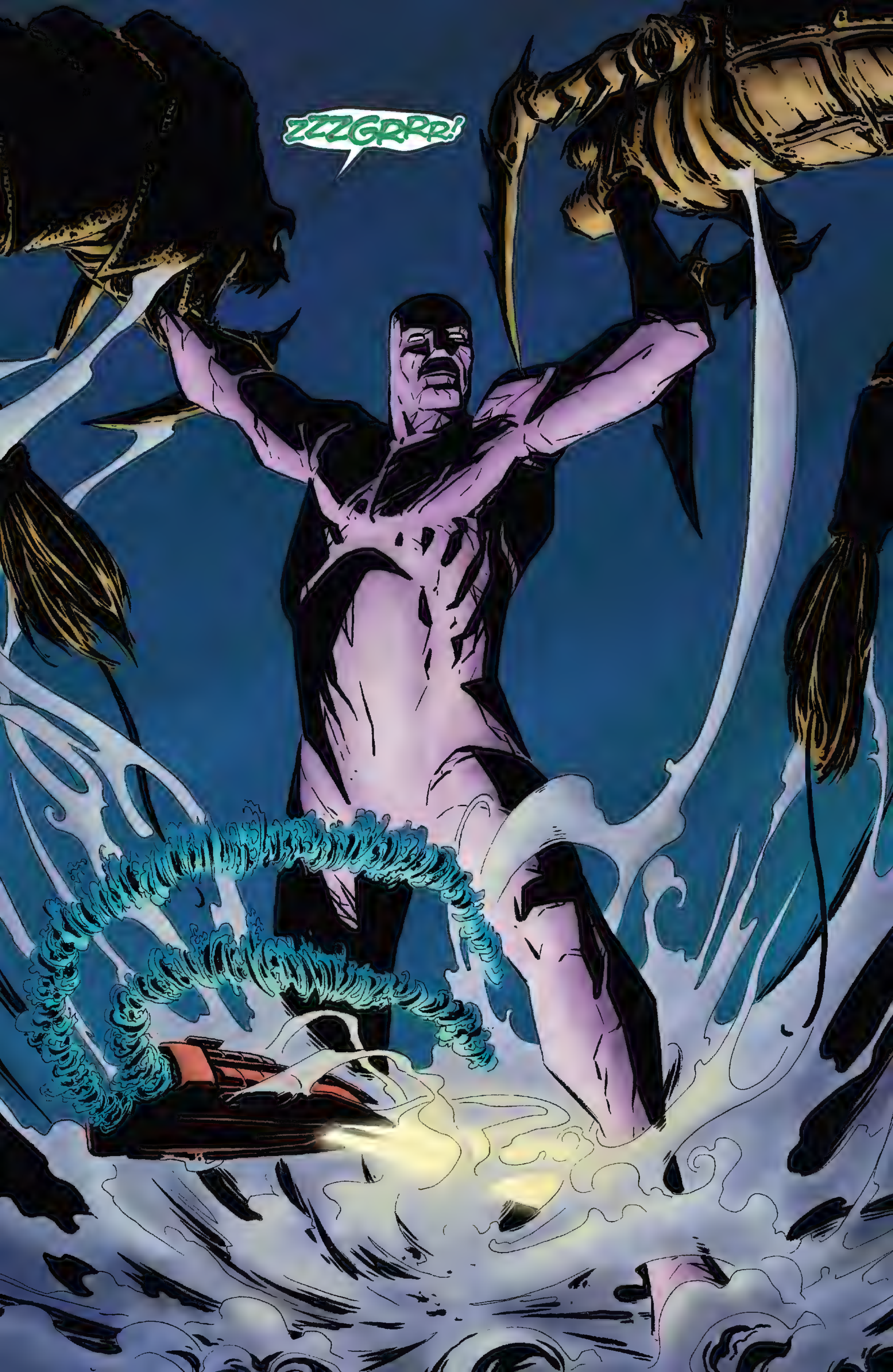

GET AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN.
I WISH ALL MY GIGS COULD BE THIS PAINLESS.

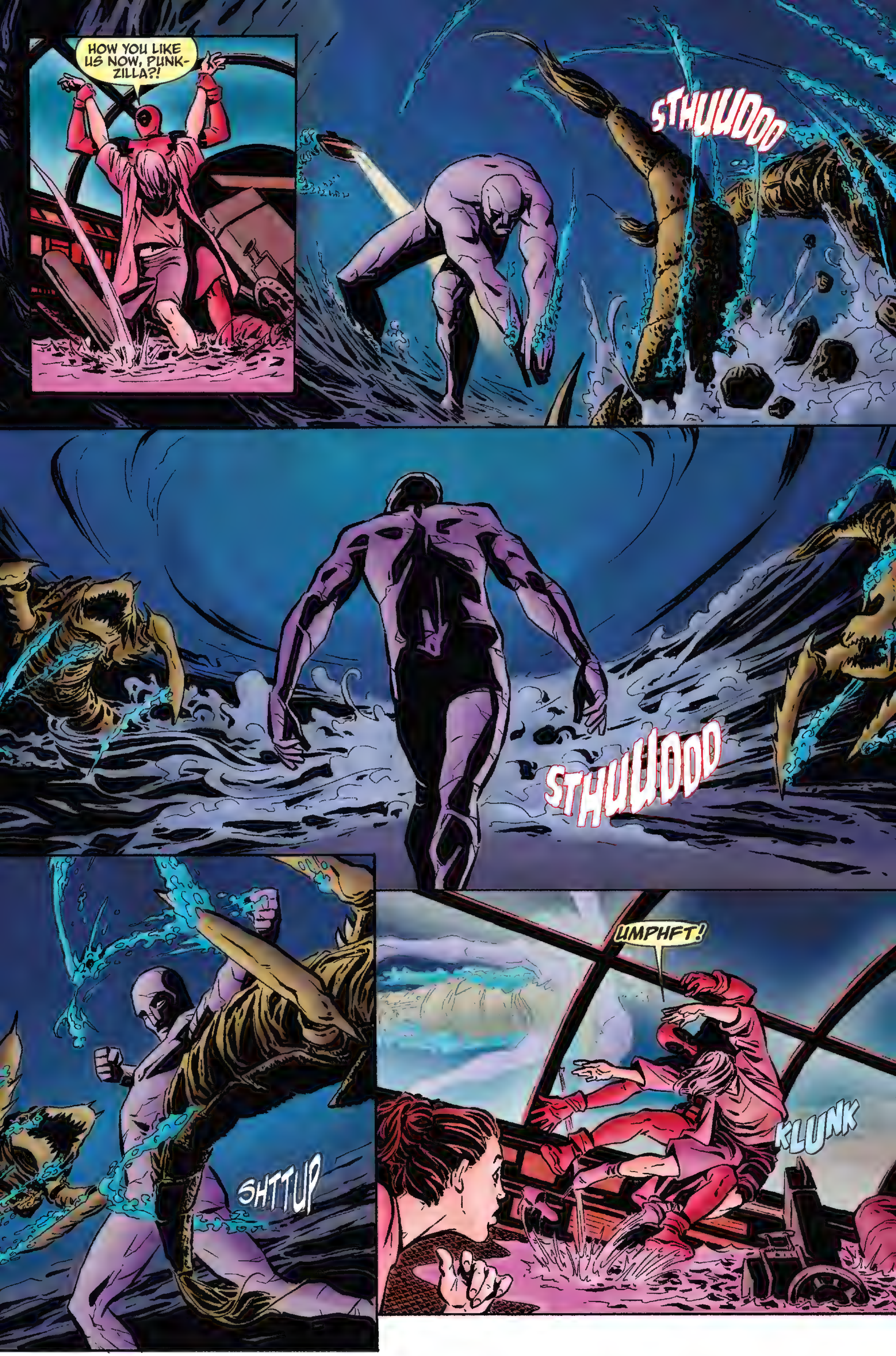

NOW WHAT?
NOW WE WAIT.
WHAT IS IT EXACTLY THAT WE'RE WAITIN' FOR?
FOR ANY SIGN OF MY UNCLE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.
I THINK I SAW HIS FINGER TWITCH.
NO YOU DIDN'T.
I'M PRETTY SURE I DID.
WELL, THIS IS CERTAINLY EXCITING. LIKE WATCHIN' GRASS GROW. I WISH SOMETHIN' WOULD HAPPEN.
SKRAMM

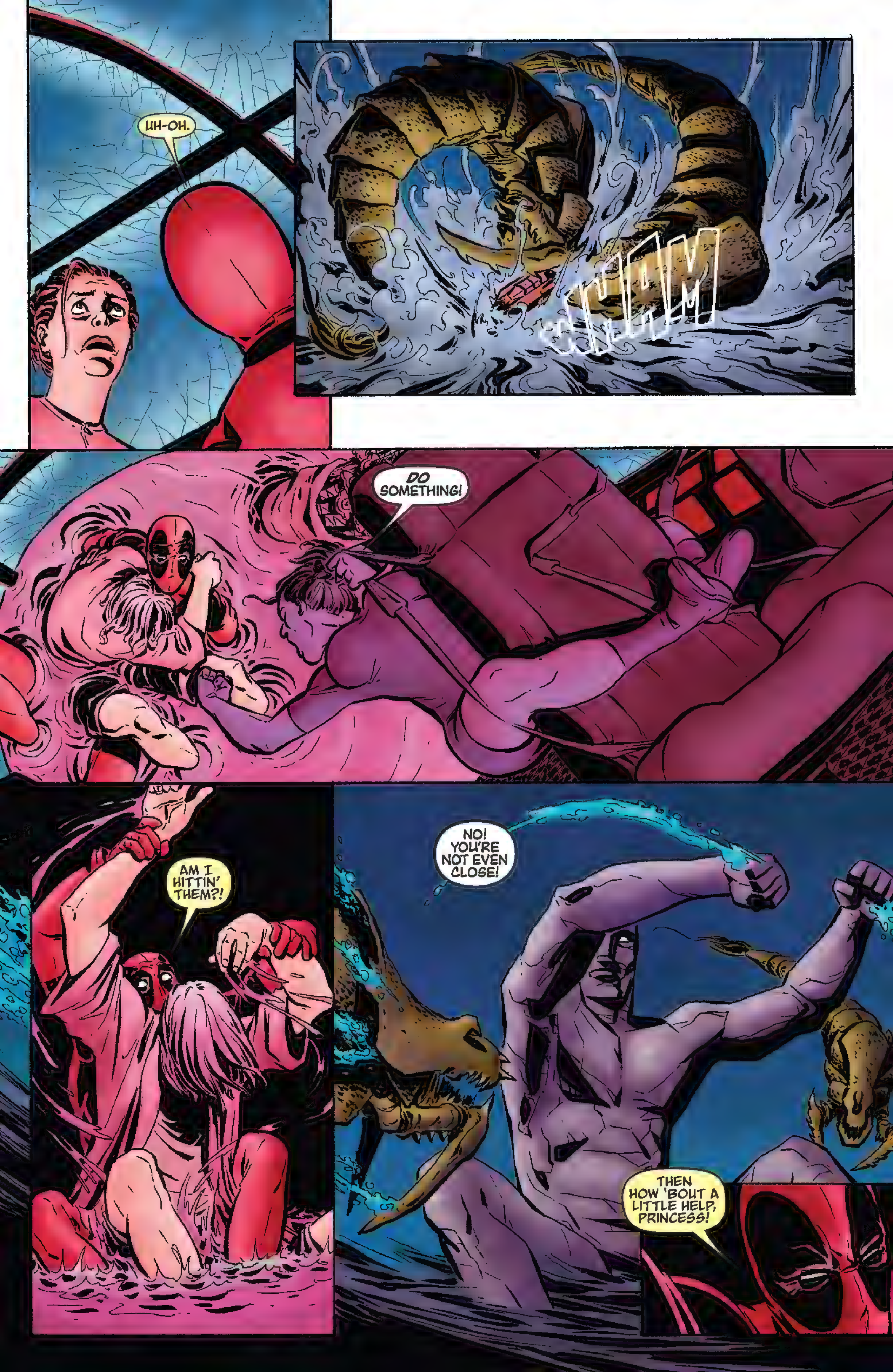

OH, BOY.
WHAM-WHAM
KRPLOP
WOW. COULD IT GET ANY WORSE?

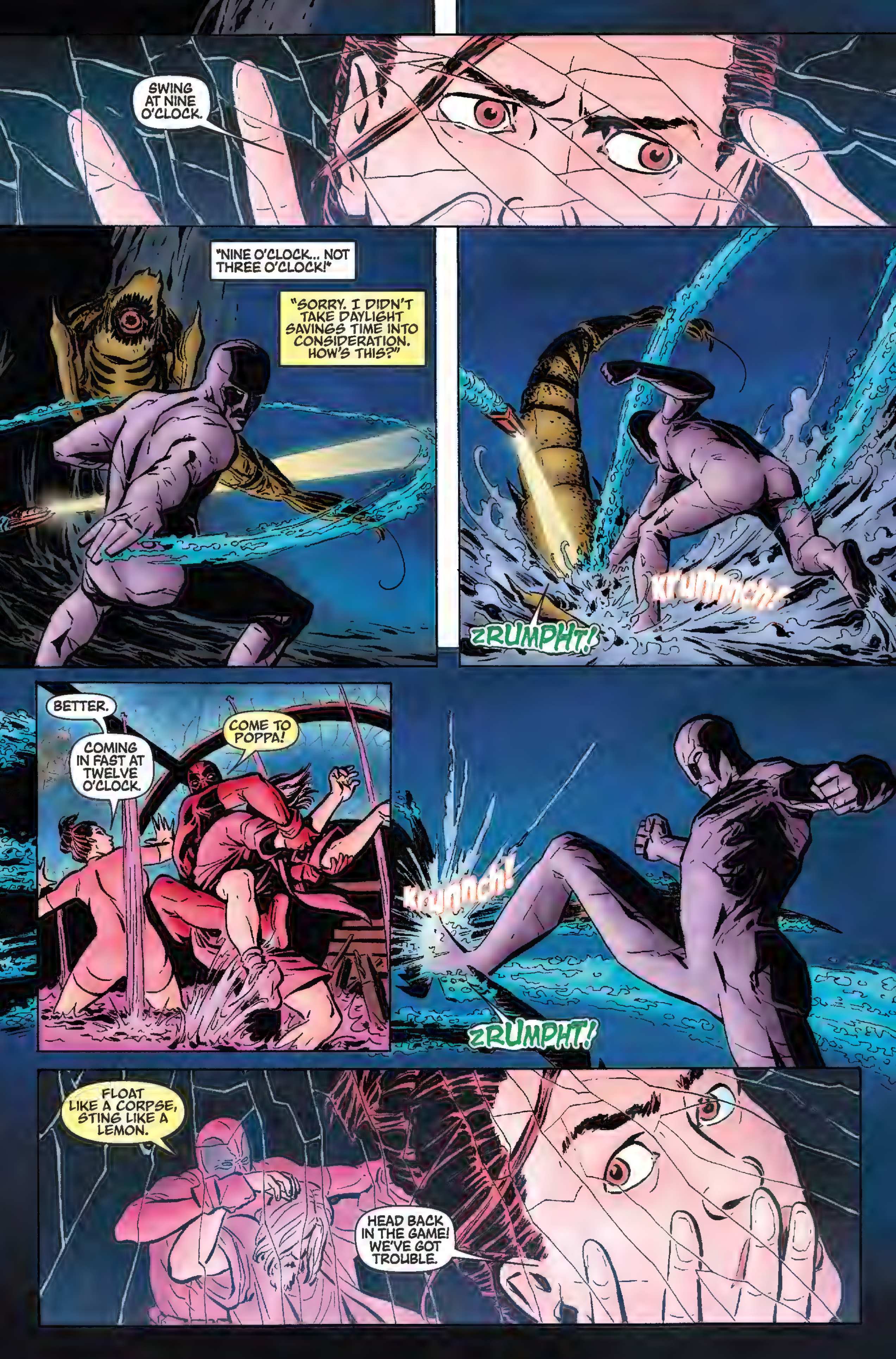

PSSSSSSSS
GREAT!
WHAM
WHUMP
GRRHHSSS
UHM. I... JUST SAW IT MOVE.
NO WAY.
WAY.
WIGGLIN' AND JIGGLIN' YOUR UNCLE'S BODY IS MAKING THE STATUE MOVE!

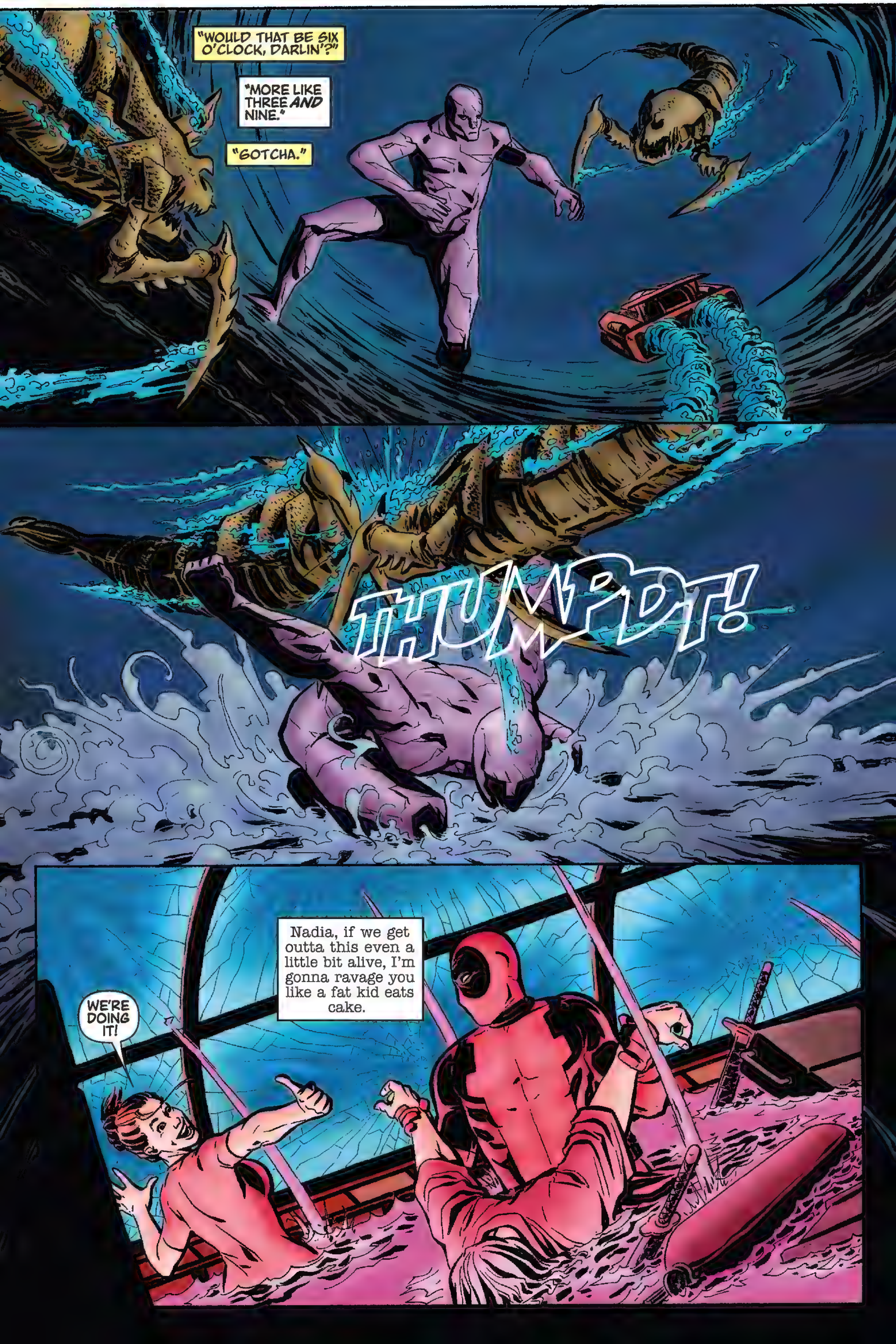

YOU'RE--
UH-HUH.
THOSE THINGS--
UH-HUH.
ARE YOU--
UH-HUH.
CRURRKKRR
GRRRLURC!
GLLLARRGH!

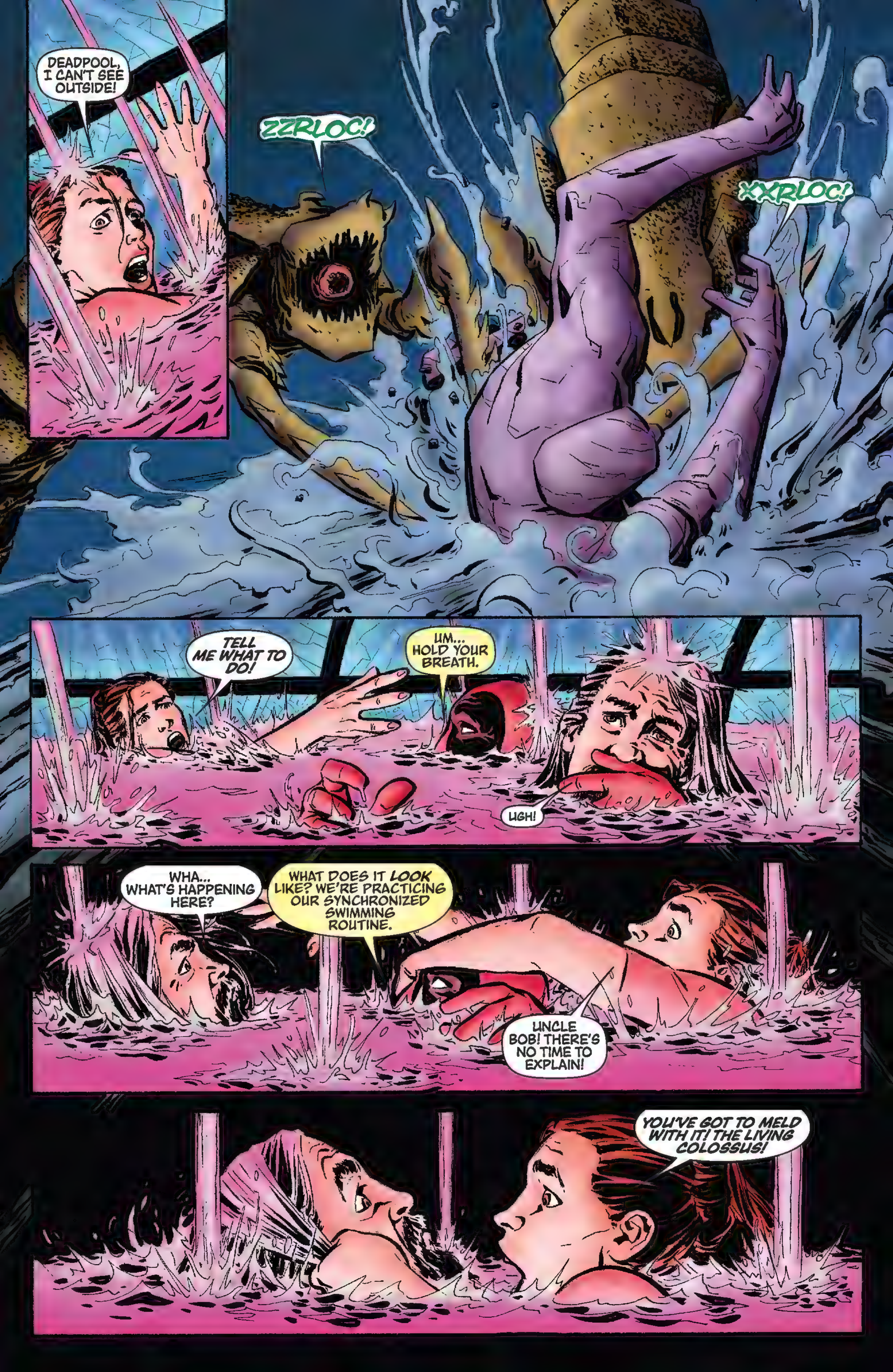

ZZZGRRR!

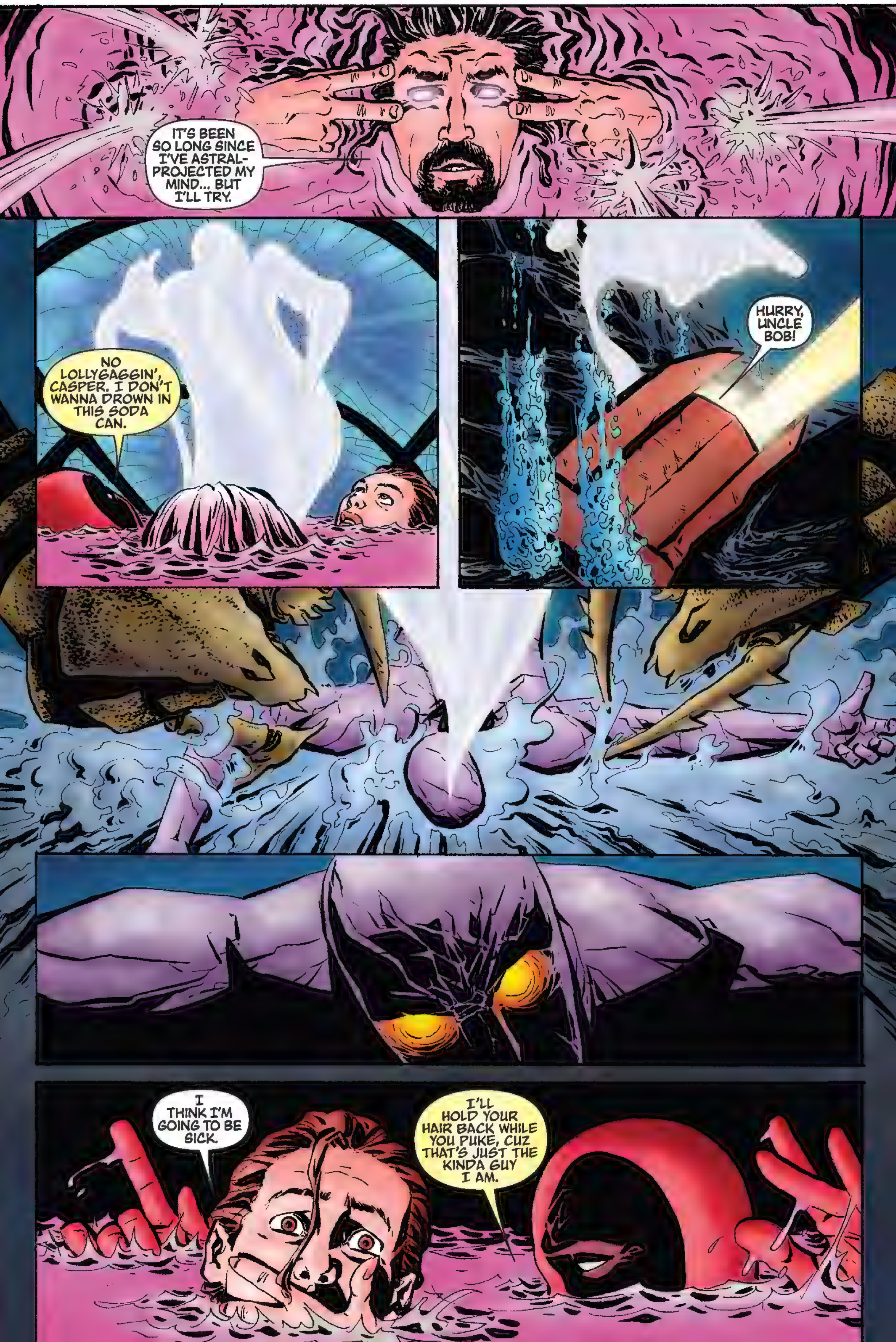

HOW YOU LIKE US NOW, PUNK-ZILLA?!
STHUUDDD
STHUUDDD
SHTTUP
UMPHFT!
KLUNK

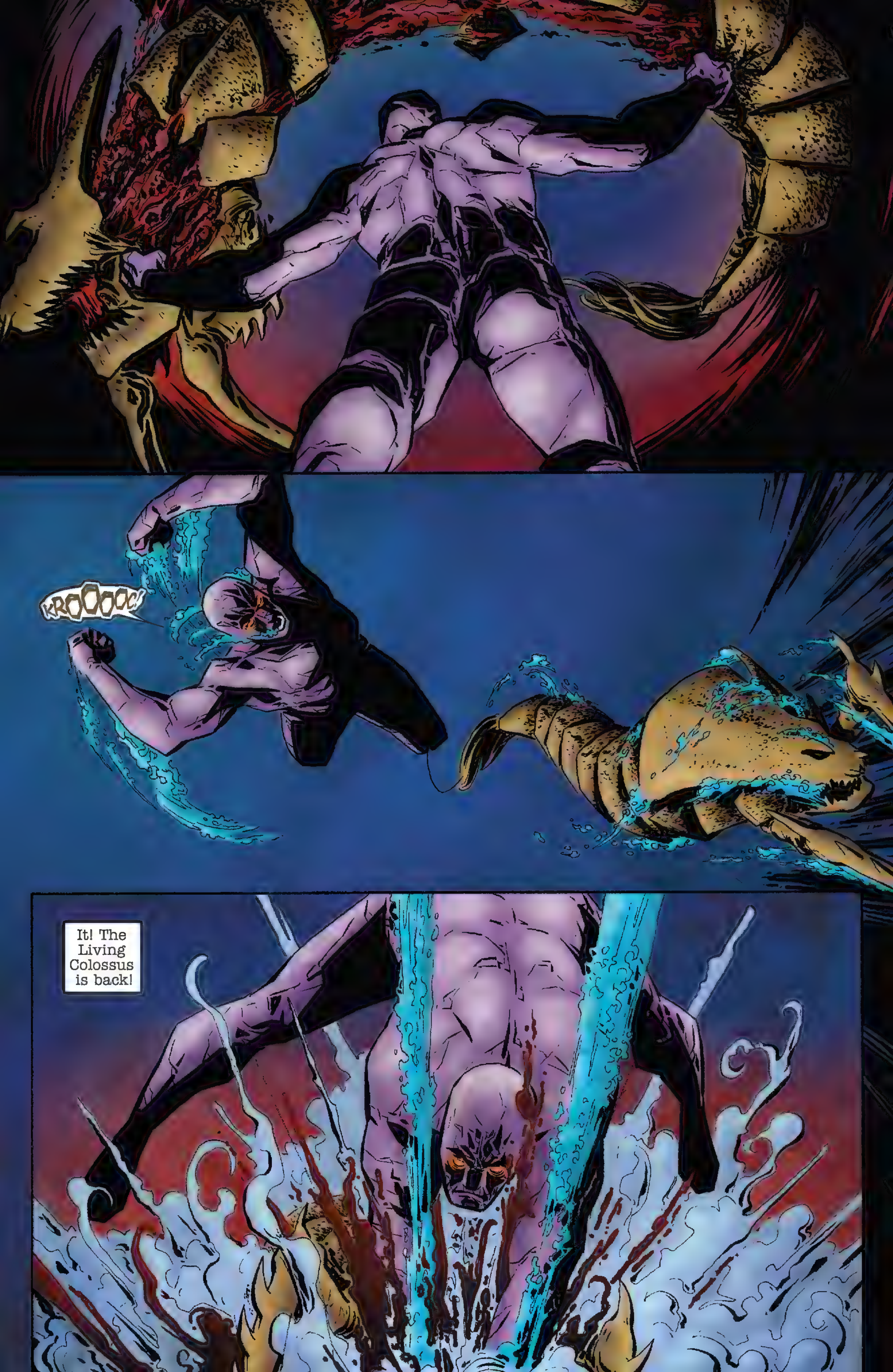

UH-OH.
WHAM
DO SOMETHING!
AM I HITTIN' THEM?!
NO! YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE!
THEN HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE HELP, PRINCESS!

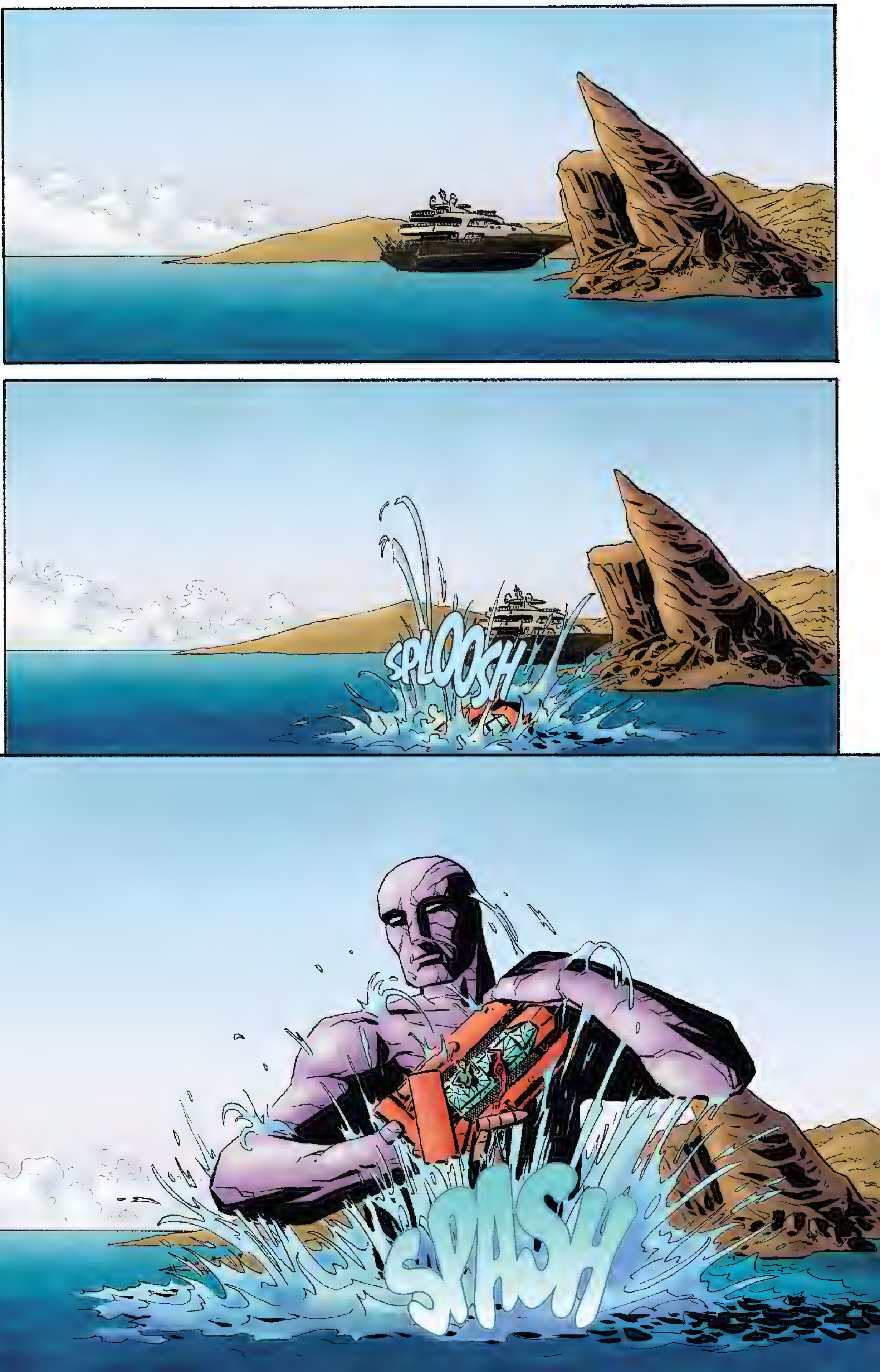

SWING AT NINE O'CLOCK.
"NINE O'CLOCK... NOT THREE O'CLOCK!"
"SORRY. I DIDN'T TAKE DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME INTO CONSIDERATION. HOW'S THIS?"
KRUNNCH!
ZRUMPHT!
BETTER.
COMING IN FAST AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.
COME TO POPPA!
KRUNNCH!
ZRUMPHT!
FLOAT LIKE A CORPSE, STING LIKE A LEMON.
HEAD BACK IN THE GAME! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

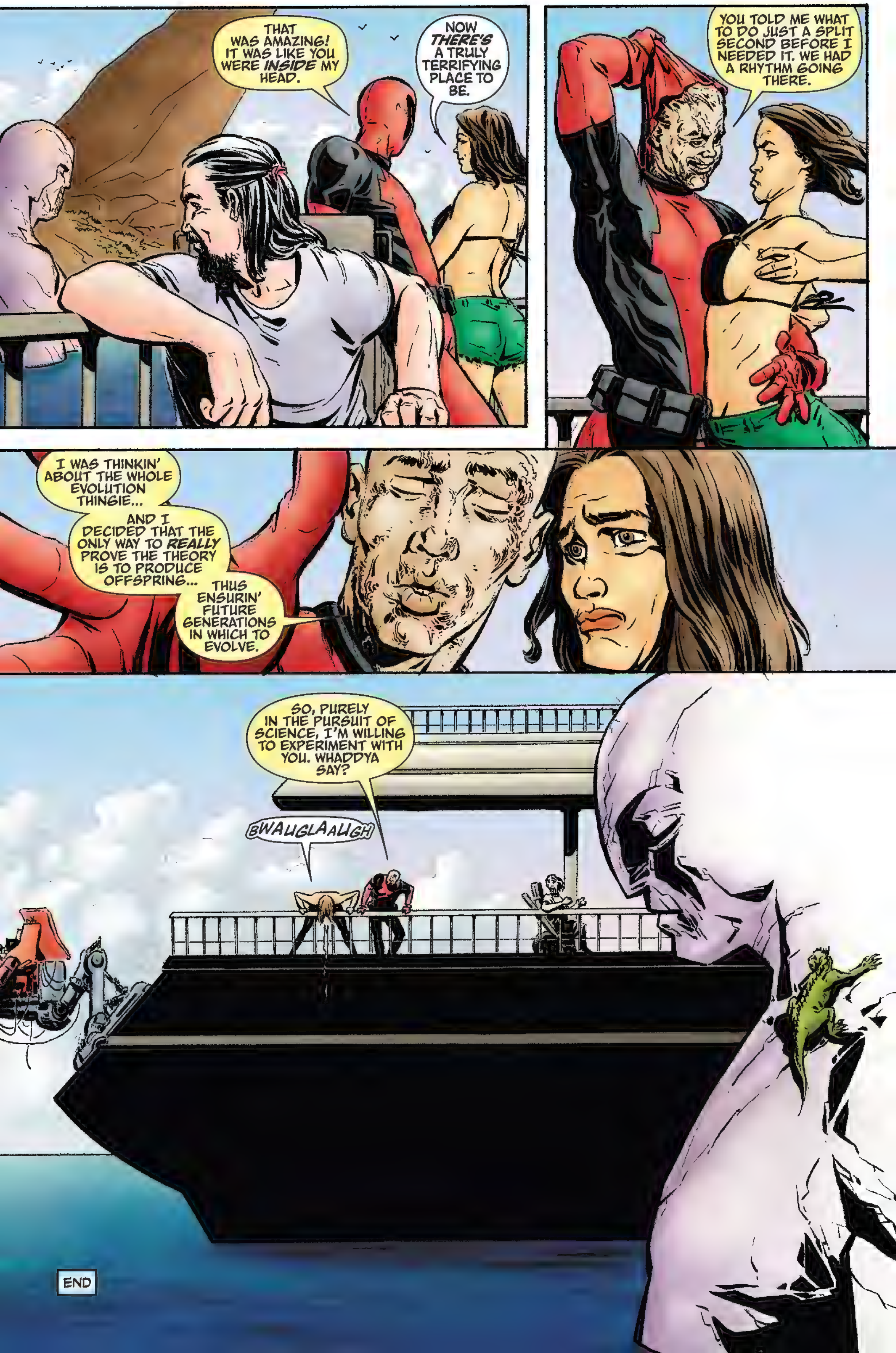

"WOULD THAT BE SIX O'CLOCK, DARLIN'?"
"MORE LIKE THREE *AND* NINE."
"GOTCHA."
THUMPDT!
Nadia, if we get outta this even a little bit alive, I'm gonna ravage you like a fat kid eats cake.
WE'RE DOING IT!


DEADPOOL, I CAN'T SEE OUTSIDE!
ZZRLOC!
XXRLOC!
TELL ME WHAT TO DO!
UM... HOLD YOUR BREATH.
UGH!
WHA... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
WHAT DOES IT *LOOK* LIKE? WE'RE PRACTICING OUR SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING ROUTINE.
UNCLE BOB! THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN!
YOU'VE GOT TO MELD WITH IT! THE LIVING COLOSSUS!

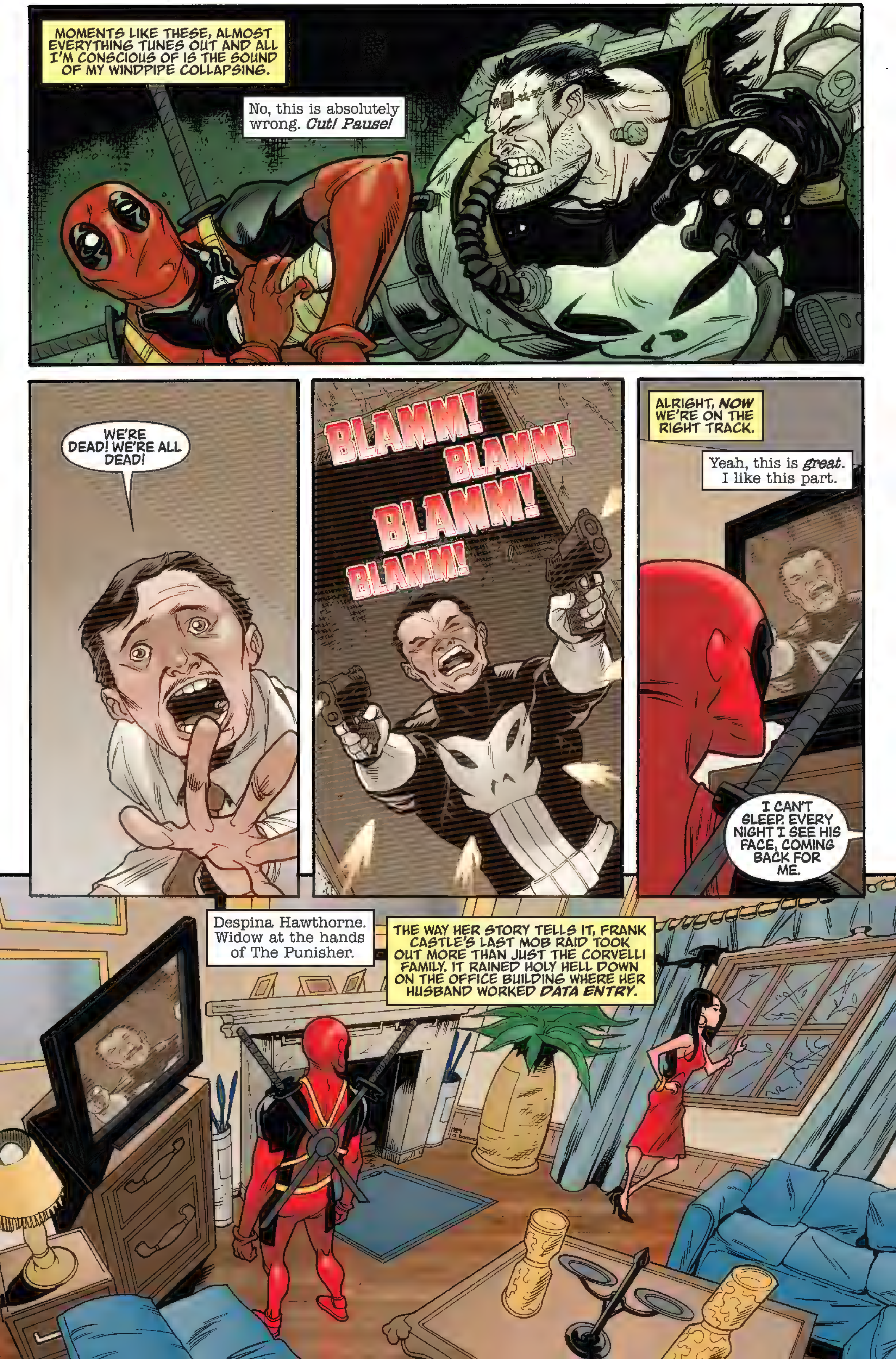

IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE ASTRAL-PROJECTED MY MIND... BUT I'LL TRY.
NO LOLLYGAGGIN', CASPER. I DON'T WANNA DROWN IN THIS SODA CAN.
HURRY, UNCLE BOB!
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.
I'LL HOLD YOUR HAIR BACK WHILE YOU PUKE, CUZ THAT'S JUST THE KINDA GUY I AM.

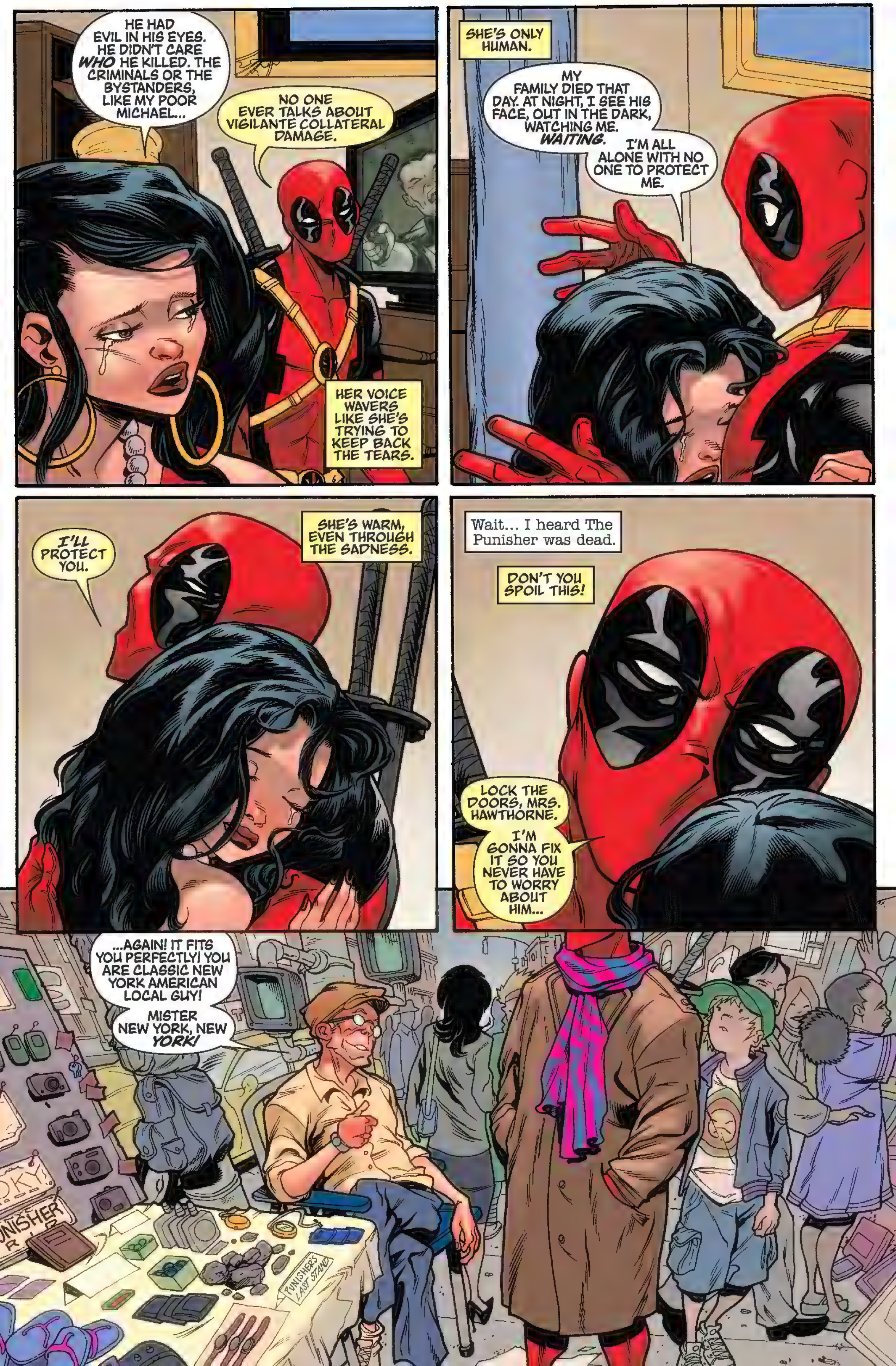

KROOOOC!
It! The Living Colossus is back!

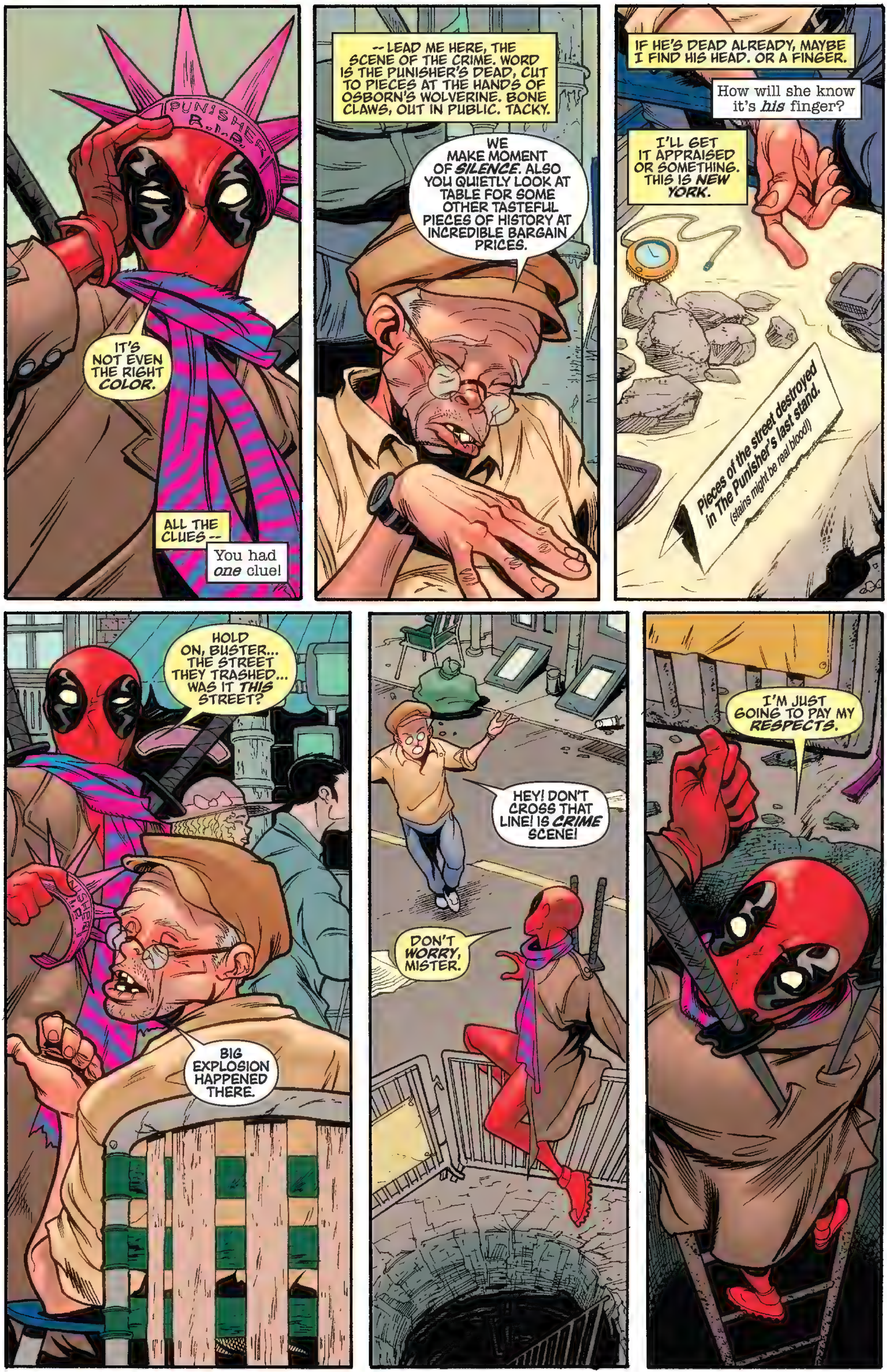

SPLOOSH
SPLASH

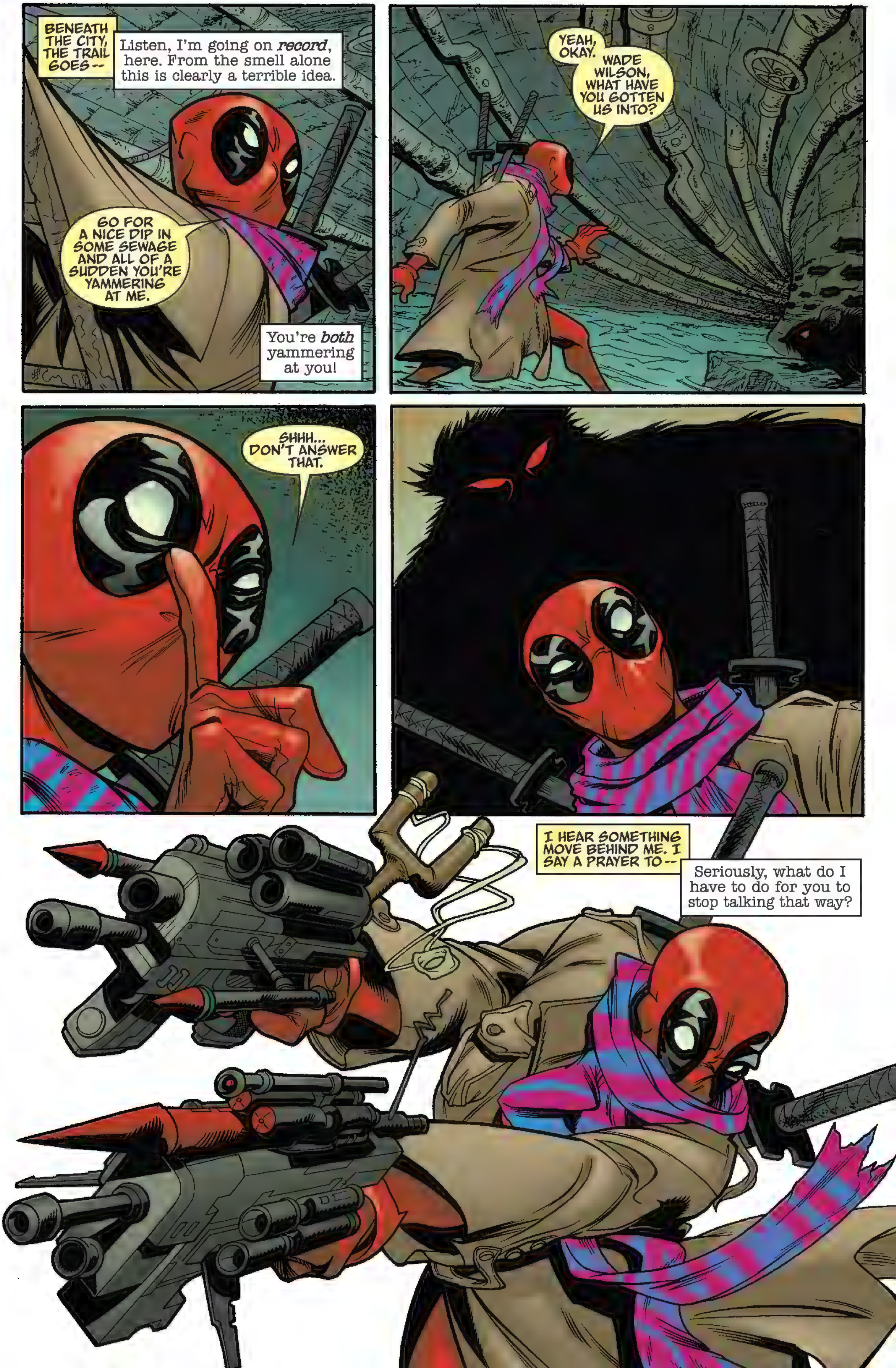

THAT WAS AMAZING! IT WAS LIKE YOU WERE *INSIDE* MY HEAD.
NOW *THERE'S* A TRULY TERRIFYING PLACE TO BE.
YOU TOLD ME WHAT TO DO JUST A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE I NEEDED IT. WE HAD A RHYTHM GOING THERE.
I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT THE WHOLE EVOLUTION THINGIE...
AND I DECIDED THAT THE ONLY WAY TO *REALLY* PROVE THE THEORY IS TO PRODUCE OFFSPRING...
THUS ENSURIN' FUTURE GENERATIONS IN WHICH TO EVOLVE.
SO, PURELY IN THE PURSUIT OF SCIENCE, I'M WILLING TO EXPERIMENT WITH YOU. WHADDYA SAY?
BWAUGLAAUGH
END

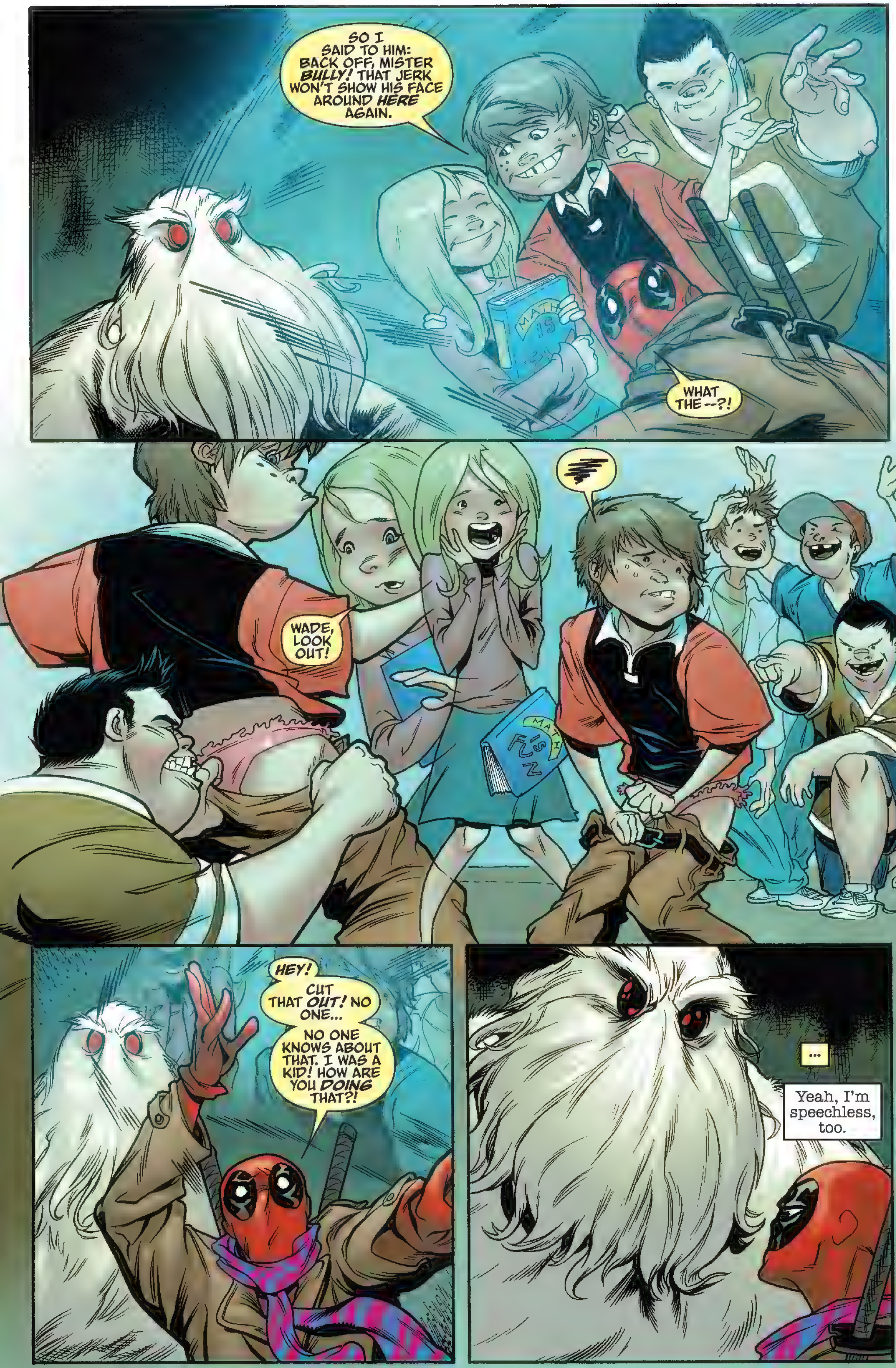
#894
RAMOS 09

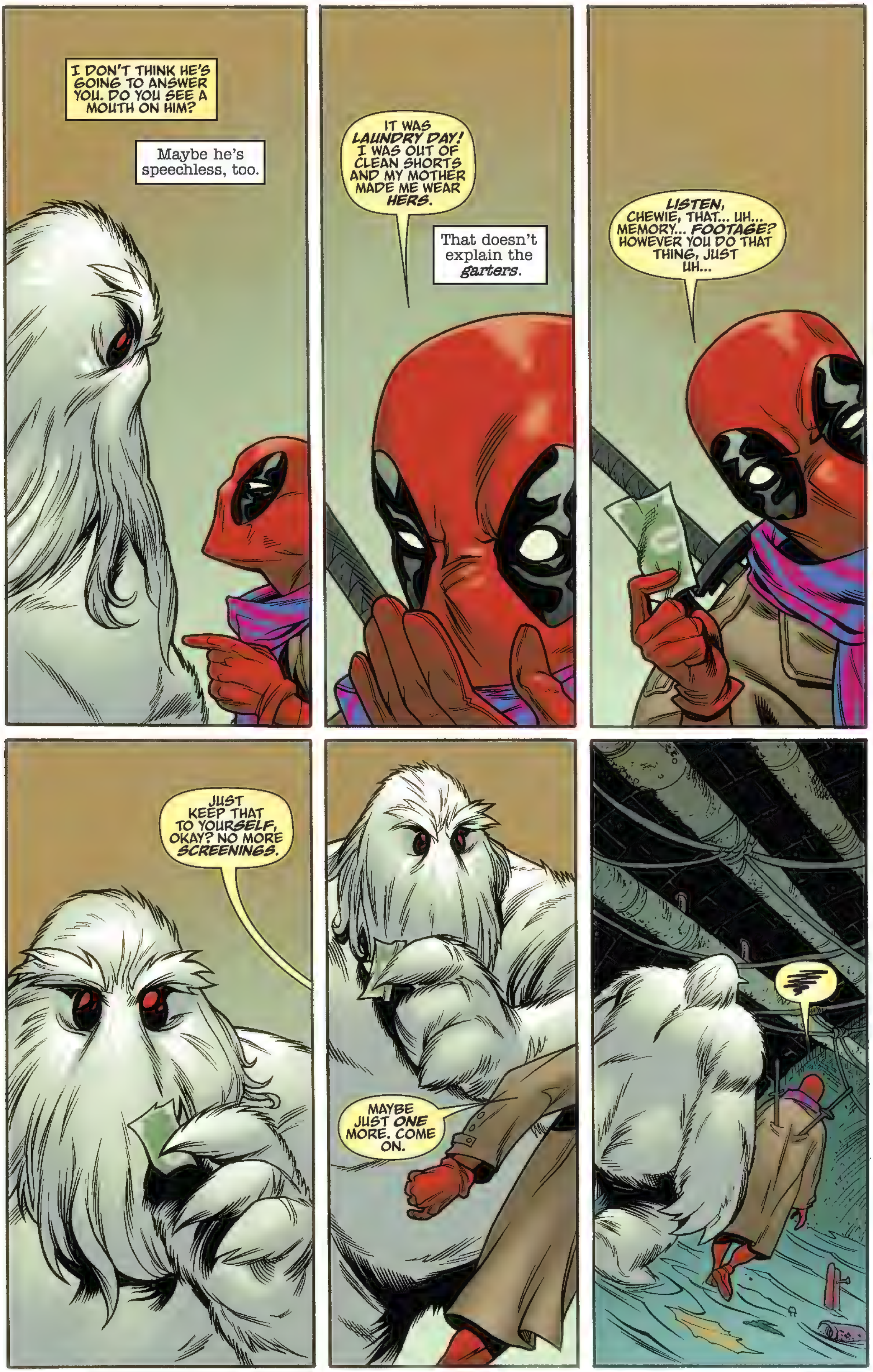

MOMENTS LIKE THESE, ALMOST EVERYTHING TUNES OUT AND ALL I'M CONSCIOUS OF IS THE SOUND OF MY WINDPIPE COLLAPSING.
No, this is absolutely wrong. *Cut! Pause!*
WE'RE DEAD! WE'RE ALL DEAD!
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!
ALRIGHT, *NOW* WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.
Yeah, this is *great*. I like this part.
I CAN'T SLEEP. EVERY NIGHT I SEE HIS FACE, COMING BACK FOR ME.
Despina Hawthorne. Widow at the hands of The Punisher.
THE WAY HER STORY TELLS IT, FRANK CASTLE'S LAST MOB RAID TOOK OUT MORE THAN JUST THE CORVELLI FAMILY. IT RAINED HOLY HELL DOWN ON THE OFFICE BUILDING WHERE HER HUSBAND WORKED *DATA ENTRY*.

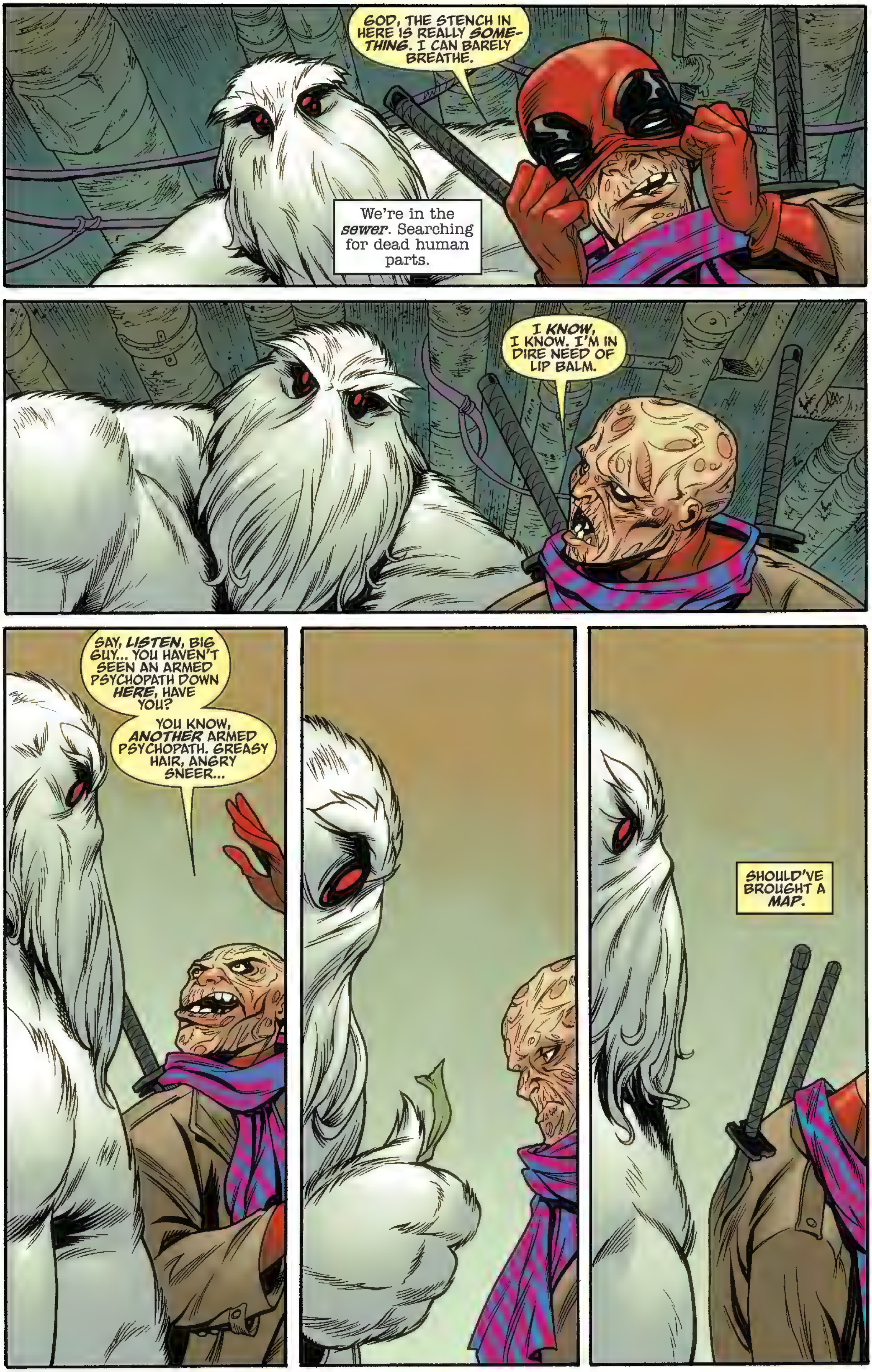

HE HAD EVIL IN HIS EYES. HE DIDN'T CARE *WHO* HE KILLED. THE CRIMINALS OR THE BYSTANDERS, LIKE MY POOR MICHAEL...
NO ONE EVER TALKS ABOUT VIGILANTE COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
HER VOICE WAVERS LIKE SHE'S TRYING TO KEEP BACK THE TEARS.
SHE'S ONLY HUMAN.
MY FAMILY DIED THAT DAY. AT NIGHT, I SEE HIS FACE, OUT IN THE DARK, WATCHING ME. *WAITING*.
I'M ALL ALONE WITH NO ONE TO PROTECT ME.
I'LL PROTECT YOU.
SHE'S WARM, EVEN THROUGH THE SADNESS.
Wait... I heard The Punisher was dead.
DON'T YOU SPOIL THIS!
LOCK THE DOORS, MRS. HAWTHORNE.
I'M GONNA FIX IT SO YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HIM...
...AGAIN! IT FITS YOU PERFECTLY! YOU ARE CLASSIC NEW YORK AMERICAN LOCAL GUY!
MISTER NEW YORK, NEW *YORK!*
UNISHER
PUNISHER'S LAST STAND

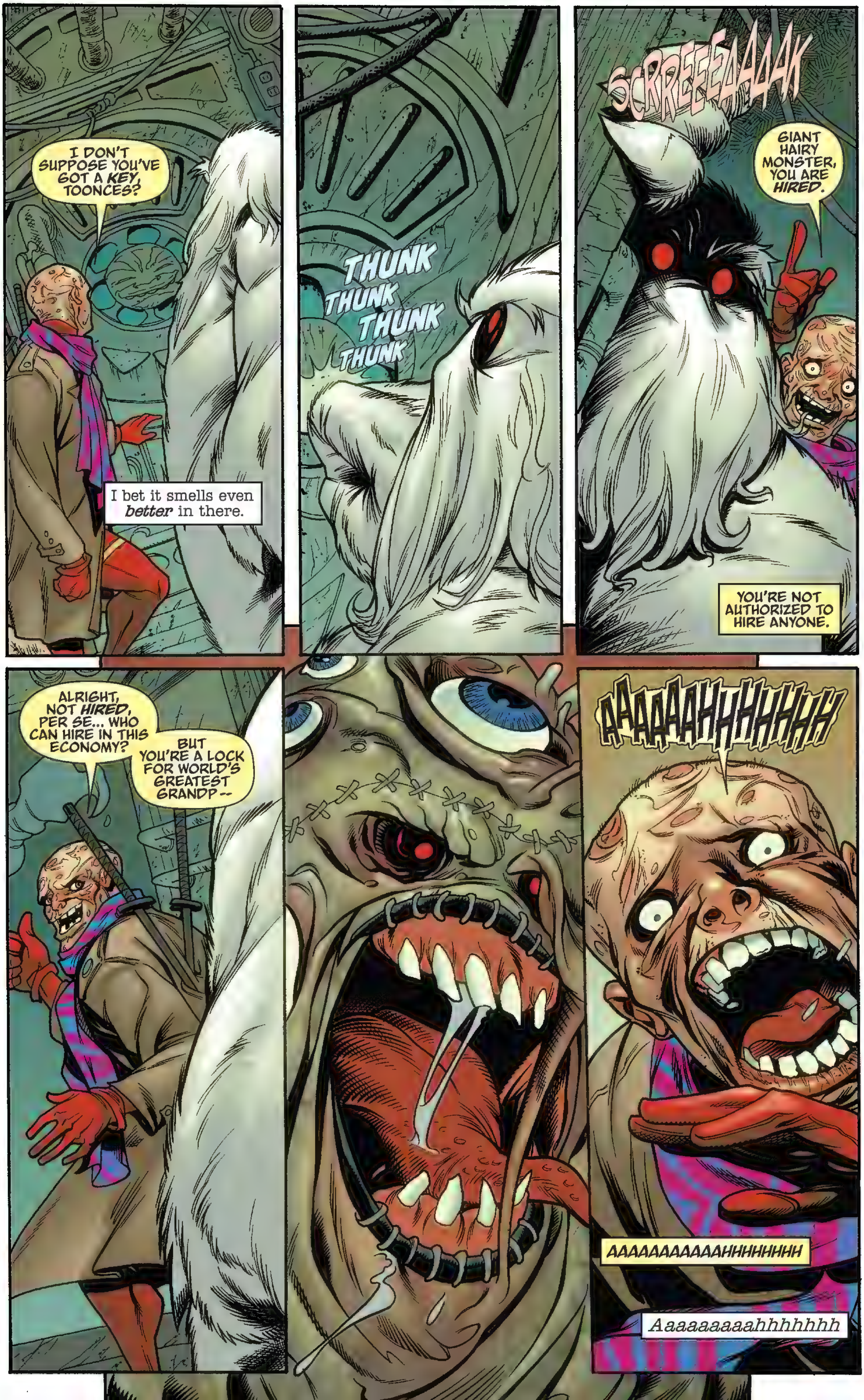

PUNISHER R.I.P.
IT'S NOT EVEN THE RIGHT COLOR.
ALL THE CLUES --
You had *one* clue!
-- LEAD ME HERE, THE SCENE OF THE CRIME. WORD IS THE PUNISHER'S DEAD, CUT TO PIECES AT THE HANDS OF OSBORN'S WOLVERINE. BONE CLAWS, OUT IN PUBLIC. TACKY.
WE MAKE MOMENT OF *SILENCE*. ALSO YOU QUIETLY LOOK AT TABLE FOR SOME OTHER TASTEFUL PIECES OF HISTORY AT INCREDIBLE BARGAIN PRICES.
IF HE'S DEAD ALREADY, MAYBE I FIND HIS HEAD. OR A FINGER.
How will she know it's *his* finger?
I'LL GET IT APPRAISED OR SOMETHING. THIS IS *NEW YORK*.
Pieces of the street destroyed in The Punisher's last stand. (stains might be real blood!)
HOLD ON, BUSTER... THE STREET THEY TRASHED... WAS IT *THIS* STREET?
BIG EXPLOSION HAPPENED THERE.
HEY! DON'T CROSS THAT LINE! IS *CRIME* SCENE!
DON'T *WORRY*, MISTER.
I'M JUST GOING TO PAY MY *RESPECTS*.

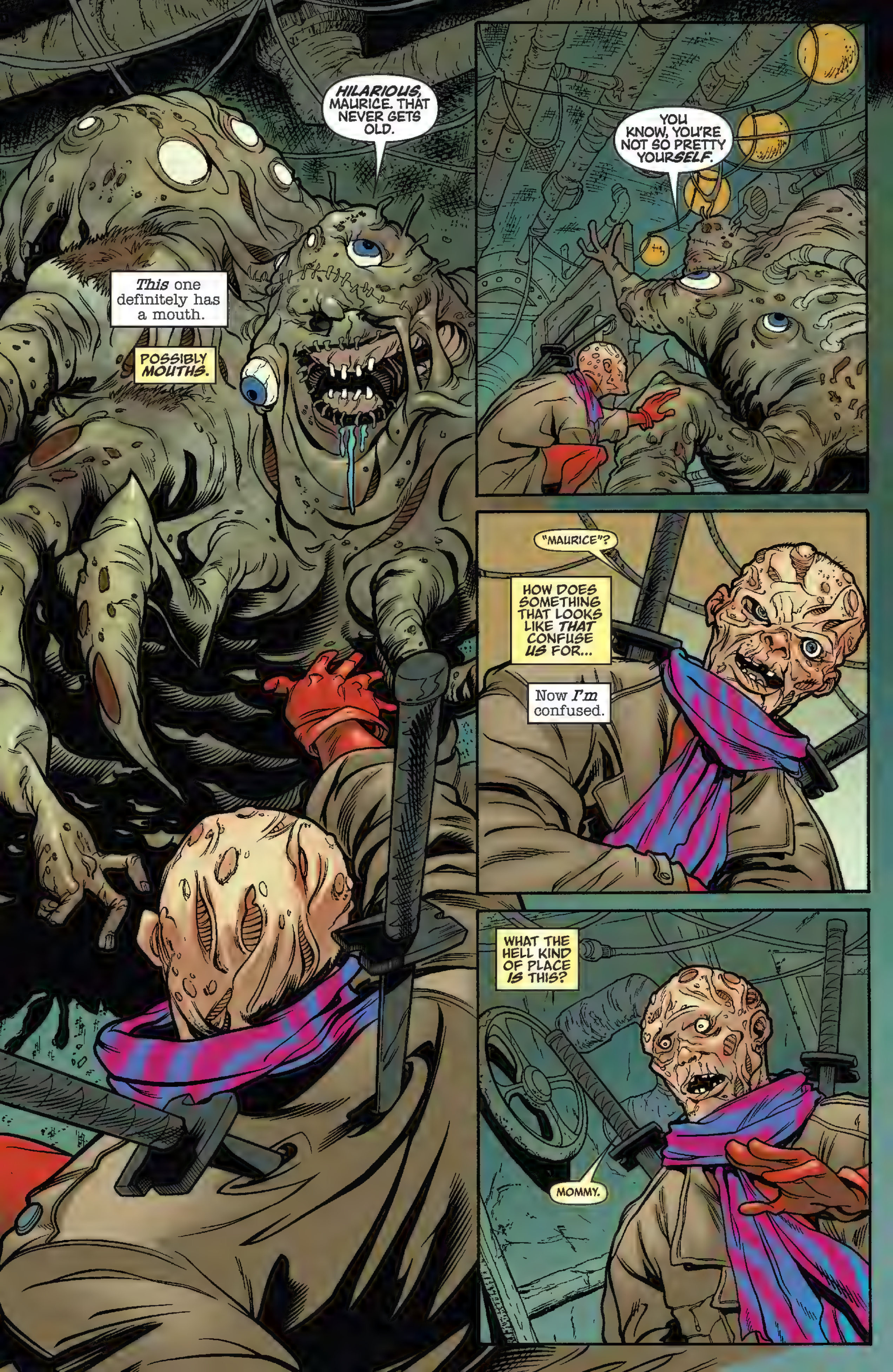

BENEATH THE CITY, THE TRAIL GOES--
Listen, I'm going on *record*, here. From the smell alone this is clearly a terrible idea.
GO FOR A NICE DIP IN SOME SEWAGE AND ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE YAMMERING AT ME.
You're *both* yammering at you!
YEAH, OKAY.
WADE WILSON, WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN US INTO?
SHHH... DON'T ANSWER THAT.
I HEAR SOMETHING MOVE BEHIND ME. I SAY A PRAYER TO--
Seriously, what do I have to do for you to stop talking that way?

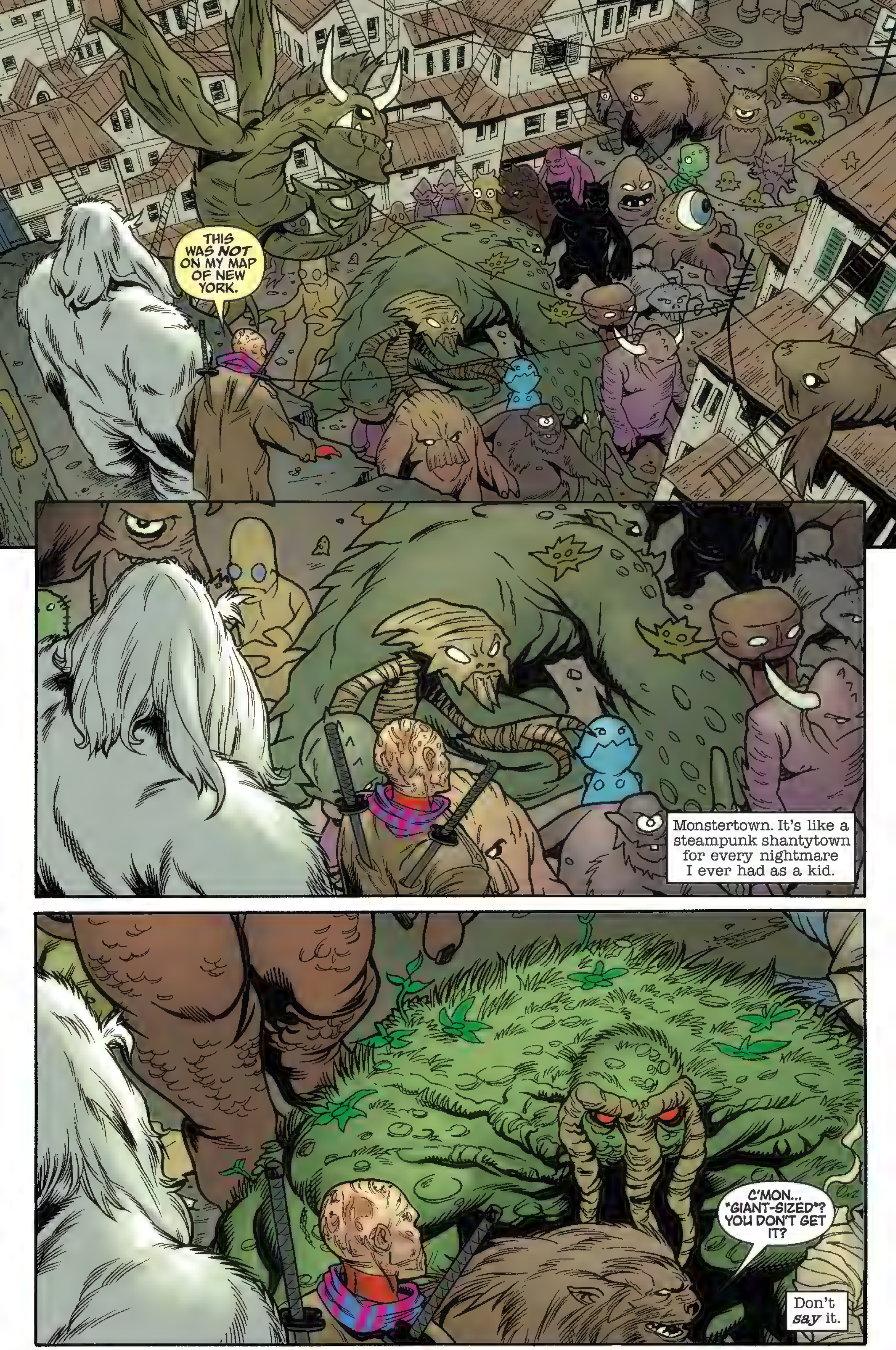

SO I SAID TO HIM: BACK OFF, MISTER *BULLY!* THAT JERK WON'T SHOW HIS FACE AROUND *HERE* AGAIN.
WHAT THE--?!
WADE, LOOK OUT!
HEY!
CUT THAT *OUT!* NO ONE...
NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THAT. I WAS A KID! HOW ARE YOU *DOING* THAT?!
...
Yeah, I'm speechless, too.

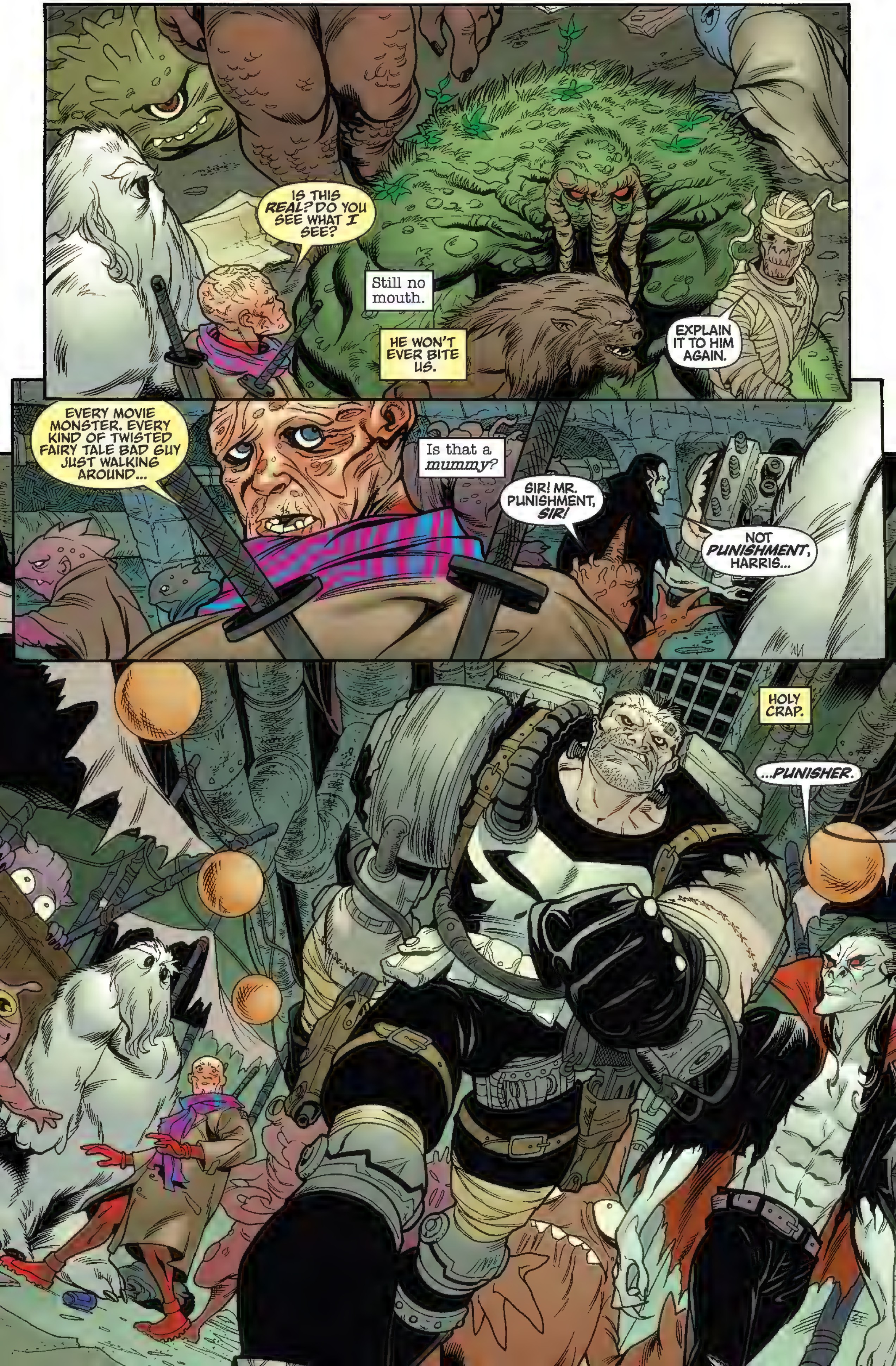

I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO ANSWER YOU. DO YOU SEE A MOUTH ON HIM?
Maybe he's speechless, too.
IT WAS LAUNDRY DAY! I WAS OUT OF CLEAN SHORTS AND MY MOTHER MADE ME WEAR HERS.
That doesn't explain the garters.
LISTEN, CHEWIE, THAT... UH... MEMORY... FOOTAGE? HOWEVER YOU DO THAT THING, JUST UH...
JUST KEEP THAT TO YOURSELF, OKAY? NO MORE SCREENINGS.
MAYBE JUST ONE MORE. COME ON.

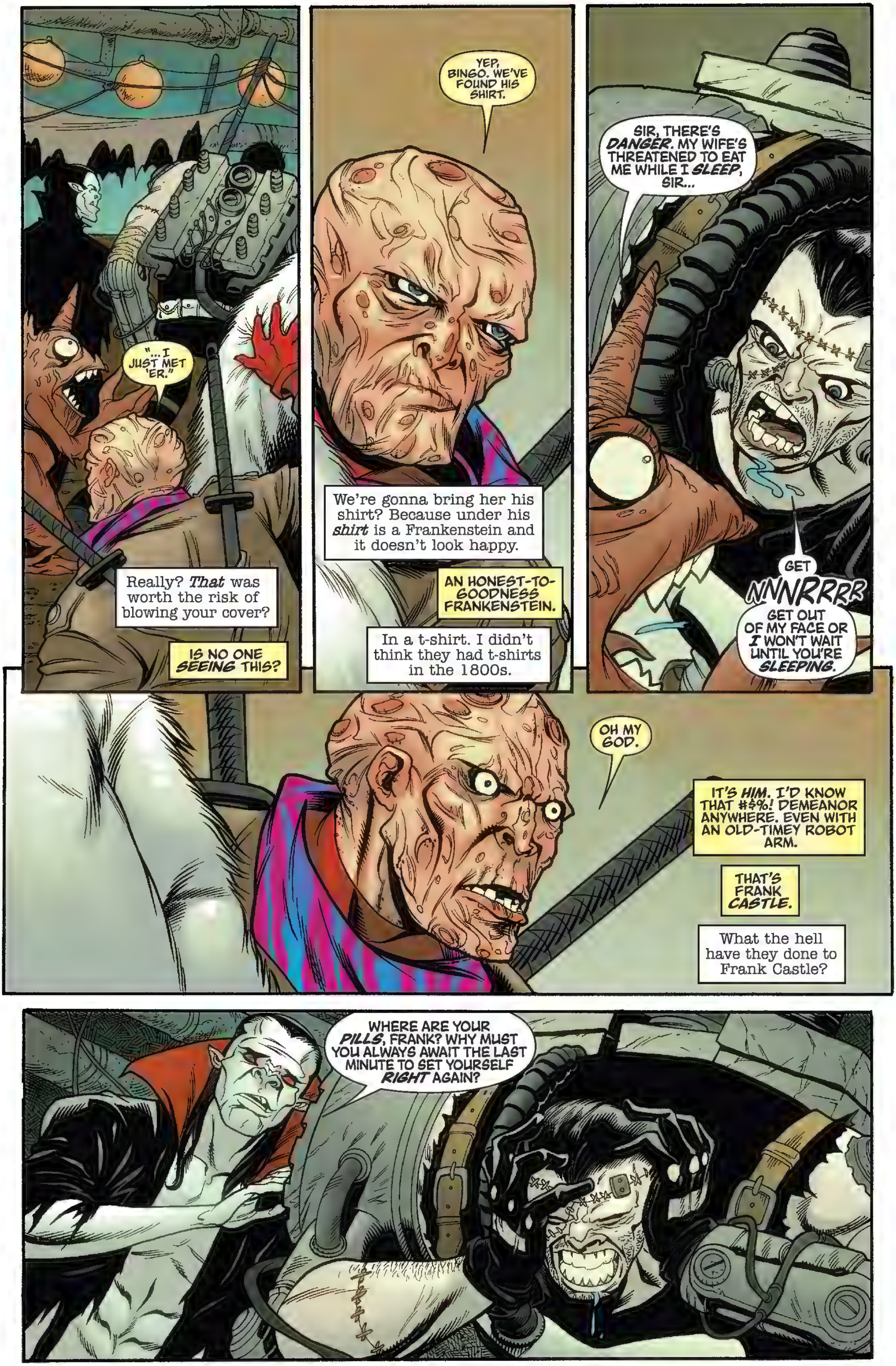

GOD, THE STENCH IN HERE IS REALLY *SOMETHING*. I CAN BARELY BREATHE.
We're in the *sewer*. Searching for dead human parts.
I *KNOW*, I KNOW. I'M IN DIRE NEED OF LIP BALM.
SAY, *LISTEN*, BIG GUY... YOU HAVEN'T SEEN AN ARMED PSYCHOPATH DOWN *HERE*, HAVE YOU?
YOU KNOW, *ANOTHER* ARMED PSYCHOPATH. GREASY HAIR, ANGRY SNEER...
SHOULD'VE BROUGHT A *MAP*.

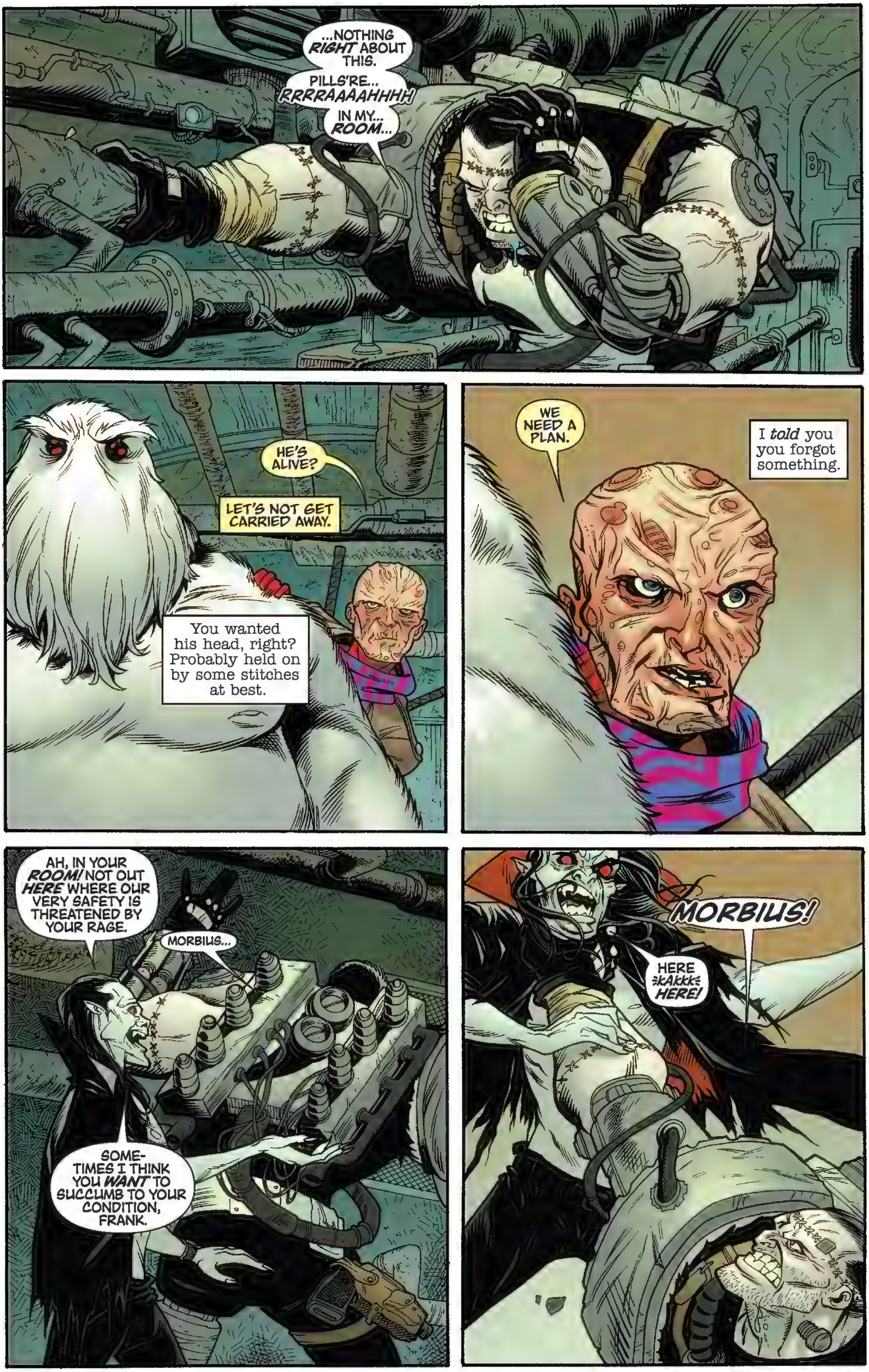

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT A *KEY*, TOONCES?
I bet it smells even *better* in there.
THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK
SCRREEEAAAAK
GIANT HAIRY MONSTER, YOU ARE *HIRED*.
YOU'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO HIRE ANYONE.
ALRIGHT, NOT *HIRED*, PER SE... WHO CAN HIRE IN THIS ECONOMY?
BUT YOU'RE A LOCK FOR WORLD'S GREATEST GRANDP--
AAAAAAHHHHHHH
AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH
Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh

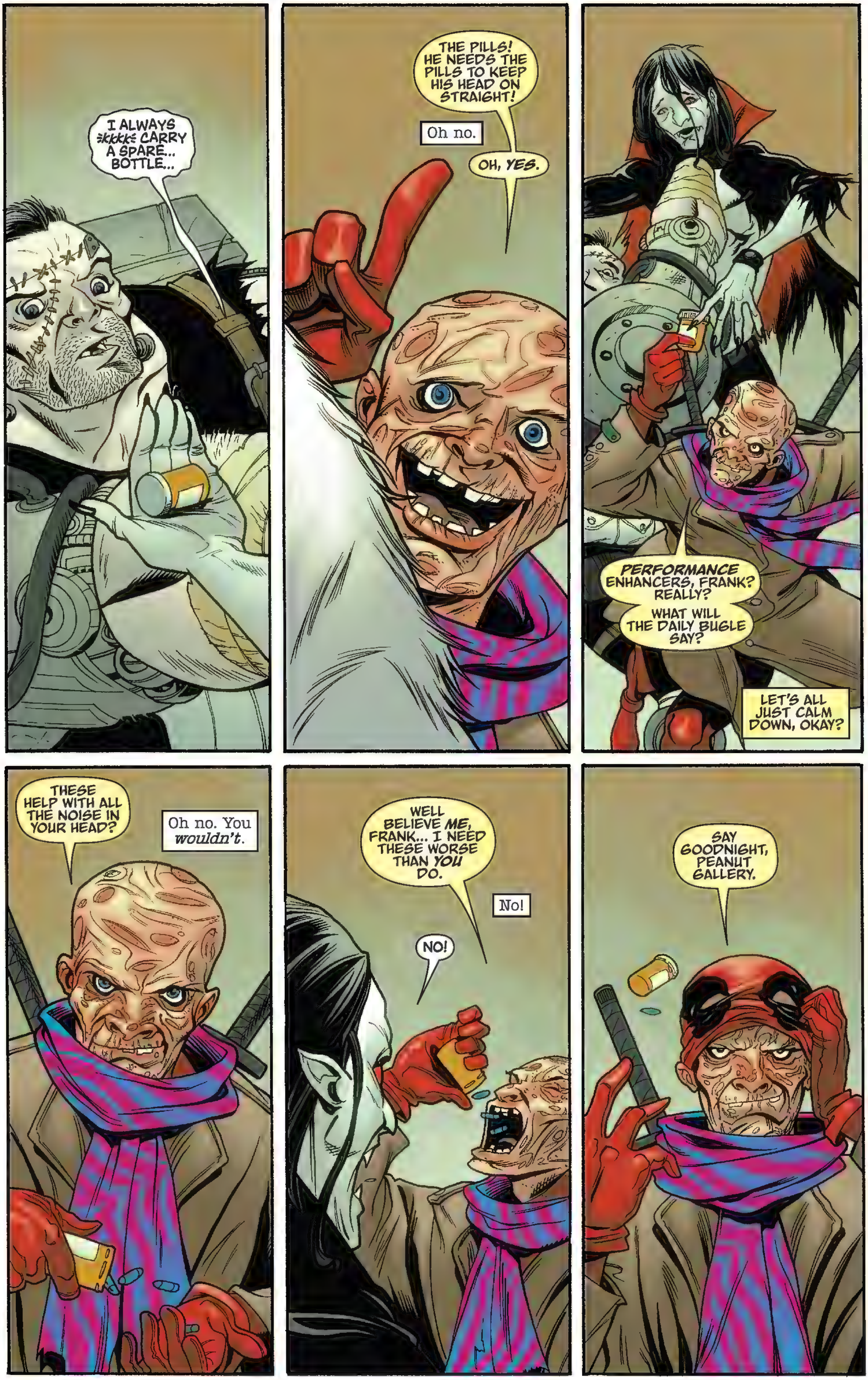

HILARIOUS, MAURICE. THAT NEVER GETS OLD.
This one definitely has a mouth.
POSSIBLY *MOUTHS.*
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE NOT SO PRETTY YOUR*SELF.*
"MAURICE"?
HOW DOES SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE *THAT* CONFUSE *US* FOR...
Now *I'm* confused.
WHAT THE HELL KIND OF PLACE *IS* THIS?
MOMMY.

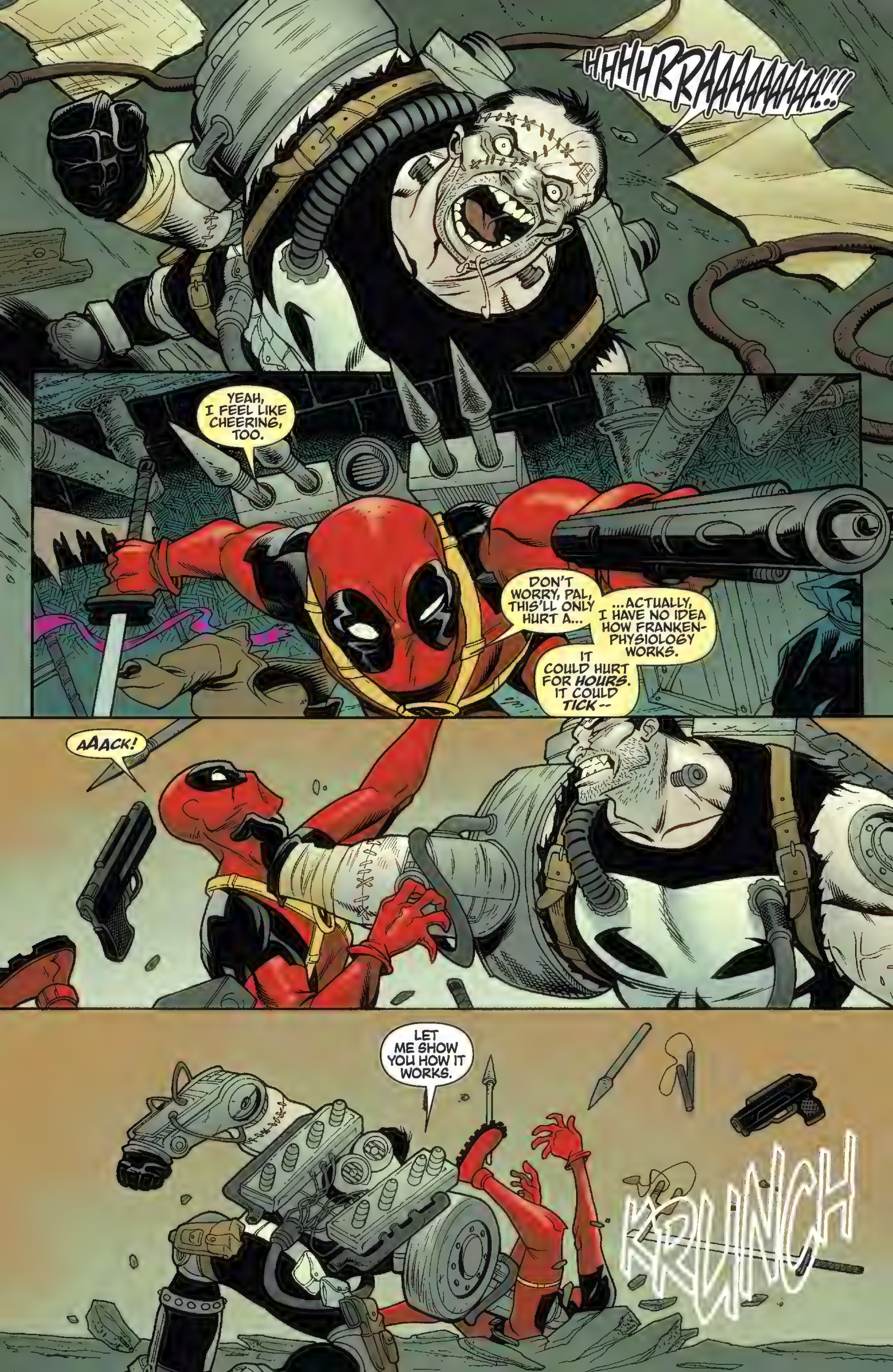

THIS WAS *NOT* ON MY MAP OF NEW YORK.
Monstertown. It's like a steampunk shantytown for every nightmare I ever had as a kid.
C'MON... "GIANT-SIZED"? YOU DON'T GET IT?
Don't *say* it.

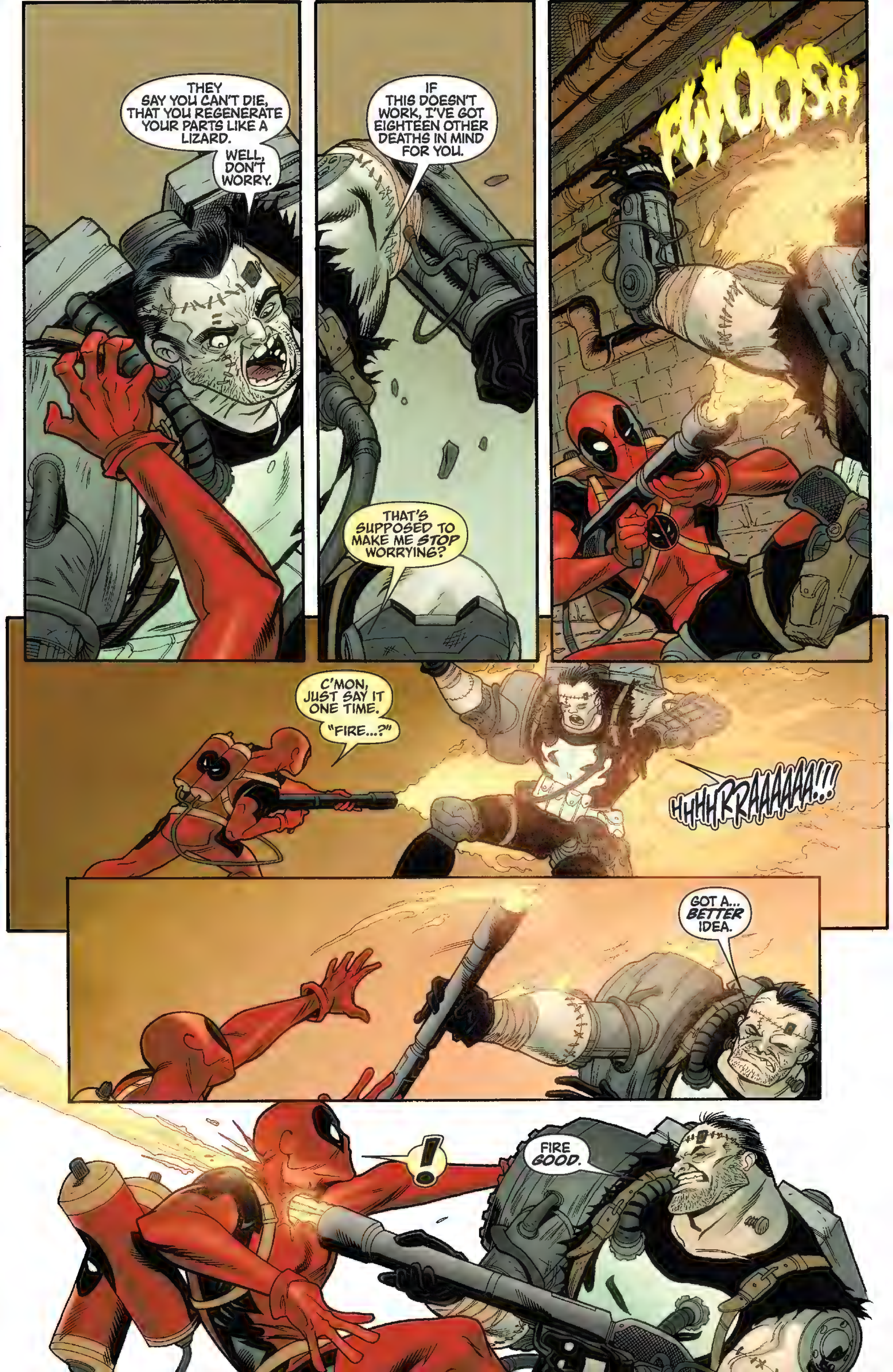

IS THIS *REAL?* DO YOU SEE WHAT *I* SEE?
Still no mouth.
HE WON'T EVER BITE US.
EXPLAIN IT TO HIM AGAIN.
EVERY MOVIE MONSTER. EVERY KIND OF TWISTED FAIRY TALE BAD GUY JUST WALKING AROUND...
Is that a *mummy?*
SIR! MR. PUNISHMENT, *SIR!*
NOT *PUNISHMENT,* HARRIS...
HOLY CRAP.
...*PUNISHER.*

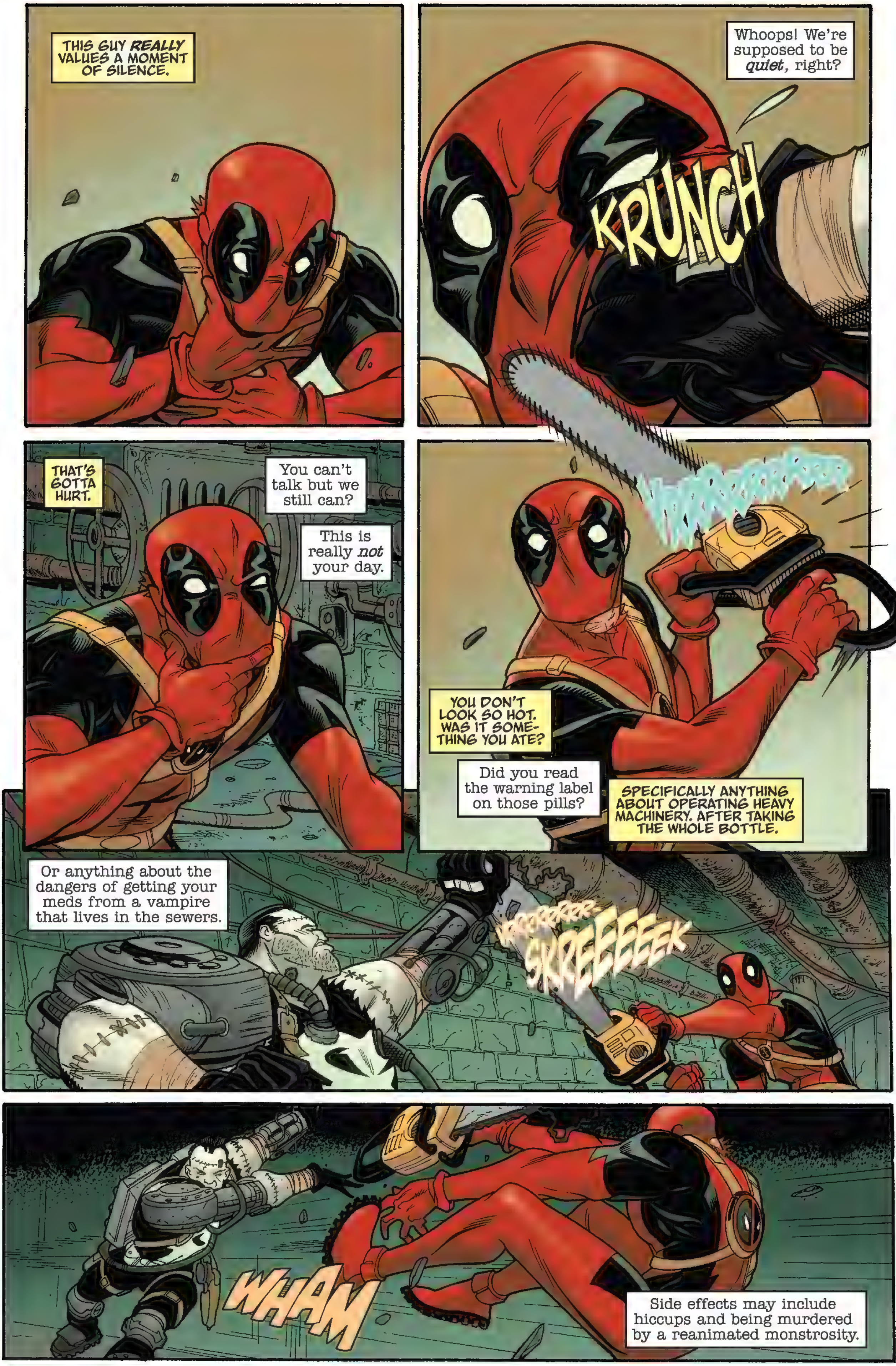

"...I JUST MET 'ER."
Really? *That* was worth the risk of blowing your cover?
IS NO ONE *SEEING* THIS?
YEP, BINGO. WE'VE FOUND HIS SHIRT.
We're gonna bring her his shirt? Because under his *shirt* is a Frankenstein and it doesn't look happy.
AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS FRANKENSTEIN.
In a t-shirt. I didn't think they had t-shirts in the 1800s.
SIR, THERE'S *DANGER*. MY WIFE'S THREATENED TO EAT ME WHILE I *SLEEP*, SIR...
GET NNNRRRB GET OUT OF MY FACE OR *I* WON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE *SLEEPING*.
OH MY GOD.
IT'S *HIM*. I'D KNOW THAT #$%! DEMEANOR ANYWHERE. EVEN WITH AN OLD-TIMEY ROBOT ARM.
THAT'S FRANK *CASTLE*.
What the hell have they done to Frank Castle?
WHERE ARE YOUR *PILLS*, FRANK? WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS AWAIT THE LAST MINUTE TO SET YOURSELF *RIGHT* AGAIN?

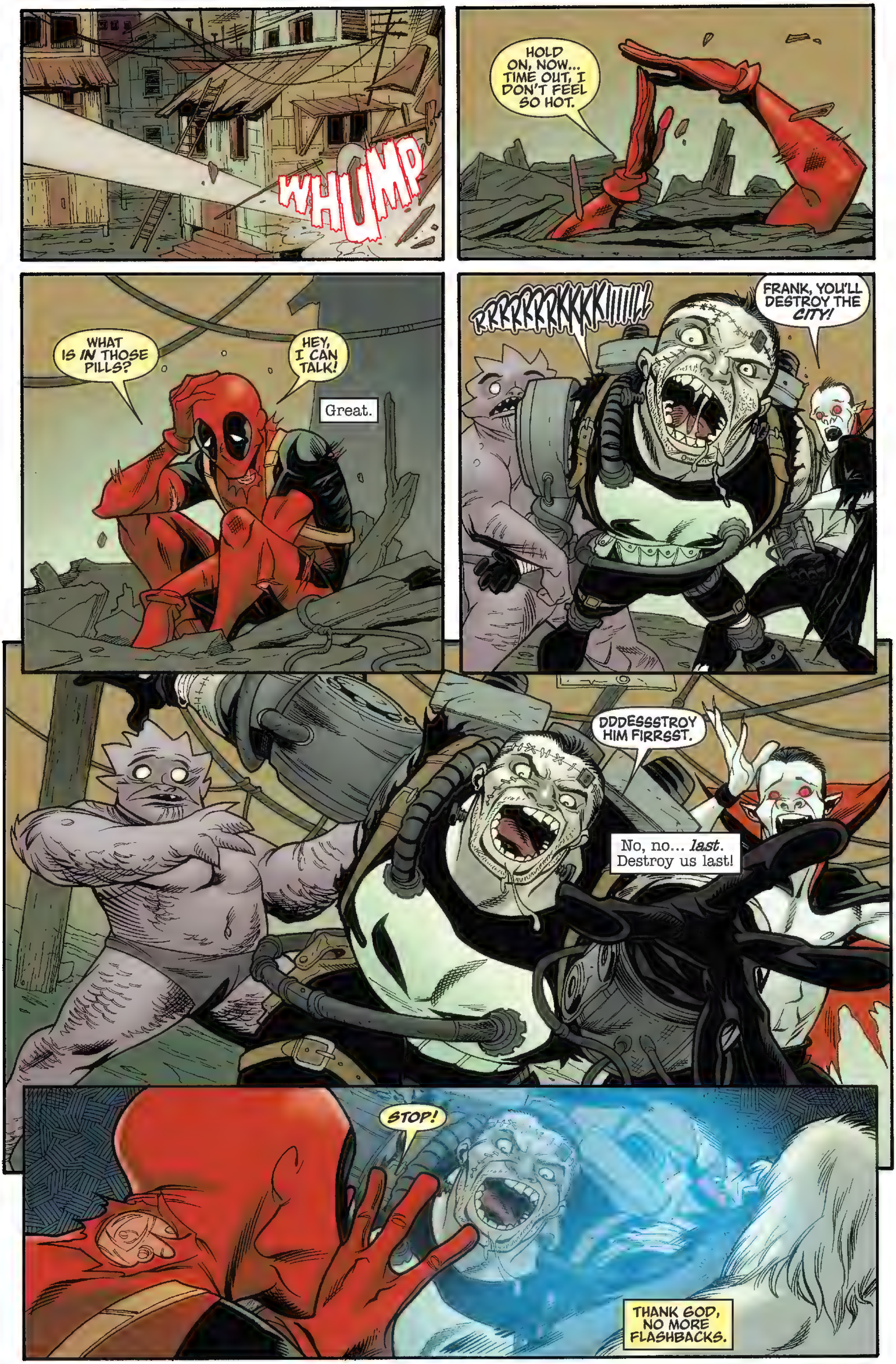

...NOTHING *RIGHT* ABOUT THIS.
PILLS'RE... *RRRRAAAAHHHH* IN MY... *ROOM*...
HE'S ALIVE?
LET'S NOT GET CARRIED AWAY.
You wanted his head, right? Probably held on by some stitches at best.
WE NEED A PLAN.
I *told* you you forgot something.
AH, IN YOUR *ROOM!* NOT OUT *HERE* WHERE OUR VERY SAFETY IS THREATENED BY YOUR RAGE.
MORBIUS...
SOMETIMES I THINK YOU *WANT* TO SUCCUMB TO YOUR CONDITION, FRANK.
MORBIUS!
HERE *kakkk* *HERE!*

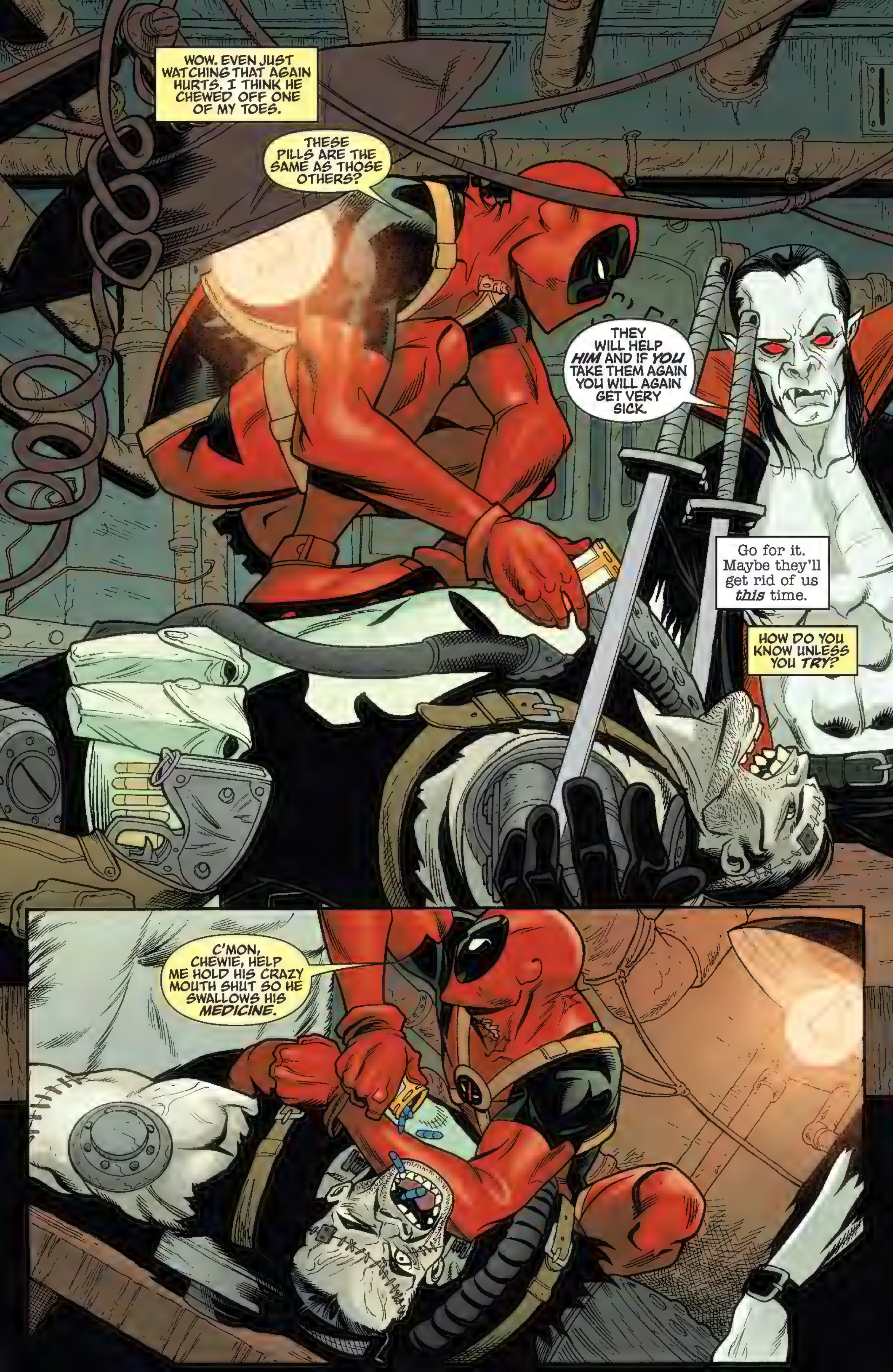

I ALWAYS kkkk CARRY A SPARE... BOTTLE...
THE PILLS! HE NEEDS THE PILLS TO KEEP HIS HEAD ON STRAIGHT!
Oh no.
OH, *YES*.
PERFORMANCE ENHANCERS, FRANK? REALLY?
WHAT WILL THE DAILY BUGLE SAY?
LET'S ALL JUST CALM DOWN, OKAY?
THESE HELP WITH ALL THE NOISE IN YOUR HEAD?
Oh no. You *wouldn't*.
WELL BELIEVE *ME*, FRANK... I NEED THESE WORSE THAN *YOU* DO.
No!
NO!
SAY GOODNIGHT, PEANUT GALLERY.

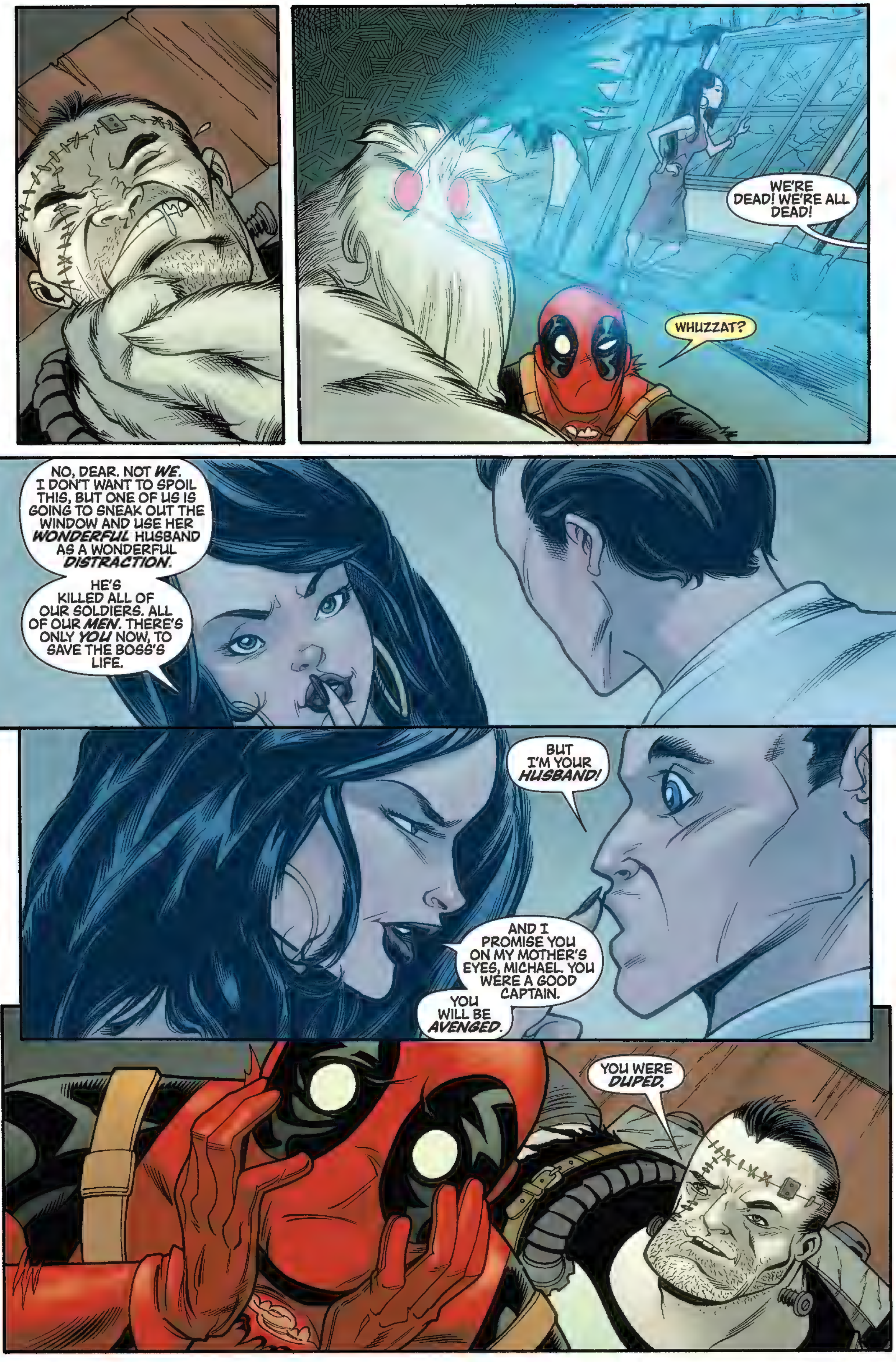

HHHHKRAAAAAAAAA!!!
YEAH, I FEEL LIKE CHEERING, TOO.
DON'T WORRY, PAL, THIS'LL ONLY HURT A...
...ACTUALLY, I HAVE NO IDEA HOW FRANKENPHYSIOLOGY WORKS.
IT COULD HURT FOR *HOURS*. IT COULD *TICK* --
AAACK!
LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT WORKS.
KRUNCH

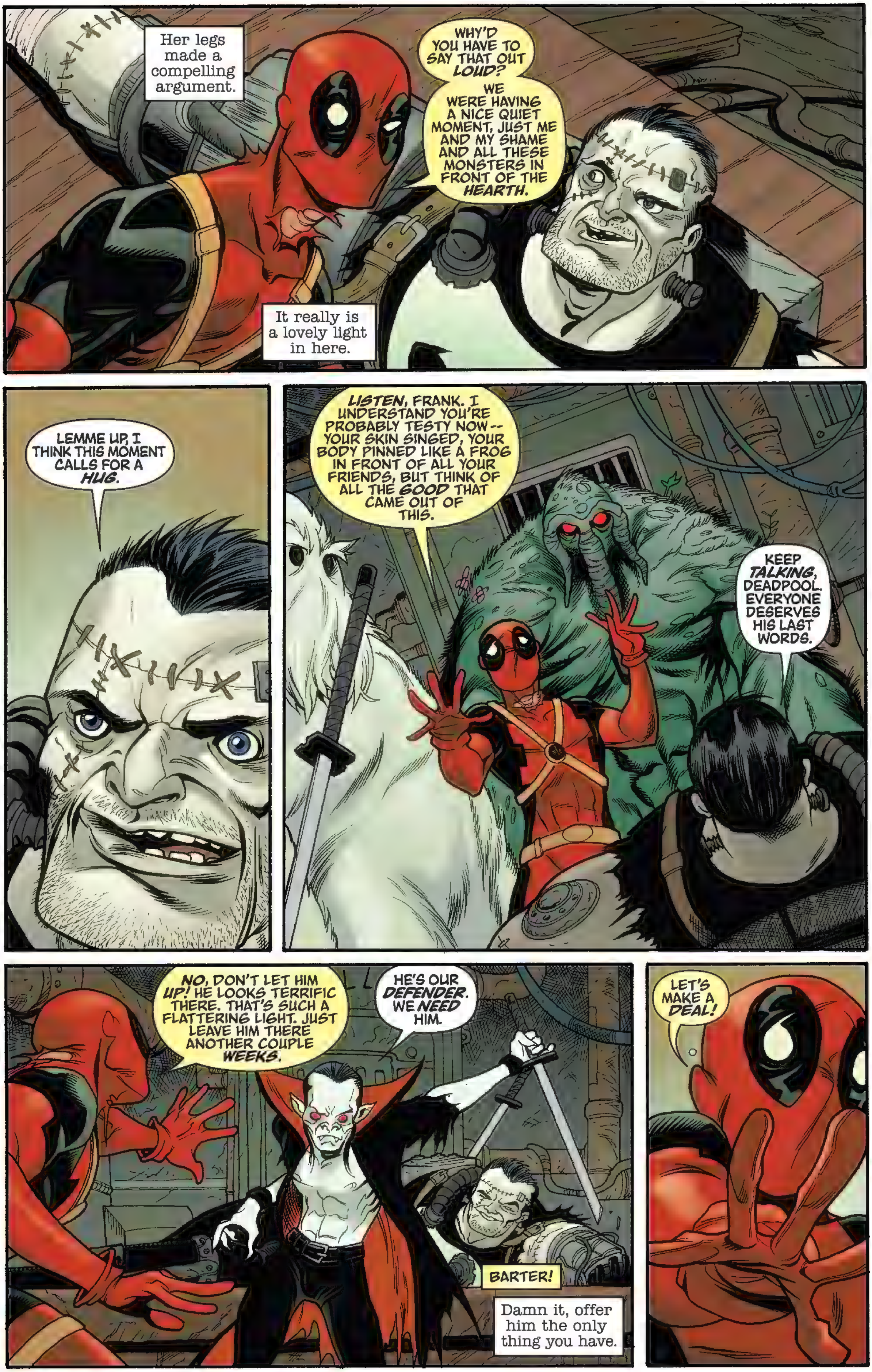

THEY SAY YOU CAN'T DIE, THAT YOU REGENERATE YOUR PARTS LIKE A LIZARD.
WELL, DON'T WORRY.
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'VE GOT EIGHTEEN OTHER DEATHS IN MIND FOR YOU.
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME *STOP* WORRYING?
FWOOSH
C'MON, JUST SAY IT ONE TIME.
"FIRE...?"
HHHHRAAAAAA!!!
GOT A... *BETTER* IDEA.
!
FIRE *GOOD*.

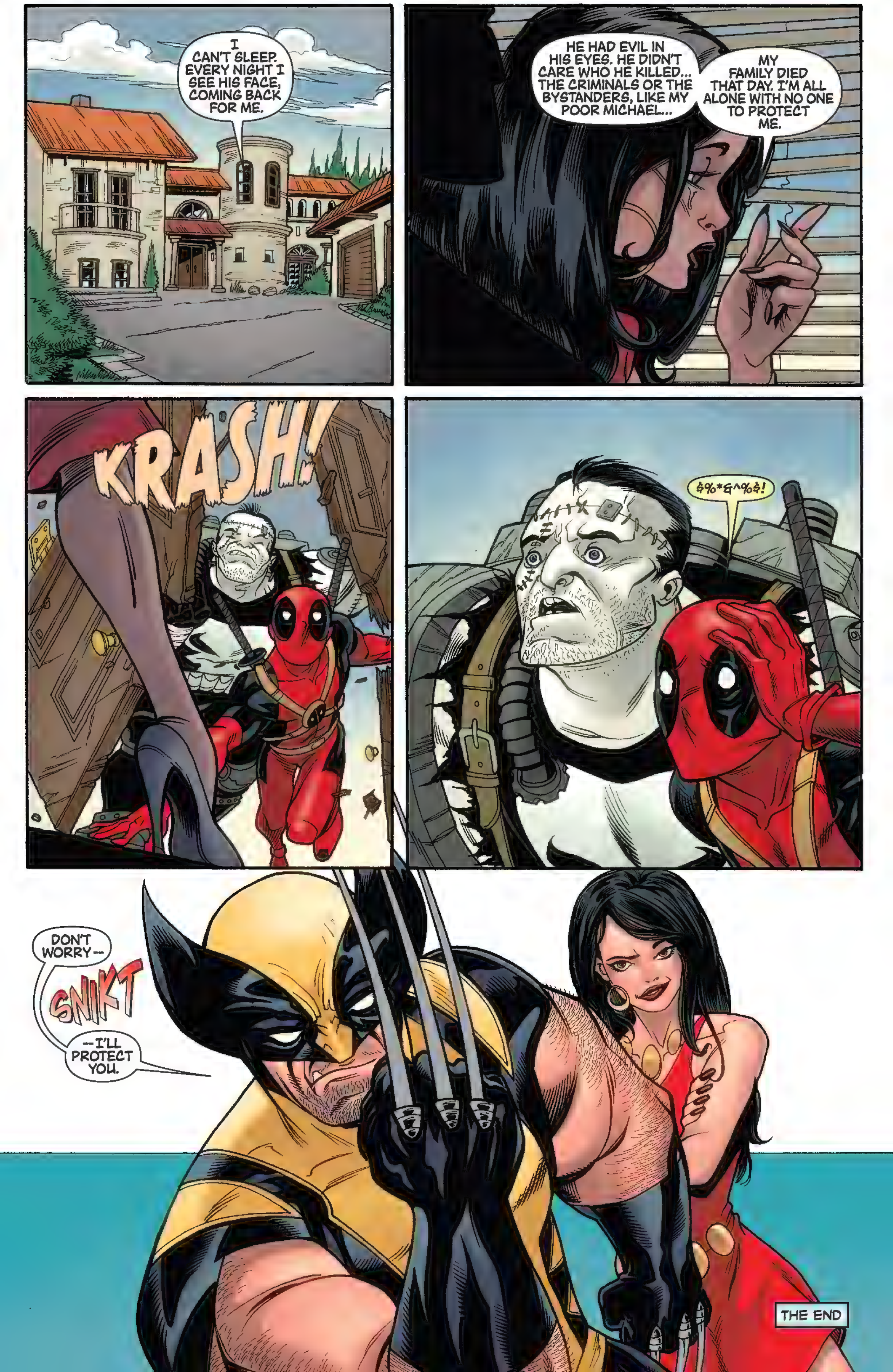

THIS GUY *REALLY* VALUES A MOMENT OF SILENCE.
Whoops! We're supposed to be *quiet*, right?
KRUNCH
THAT'S GOTTA HURT.
You can't talk but we still can?
This is really *not* your day.
VRRRRRRRR
YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT. WAS IT SOME-THING YOU ATE?
Did you read the warning label on those pills?
SPECIFICALLY ANYTHING ABOUT OPERATING HEAVY MACHINERY. AFTER TAKING THE WHOLE BOTTLE.
Or anything about the dangers of getting your meds from a vampire that lives in the sewers.
VRRRRRRRR-
SKREEEEEEK
WHAM
Side effects may include hiccups and being murdered by a reanimated monstrosity.


WHUMP
HOLD ON, NOW... TIME OUT, I DON'T FEEL SO HOT.
WHAT IS *IN* THOSE PILLS?
HEY, I CAN TALK!
Great.
RRRRRRRKKKKKIIIIII!!
FRANK, YOU'LL DESTROY THE *CITY!*
DDDESSSTROY HIM FIRRSST.
No, no... *last*. Destroy us last!
STOP!
THANK GOD, NO MORE FLASHBACKS.


WOW. EVEN JUST WATCHING THAT AGAIN HURTS. I THINK HE CHEWED OFF ONE OF MY TOES.
THESE PILLS ARE THE SAME AS THOSE OTHERS?
THEY WILL HELP *HIM* AND IF *YOU* TAKE THEM AGAIN YOU WILL AGAIN GET VERY SICK.
Go for it. Maybe they'll get rid of us *this* time.
HOW DO YOU KNOW UNLESS YOU *TRY?*
C'MON, CHEWIE, HELP ME HOLD HIS CRAZY MOUTH SHUT SO HE SWALLOWS HIS *MEDICINE*.


WE'RE DEAD! WE'RE ALL DEAD!
WHUZZAT?
NO, DEAR. NOT *WE*. I DON'T WANT TO SPOIL THIS, BUT ONE OF US IS GOING TO SNEAK OUT THE WINDOW AND USE HER *WONDERFUL* HUSBAND AS A WONDERFUL *DISTRACTION*.
HE'S KILLED ALL OF OUR SOLDIERS. ALL OF OUR *MEN*. THERE'S ONLY *YOU* NOW, TO SAVE THE BOSS'S LIFE.
BUT I'M YOUR *HUSBAND!*
AND I PROMISE YOU ON MY MOTHER'S EYES, MICHAEL. YOU WERE A GOOD CAPTAIN.
YOU WILL BE *AVENGED*.
YOU WERE *DUPED*.


Her legs made a compelling argument.
WHY'D YOU HAVE TO SAY THAT OUT *LOUD?*
WE WERE HAVING A NICE QUIET MOMENT, JUST ME AND MY SHAME AND ALL THESE MONSTERS IN FRONT OF THE *HEARTH.*
It really is a lovely light in here.
LEMME UP, I THINK THIS MOMENT CALLS FOR A *HUG.*
LISTEN, FRANK. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE PROBABLY TESTY NOW-- YOUR SKIN SINGED, YOUR BODY PINNED LIKE A FROG IN FRONT OF ALL YOUR FRIENDS, BUT THINK OF ALL THE *GOOD* THAT CAME OUT OF THIS.
KEEP *TALKING,* DEADPOOL. EVERYONE DESERVES HIS LAST WORDS.
NO, DON'T LET HIM *UP!* HE LOOKS TERRIFIC THERE. THAT'S SUCH A FLATTERING LIGHT. JUST LEAVE HIM THERE ANOTHER COUPLE *WEEKS.*
HE'S OUR *DEFENDER.* WE *NEED* HIM.
BARTER!
Damn it, offer him the only thing you have.
LET'S MAKE A *DEAL!*

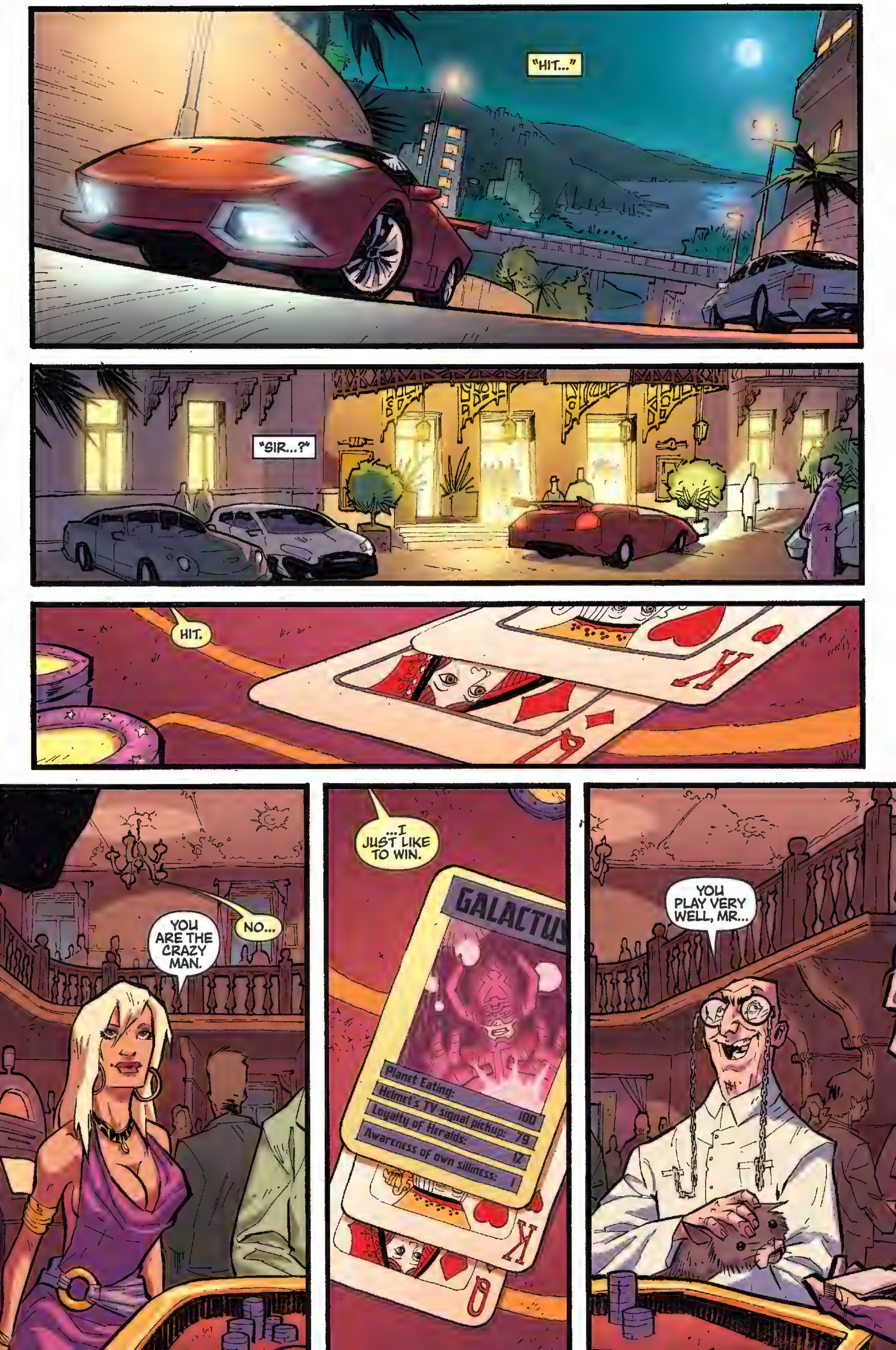

I CAN'T SLEEP. EVERY NIGHT I SEE HIS FACE, COMING BACK FOR ME.
HE HAD EVIL IN HIS EYES. HE DIDN'T CARE WHO HE KILLED... THE CRIMINALS OR THE BYSTANDERS, LIKE MY POOR MICHAEL...
MY FAMILY DIED THAT DAY. I'M ALL ALONE WITH NO ONE TO PROTECT ME.
KRASH!
$%*&^%$!
DON'T WORRY--
SNIKT
--I'LL PROTECT YOU.
THE END

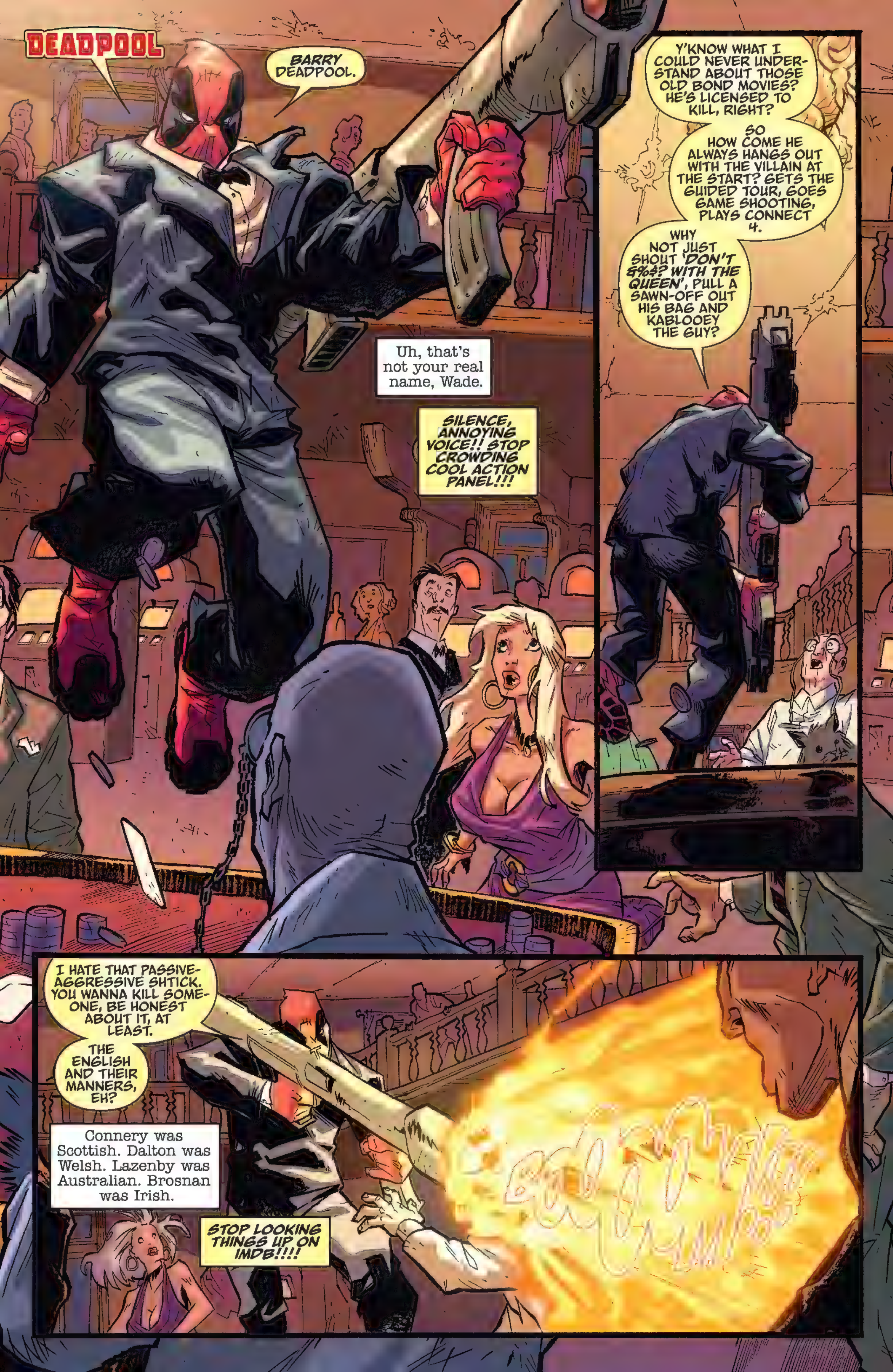
#894 IRON MAN BY DESIGN VARIANT

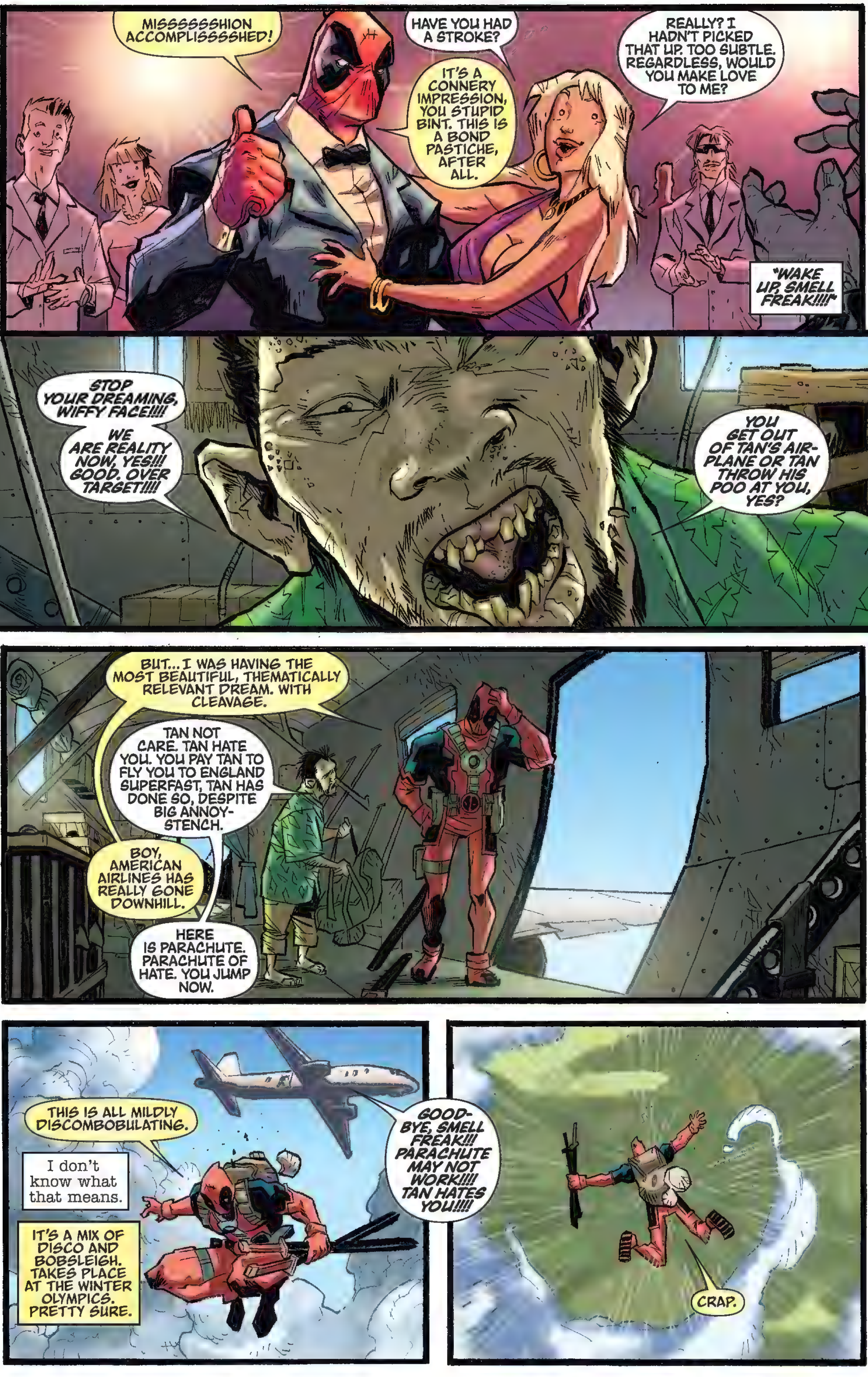
by Greg Tocchini

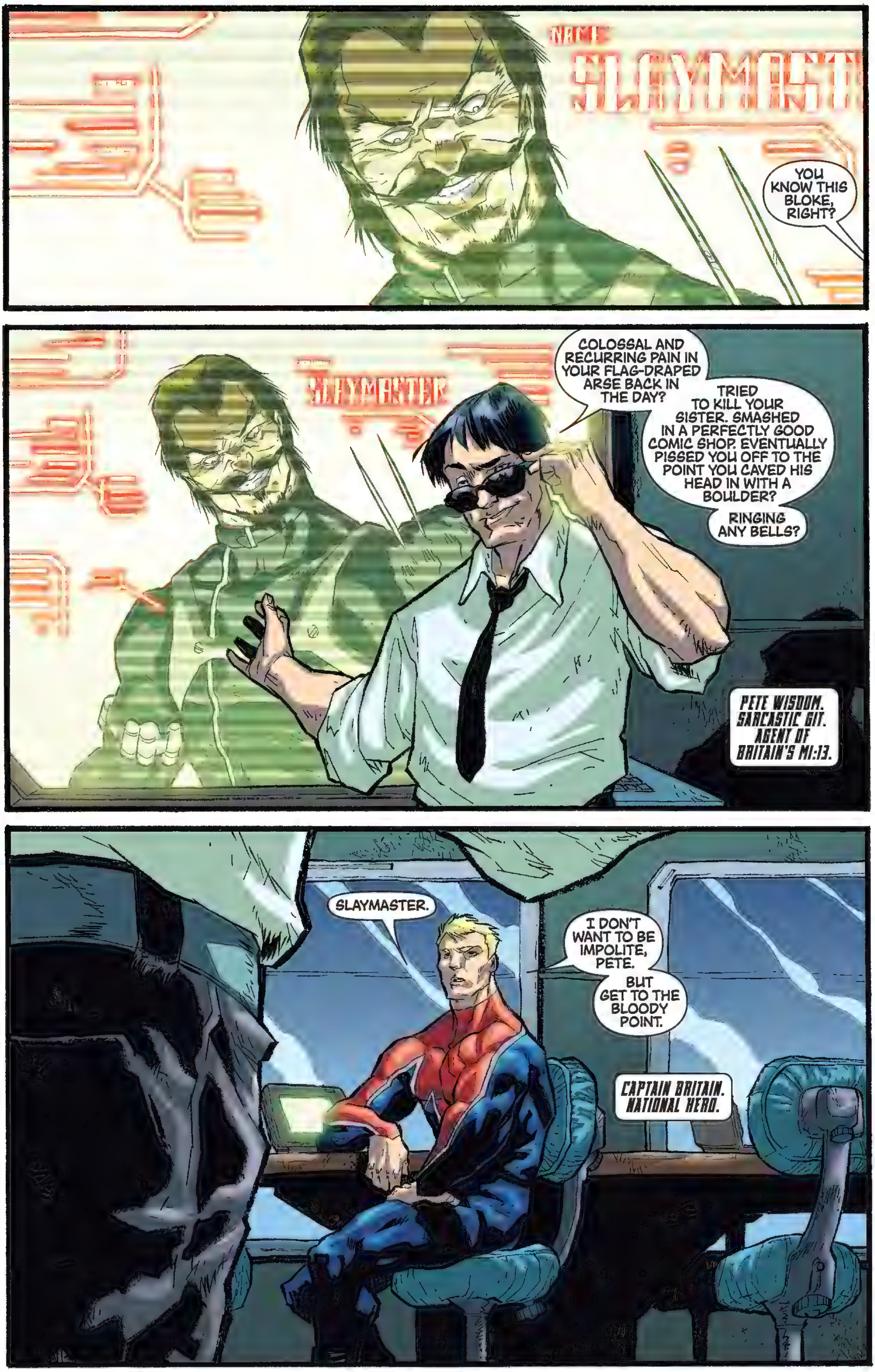
#893

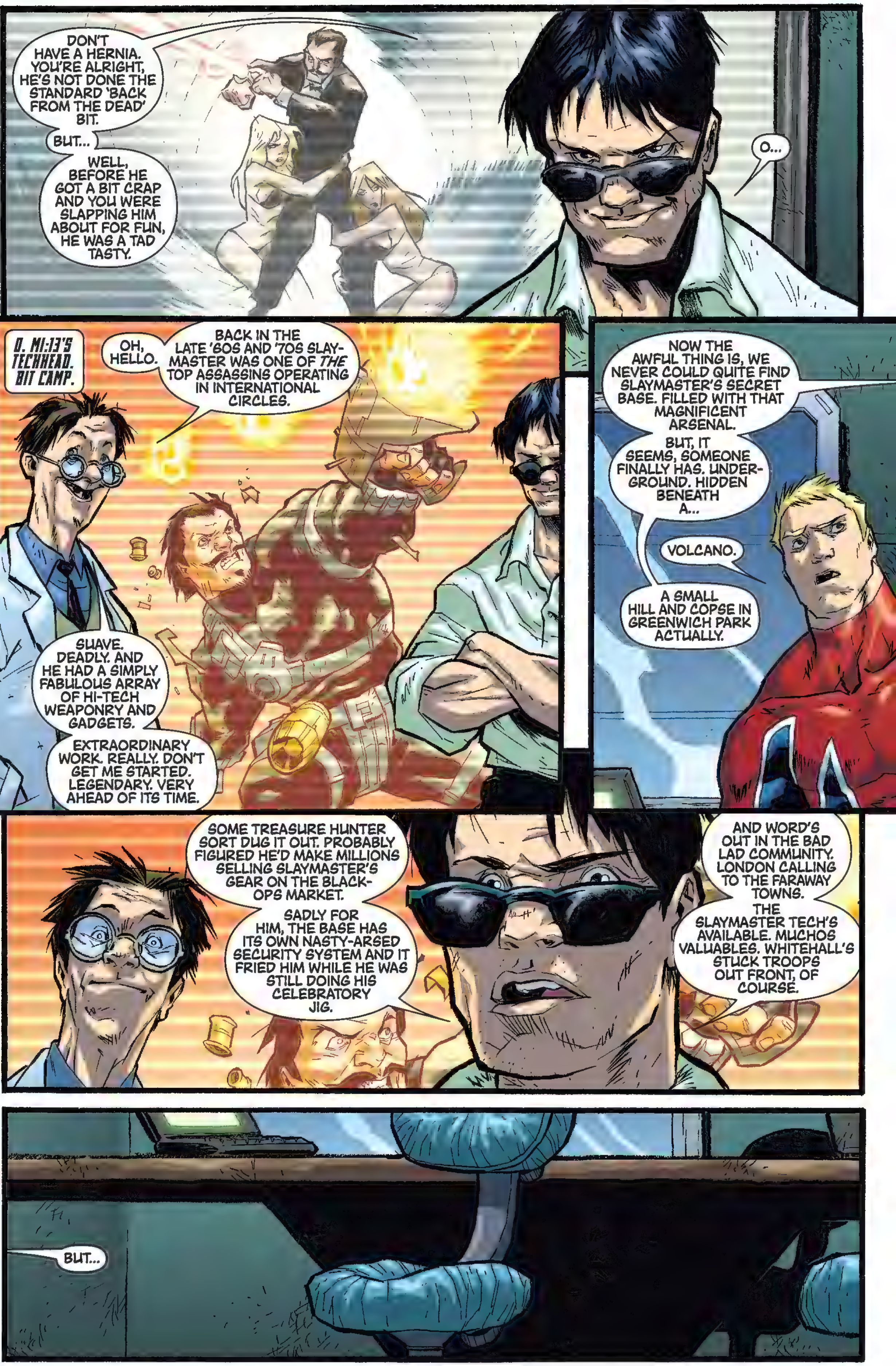
RAMOS '10
EASTON

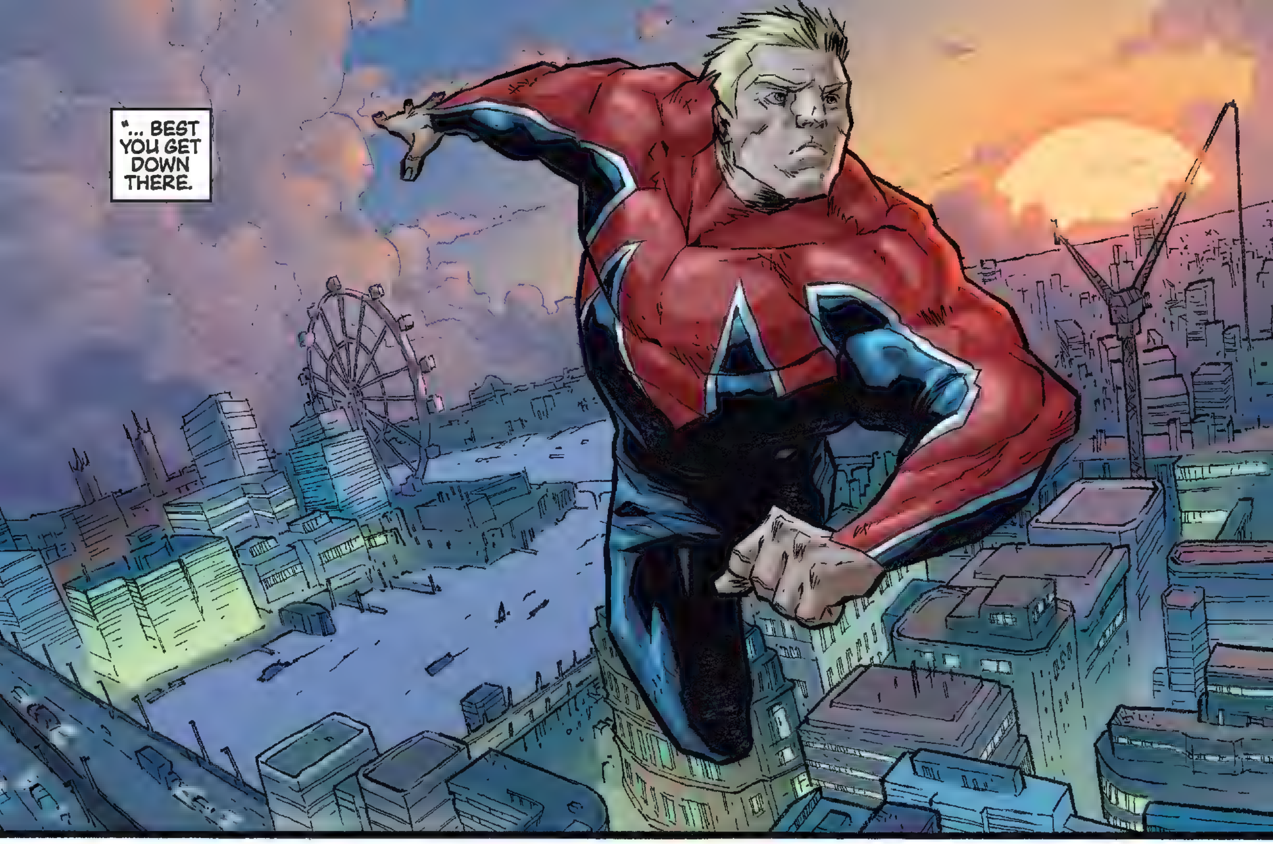

"HIT..."
"SIR...?"
HIT.
YOU ARE THE CRAZY MAN.
NO...
...I JUST LIKE TO WIN.
GALACTUS
Planet Eating: 100
Helmet's TV signal pickup: 79
Loyalty of Heralds: 12
Awareness of own silliness: 1
YOU PLAY VERY WELL, MR...

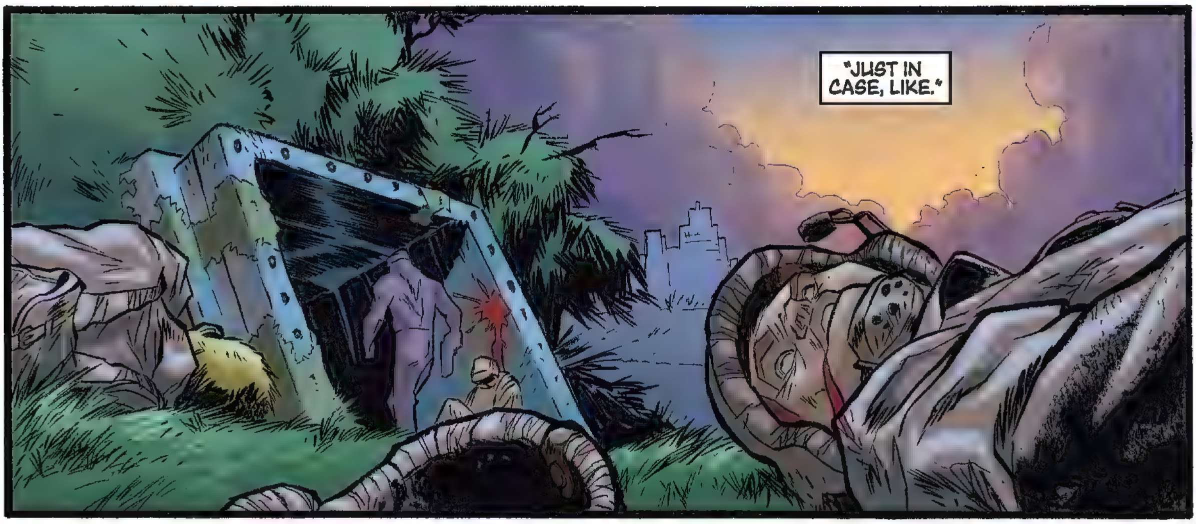

DEADPOOL
BARRY DEADPOOL.
Uh, that's not your real name, Wade.
SILENCE, ANNOYING VOICE!! STOP CROWDING COOL ACTION PANEL!!!
Y'KNOW WHAT I COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND ABOUT THOSE OLD BOND MOVIES? HE'S LICENSED TO KILL, RIGHT?
SO HOW COME HE ALWAYS HANGS OUT WITH THE VILLAIN AT THE START? GETS THE GUIDED TOUR, GOES GAME SHOOTING, PLAYS CONNECT 4.
WHY NOT JUST SHOUT '*DON'T $%$? WITH THE QUEEN*', PULL A SAWN-OFF OUT HIS BAG AND KABLOOEY THE GUY?
I HATE THAT PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE SHTICK. YOU WANNA KILL SOMEONE, BE HONEST ABOUT IT, AT LEAST.
THE ENGLISH AND THEIR MANNERS, EH?
Connery was Scottish. Dalton was Welsh. Lazenby was Australian. Brosnan was Irish.
STOP LOOKING THINGS UP ON IMDB!!!!

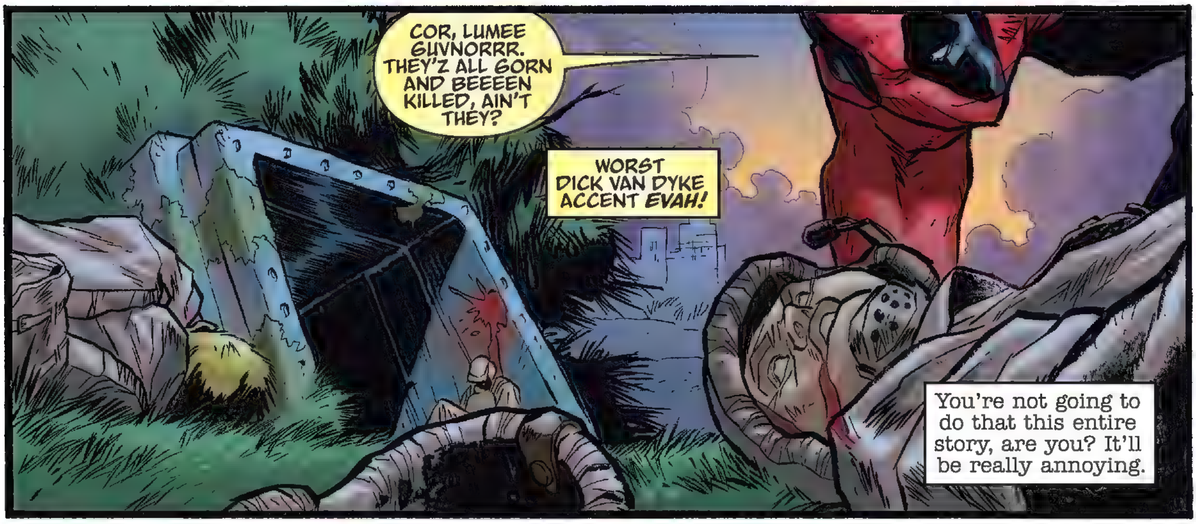

MISSSSSSHION ACCOMPLISSSSHED!
HAVE YOU HAD A STROKE?
IT'S A CONNERY IMPRESSION, YOU STUPID BINT. THIS IS A BOND PASTICHE, AFTER ALL.
REALLY? I HADN'T PICKED THAT UP. TOO SUBTLE. REGARDLESS, WOULD YOU MAKE LOVE TO ME?
"WAKE UP, SMELL FREAK!!!!"
STOP YOUR DREAMING, WIFFY FACE!!!!
WE ARE REALITY NOW, YES!!! GOOD. OVER TARGET!!!!
YOU GET OUT OF TAN'S AIRPLANE OR TAN THROW HIS POO AT YOU, YES?
BUT... I WAS HAVING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THEMATICALLY RELEVANT DREAM. WITH CLEAVAGE.
TAN NOT CARE. TAN HATE YOU. YOU PAY TAN TO FLY YOU TO ENGLAND SUPERFAST, TAN HAS DONE SO, DESPITE BIG ANNOY-STENCH.
BOY, AMERICAN AIRLINES HAS REALLY GONE DOWNHILL.
HERE IS PARACHUTE. PARACHUTE OF HATE. YOU JUMP NOW.
THIS IS ALL MILDLY DISCOMBOBULATING.
I don't know what that means.
IT'S A MIX OF DISCO AND BOBSLEIGH. TAKES PLACE AT THE WINTER OLYMPICS. PRETTY SURE.
GOOD-BYE, SMELL FREAK!!! PARACHUTE MAY NOT WORK!!!! TAN HATES YOU!!!!
CRAP.

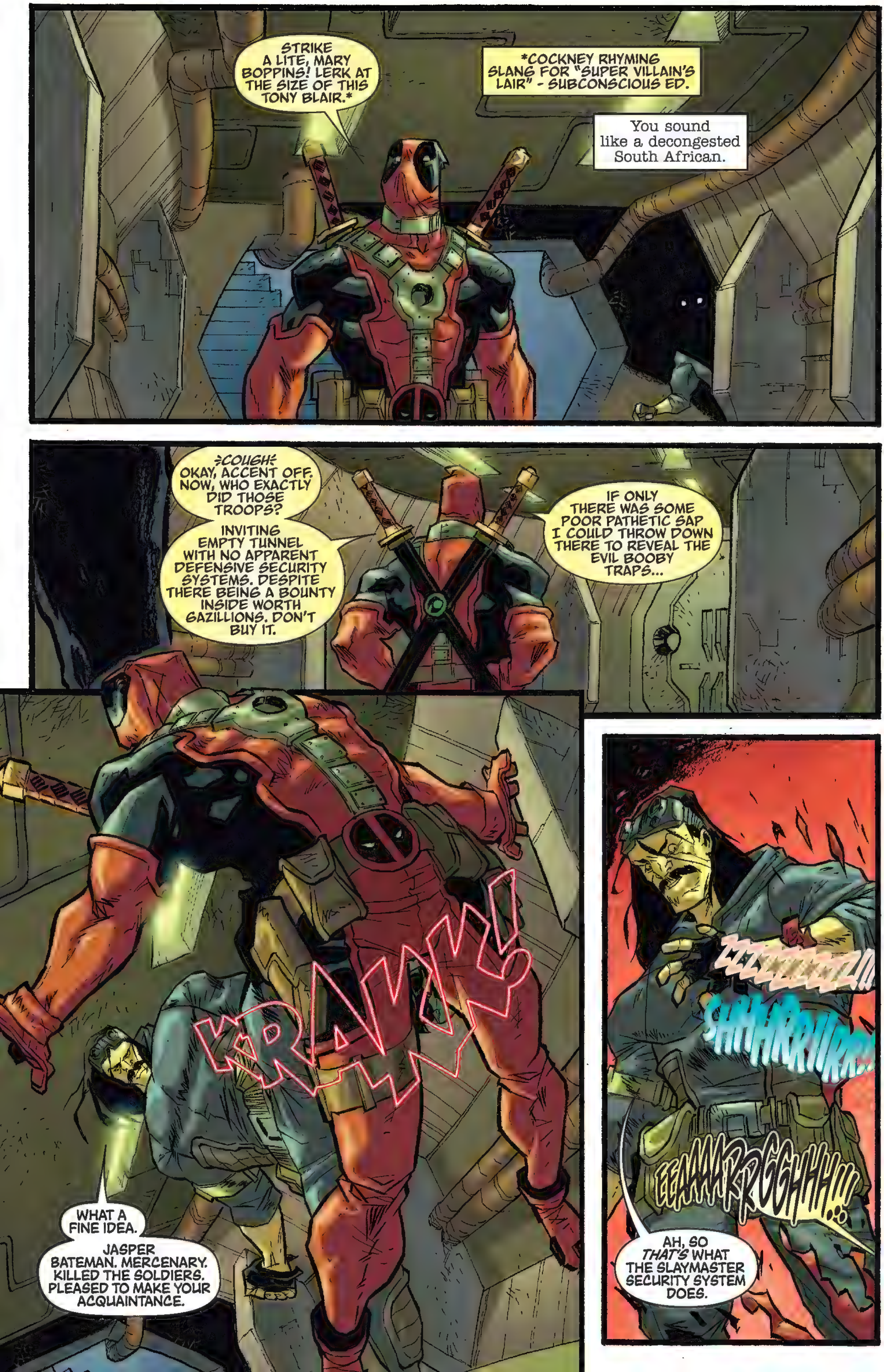

NAME
SLAYMAST
YOU KNOW THIS BLOKE, RIGHT?
SLAYMASTER
COLOSSAL AND RECURRING PAIN IN YOUR FLAG-DRAPED ARSE BACK IN THE DAY?
TRIED TO KILL YOUR SISTER. SMASHED IN A PERFECTLY GOOD COMIC SHOP. EVENTUALLY PISSED YOU OFF TO THE POINT YOU CAVED HIS HEAD IN WITH A BOULDER?
RINGING ANY BELLS?
PETE WISDOM. SARCASTIC GIT. AGENT OF BRITAIN'S MI:13.
SLAYMASTER.
I DON'T WANT TO BE IMPOLITE, PETE.
BUT GET TO THE BLOODY POINT.
CAPTAIN BRITAIN. NATIONAL HERO.

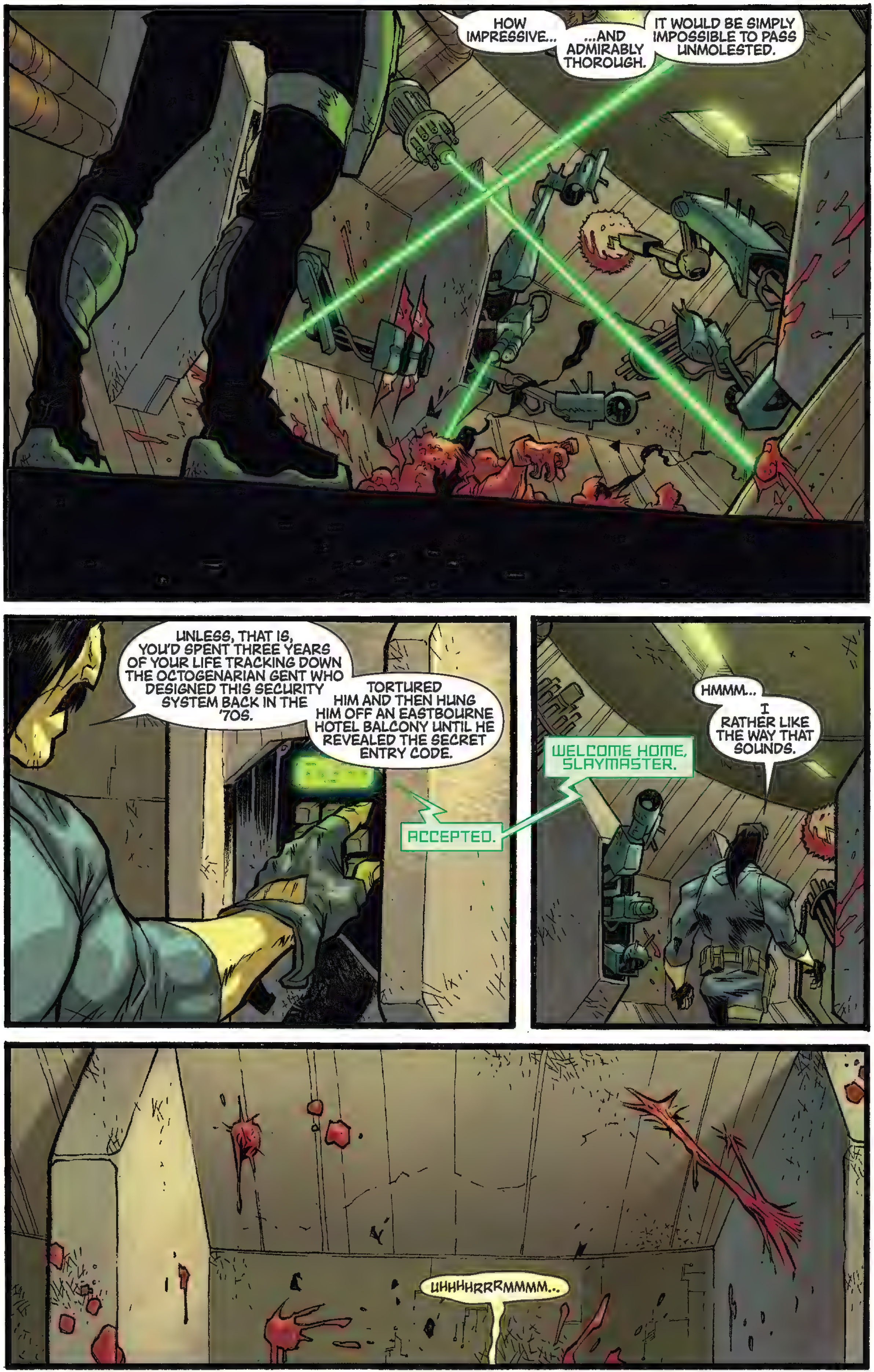

DON'T HAVE A HERNIA. YOU'RE ALRIGHT, HE'S NOT DONE THE STANDARD 'BACK FROM THE DEAD' BIT.
BUT...
WELL, BEFORE HE GOT A BIT CRAP AND YOU WERE SLAPPING HIM ABOUT FOR FUN, HE WAS A TAD TASTY.
O...
O. MI:13'S TECHHEAD. BIT CAMP.
OH, HELLO.
BACK IN THE LATE '60S AND '70S SLAYMASTER WAS ONE OF *THE* TOP ASSASSINS OPERATING IN INTERNATIONAL CIRCLES.
SUAVE. DEADLY. AND HE HAD A SIMPLY FABULOUS ARRAY OF HI-TECH WEAPONRY AND GADGETS.
EXTRAORDINARY WORK. REALLY. DON'T GET ME STARTED. LEGENDARY. VERY AHEAD OF ITS TIME.
NOW THE AWFUL THING IS, WE NEVER COULD QUITE FIND SLAYMASTER'S SECRET BASE. FILLED WITH THAT MAGNIFICENT ARSENAL.
BUT, IT SEEMS, SOMEONE FINALLY HAS. UNDERGROUND. HIDDEN BENEATH A...
VOLCANO.
A SMALL HILL AND COPSE IN GREENWICH PARK ACTUALLY.
SOME TREASURE HUNTER SORT DUG IT OUT. PROBABLY FIGURED HE'D MAKE MILLIONS SELLING SLAYMASTER'S GEAR ON THE BLACK-OPS MARKET.
SADLY FOR HIM, THE BASE HAS ITS OWN NASTY-ARSED SECURITY SYSTEM AND IT FRIED HIM WHILE HE WAS STILL DOING HIS CELEBRATORY JIG.
AND WORD'S OUT IN THE BAD LAD COMMUNITY. LONDON CALLING TO THE FARAWAY TOWNS.
THE SLAYMASTER TECH'S AVAILABLE. MUCHOS VALUABLES. WHITEHALL'S STUCK TROOPS OUT FRONT, OF COURSE.
BUT...

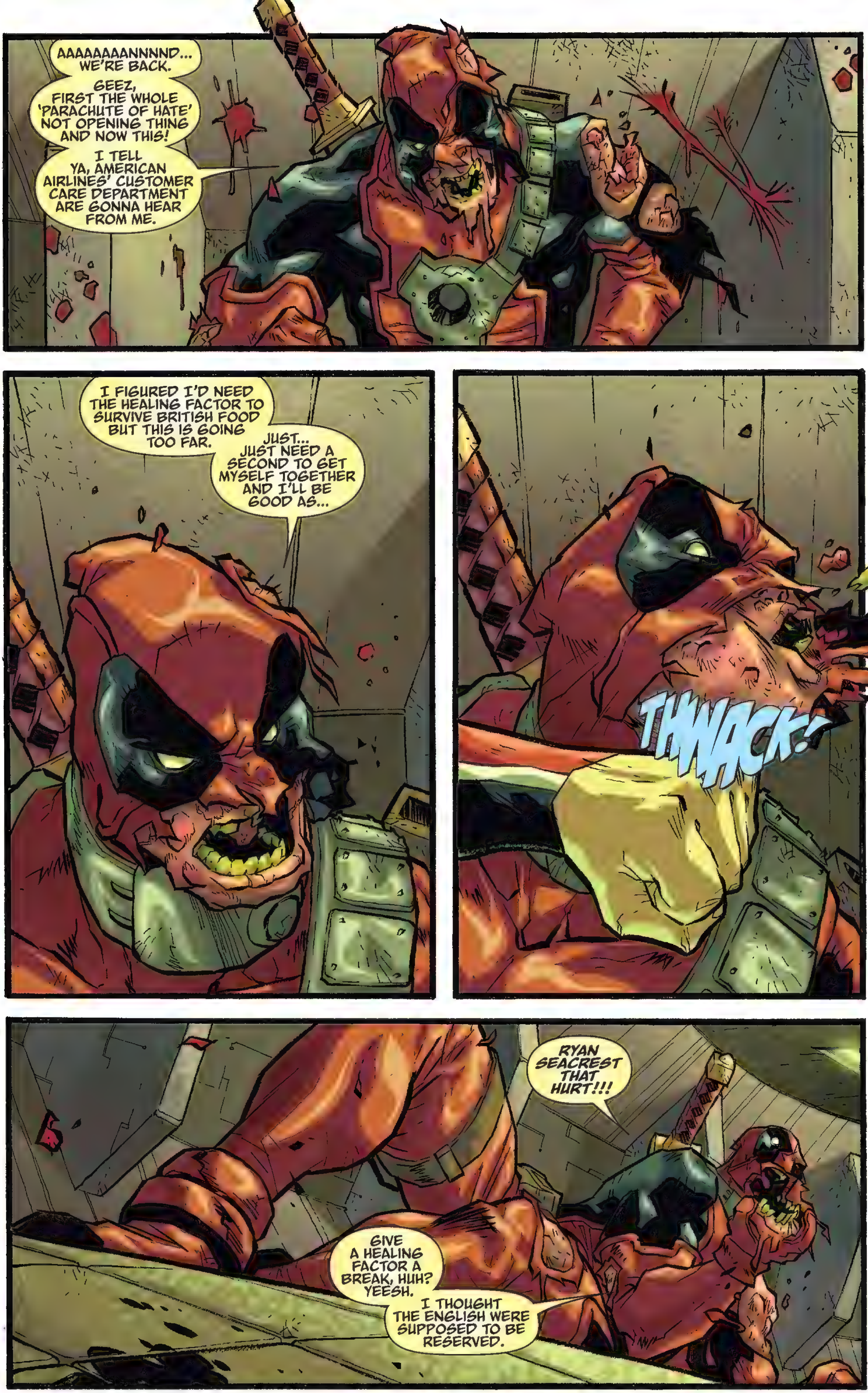

"... BEST YOU GET DOWN THERE.

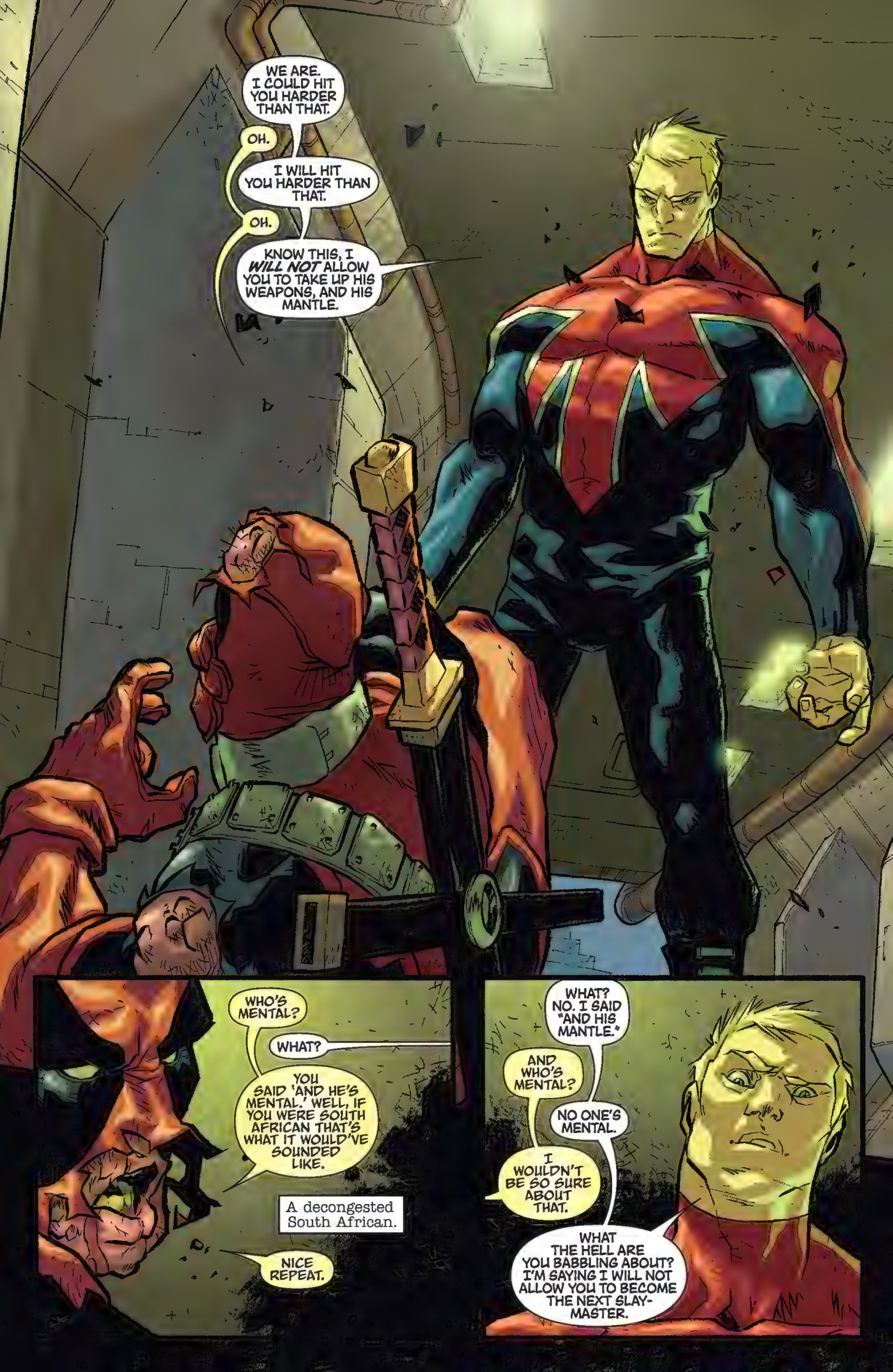

"JUST IN CASE, LIKE."

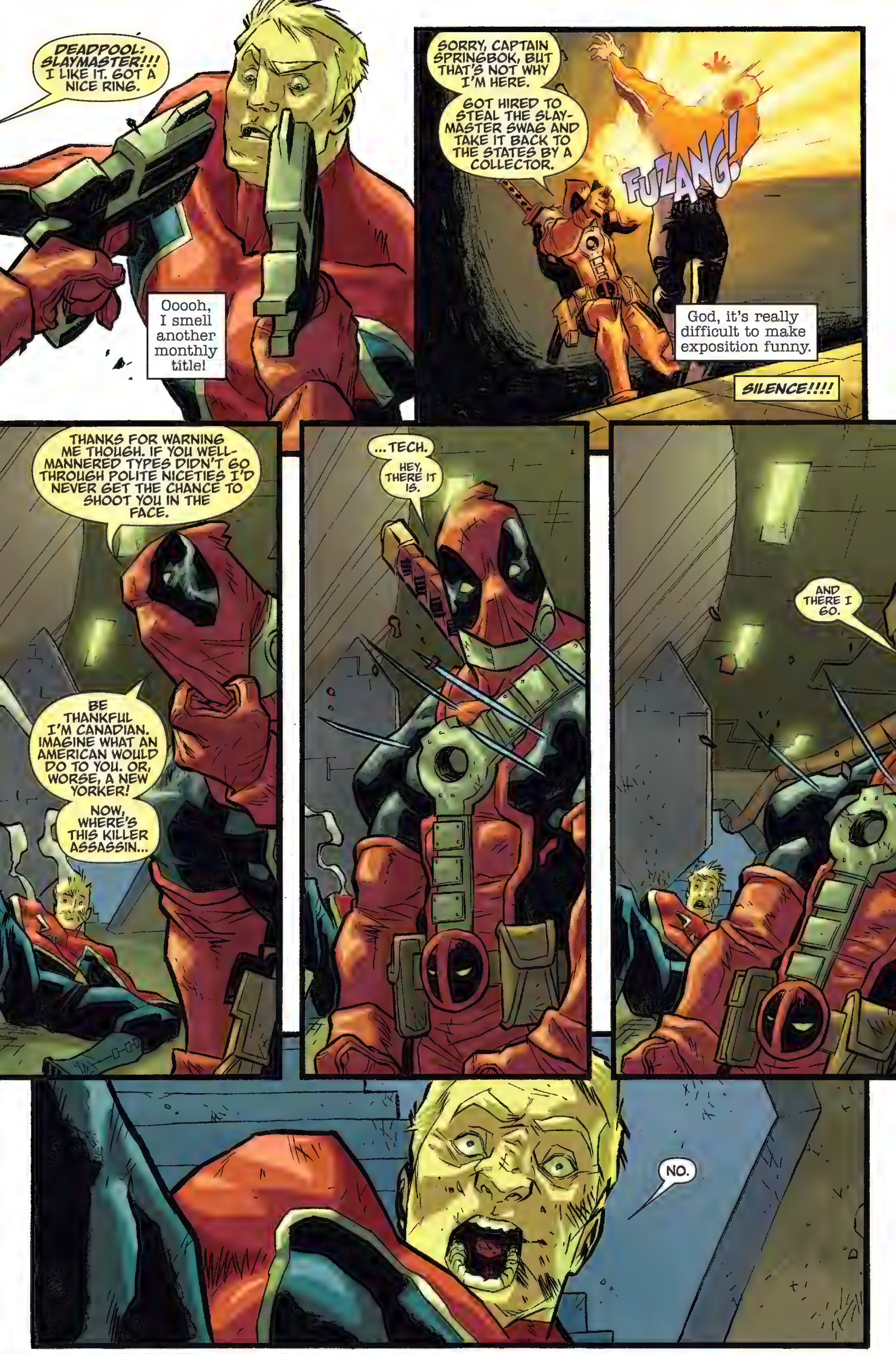

COR, LUMEE GUVNORRR. THEY'Z ALL GORN AND BEEEEN KILLED, AIN'T THEY?
WORST DICK VAN DYKE ACCENT *EVAH!*
You're not going to do that this entire story, are you? It'll be really annoying.

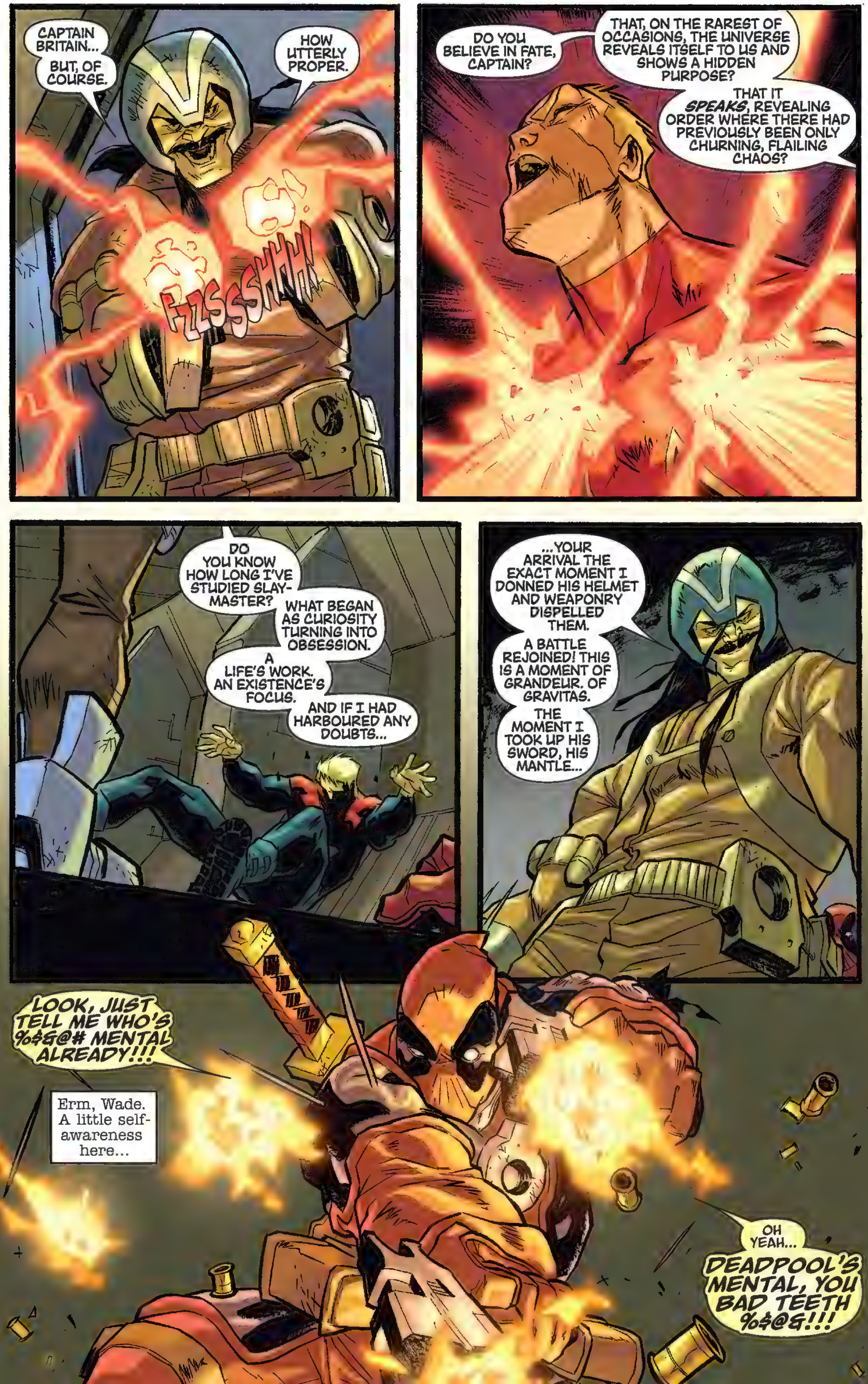

STRIKE A LITE, MARY BOPPINS! LERK AT THE SIZE OF THIS TONY BLAIR.*
*COCKNEY RHYMING SLANG FOR "SUPER VILLAIN'S LAIR" - SUBCONSCIOUS ED.
You sound like a decongested South African.
COUGH OKAY, ACCENT OFF. NOW, WHO EXACTLY DID THOSE TROOPS?
INVITING EMPTY TUNNEL WITH NO APPARENT DEFENSIVE SECURITY SYSTEMS. DESPITE THERE BEING A BOUNTY INSIDE WORTH GAZILLIONS. DON'T BUY IT.
IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME POOR PATHETIC SAP I COULD THROW DOWN THERE TO REVEAL THE EVIL BOOBY TRAPS...
KRAWW!
WHAT A FINE IDEA.
JASPER BATEMAN. MERCENARY. KILLED THE SOLDIERS. PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.
ZZZZZZZZT!!
SHHHHRRRRK
EEAAAARRGGHHH!!!
AH, SO THAT'S WHAT THE SLAYMASTER SECURITY SYSTEM DOES.

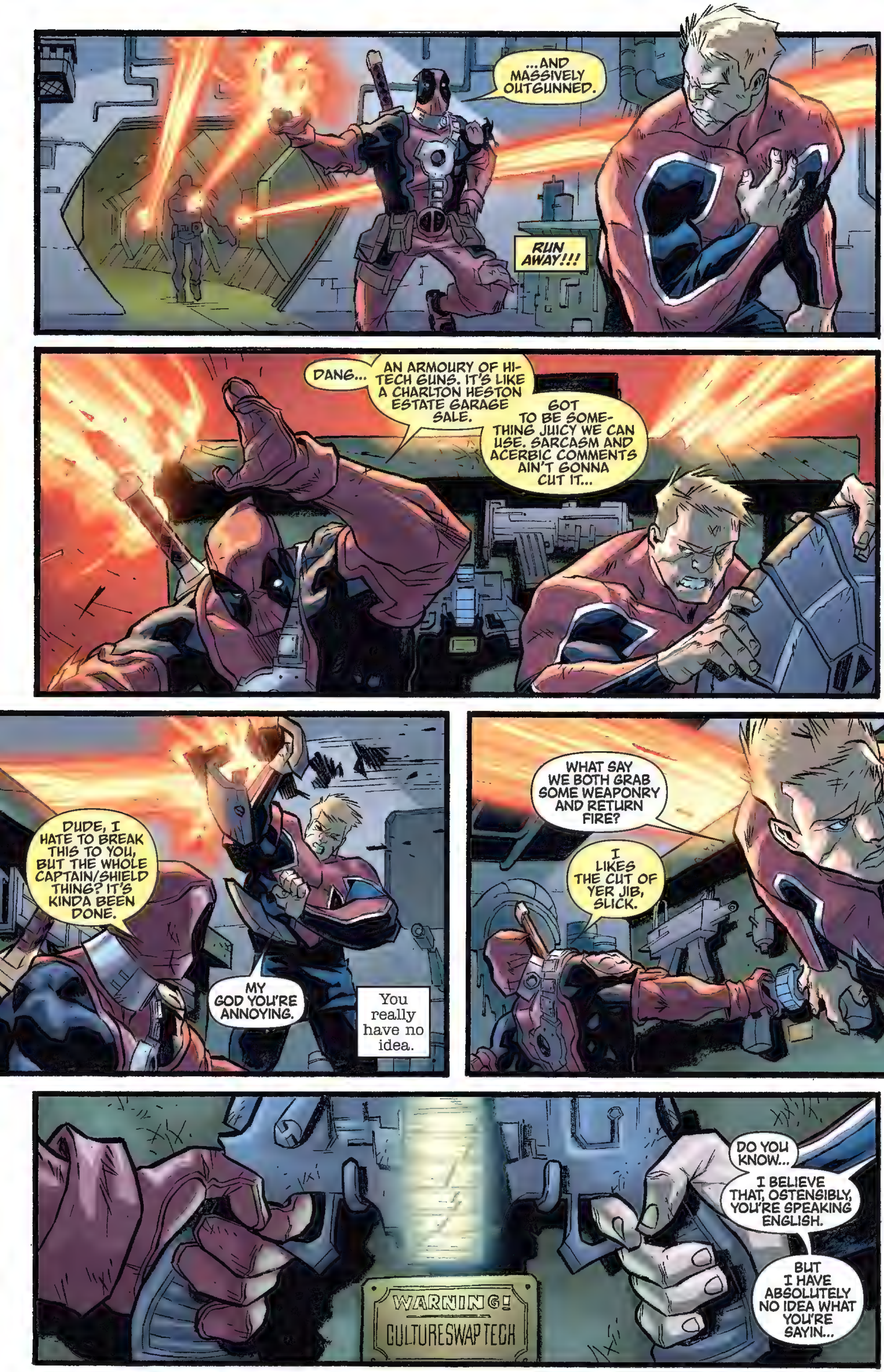

HOW IMPRESSIVE...
...AND ADMIRABLY THOROUGH.
IT WOULD BE SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE TO PASS UNMOLESTED.
UNLESS, THAT IS, YOU'D SPENT THREE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE TRACKING DOWN THE OCTOGENARIAN GENT WHO DESIGNED THIS SECURITY SYSTEM BACK IN THE '70S.
TORTURED HIM AND THEN HUNG HIM OFF AN EASTBOURNE HOTEL BALCONY UNTIL HE REVEALED THE SECRET ENTRY CODE.
ACCEPTED.
WELCOME HOME, SLAYMASTER.
HMMM...
I RATHER LIKE THE WAY THAT SOUNDS.
UHHHHRRRMMMM...

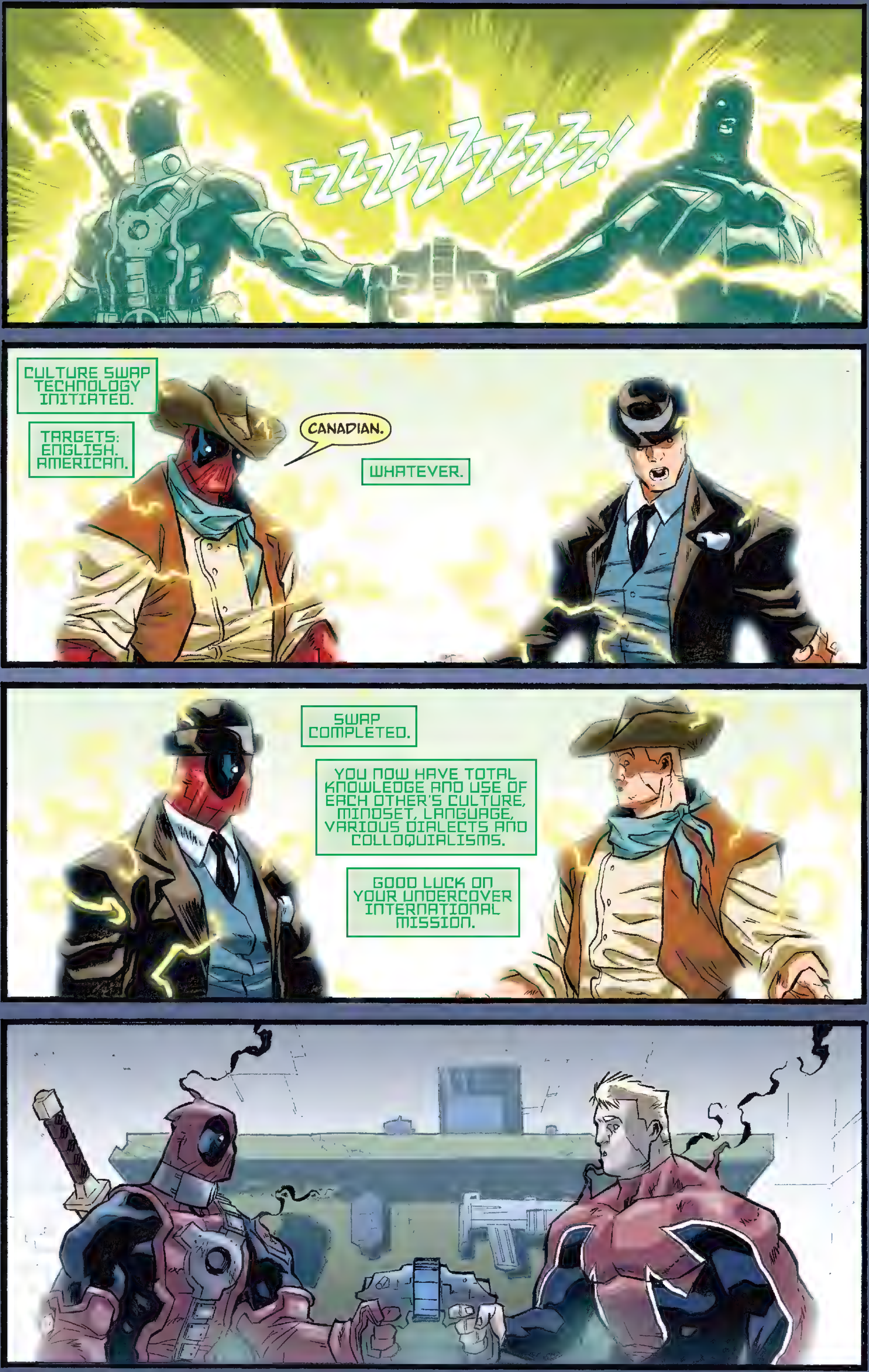

AAAAAAAANNNND... WE'RE BACK.
GEEZ, FIRST THE WHOLE 'PARACHUTE OF HATE' NOT OPENING THING AND NOW THIS!
I TELL YA, AMERICAN AIRLINES' CUSTOMER CARE DEPARTMENT ARE GONNA HEAR FROM ME.
I FIGURED I'D NEED THE HEALING FACTOR TO SURVIVE BRITISH FOOD BUT THIS IS GOING TOO FAR.
JUST... JUST NEED A SECOND TO GET MYSELF TOGETHER AND I'LL BE GOOD AS...
THWACK!
RYAN SEACREST THAT HURT!!!
GIVE A HEALING FACTOR A BREAK, HUH? YEESH.
I THOUGHT THE ENGLISH WERE SUPPOSED TO BE RESERVED.

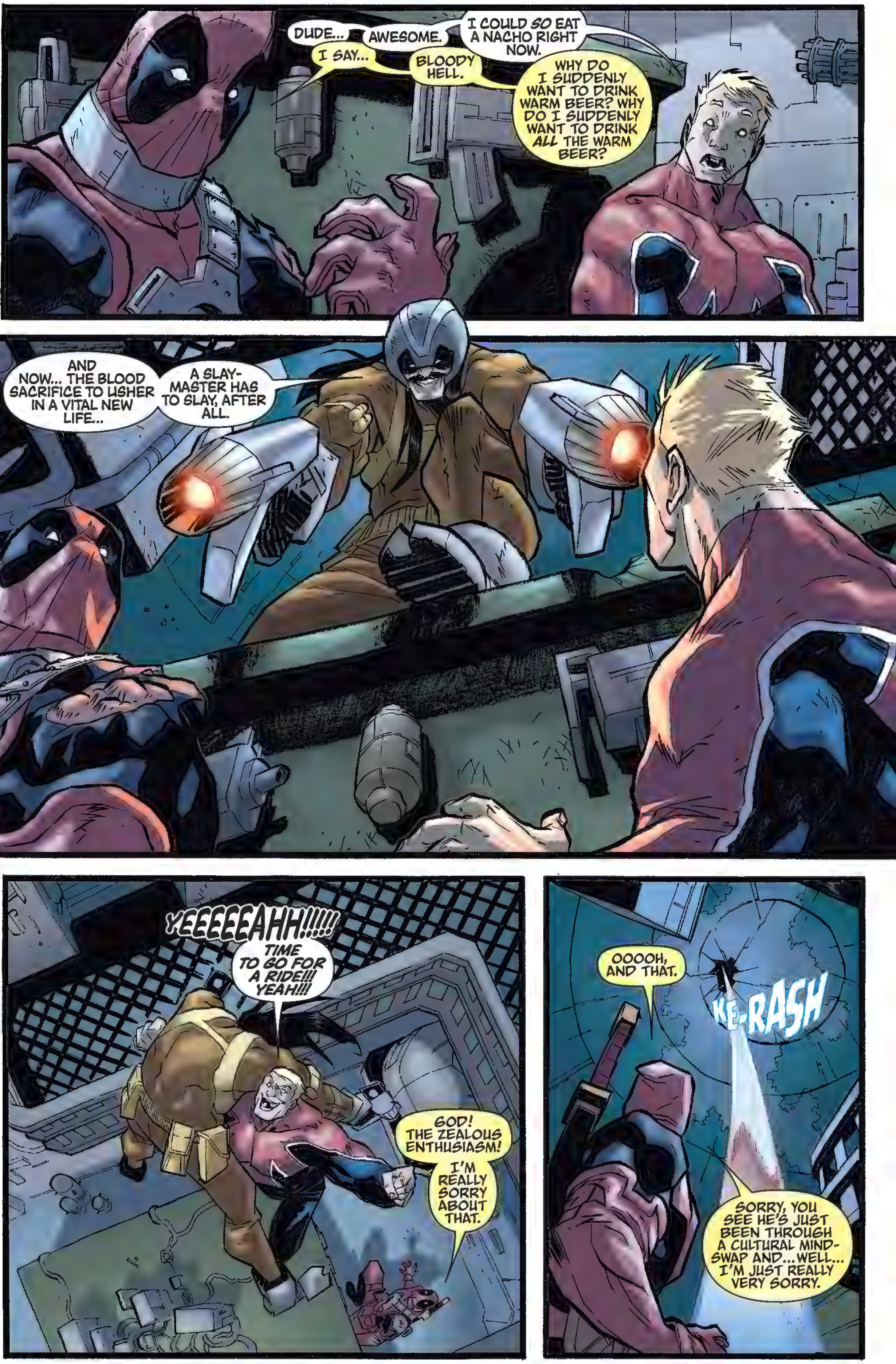

WE ARE. I COULD HIT YOU HARDER THAN THAT.
OH.
I WILL HIT YOU HARDER THAN THAT.
OH.
KNOW THIS, I *WILL NOT* ALLOW YOU TO TAKE UP HIS WEAPONS, AND HIS MANTLE.
WHO'S MENTAL?
WHAT?
YOU SAID 'AND HE'S MENTAL.' WELL, IF YOU WERE SOUTH AFRICAN THAT'S WHAT IT WOULD'VE SOUNDED LIKE.
A decongested South African.
NICE REPEAT.
WHAT? NO. I SAID "AND HIS MANTLE."
AND WHO'S MENTAL?
NO ONE'S MENTAL.
I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT? I'M SAYING I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BECOME THE NEXT SLAY-MASTER.

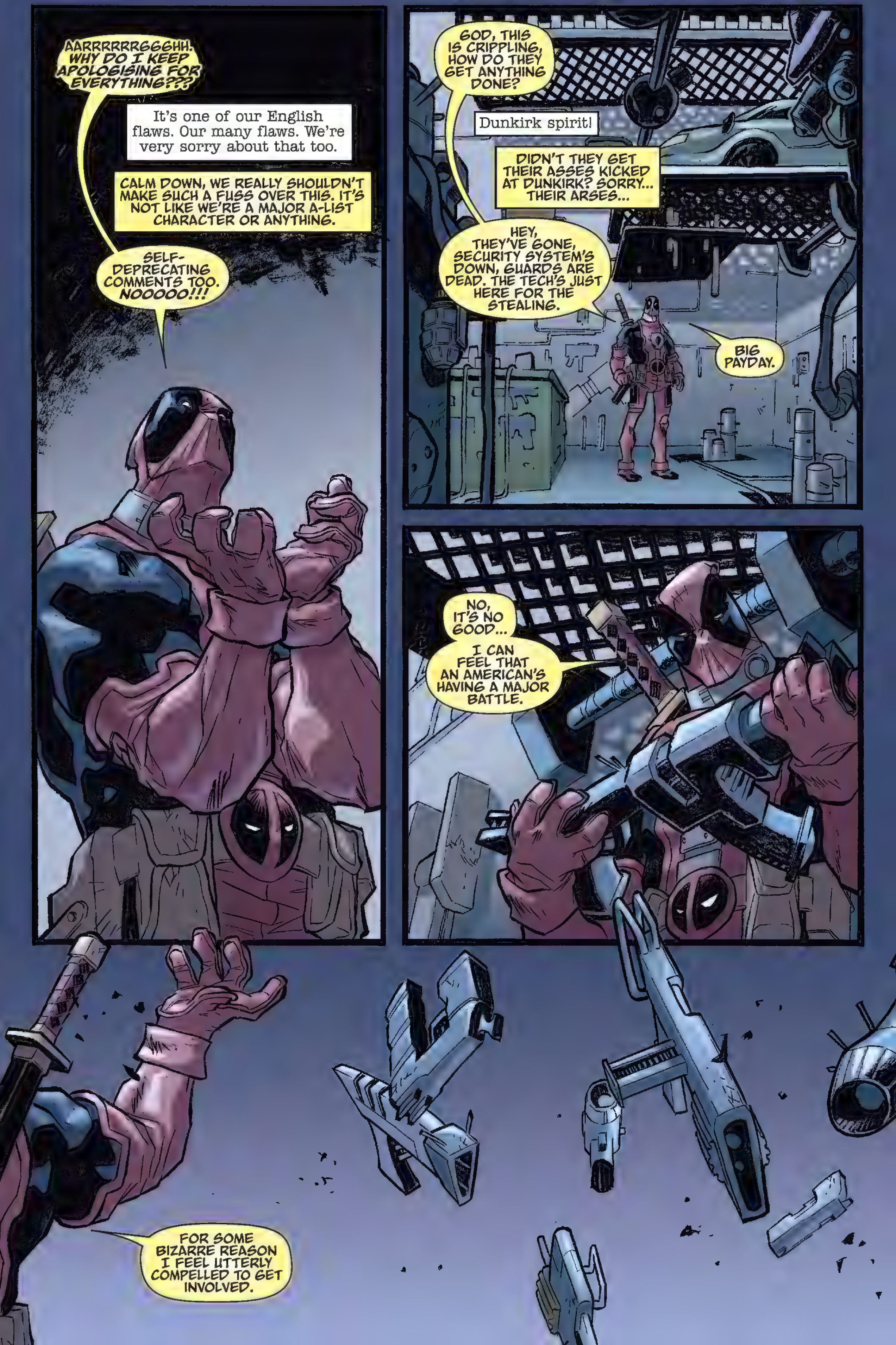

DEADPOOL: SLAYMASTER!!! I LIKE IT. GOT A NICE RING.
Ooooh, I smell another monthly title!
SORRY, CAPTAIN SPRINGBOK, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
GOT HIRED TO STEAL THE SLAYMASTER SWAG AND TAKE IT BACK TO THE STATES BY A COLLECTOR.
FUZANG!
God, it's really difficult to make exposition funny.
SILENCE!!!!
THANKS FOR WARNING ME THOUGH. IF YOU WELL-MANNERED TYPES DIDN'T GO THROUGH POLITE NICETIES I'D NEVER GET THE CHANCE TO SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE.
BE THANKFUL I'M CANADIAN. IMAGINE WHAT AN AMERICAN WOULD DO TO YOU. OR, WORSE, A NEW YORKER!
NOW, WHERE'S THIS KILLER ASSASSIN...
...TECH.
HEY, THERE IT IS.
AND THERE I GO.
NO.

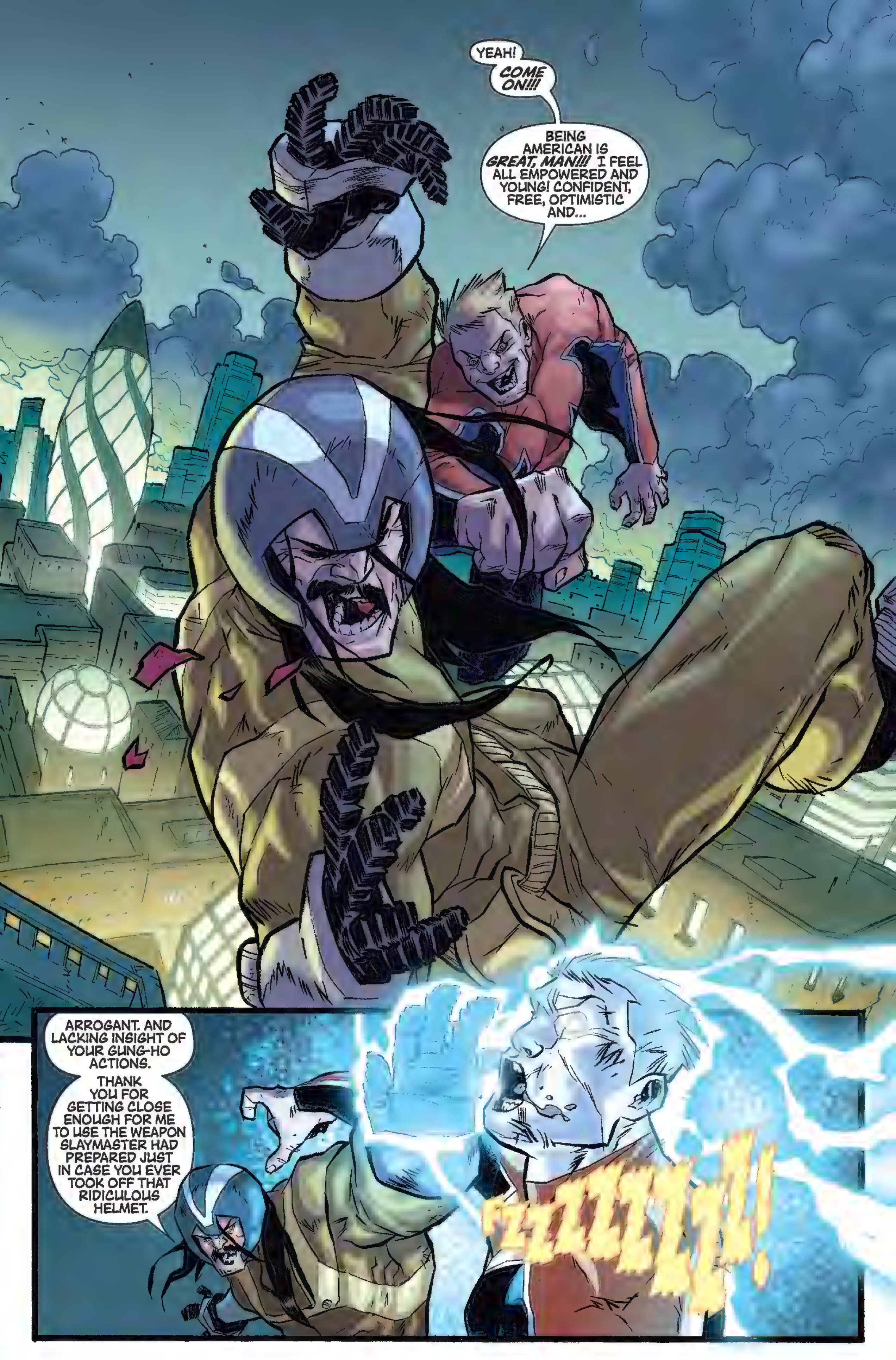

CAPTAIN BRITAIN... BUT, OF COURSE.
HOW UTTERLY PROPER.
FZZSSSSHHH!
DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE, CAPTAIN?
THAT, ON THE RAREST OF OCCASIONS, THE UNIVERSE REVEALS ITSELF TO US AND SHOWS A HIDDEN PURPOSE?
THAT IT *SPEAKS*, REVEALING ORDER WHERE THERE HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN ONLY CHURNING, FLAILING CHAOS?
DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG I'VE STUDIED SLAYMASTER?
WHAT BEGAN AS CURIOSITY TURNING INTO OBSESSION.
A LIFE'S WORK. AN EXISTENCE'S FOCUS.
AND IF I HAD HARBOURED ANY DOUBTS...
...YOUR ARRIVAL THE EXACT MOMENT I DONNED HIS HELMET AND WEAPONRY DISPELLED THEM.
A BATTLE REJOINED! THIS IS A MOMENT OF GRANDEUR. OF GRAVITAS.
THE MOMENT I TOOK UP HIS SWORD, HIS MANTLE...
LOOK, JUST TELL ME WHO'S %$&@# MENTAL ALREADY!!!
Erm, Wade. A little self-awareness here...
OH YEAH...
DEADPOOL'S MENTAL, YOU BAD TEETH %$@&!!!

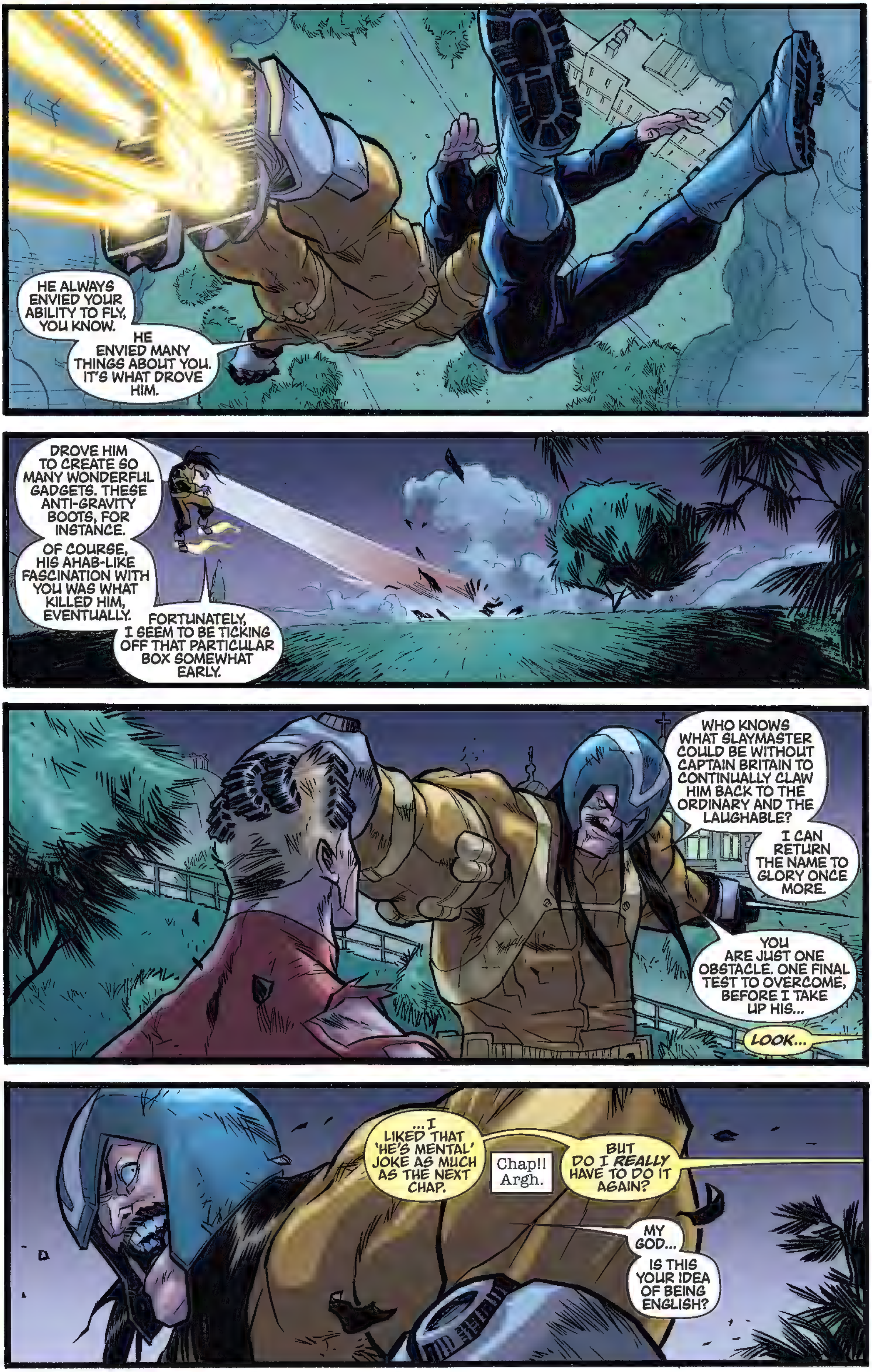

...AND MASSIVELY OUTGUNNED.
RUN AWAY!!!
DANG...
AN ARMOURY OF HI-TECH GUNS. IT'S LIKE A CHARLTON HESTON ESTATE GARAGE SALE.
GOT TO BE SOMETHING JUICY WE CAN USE. SARCASM AND ACERBIC COMMENTS AIN'T GONNA CUT IT...
DUDE, I HATE TO BREAK THIS TO YOU, BUT THE WHOLE CAPTAIN/SHIELD THING? IT'S KINDA BEEN DONE.
MY GOD YOU'RE ANNOYING.
You really have no idea.
WHAT SAY WE BOTH GRAB SOME WEAPONRY AND RETURN FIRE?
I LIKES THE CUT OF YER JIB, SLICK.
WARNING! CULTURESWAP TECH
DO YOU KNOW...
I BELIEVE THAT, OSTENSIBLY, YOU'RE SPEAKING ENGLISH.
BUT I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN...

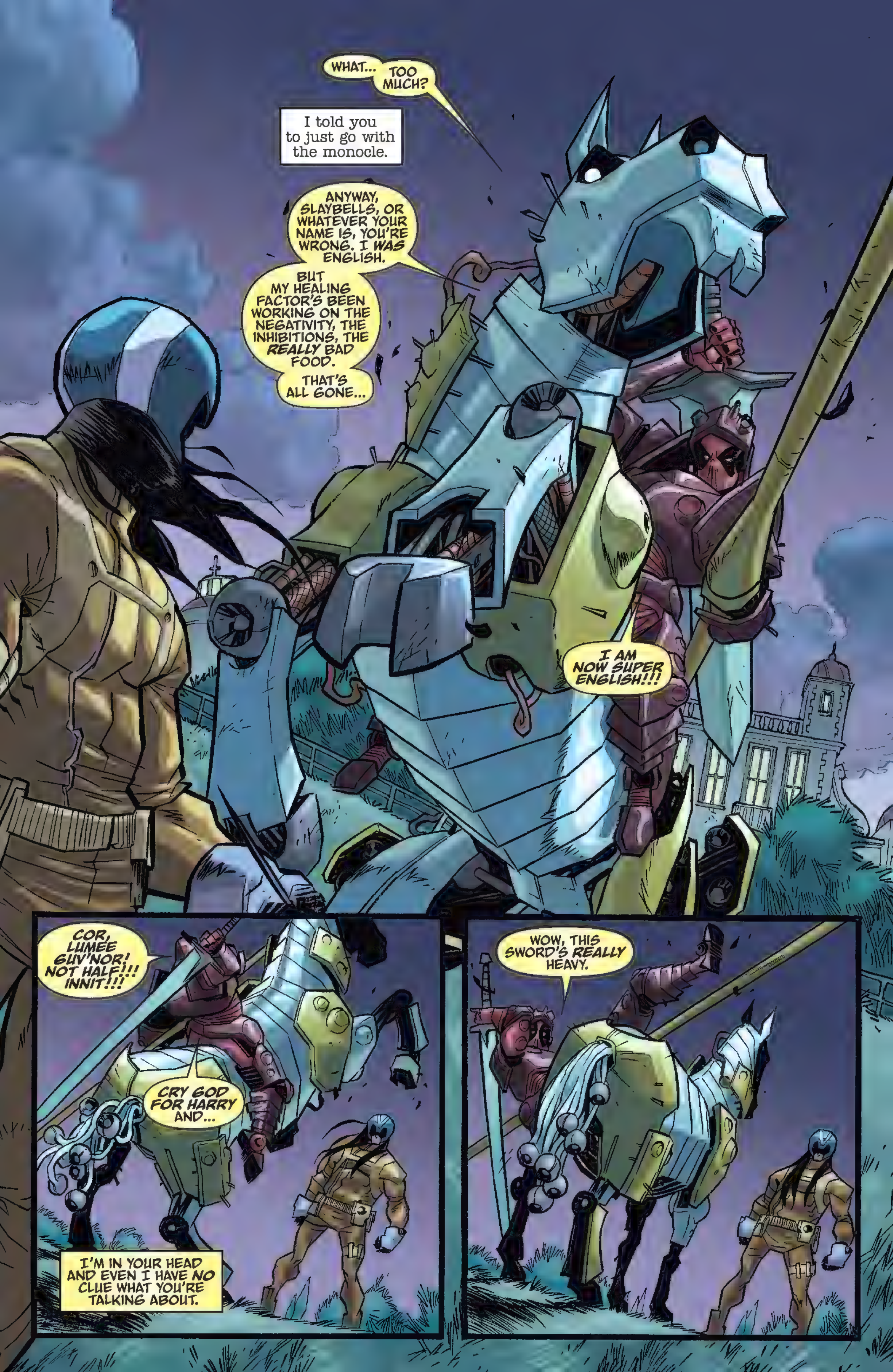

FZZZZZZZZZZZ!
CULTURE SWAP TECHNOLOGY INITIATED.
TARGETS: ENGLISH. AMERICAN.
CANADIAN.
WHATEVER.
SWAP COMPLETED.
YOU NOW HAVE TOTAL KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF EACH OTHER'S CULTURE, MINDSET, LANGUAGE, VARIOUS DIALECTS AND COLLOQUIALISMS.
GOOD LUCK ON YOUR UNDERCOVER INTERNATIONAL MISSION.

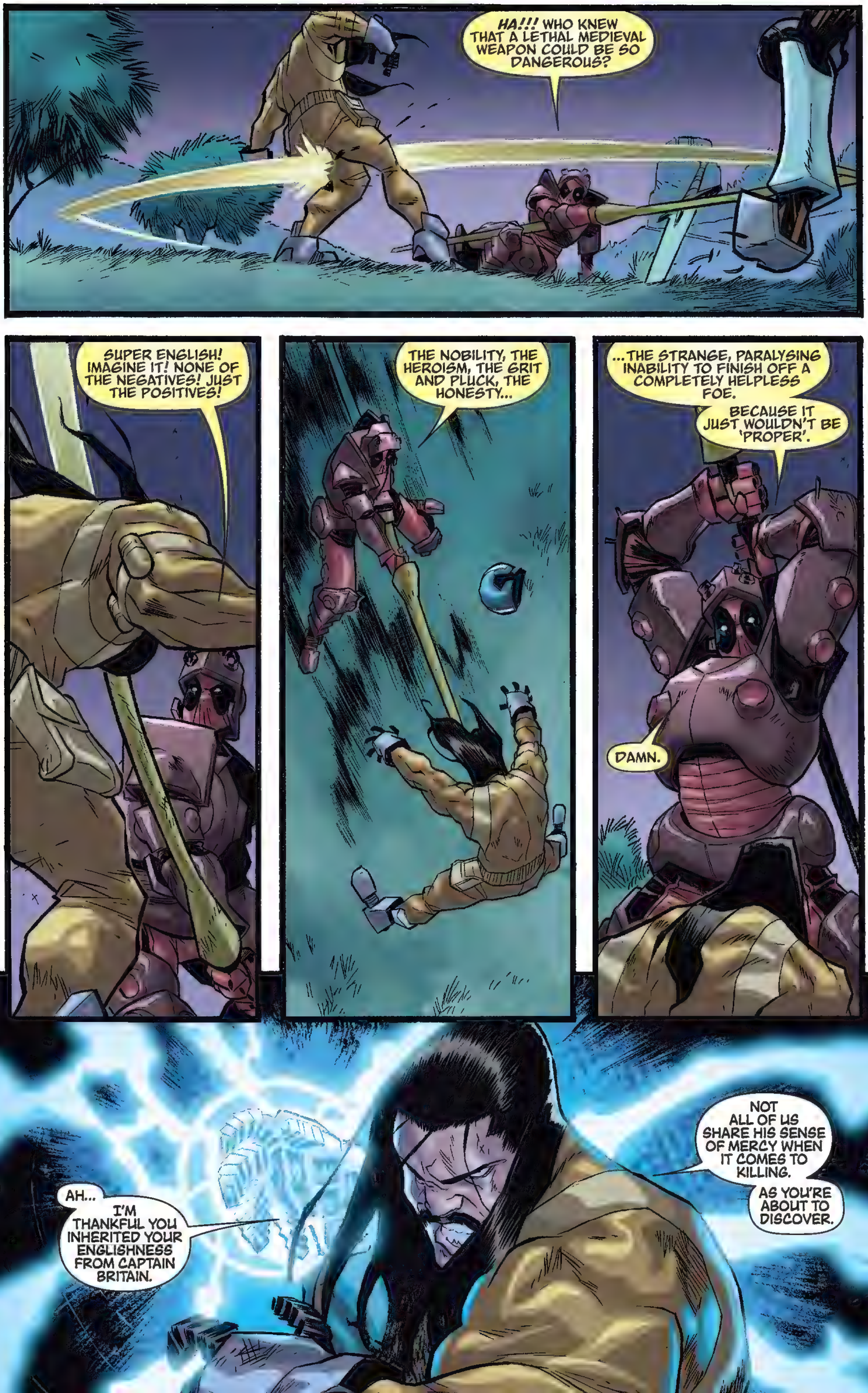

DUDE...
AWESOME.
I COULD *SO* EAT A NACHO RIGHT NOW.
I SAY...
BLOODY HELL.
WHY DO I SUDDENLY WANT TO DRINK WARM BEER? WHY DO I SUDDENLY WANT TO DRINK *ALL* THE WARM BEER?
AND NOW... THE BLOOD SACRIFICE TO USHER IN A VITAL NEW LIFE...
A SLAY-MASTER HAS TO SLAY, AFTER ALL.
YEEEEEAHH!!!!!
TIME TO GO FOR A RIDE!!! YEAH!!!
GOD! THE ZEALOUS ENTHUSIASM!
I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT.
OOOOH, AND THAT.
KE-RASH
SORRY, YOU SEE HE'S JUST BEEN THROUGH A CULTURAL MIND-SWAP AND...WELL... I'M JUST REALLY VERY SORRY.

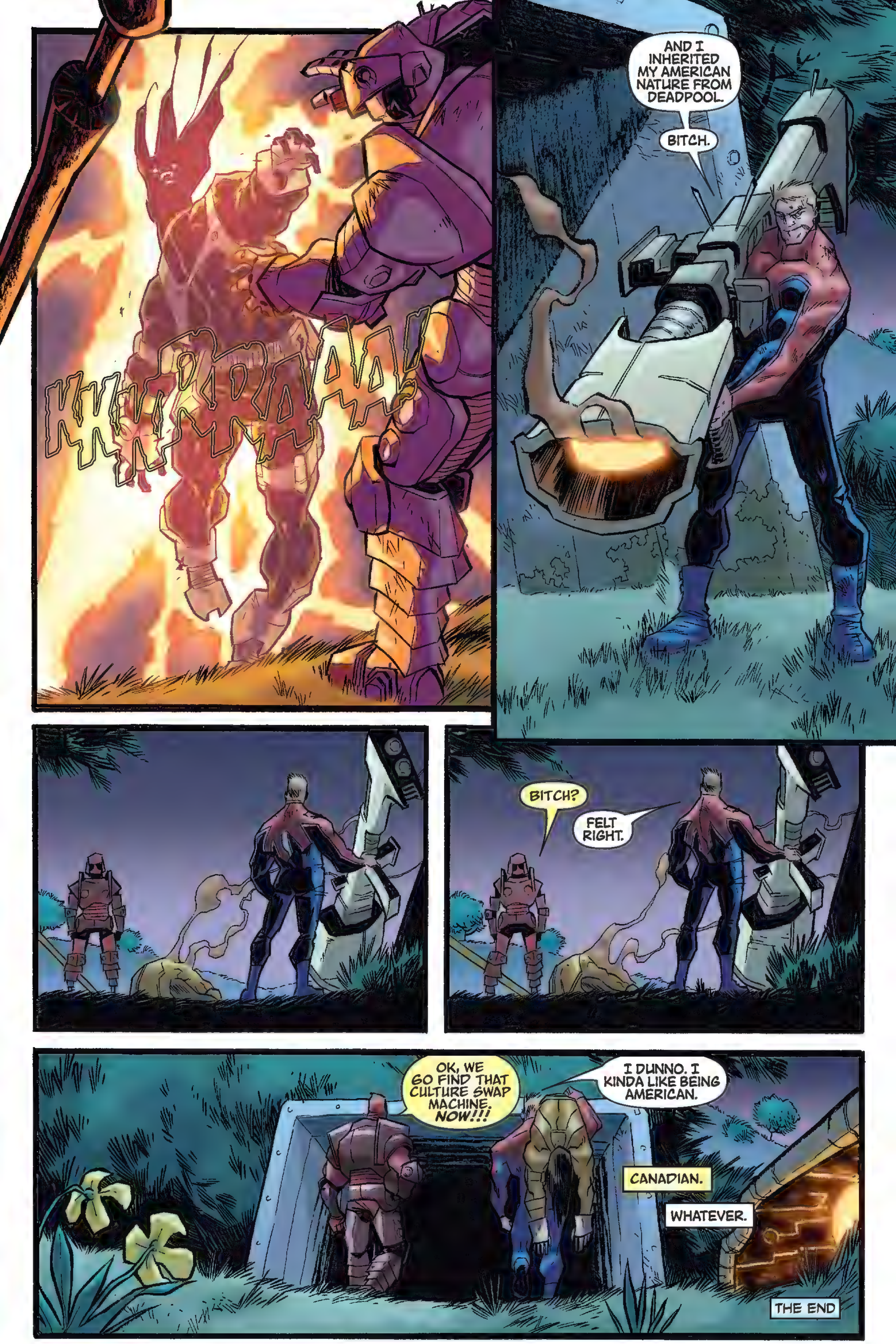

AARRRRRRGGGHH. WHY DO I KEEP APOLOGISING FOR EVERYTHING???
It's one of our English flaws. Our many flaws. We're very sorry about that too.
CALM DOWN, WE REALLY SHOULDN'T MAKE SUCH A FUSS OVER THIS. IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE A MAJOR A-LIST CHARACTER OR ANYTHING.
SELF-DEPRECATING COMMENTS TOO. NOOOOO!!!
GOD, THIS IS CRIPPLING, HOW DO THEY GET ANYTHING DONE?
Dunkirk spirit!
DIDN'T THEY GET THEIR ASSES KICKED AT DUNKIRK? SORRY... THEIR ARSES...
HEY, THEY'VE GONE, SECURITY SYSTEM'S DOWN, GUARDS ARE DEAD. THE TECH'S JUST HERE FOR THE STEALING.
BIG PAYDAY.
NO, IT'S NO GOOD...
I CAN FEEL THAT AN AMERICAN'S HAVING A MAJOR BATTLE.
FOR SOME BIZARRE REASON I FEEL UTTERLY COMPELLED TO GET INVOLVED.


YEAH!
COME ON!!!
BEING AMERICAN IS *GREAT, MAN!!!* I FEEL ALL EMPOWERED AND YOUNG! CONFIDENT, FREE, OPTIMISTIC AND...
ARROGANT. AND LACKING INSIGHT OF YOUR GUNG-HO ACTIONS.
THANK YOU FOR GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ME TO USE THE WEAPON SLAYMASTER HAD PREPARED JUST IN CASE YOU EVER TOOK OFF THAT RIDICULOUS HELMET.
FZZZZZT!

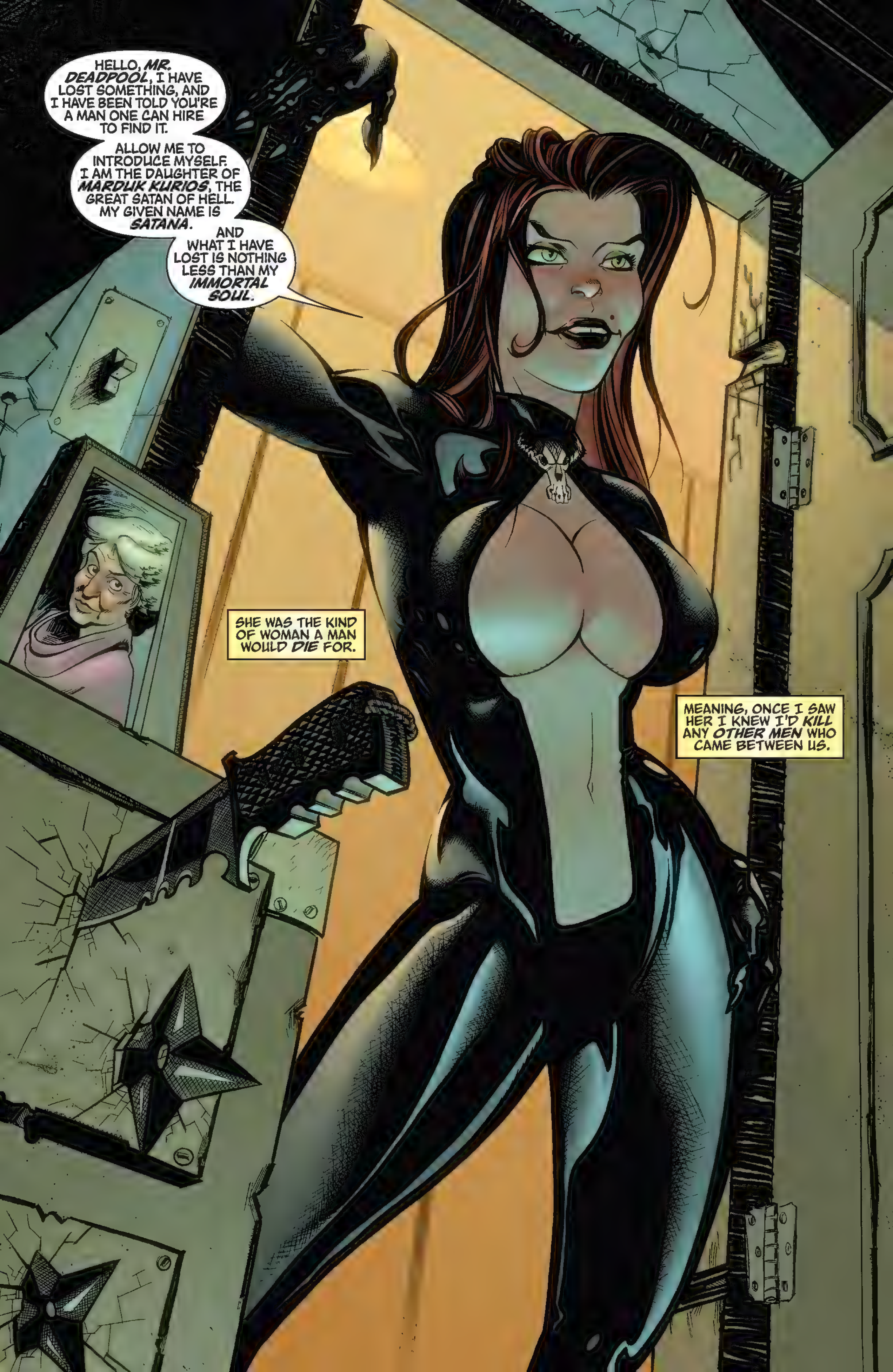

HE ALWAYS ENVIED YOUR ABILITY TO FLY, YOU KNOW.
HE ENVIED MANY THINGS ABOUT YOU. IT'S WHAT DROVE HIM.
DROVE HIM TO CREATE SO MANY WONDERFUL GADGETS. THESE ANTI-GRAVITY BOOTS, FOR INSTANCE.
OF COURSE, HIS AHAB-LIKE FASCINATION WITH YOU WAS WHAT KILLED HIM, EVENTUALLY.
FORTUNATELY, I SEEM TO BE TICKING OFF THAT PARTICULAR BOX SOMEWHAT EARLY.
WHO KNOWS WHAT SLAYMASTER COULD BE WITHOUT CAPTAIN BRITAIN TO CONTINUALLY CLAW HIM BACK TO THE ORDINARY AND THE LAUGHABLE?
I CAN RETURN THE NAME TO GLORY ONCE MORE.
YOU ARE JUST ONE OBSTACLE. ONE FINAL TEST TO OVERCOME, BEFORE I TAKE UP HIS...
LOOK...
...I LIKED THAT 'HE'S MENTAL' JOKE AS MUCH AS THE NEXT CHAP.
Chap!! Argh.
BUT DO I *REALLY* HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN?
MY GOD...
IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF BEING ENGLISH?

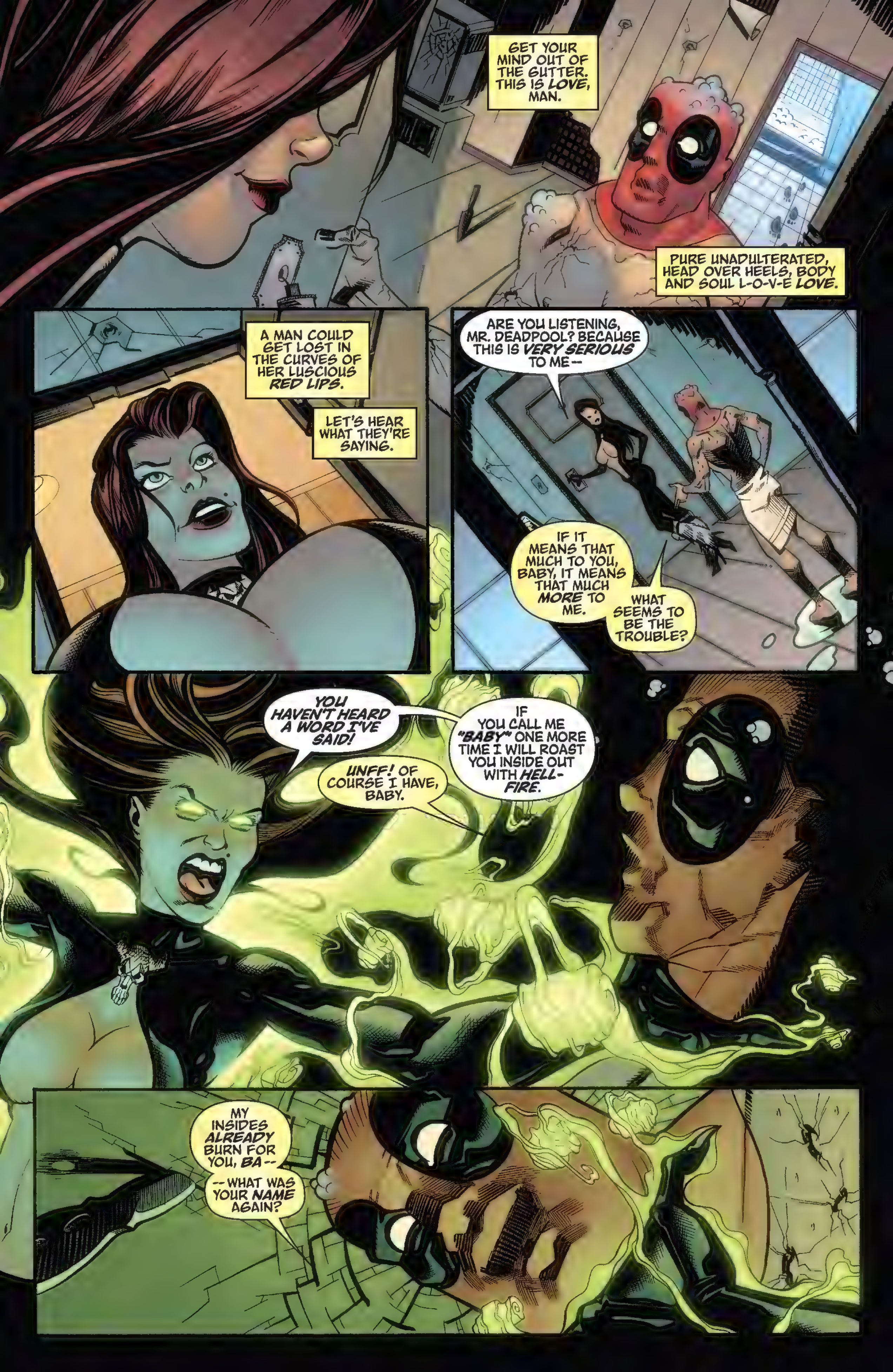

WHAT... TOO MUCH?
I told you to just go with the monocle.
ANYWAY, SLAYBELLS, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS, YOU'RE WRONG. I *WAS* ENGLISH.
BUT MY HEALING FACTOR'S BEEN WORKING ON THE NEGATIVITY, THE INHIBITIONS, THE *REALLY* BAD FOOD.
THAT'S ALL GONE...
I AM NOW SUPER ENGLISH!!!
COR, LUMEE GUV'NOR! NOT HALF!!! INNIT!!!
CRY GOD FOR HARRY AND...
I'M IN YOUR HEAD AND EVEN I HAVE *NO* CLUE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
WOW, THIS SWORD'S *REALLY* HEAVY.

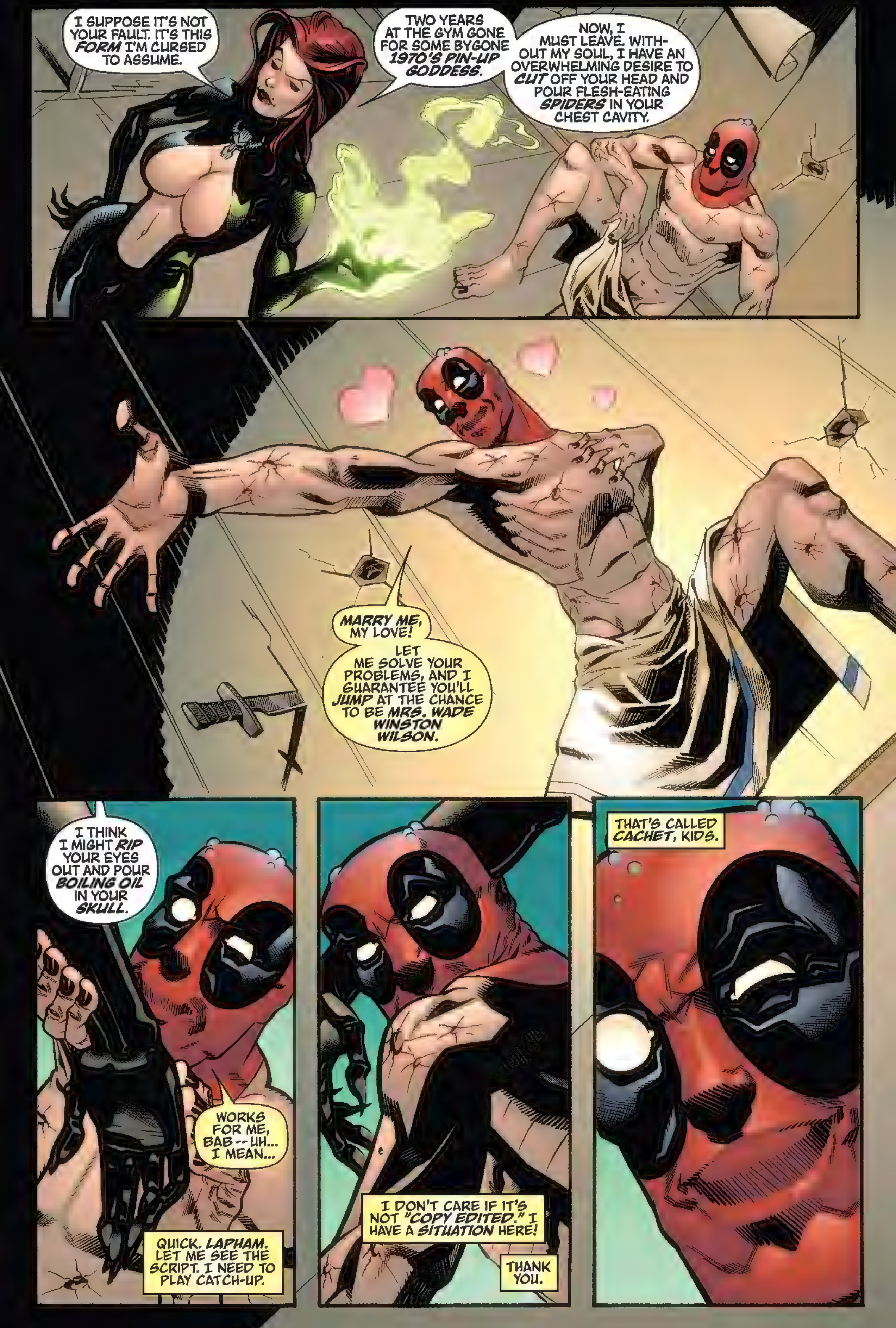

HA!!! WHO KNEW THAT A LETHAL MEDIEVAL WEAPON COULD BE SO DANGEROUS?
SUPER ENGLISH! IMAGINE IT! NONE OF THE NEGATIVES! JUST THE POSITIVES!
THE NOBILITY, THE HEROISM, THE GRIT AND PLUCK, THE HONESTY...
...THE STRANGE, PARALYSING INABILITY TO FINISH OFF A COMPLETELY HELPLESS FOE.
BECAUSE IT JUST WOULDN'T BE 'PROPER'.
DAMN.
AH... I'M THANKFUL YOU INHERITED YOUR ENGLISHNESS FROM CAPTAIN BRITAIN.
NOT ALL OF US SHARE HIS SENSE OF MERCY WHEN IT COMES TO KILLING.
AS YOU'RE ABOUT TO DISCOVER.

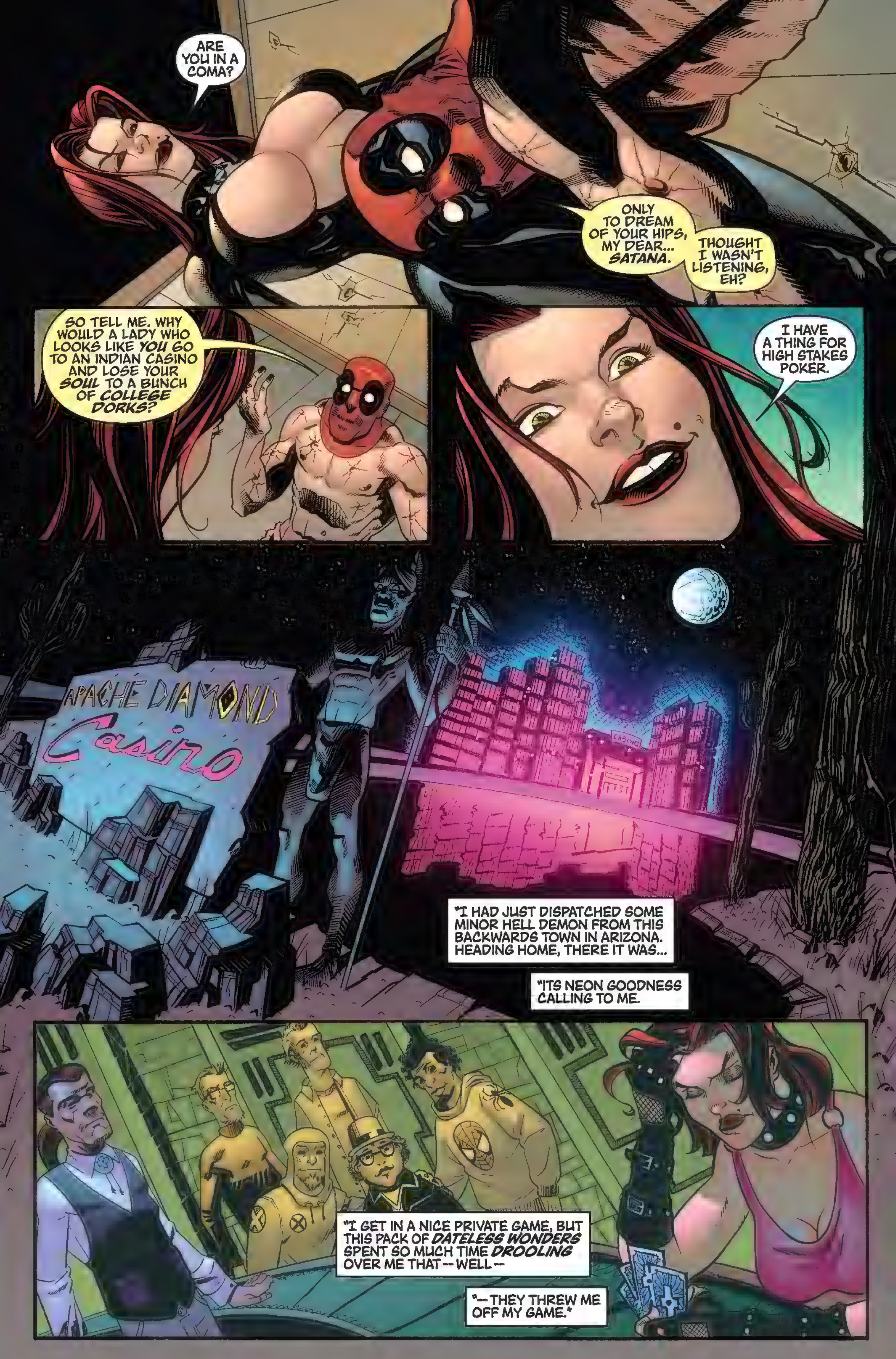

KKKRAAA!
AND I INHERITED MY AMERICAN NATURE FROM DEADPOOL.
BITCH.
BITCH?
FELT RIGHT.
OK, WE GO FIND THAT CULTURE SWAP MACHINE. NOW!!!
I DUNNO. I KINDA LIKE BEING AMERICAN.
CANADIAN.
WHATEVER.
THE END

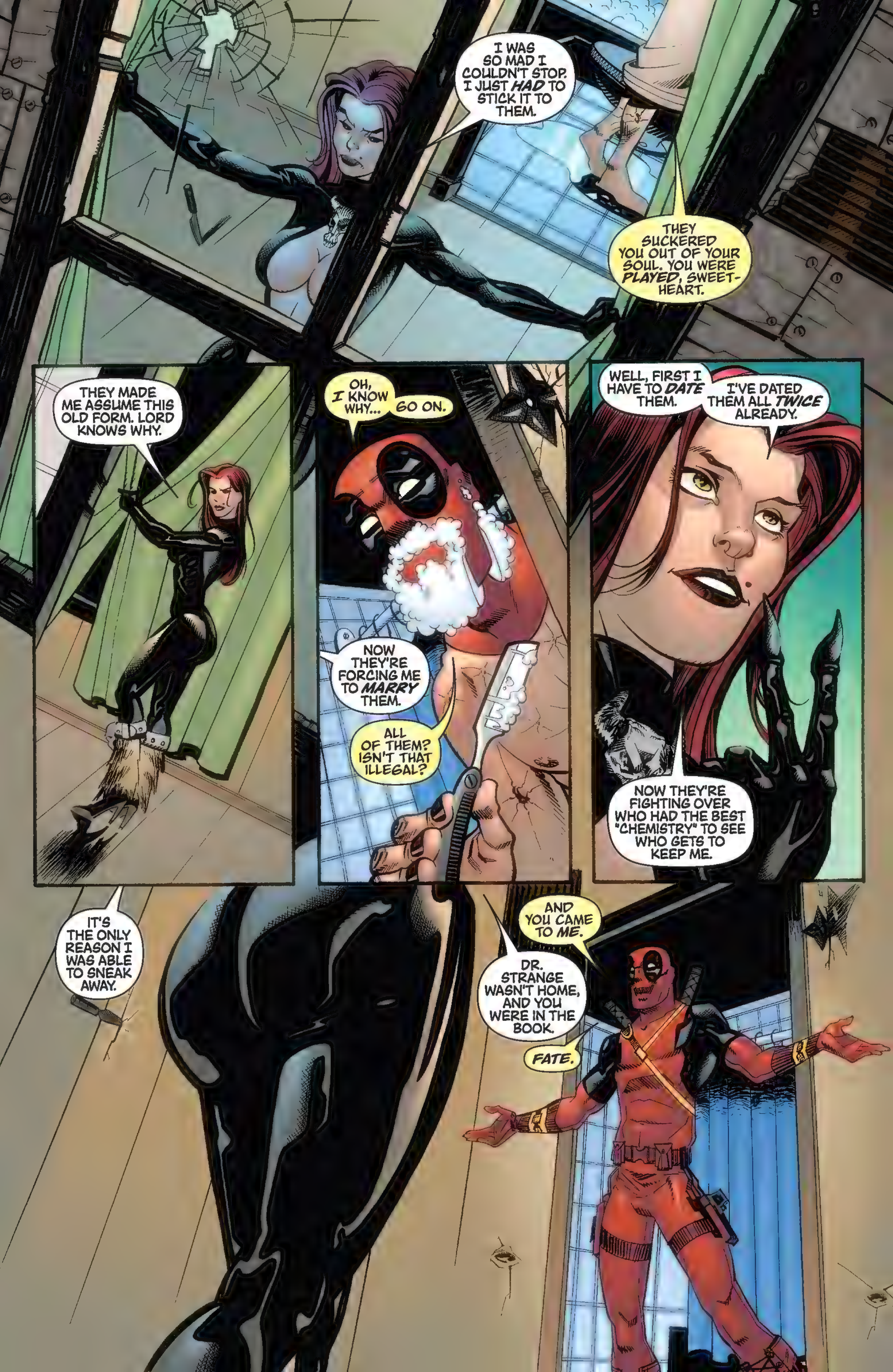
#892
RAMOS 19
delgado

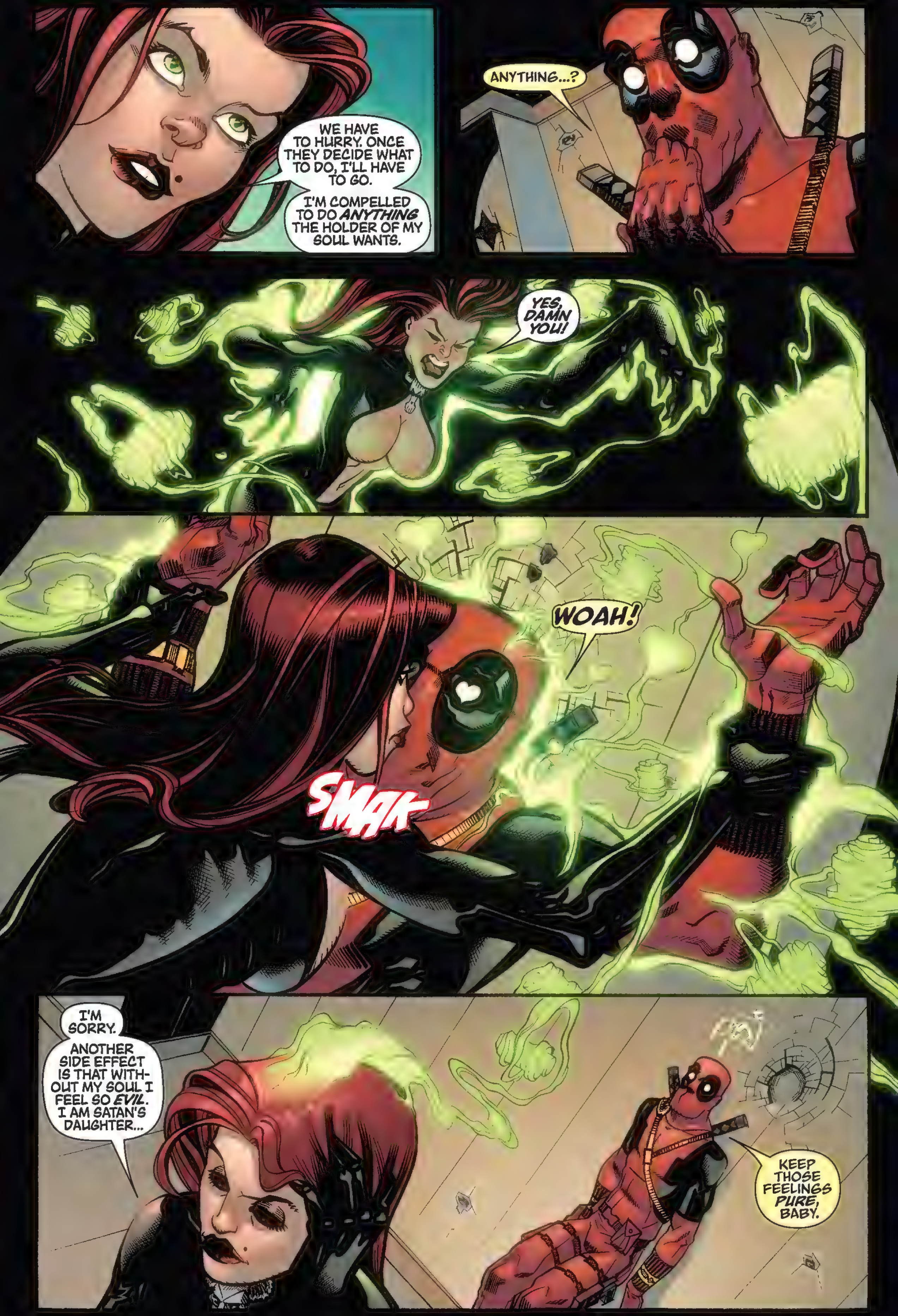

HELLO, *MR. DEADPOOL*, I HAVE LOST SOMETHING, AND I HAVE BEEN TOLD YOU'RE A MAN ONE CAN HIRE TO FIND IT.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM THE DAUGHTER OF *MARDUK KURIOS*, THE GREAT SATAN OF HELL. MY GIVEN NAME IS *SATANA*.
AND WHAT I HAVE LOST IS NOTHING LESS THAN MY *IMMORTAL SOUL*.
SHE WAS THE KIND OF WOMAN A MAN WOULD *DIE* FOR.
MEANING, ONCE I SAW HER I KNEW I'D *KILL* ANY *OTHER MEN* WHO CAME BETWEEN US.

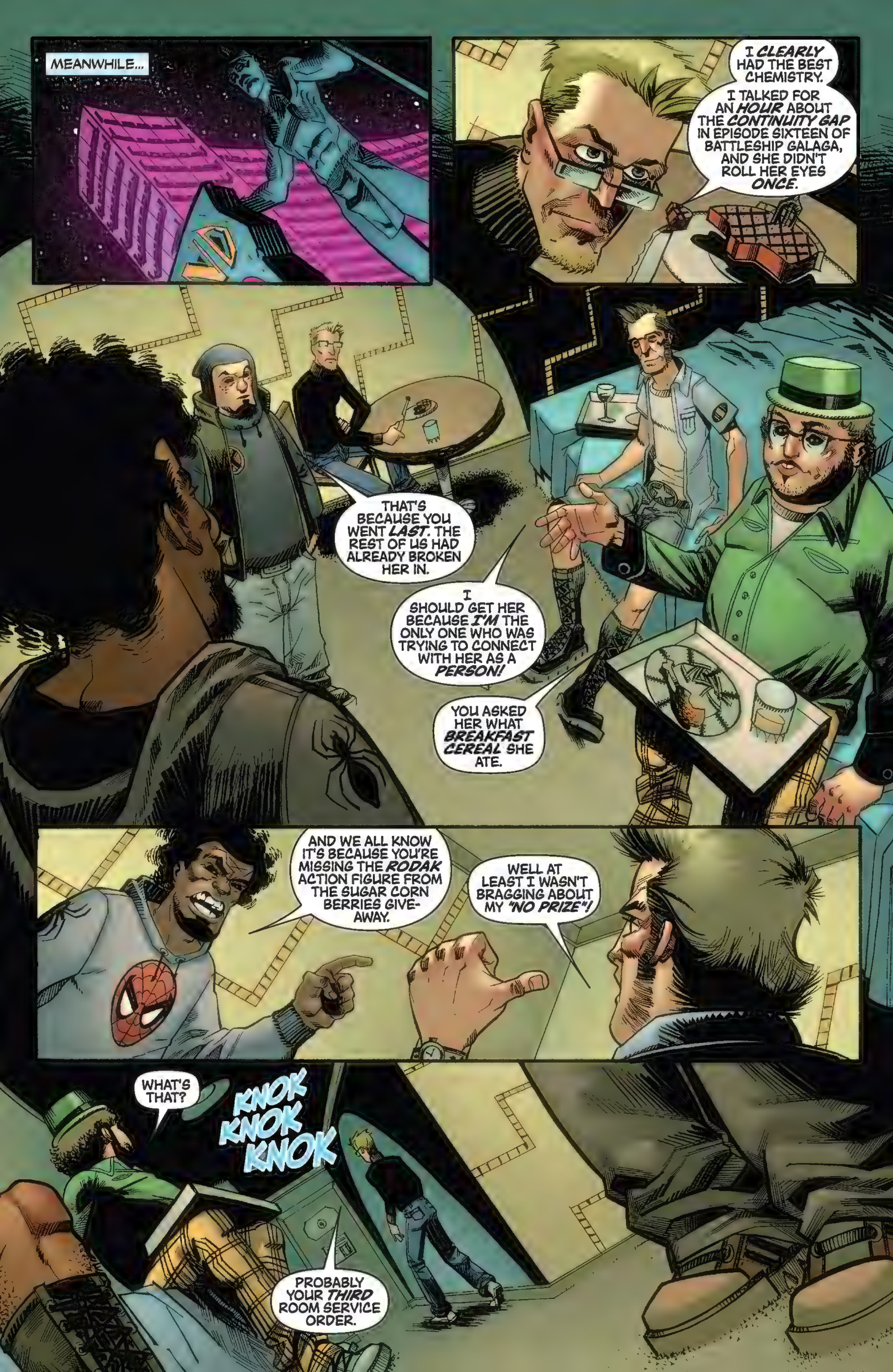

GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER. THIS IS *LOVE*, MAN.
PURE UNADULTERATED, HEAD OVER HEELS, BODY AND SOUL L-O-V-E *LOVE*.
A MAN COULD GET LOST IN THE CURVES OF HER LUSCIOUS *RED LIPS*.
LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.
ARE YOU LISTENING, MR. DEADPOOL? BECAUSE THIS IS *VERY SERIOUS* TO ME--
IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU, BABY, IT MEANS THAT MUCH *MORE* TO ME.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID!
UNFF! OF COURSE I HAVE, BABY.
IF YOU CALL ME *"BABY"* ONE MORE TIME I WILL ROAST YOU INSIDE OUT WITH *HELL-FIRE*.
MY INSIDES *ALREADY* BURN FOR YOU, *BA*--
--WHAT WAS YOUR *NAME* AGAIN?

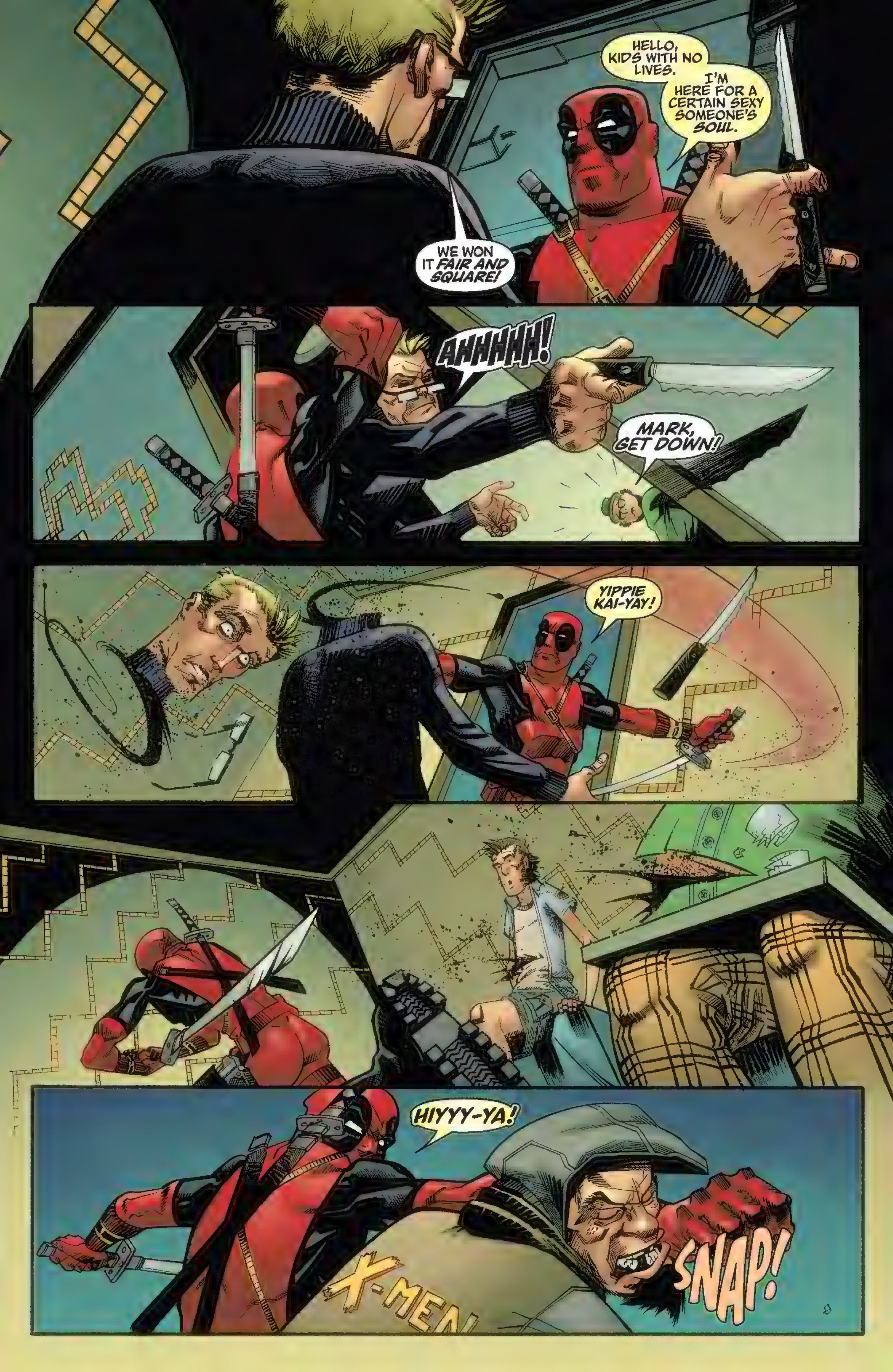

I SUPPOSE IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT'S THIS *FORM* I'M CURSED TO ASSUME.
TWO YEARS AT THE GYM GONE FOR SOME BYGONE *1970'S PIN-UP GODDESS*.
NOW, I MUST LEAVE. WITHOUT MY SOUL, I HAVE AN OVERWHELMING DESIRE TO *CUT* OFF YOUR HEAD AND POUR FLESH-EATING *SPIDERS* IN YOUR CHEST CAVITY.
MARRY ME, MY LOVE!
LET ME SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS, AND I GUARANTEE YOU'LL *JUMP* AT THE CHANCE TO BE *MRS. WADE WINSTON WILSON*.
I THINK I MIGHT *RIP* YOUR EYES OUT AND POUR *BOILING OIL* IN YOUR *SKULL*.
WORKS FOR ME, BAB -- UH... I MEAN...
QUICK. *LAPHAM*. LET ME SEE THE SCRIPT. I NEED TO PLAY CATCH-UP.
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S NOT *"COPY EDITED."* I HAVE A *SITUATION* HERE!
THANK YOU.
THAT'S CALLED *CACHET*, KIDS.

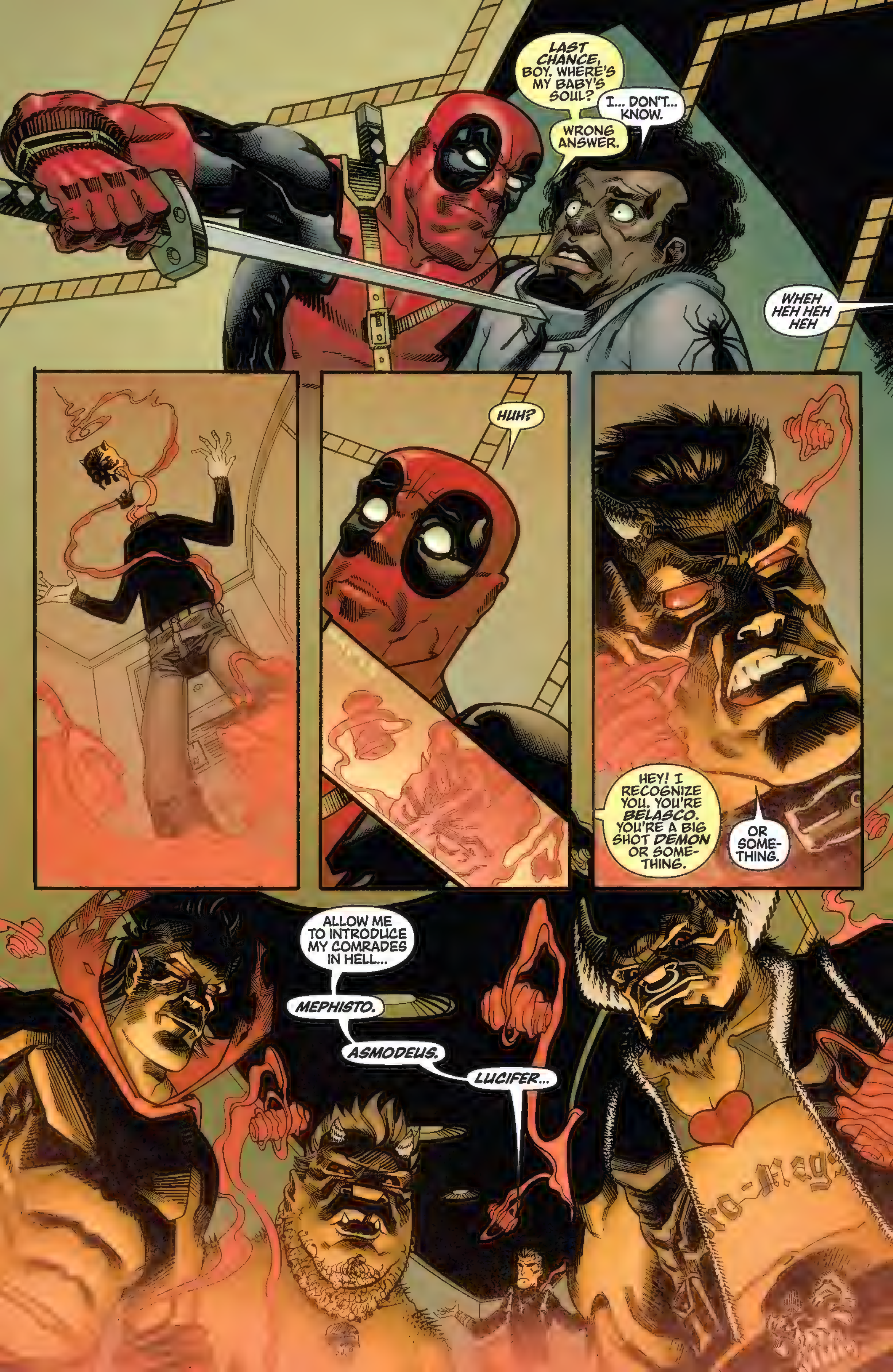

ARE YOU IN A COMA?
ONLY TO DREAM OF YOUR HIPS, MY DEAR... *SATANA.*
THOUGHT I WASN'T LISTENING, EH?
SO TELL ME. WHY WOULD A LADY WHO LOOKS LIKE *YOU* GO TO AN INDIAN CASINO AND LOSE YOUR *SOUL* TO A BUNCH OF *COLLEGE DORKS?*
I HAVE A THING FOR HIGH STAKES POKER.
APACHE DIAMOND Casino
CASINO
"I HAD JUST DISPATCHED SOME MINOR HELL DEMON FROM THIS BACKWARDS TOWN IN ARIZONA. HEADING HOME, THERE IT WAS...
"ITS NEON GOODNESS CALLING TO ME.
"I GET IN A NICE PRIVATE GAME, BUT THIS PACK OF *DATELESS WONDERS* SPENT SO MUCH TIME *DROOLING* OVER ME THAT -- WELL --
"-- THEY THREW ME OFF MY GAME."

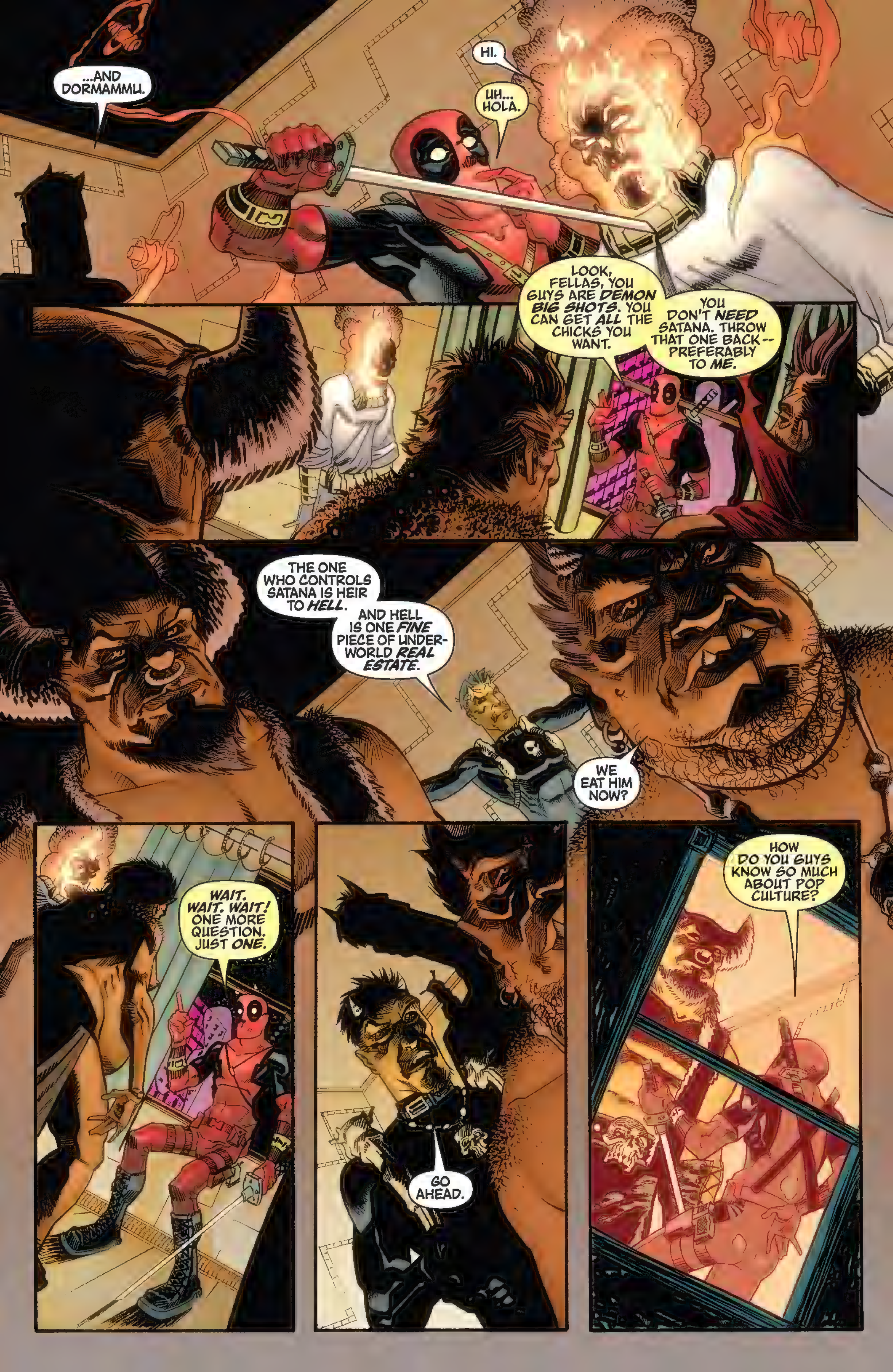

I WAS SO MAD I COULDN'T STOP. I JUST *HAD* TO STICK IT TO THEM.
THEY SUCKERED YOU OUT OF YOUR SOUL. YOU WERE *PLAYED*, SWEETHEART.
THEY MADE ME ASSUME THIS OLD FORM. LORD KNOWS WHY.
OH, *I* KNOW WHY...
GO ON.
NOW THEY'RE FORCING ME TO *MARRY* THEM.
ALL OF THEM? ISN'T THAT ILLEGAL?
WELL, FIRST I HAVE TO *DATE* THEM.
I'VE DATED THEM ALL *TWICE* ALREADY.
NOW THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER WHO HAD THE BEST "CHEMISTRY" TO SEE WHO GETS TO KEEP ME.
IT'S THE ONLY REASON I WAS ABLE TO SNEAK AWAY.
AND YOU CAME TO *ME*.
DR. STRANGE WASN'T HOME, AND YOU WERE IN THE BOOK.
FATE.

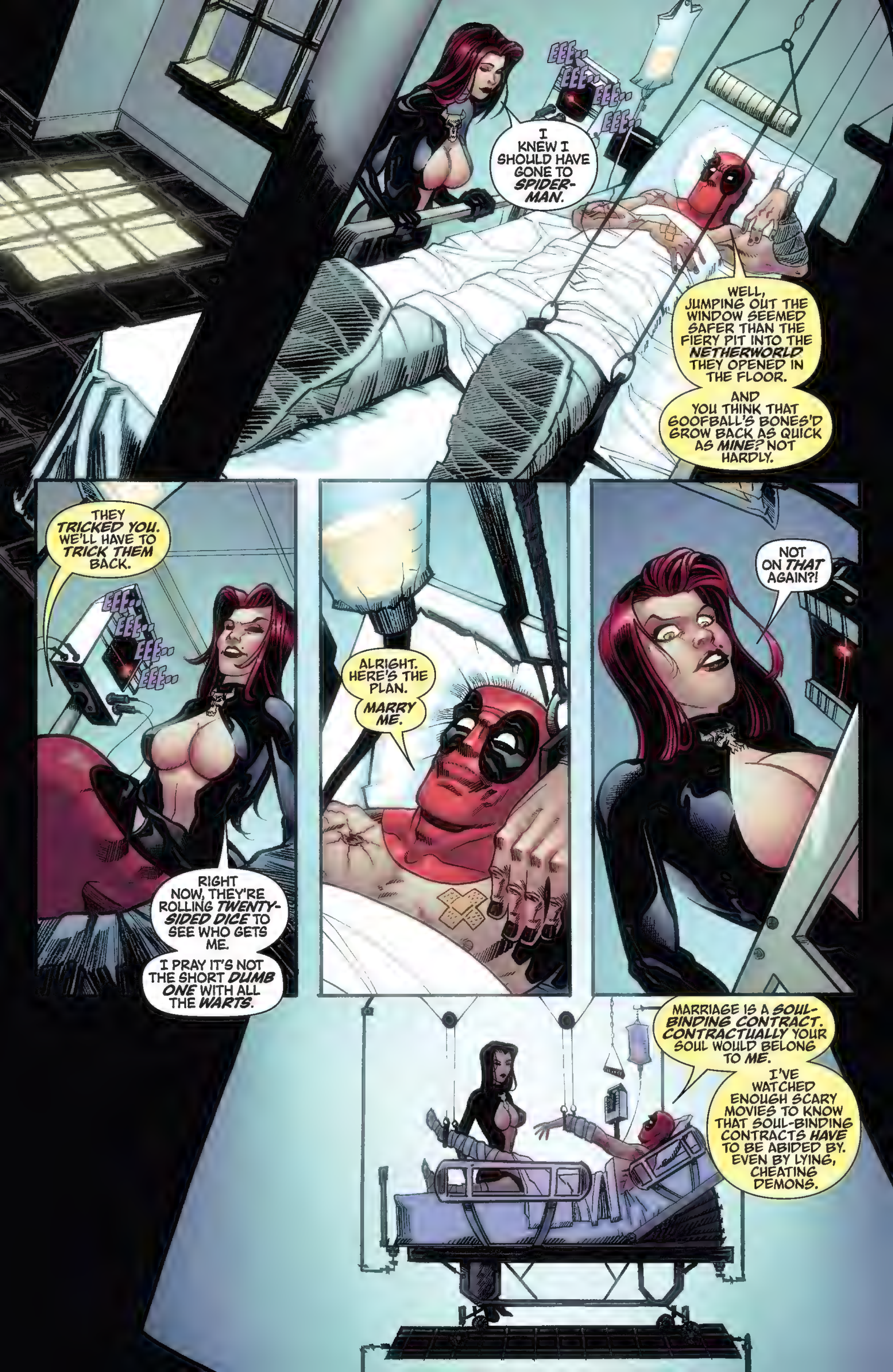

WE HAVE TO HURRY. ONCE THEY DECIDE WHAT TO DO, I'LL HAVE TO GO.
I'M COMPELLED TO DO *ANYTHING* THE HOLDER OF MY SOUL WANTS.
ANYTHING...?
YES, DAMN YOU!
WOAH!
SMAK
I'M SORRY.
ANOTHER SIDE EFFECT IS THAT WITHOUT MY SOUL I FEEL SO *EVIL*. I AM SATAN'S DAUGHTER...
KEEP THOSE FEELINGS *PURE*, BABY.

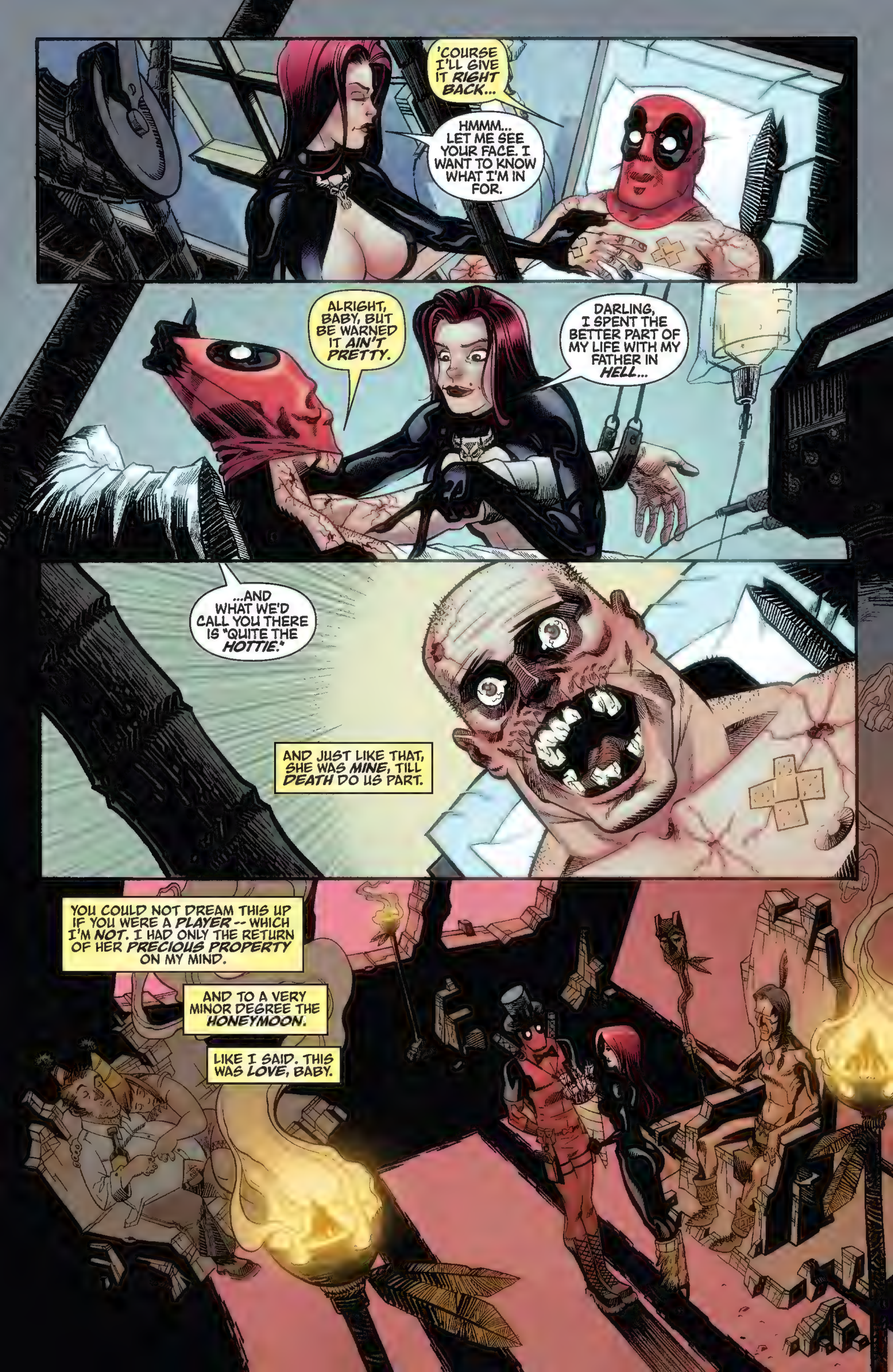

MEANWHILE...
I *CLEARLY* HAD THE BEST CHEMISTRY.
I TALKED FOR AN *HOUR* ABOUT THE *CONTINUITY GAP* IN EPISODE SIXTEEN OF BATTLESHIP GALAGA, AND SHE DIDN'T ROLL HER EYES *ONCE*.
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WENT *LAST*. THE REST OF US HAD ALREADY BROKEN HER IN.
I SHOULD GET HER BECAUSE *I'M* THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS TRYING TO CONNECT WITH HER AS A *PERSON!*
YOU ASKED HER WHAT *BREAKFAST CEREAL* SHE ATE.
AND WE ALL KNOW IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE MISSING THE *RODAK* ACTION FIGURE FROM THE SUGAR CORN BERRIES GIVE-AWAY.
WELL AT LEAST I WASN'T BRAGGING ABOUT MY *"NO PRIZE"!*
WHAT'S THAT?
KNOK KNOK KNOK
PROBABLY YOUR *THIRD* ROOM SERVICE ORDER.

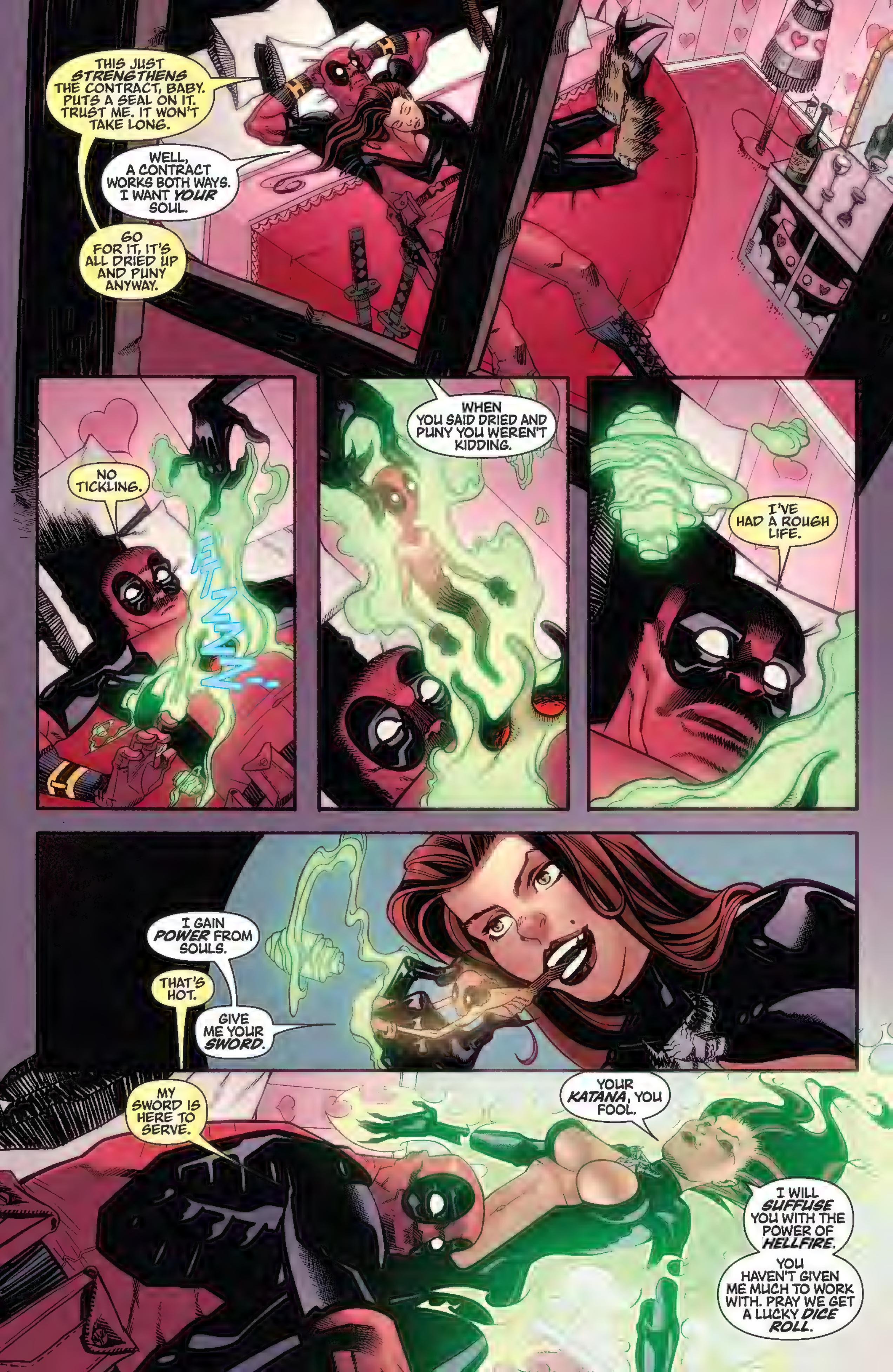

HELLO, KIDS WITH NO LIVES.
I'M HERE FOR A CERTAIN SEXY SOMEONE'S SOUL.
WE WON IT FAIR AND SQUARE!
AHHHHH!
MARK, GET DOWN!
YIPPIE KAI-YAY!
HIYYY-YA!
SNAP!
X-MEN

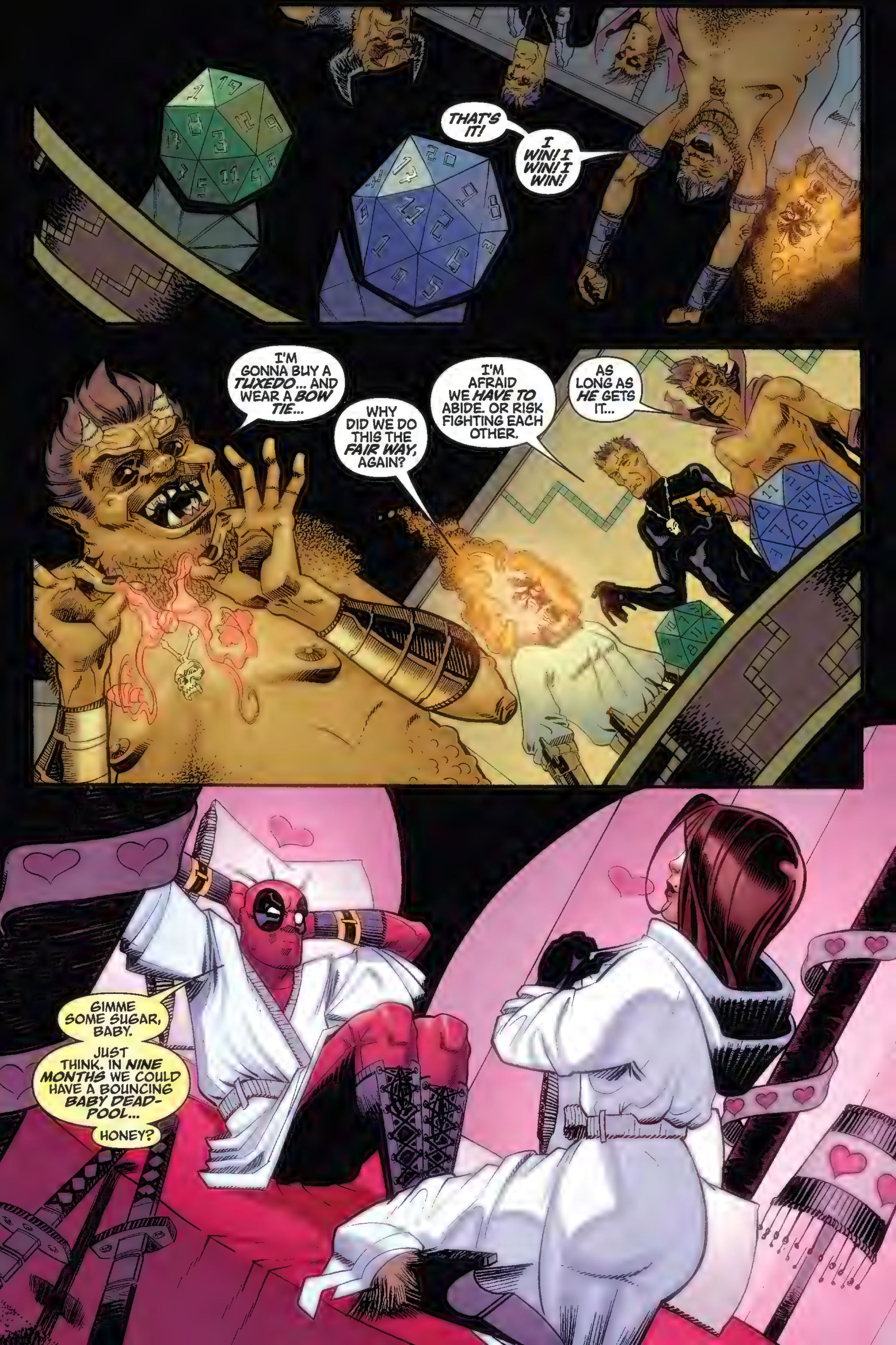

LAST CHANCE, BOY. WHERE'S MY BABY'S SOUL?
I... DON'T... KNOW.
WRONG ANSWER.
WHEH HEH HEH HEH
HUH?
HEY! I RECOGNIZE YOU. YOU'RE BELASCO. YOU'RE A BIG SHOT DEMON OR SOMETHING.
OR SOMETHING.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY COMRADES IN HELL...
MEPHISTO.
ASMODEUS.
LUCIFER...

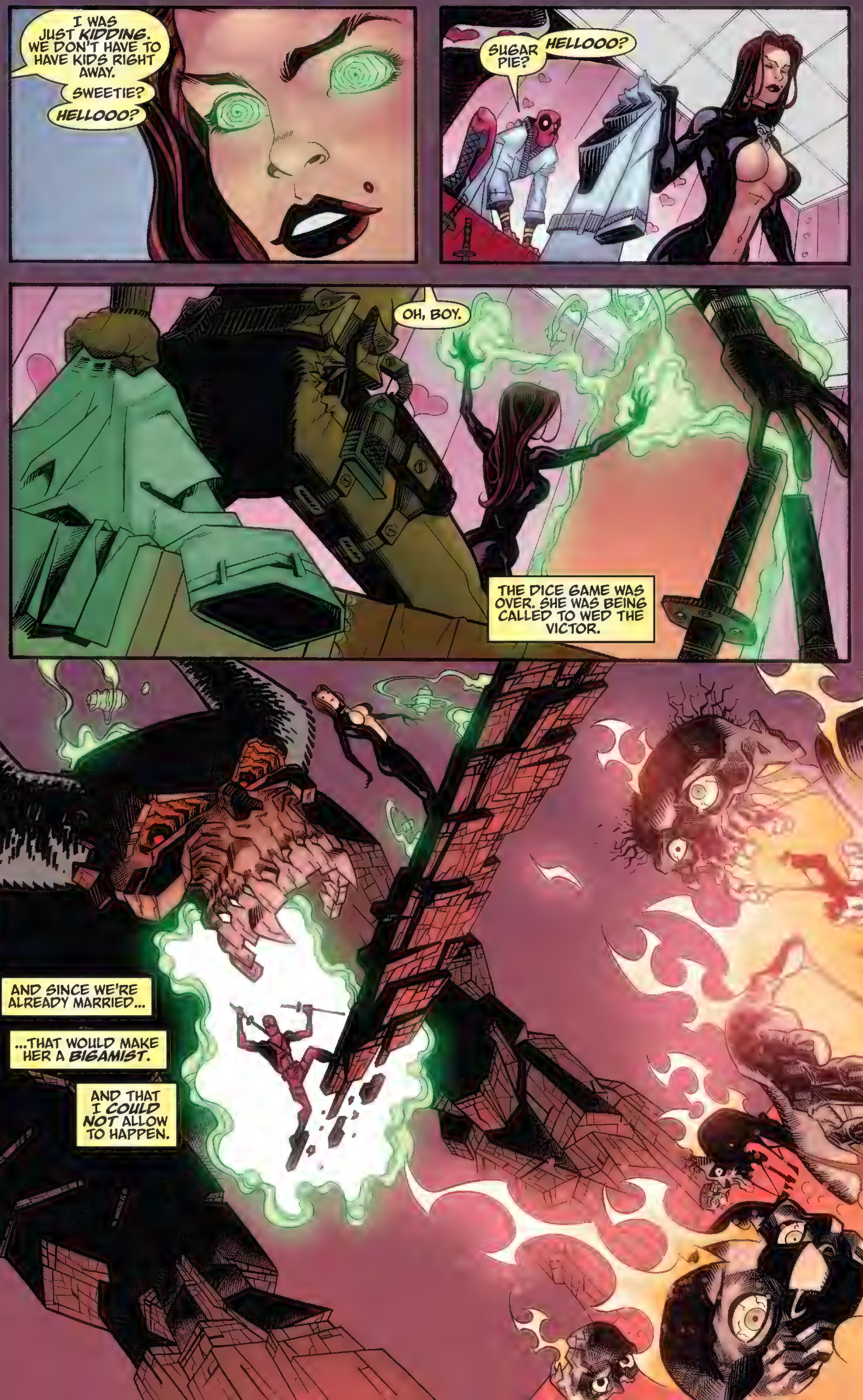

...AND DORMAMMU.
HI.
UH... HOLA.
LOOK, FELLAS, YOU GUYS ARE *DEMON BIG SHOTS*. YOU CAN GET *ALL* THE CHICKS YOU WANT.
YOU DON'T *NEED* SATANA. THROW THAT ONE BACK-- PREFERABLY TO *ME*.
THE ONE WHO CONTROLS SATANA IS HEIR TO *HELL*.
AND HELL IS ONE *FINE* PIECE OF UNDERWORLD *REAL ESTATE*.
WE EAT HIM NOW?
WAIT. WAIT. WAIT! ONE MORE QUESTION. JUST *ONE*.
GO AHEAD.
HOW DO YOU GUYS KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT POP CULTURE?

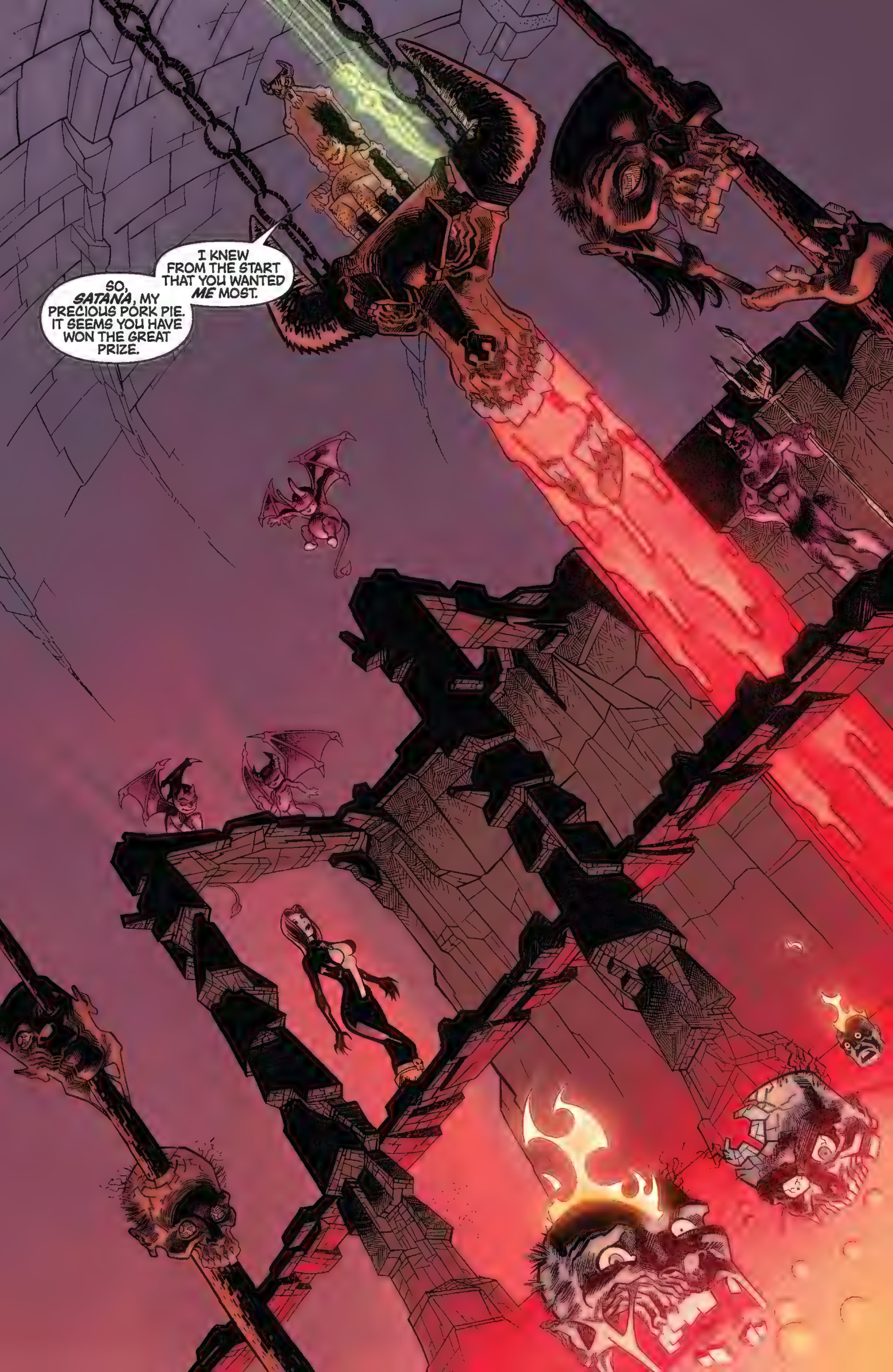

EEE.. EEE.. EEE.. EEE..
I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO *SPIDER-MAN*.
WELL, JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW SEEMED SAFER THAN THE FIERY PIT INTO THE *NETHERWORLD* THEY OPENED IN THE FLOOR.
AND YOU THINK THAT GOOFBALL'S BONES'D GROW BACK AS QUICK AS *MINE?* NOT HARDLY.
THEY *TRICKED YOU*. WE'LL HAVE TO *TRICK THEM* BACK.
EEE.. EEE.. EEE.. EEE..
RIGHT NOW, THEY'RE ROLLING *TWENTY-SIDED DICE* TO SEE WHO GETS ME.
I PRAY IT'S NOT THE SHORT *DUMB ONE* WITH ALL THE *WARTS*.
ALRIGHT. HERE'S THE PLAN. *MARRY ME.*
NOT ON *THAT* AGAIN?!
MARRIAGE IS A *SOUL-BINDING CONTRACT*. *CONTRACTUALLY* YOUR SOUL WOULD BELONG TO *ME*.
I'VE WATCHED ENOUGH SCARY MOVIES TO KNOW THAT SOUL-BINDING CONTRACTS *HAVE* TO BE ABIDED BY. EVEN BY LYING, CHEATING DEMONS.

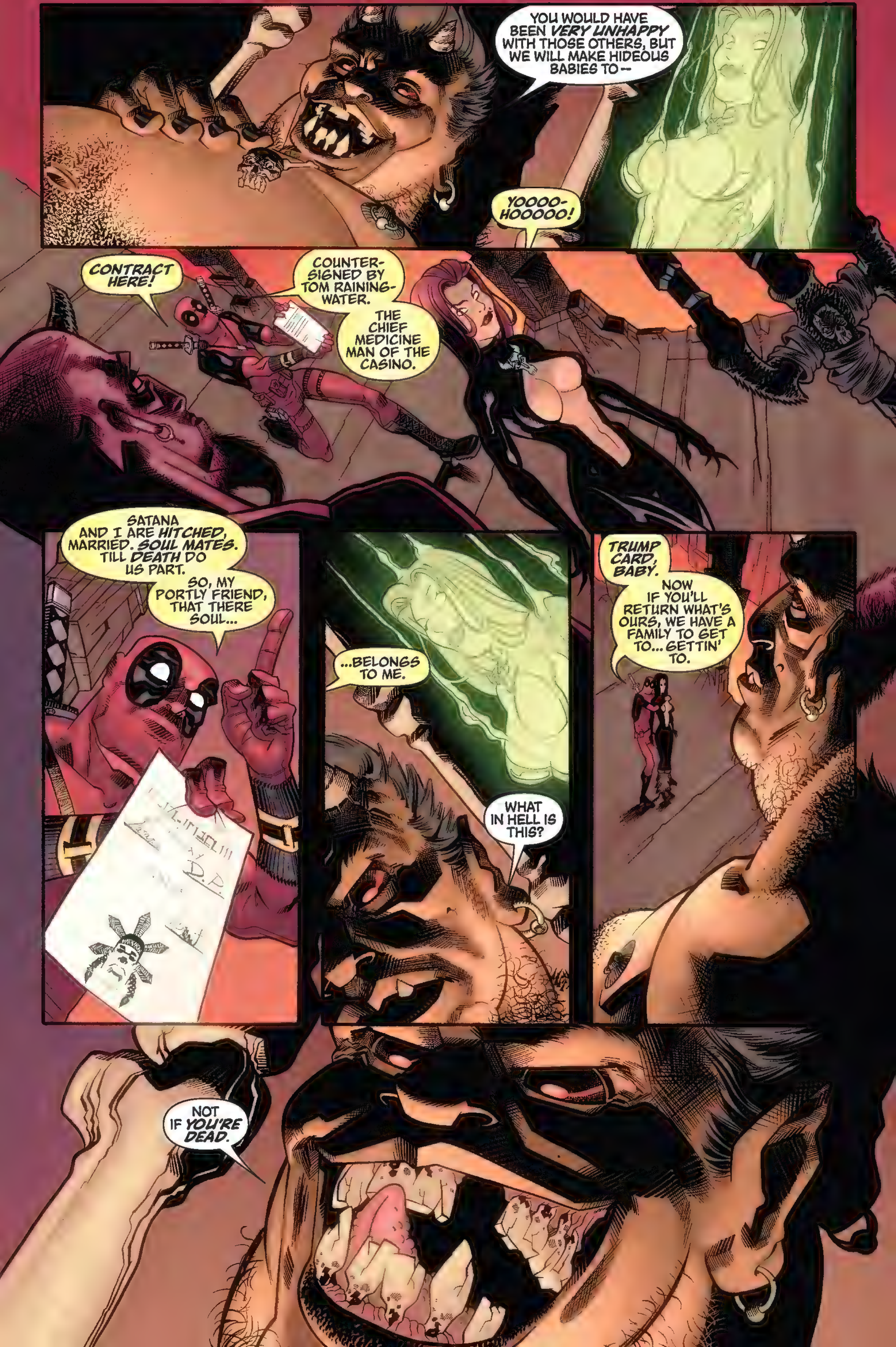

'COURSE I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK...
HMMM... LET ME SEE YOUR FACE. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'M IN FOR.
ALRIGHT, BABY, BUT BE WARNED IT AIN'T PRETTY.
DARLING, I SPENT THE BETTER PART OF MY LIFE WITH MY FATHER IN HELL...
...AND WHAT WE'D CALL YOU THERE IS "QUITE THE HOTTIE."
AND JUST LIKE THAT, SHE WAS MINE, TILL DEATH DO US PART.
YOU COULD NOT DREAM THIS UP IF YOU WERE A PLAYER -- WHICH I'M NOT. I HAD ONLY THE RETURN OF HER PRECIOUS PROPERTY ON MY MIND.
AND TO A VERY MINOR DEGREE THE HONEYMOON.
LIKE I SAID. THIS WAS LOVE, BABY.

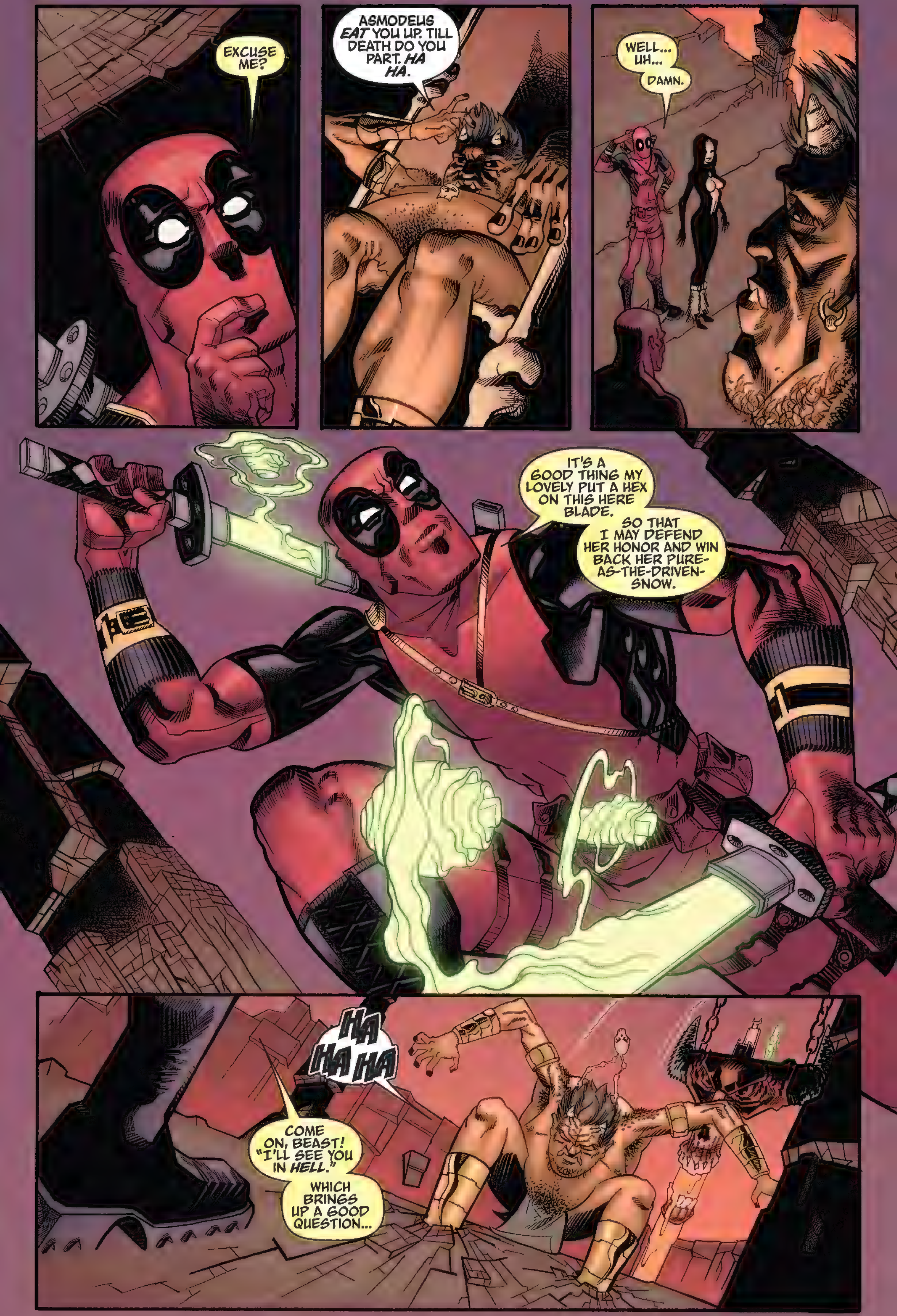

THIS JUST *STRENGTHENS* THE CONTRACT, BABY. PUTS A SEAL ON IT. TRUST ME. IT WON'T TAKE LONG.
WELL, A CONTRACT WORKS BOTH WAYS. I WANT *YOUR* SOUL.
GO FOR IT, IT'S ALL DRIED UP AND PUNY ANYWAY.
NO TICKLING.
FTZZZ!!
WHEN YOU SAID DRIED AND PUNY YOU WEREN'T KIDDING.
I'VE HAD A ROUGH LIFE.
I GAIN *POWER* FROM SOULS.
THAT'S HOT.
GIVE ME YOUR *SWORD*.
MY SWORD IS HERE TO SERVE.
YOUR *KATANA*, YOU FOOL.
I WILL *SUFFUSE* YOU WITH THE POWER OF *HELLFIRE*.
YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME MUCH TO WORK WITH. PRAY WE GET A LUCKY *DICE ROLL*.

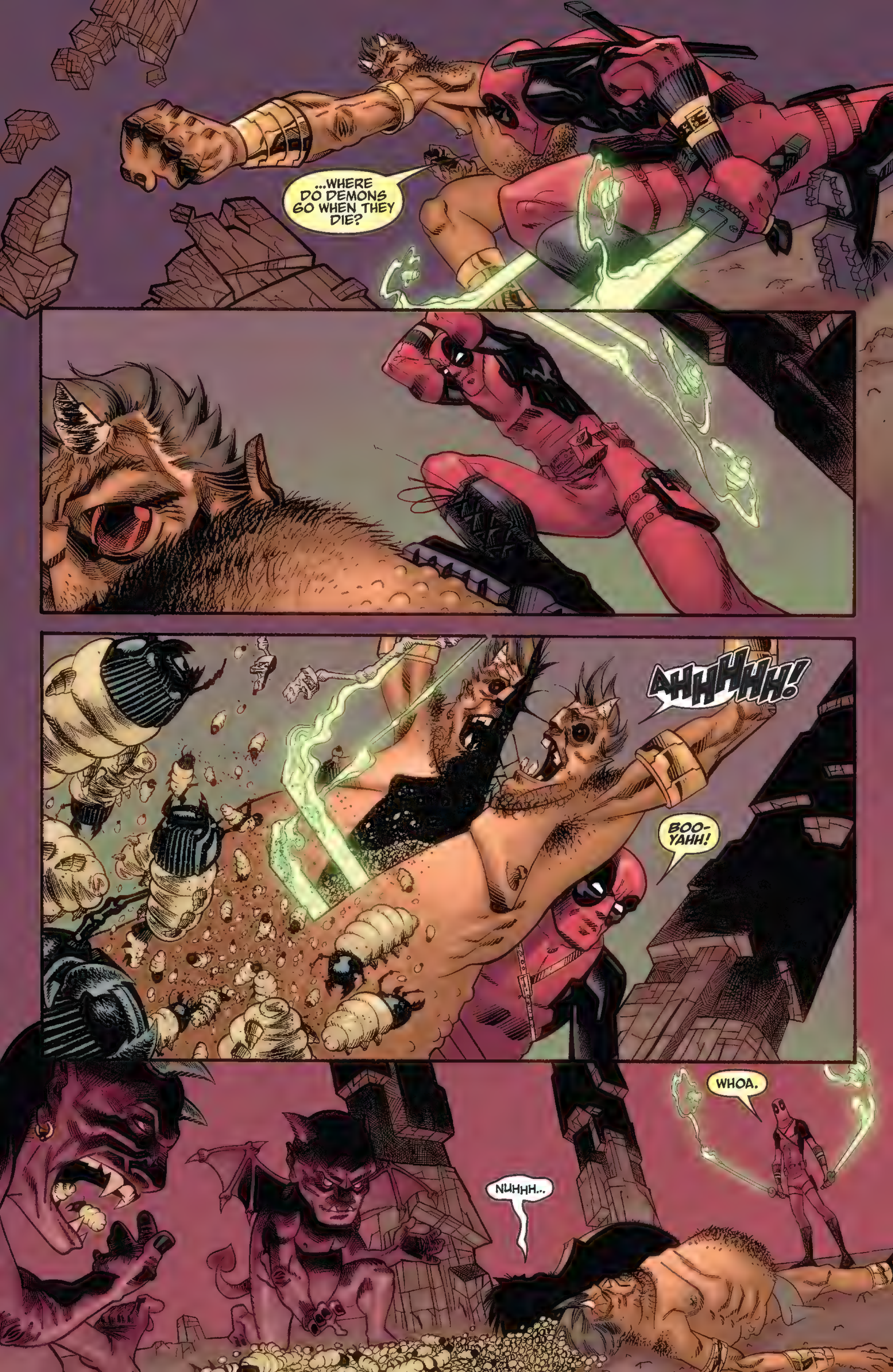

THAT'S IT!
I WIN! I WIN! I WIN!
I'M GONNA BUY A *TUXEDO*... AND WEAR A *BOW TIE*...
WHY DID WE DO THIS THE *FAIR WAY*, AGAIN?
I'M AFRAID WE *HAVE TO* ABIDE. OR RISK FIGHTING EACH OTHER.
AS LONG AS *HE* GETS IT...
GIMME SOME SUGAR, BABY.
JUST THINK. IN *NINE MONTHS* WE COULD HAVE A BOUNCING *BABY DEADPOOL*...
HONEY?

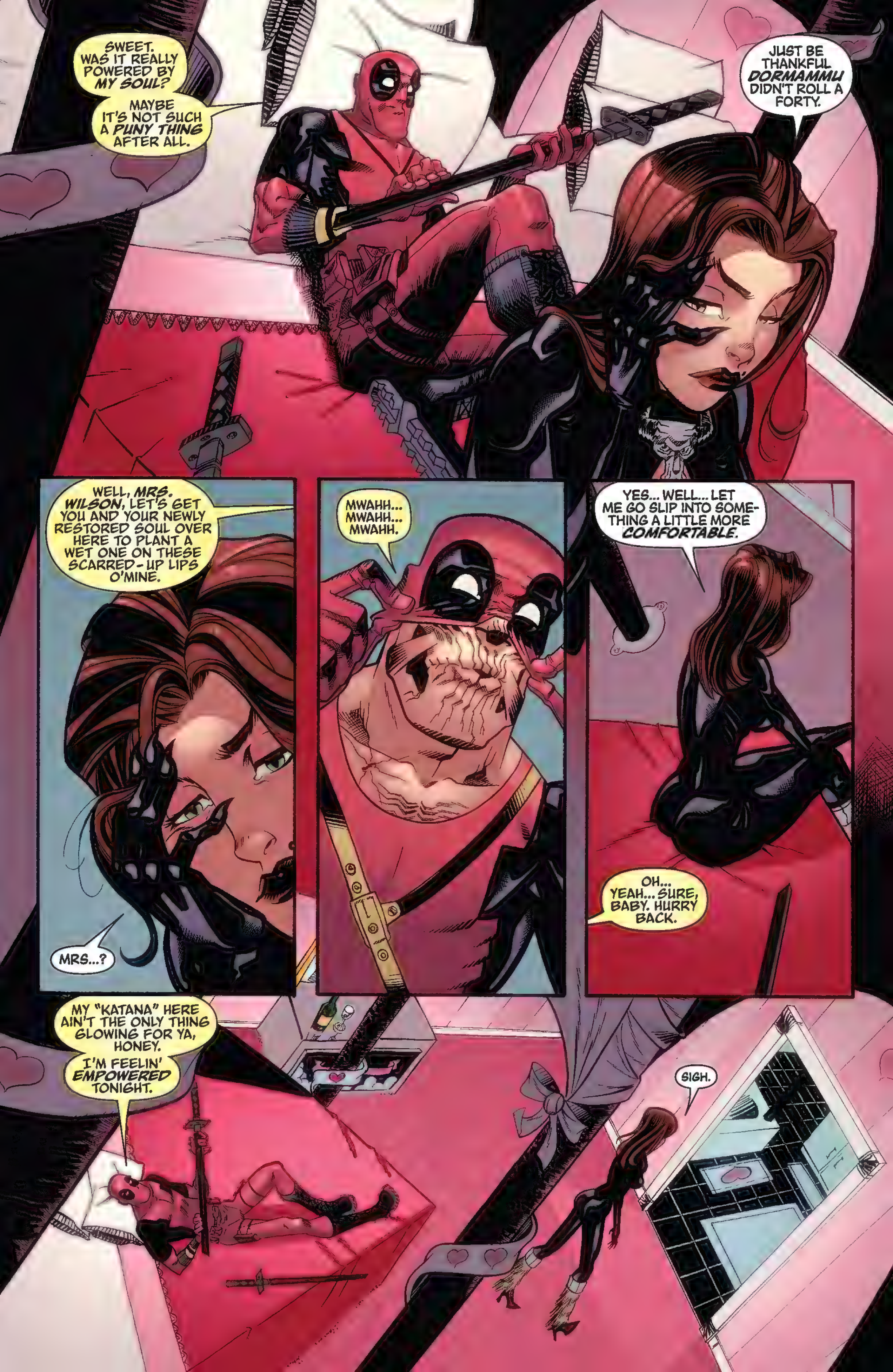

I WAS JUST *KIDDING*. WE DON'T HAVE TO HAVE KIDS RIGHT AWAY.
SWEETIE?
HELLOOO?
SUGAR PIE?
HELLOOO?
OH, BOY.
THE DICE GAME WAS OVER. SHE WAS BEING CALLED TO WED THE VICTOR.
AND SINCE WE'RE ALREADY MARRIED...
...THAT WOULD MAKE HER A *BIGAMIST*.
AND THAT I *COULD NOT* ALLOW TO HAPPEN.

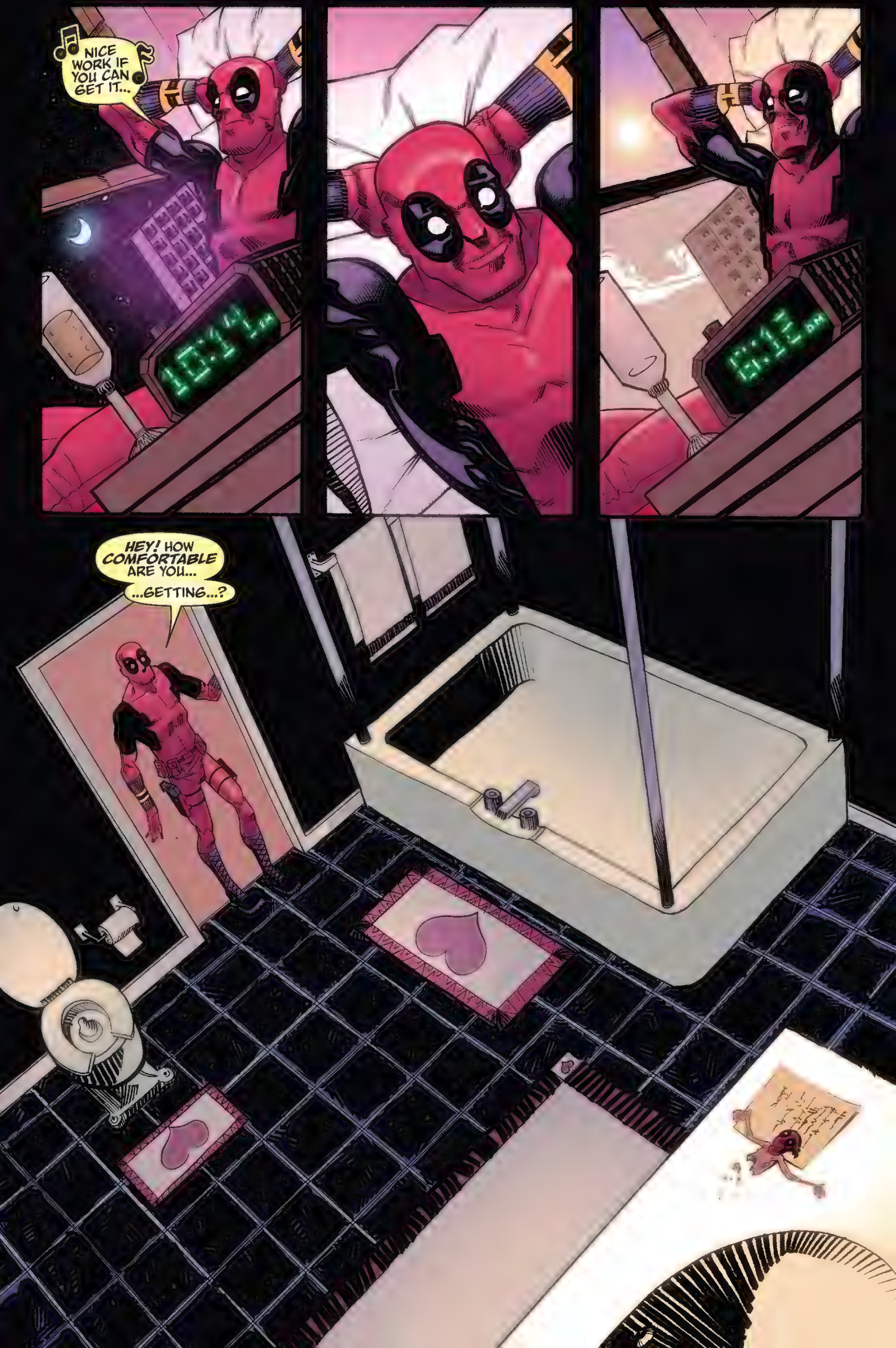

SO, SATANA, MY PRECIOUS PORK PIE. IT SEEMS YOU HAVE WON THE GREAT PRIZE.
I KNEW FROM THE START THAT YOU WANTED ME MOST.

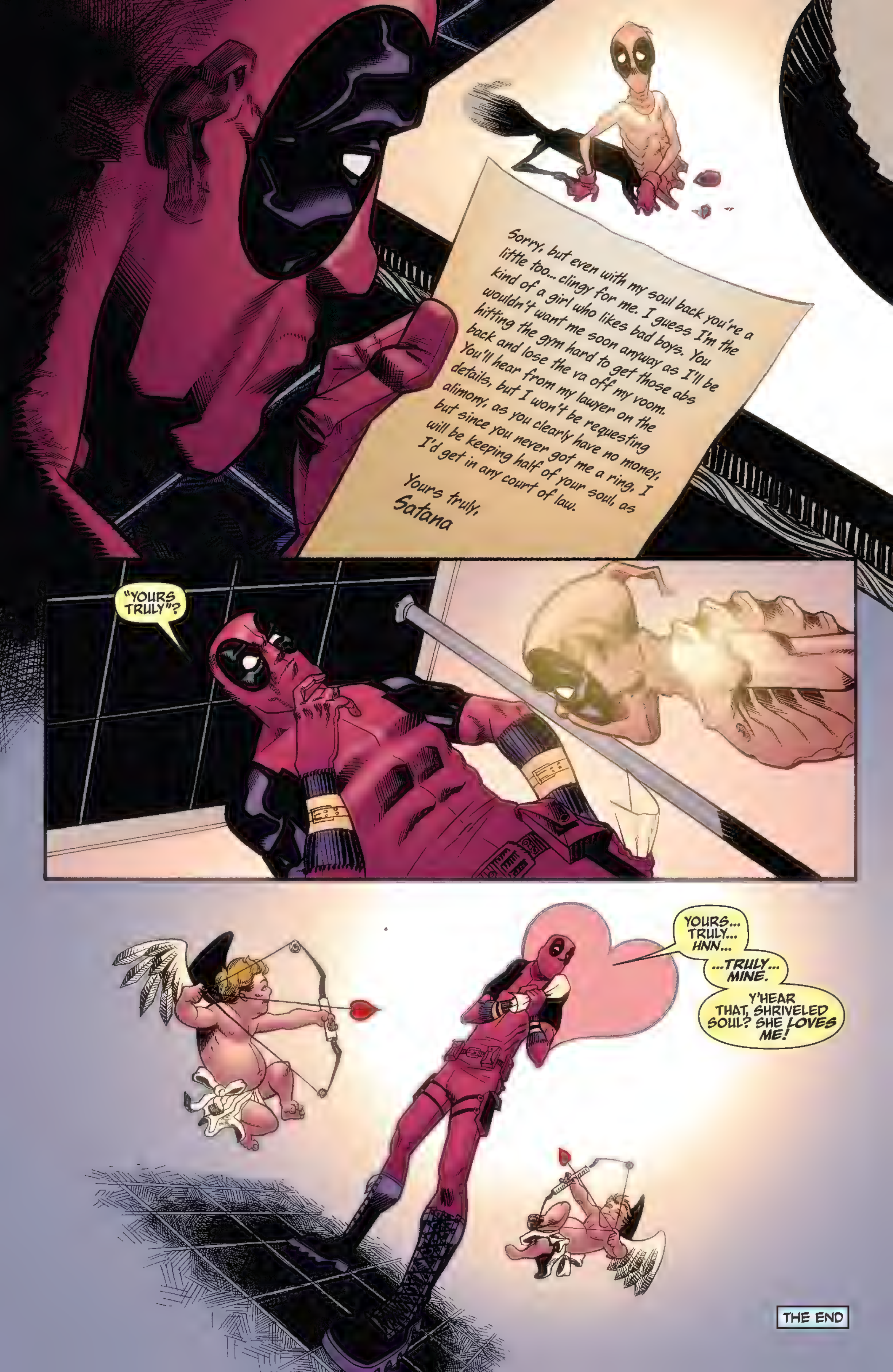

YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN *VERY UNHAPPY* WITH THOSE OTHERS, BUT WE WILL MAKE HIDEOUS BABIES TO --
YOOOO-HOOOOO!
CONTRACT HERE!
COUNTER-SIGNED BY TOM RAINING-WATER.
THE CHIEF MEDICINE MAN OF THE CASINO.
SATANA AND I ARE *HITCHED,* MARRIED. *SOUL MATES.* TILL *DEATH* DO US PART.
SO, MY PORTLY FRIEND, THAT THERE SOUL...
D.P.
...BELONGS TO ME.
WHAT IN HELL IS THIS?
TRUMP CARD, BABY.
NOW IF YOU'LL RETURN WHAT'S OURS, WE HAVE A FAMILY TO GET TO... GETTIN' TO.
NOT IF *YOU'RE DEAD.*


EXCUSE ME?
ASMODEUS *EAT* YOU UP. TILL DEATH DO YOU PART. *HA HA.*
WELL... UH...
DAMN.
IT'S A GOOD THING MY LOVELY PUT A HEX ON THIS HERE BLADE.
SO THAT I MAY DEFEND HER HONOR AND WIN BACK HER PURE-AS-THE-DRIVEN-SNOW.
HA HA HA HA
COME ON, BEAST! "I'LL SEE YOU IN *HELL*."
WHICH BRINGS UP A GOOD QUESTION...


...WHERE DO DEMONS GO WHEN THEY DIE?
AHHHHH!
BOO-YAHH!
WHOA.
NUHHH...


SWEET. WAS IT REALLY POWERED BY *MY SOUL*?
MAYBE IT'S NOT SUCH A *PUNY THING* AFTER ALL.
JUST BE THANKFUL *DORMAMMU* DIDN'T ROLL A FORTY.
WELL, *MRS. WILSON*, LET'S GET YOU AND YOUR NEWLY RESTORED SOUL OVER HERE TO PLANT A WET ONE ON THESE SCARRED-UP LIPS O'MINE.
MRS...?
MWAHH... MWAHH... MWAHH.
YES... WELL... LET ME GO SLIP INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE *COMFORTABLE*.
OH... YEAH... SURE, BABY. HURRY BACK.
MY "KATANA" HERE AIN'T THE ONLY THING GLOWING FOR YA, HONEY.
I'M FEELIN' *EMPOWERED* TONIGHT.
SIGH.

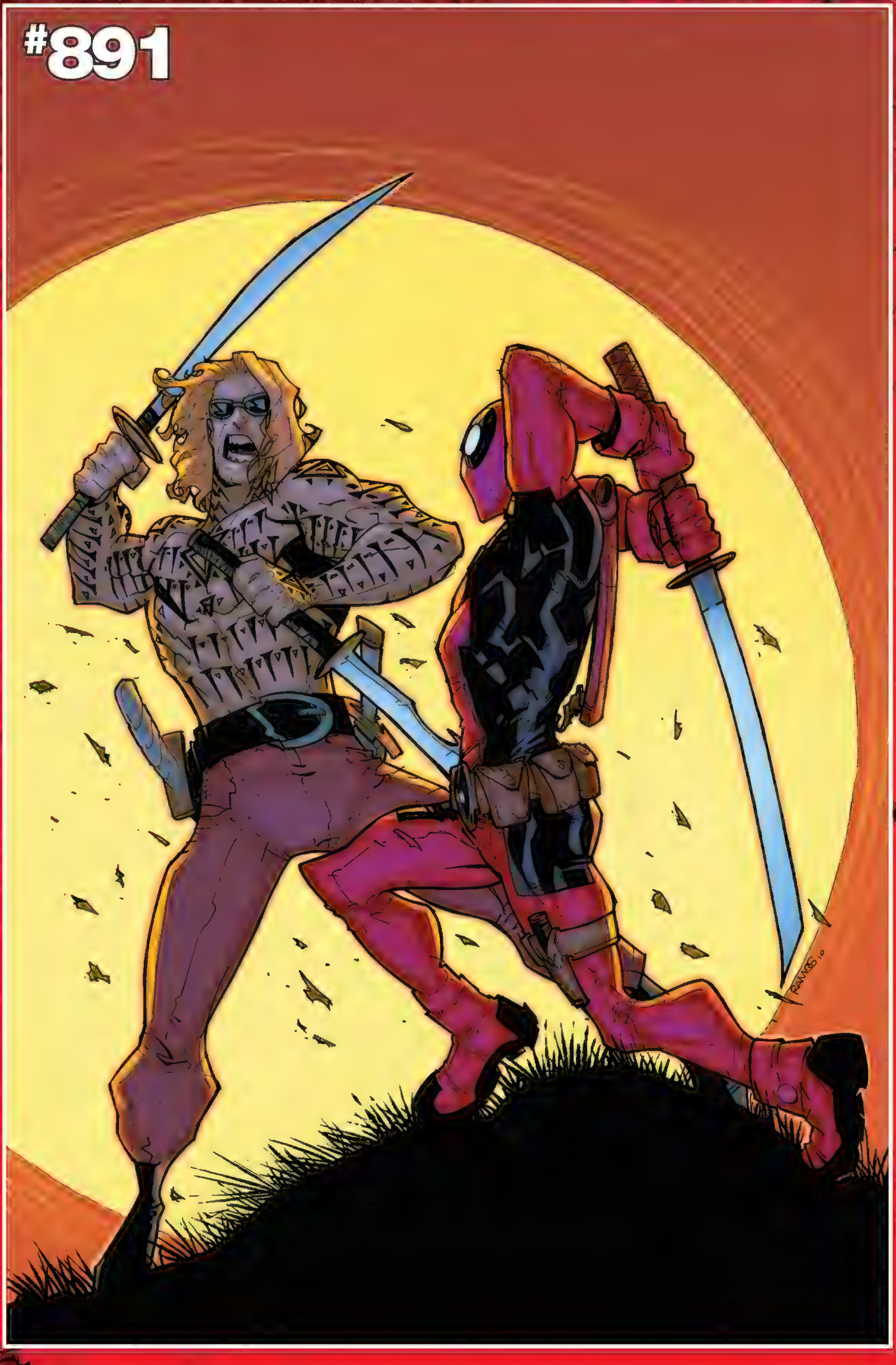

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT...
HEY! HOW COMFORTABLE ARE YOU...
...GETTING...?

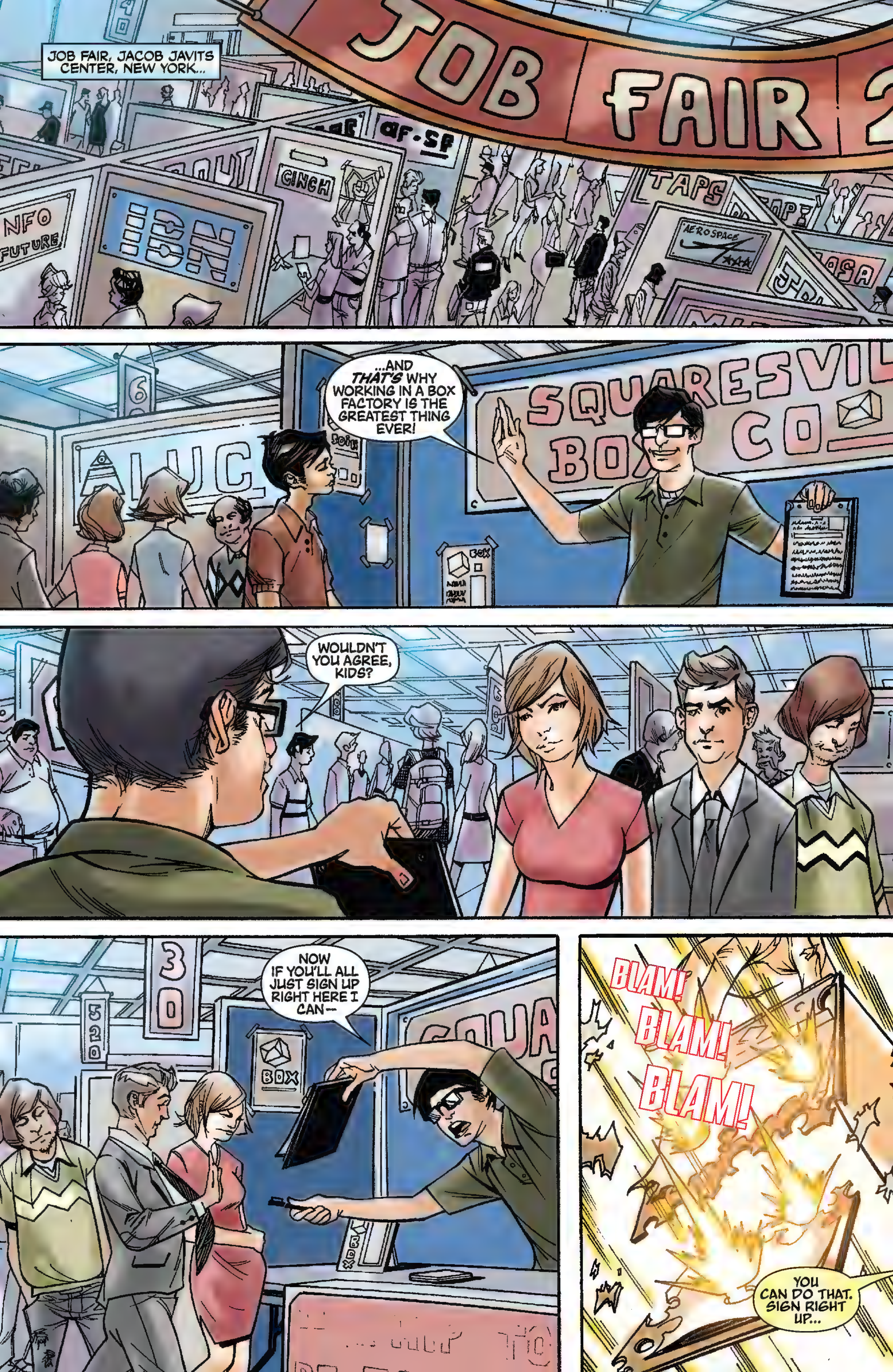


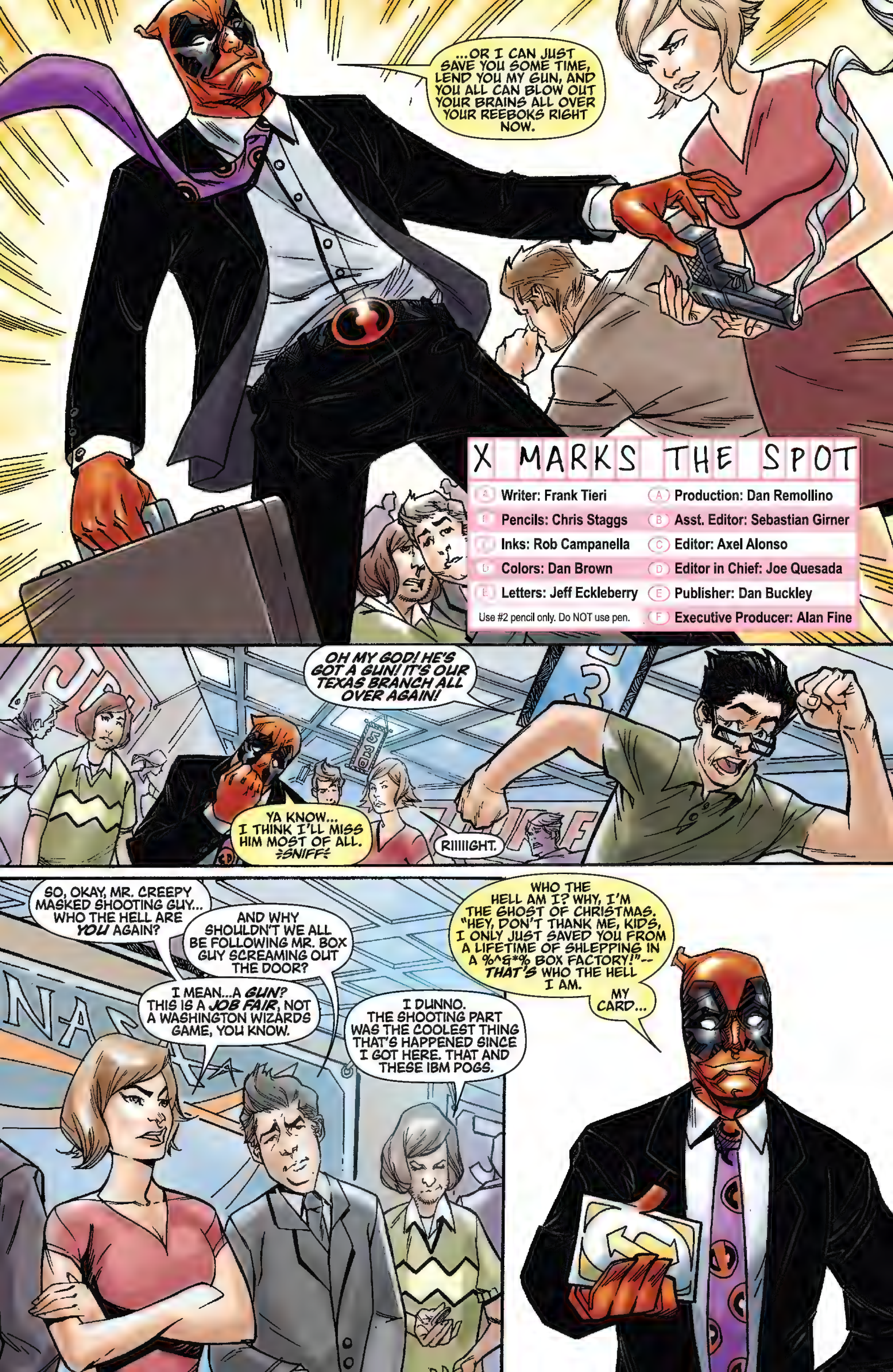
Sorry, but even with my soul back you're a little too... clingy for me. I guess I'm the kind of a girl who likes bad boys. You wouldn't want me soon anyway as I'll be hitting the gym hard to get those abs back and lose the va off my voom. You'll hear from my lawyer on the details, but I won't be requesting alimony, as you clearly have no money, but since you never got me a ring, I will be keeping half of your soul, as I'd get in any court of law.

Yours truly,
Satana

"YOURS TRULY"?
YOURS... TRULY... HNN...
...TRULY... MINE.
Y'HEAR THAT, SHRIVELED SOUL? SHE LOVES ME!
THE END

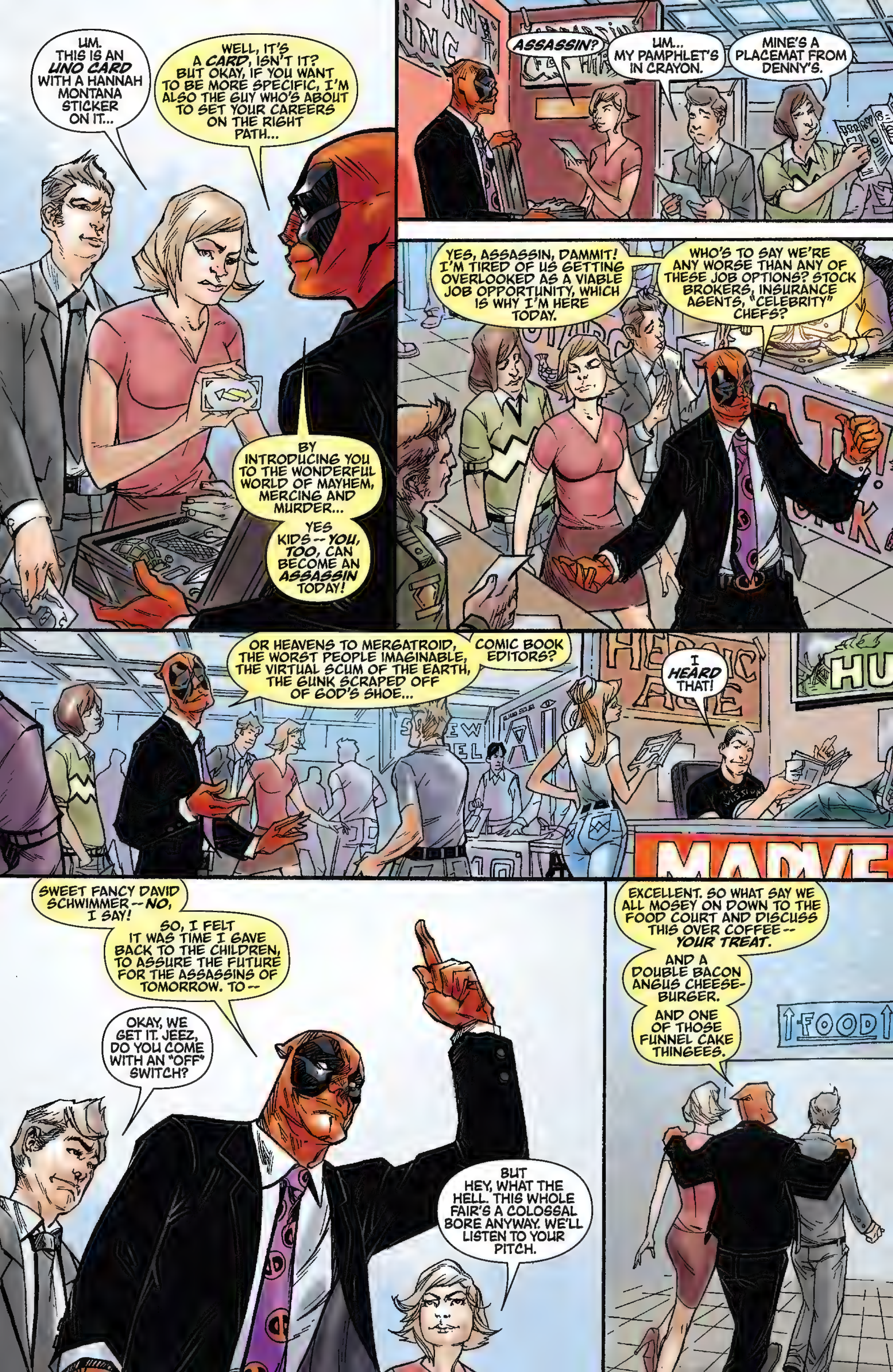

#891
RAMOS 10

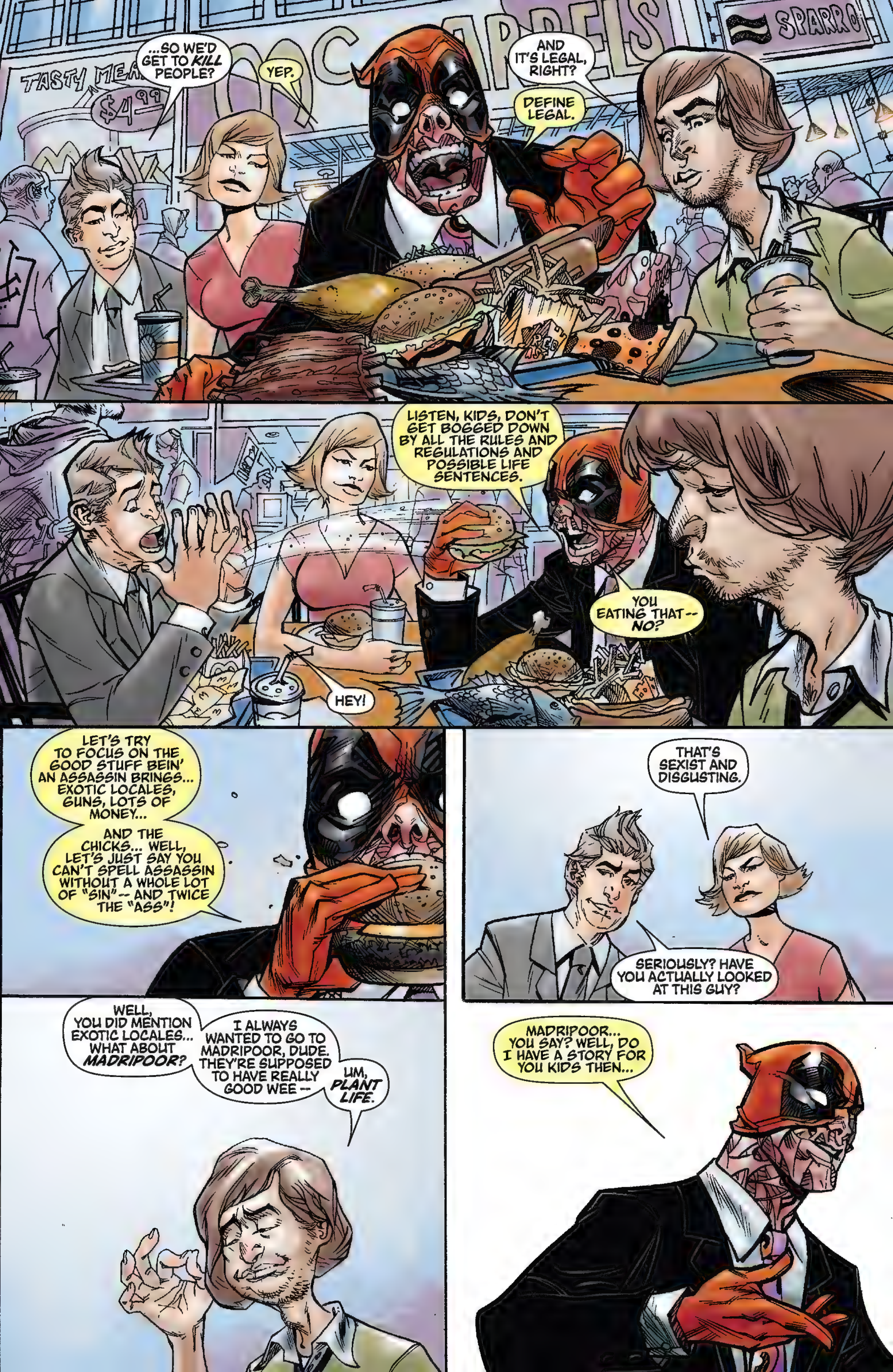

JOB FAIR, JACOB JAVITS CENTER, NEW YORK...
JOB FAIR 2
IBN
INFO FUTURE
CINCH
TAPS
AEROSPACE
...AND *THAT'S* WHY WORKING IN A BOX FACTORY IS THE GREATEST THING EVER!
SQUARESVIL BOX CO
BOX
WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, KIDS?
NOW IF YOU'LL ALL JUST SIGN UP RIGHT HERE I CAN--
BOX
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
YOU CAN DO THAT. SIGN RIGHT UP...


...OR I CAN JUST SAVE YOU SOME TIME, LEND YOU MY GUN, AND YOU ALL CAN BLOW OUT YOUR BRAINS ALL OVER YOUR REEBOKS RIGHT NOW.
OH MY GOD! HE'S GOT A GUN! IT'S OUR TEXAS BRANCH ALL OVER AGAIN!
YA KNOW... I THINK I'LL MISS HIM MOST OF ALL. *SNIFF*
RIIIIIGHT.
SO, OKAY, MR. CREEPY MASKED SHOOTING GUY... WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU* AGAIN?
AND WHY SHOULDN'T WE ALL BE FOLLOWING MR. BOX GUY SCREAMING OUT THE DOOR?
I MEAN...A *GUN*? THIS IS A *JOB FAIR*, NOT A WASHINGTON WIZARDS GAME, YOU KNOW.
I DUNNO. THE SHOOTING PART WAS THE COOLEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE I GOT HERE. THAT AND THESE IBM POGS.
WHO THE HELL AM I? WHY, I'M THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS. "HEY, DON'T THANK ME, KIDS, I ONLY JUST SAVED YOU FROM A LIFETIME OF SHLEPPING IN A %^&*% BOX FACTORY!"-- *THAT'S* WHO THE HELL I AM.
MY CARD...

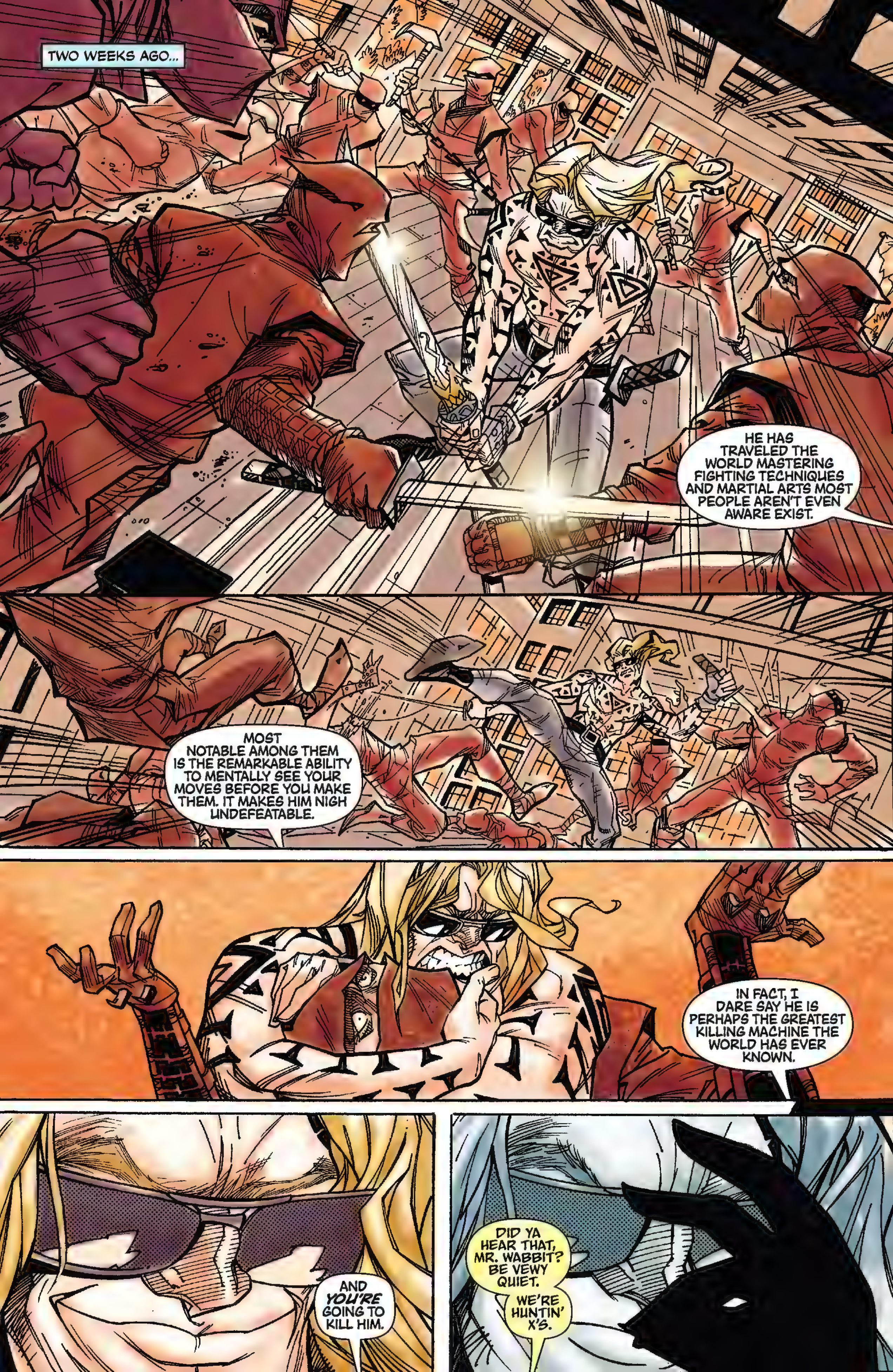
X MARKS THE SPOT

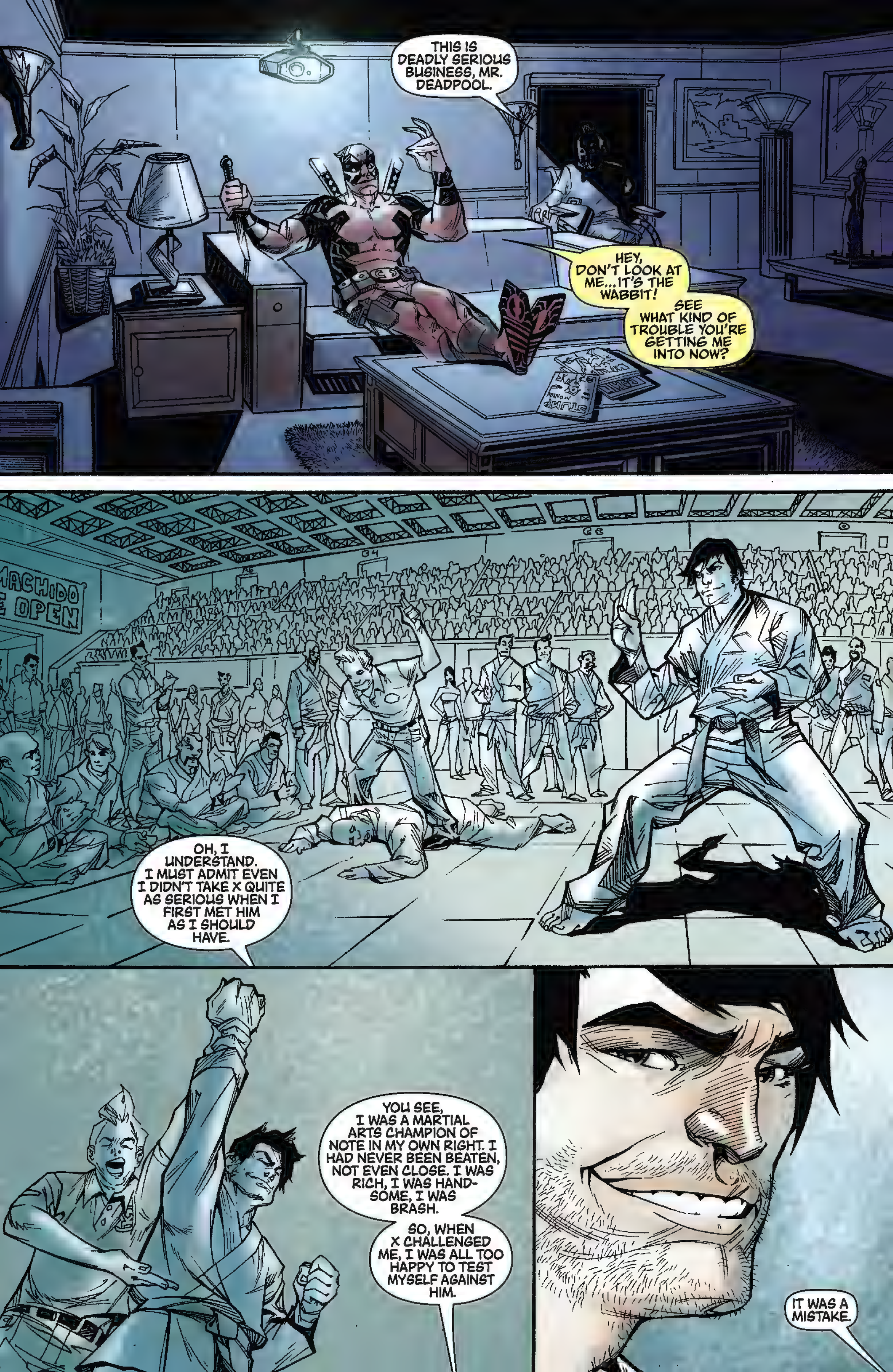
Ⓐ Writer: Frank Tieri	Ⓐ Production: Dan Remollino
Ⓑ Pencils: Chris Staggs	Ⓑ Asst. Editor: Sebastian Girner
Ⓒ Inks: Rob Campanella	Ⓒ Editor: Axel Alonso
Ⓓ Colors: Dan Brown	Ⓓ Editor in Chief: Joe Quesada
Ⓔ Letters: Jeff Eckleberry	Ⓔ Publisher: Dan Buckley
Use #2 pencil only. Do NOT use pen.	Ⓕ Executive Producer: Alan Fine

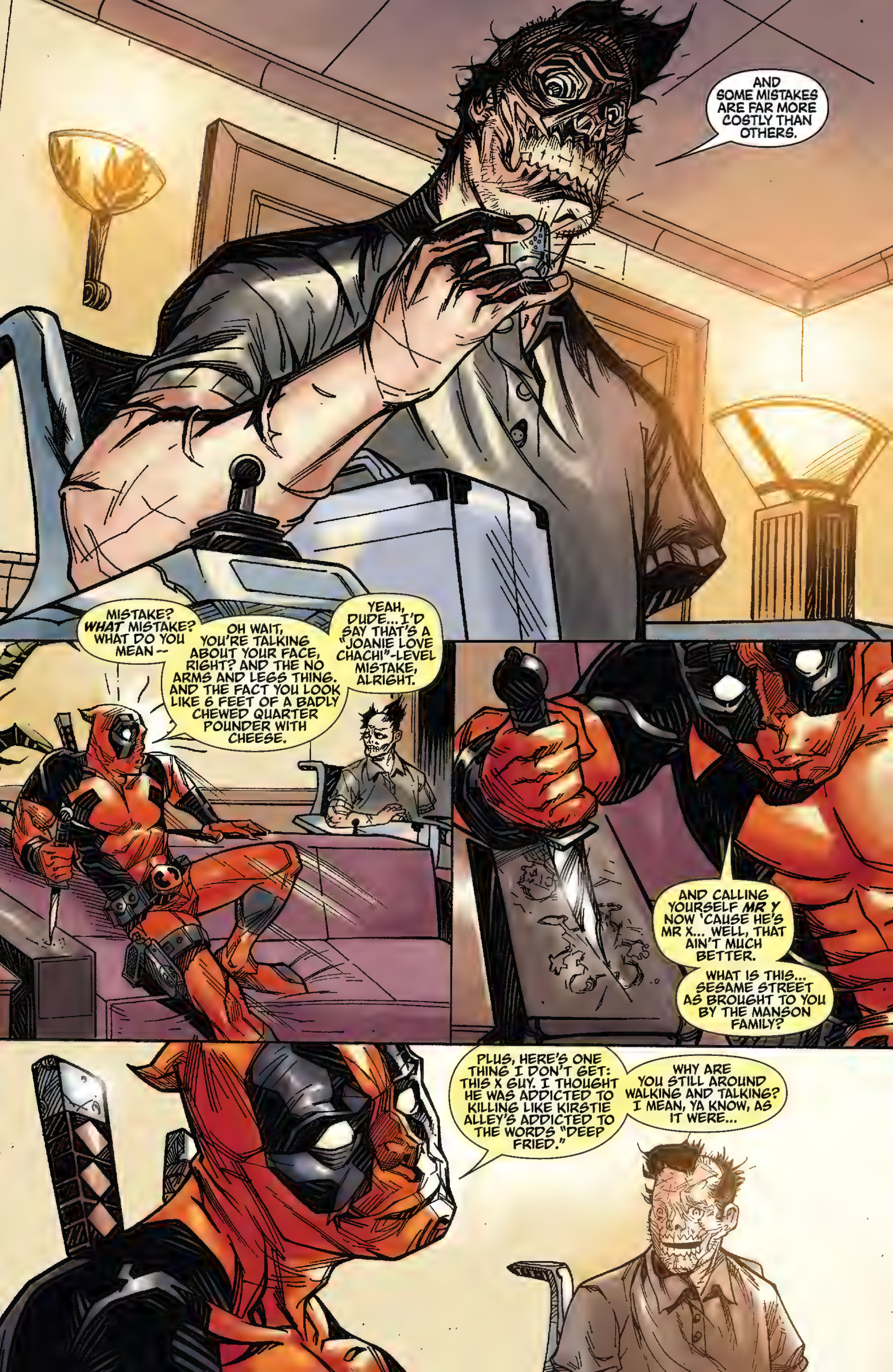

UM. THIS IS AN *UNO CARD* WITH A HANNAH MONTANA STICKER ON IT...
WELL, IT'S A *CARD*, ISN'T IT? BUT OKAY, IF YOU WANT TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, I'M ALSO THE GUY WHO'S ABOUT TO SET YOUR CAREERS ON THE RIGHT PATH...
BY INTRODUCING YOU TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF MAYHEM, MERCING AND MURDER...
YES KIDS-- *YOU, TOO*, CAN BECOME AN *ASSASSIN* TODAY!
ASSASSIN?
UM... MY PAMPHLET'S IN CRAYON.
MINE'S A PLACEMAT FROM DENNY'S.
YES, ASSASSIN, DAMMIT! I'M TIRED OF US GETTING OVERLOOKED AS A VIABLE JOB OPPORTUNITY, WHICH IS WHY I'M HERE TODAY.
WHO'S TO SAY WE'RE ANY WORSE THAN ANY OF THESE JOB OPTIONS? STOCK BROKERS, INSURANCE AGENTS, "CELEBRITY" CHEFS?
OR HEAVENS TO MERGATROID, THE WORST PEOPLE IMAGINABLE, THE VIRTUAL SCUM OF THE EARTH, THE GUNK SCRAPED OFF OF GOD'S SHOE...
COMIC BOOK EDITORS?
I *HEARD* THAT!
SWEET FANCY DAVID SCHWIMMER-- *NO*, I SAY!
SO, I FELT IT WAS TIME I GAVE BACK TO THE CHILDREN, TO ASSURE THE FUTURE FOR THE ASSASSINS OF TOMORROW. TO--
OKAY, WE GET IT. JEEZ, DO YOU COME WITH AN "OFF" SWITCH?
BUT HEY, WHAT THE HELL. THIS WHOLE FAIR'S A COLOSSAL BORE ANYWAY. WE'LL LISTEN TO YOUR PITCH.
EXCELLENT. SO WHAT SAY WE ALL MOSEY ON DOWN TO THE FOOD COURT AND DISCUSS THIS OVER COFFEE-- *YOUR TREAT*.
AND A DOUBLE BACON ANGUS CHEESE-BURGER.
AND ONE OF THOSE FUNNEL CAKE THINGEES.
FOOD

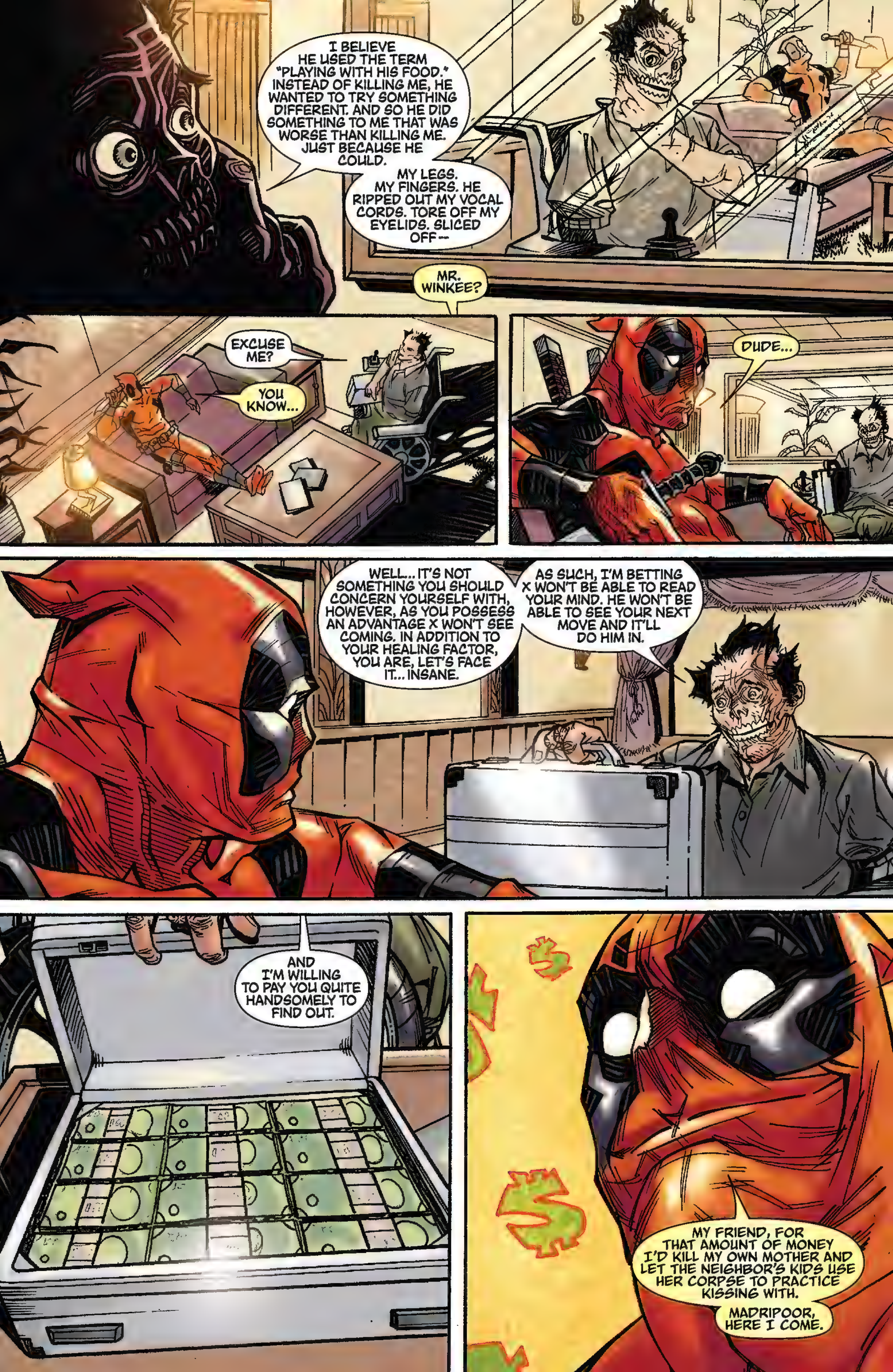


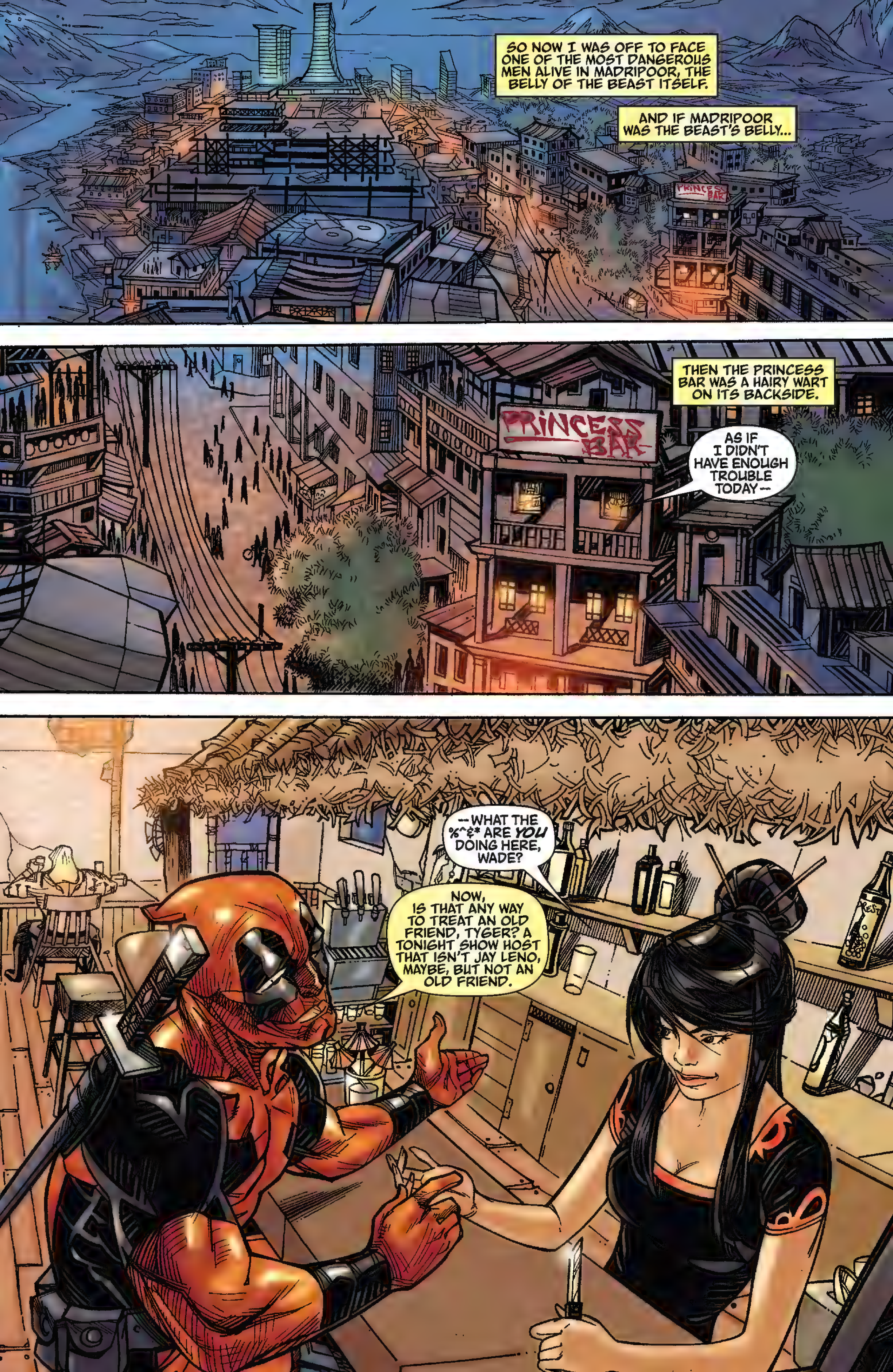
...SO WE'D GET TO *KILL* PEOPLE?
YEP.
AND IT'S LEGAL, RIGHT?
DEFINE LEGAL.
LISTEN, KIDS, DON'T GET BOGGED DOWN BY ALL THE RULES AND REGULATIONS AND POSSIBLE LIFE SENTENCES.
YOU EATING THAT-- *NO?*
HEY!
LET'S TRY TO FOCUS ON THE GOOD STUFF BEIN' AN ASSASSIN BRINGS... EXOTIC LOCALES, GUNS, LOTS OF MONEY...
AND THE CHICKS... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY YOU CAN'T SPELL ASSASSIN WITHOUT A WHOLE LOT OF "SIN"-- AND TWICE THE "ASS"!
THAT'S SEXIST AND DISGUSTING.
SERIOUSLY? HAVE YOU ACTUALLY LOOKED AT THIS GUY?
WELL, YOU DID MENTION EXOTIC LOCALES... WHAT ABOUT *MADRIPOOR?*
I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO MADRIPOOR, DUDE. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE REALLY GOOD WEE --
UM, *PLANT LIFE.*
MADRIPOOR... YOU SAY? WELL, DO I HAVE A STORY FOR YOU KIDS THEN...

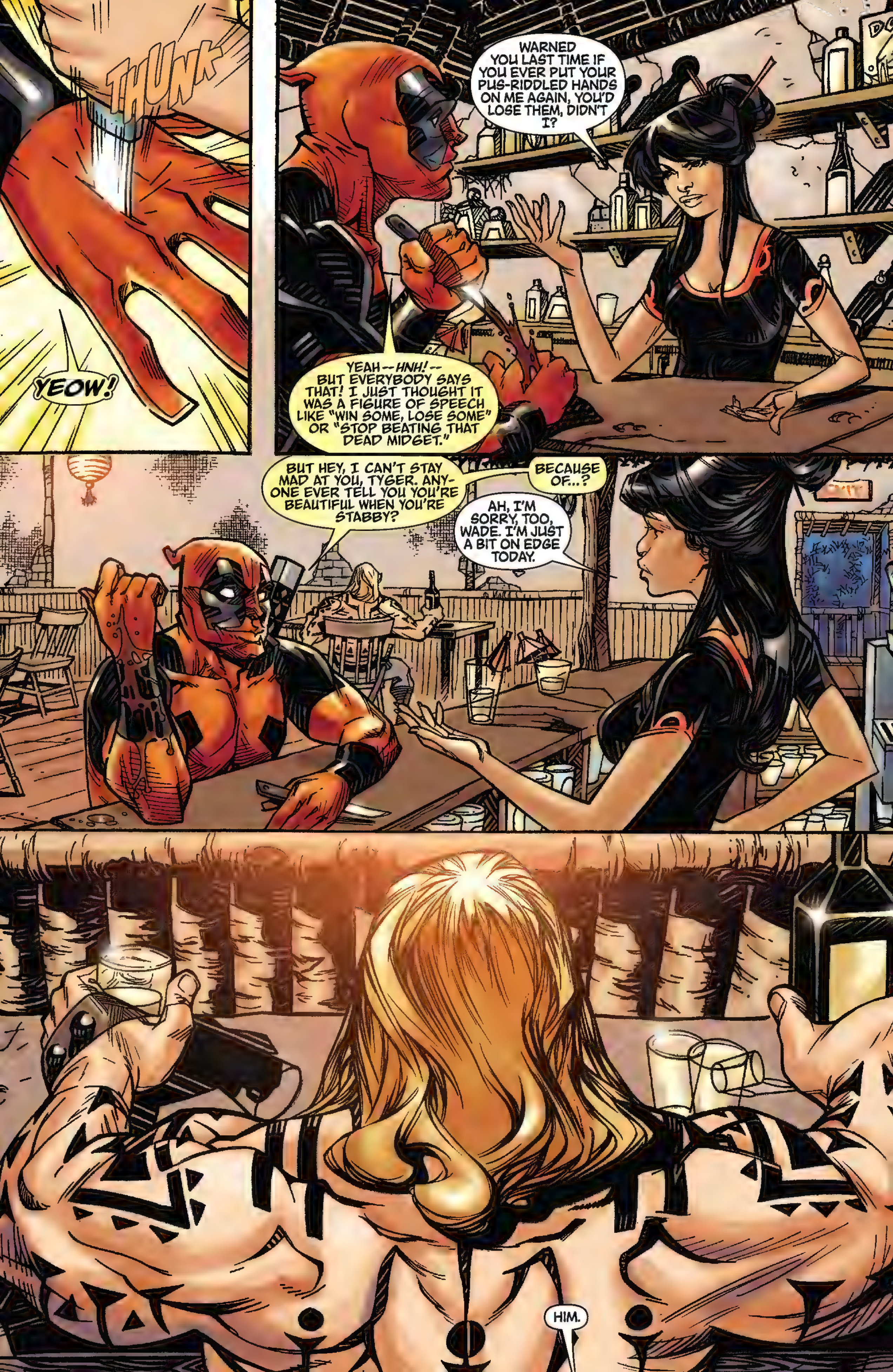

TWO WEEKS AGO...
HE HAS TRAVELED THE WORLD MASTERING FIGHTING TECHNIQUES AND MARTIAL ARTS MOST PEOPLE AREN'T EVEN AWARE EXIST.
MOST NOTABLE AMONG THEM IS THE REMARKABLE ABILITY TO MENTALLY SEE YOUR MOVES BEFORE YOU MAKE THEM. IT MAKES HIM NIGH UNDEFEATABLE.
IN FACT, I DARE SAY HE IS PERHAPS THE GREATEST KILLING MACHINE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.
AND *YOU'RE* GOING TO KILL HIM.
DID YA HEAR THAT, MR. WABBIT? BE VEWY QUIET.
WE'RE HUNTIN' X'S.

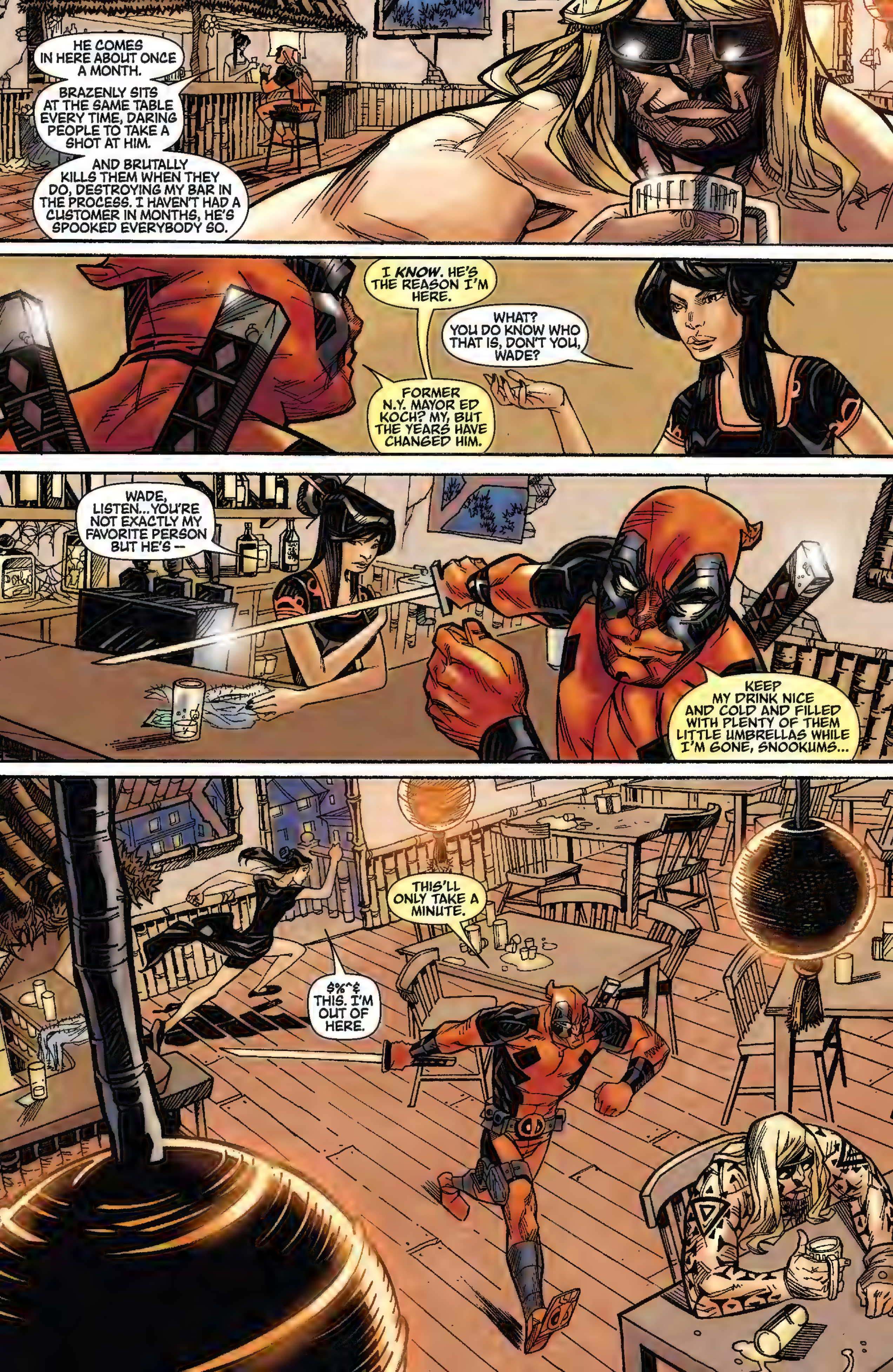

THIS IS DEADLY SERIOUS BUSINESS, MR. DEADPOOL.
HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME...IT'S THE WABBIT!
SEE WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE YOU'RE GETTING ME INTO NOW?
MACHIDO
E OPEN
OH, I UNDERSTAND. I MUST ADMIT EVEN I DIDN'T TAKE X QUITE AS SERIOUS WHEN I FIRST MET HIM AS I SHOULD HAVE.
YOU SEE, I WAS A MARTIAL ARTS CHAMPION OF NOTE IN MY OWN RIGHT. I HAD NEVER BEEN BEATEN, NOT EVEN CLOSE. I WAS RICH, I WAS HANDSOME, I WAS BRASH.
SO, WHEN X CHALLENGED ME, I WAS ALL TOO HAPPY TO TEST MYSELF AGAINST HIM.
IT WAS A MISTAKE.

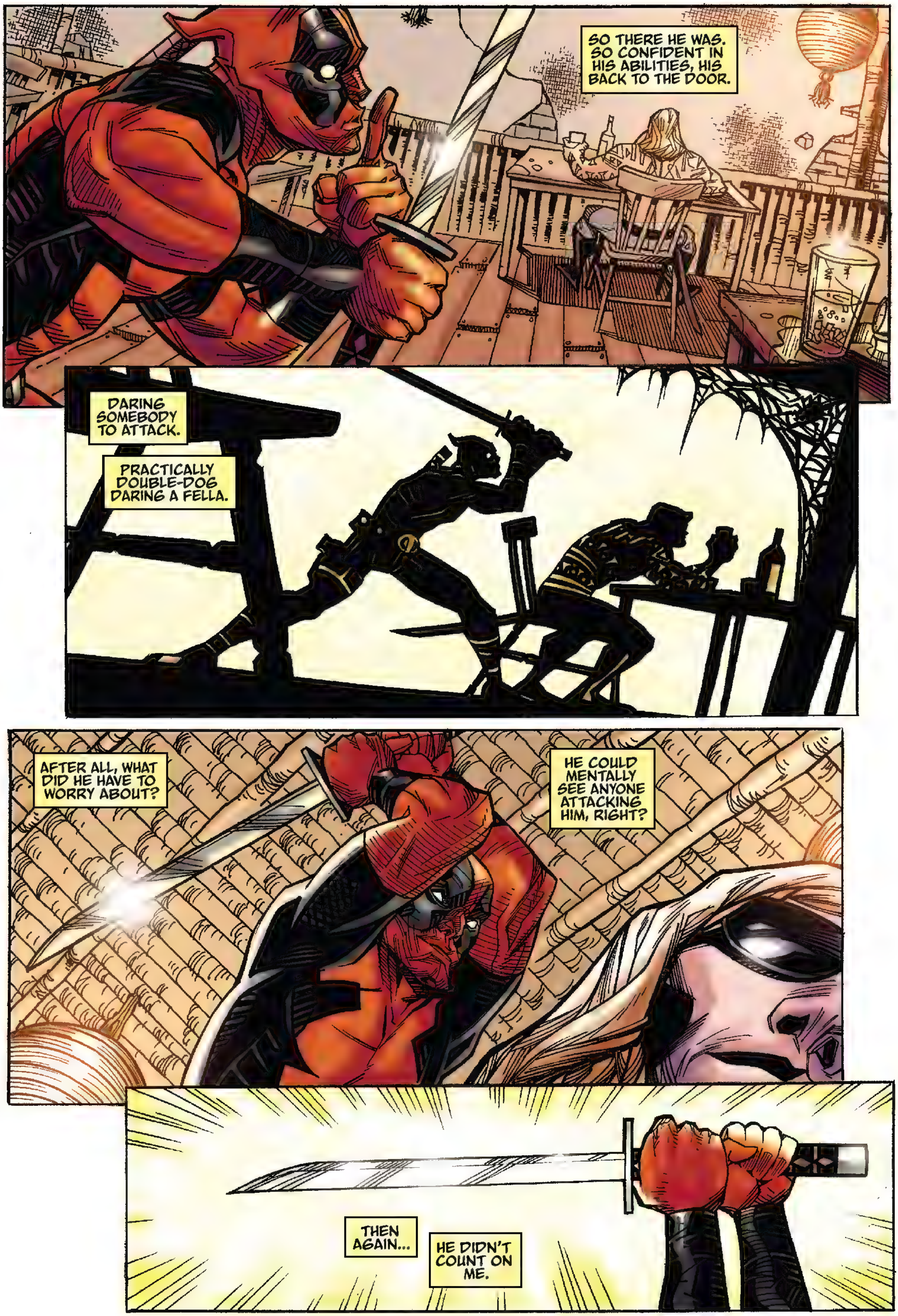

AND SOME MISTAKES ARE FAR MORE COSTLY THAN OTHERS.
MISTAKE? *WHAT* MISTAKE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN--
OH WAIT, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOUR FACE, RIGHT? AND THE NO ARMS AND LEGS THING. AND THE FACT YOU LOOK LIKE 6 FEET OF A BADLY CHEWED QUARTER POUNDER WITH CHEESE.
YEAH, DUDE... I'D SAY THAT'S A "JOANIE LOVE CHACHI"-LEVEL MISTAKE, ALRIGHT.
AND CALLING YOURSELF *MR Y* NOW 'CAUSE HE'S MR X... WELL, THAT AIN'T MUCH BETTER.
WHAT IS THIS... SESAME STREET AS BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MANSON FAMILY?
PLUS, HERE'S ONE THING I DON'T GET: THIS X GUY. I THOUGHT HE WAS ADDICTED TO KILLING LIKE KIRSTIE ALLEY'S ADDICTED TO THE WORDS "DEEP FRIED."
WHY ARE YOU STILL AROUND WALKING AND TALKING? I MEAN, YA KNOW, AS IT WERE...

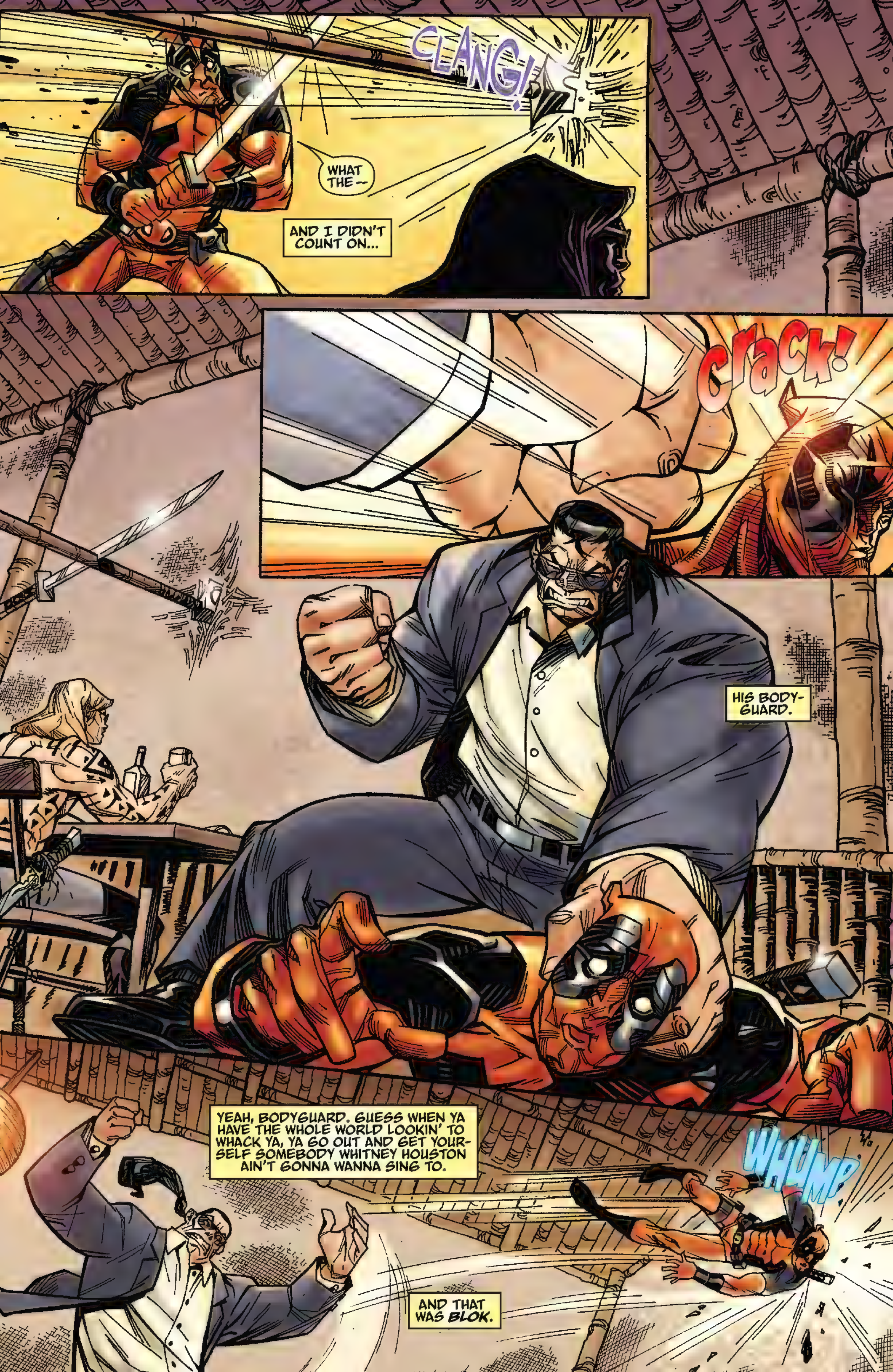

I BELIEVE HE USED THE TERM "PLAYING WITH HIS FOOD." INSTEAD OF KILLING ME, HE WANTED TO TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT. AND SO HE DID SOMETHING TO ME THAT WAS WORSE THAN KILLING ME. JUST BECAUSE HE COULD.
MY LEGS. MY FINGERS. HE RIPPED OUT MY VOCAL CORDS. TORE OFF MY EYELIDS. SLICED OFF--
MR. WINKEE?
EXCUSE ME?
YOU KNOW...
DUDE...
WELL... IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU SHOULD CONCERN YOURSELF WITH, HOWEVER, AS YOU POSSESS AN ADVANTAGE X WON'T SEE COMING. IN ADDITION TO YOUR HEALING FACTOR, YOU ARE, LET'S FACE IT... INSANE.
AS SUCH, I'M BETTING X WON'T BE ABLE TO READ YOUR MIND. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOUR NEXT MOVE AND IT'LL DO HIM IN.
AND I'M WILLING TO PAY YOU QUITE HANDSOMELY TO FIND OUT.
MY FRIEND, FOR THAT AMOUNT OF MONEY I'D KILL MY OWN MOTHER AND LET THE NEIGHBOR'S KIDS USE HER CORPSE TO PRACTICE KISSING WITH.
MADRIPOOR, HERE I COME.

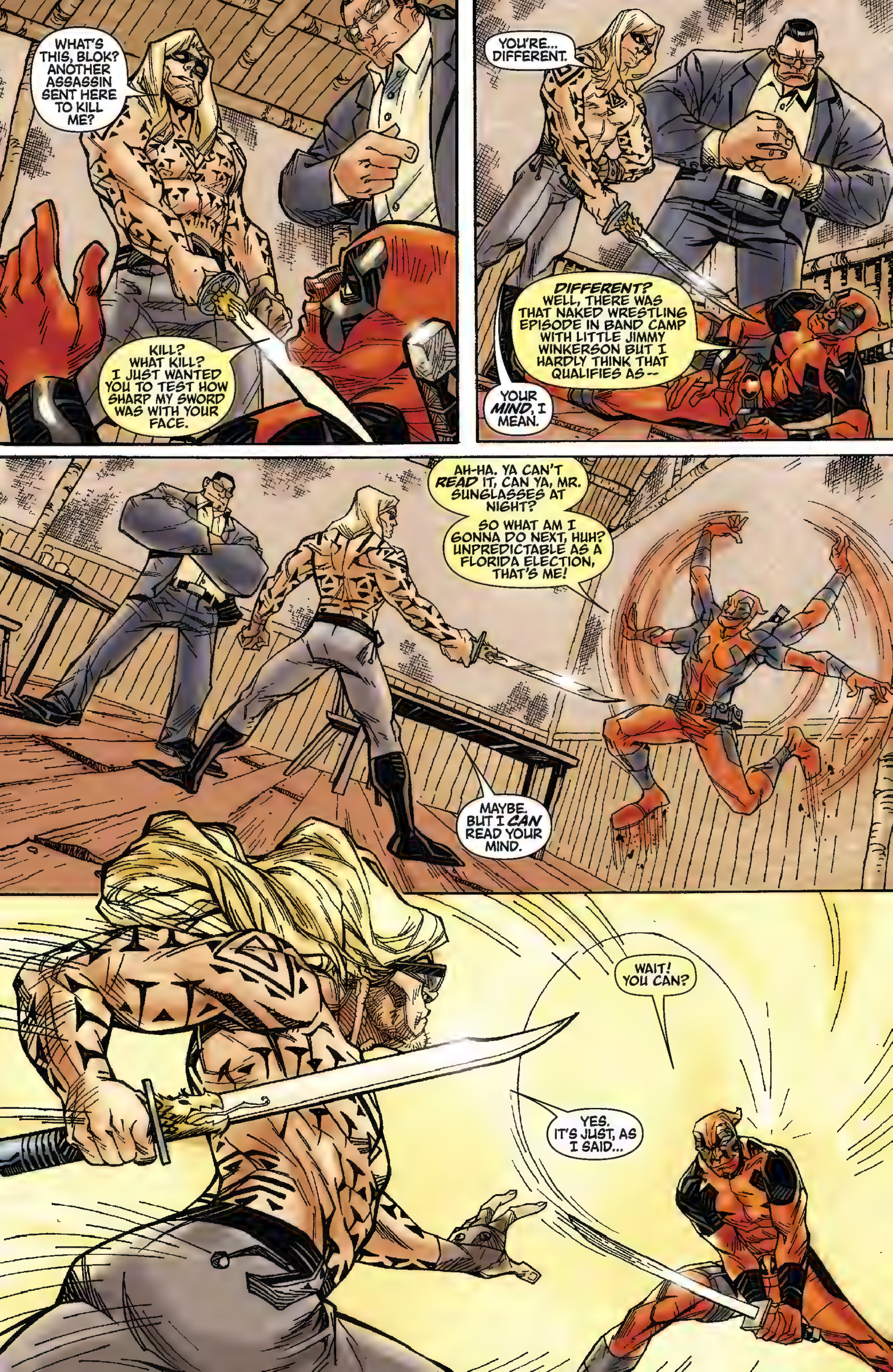

SO NOW I WAS OFF TO FACE ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN ALIVE IN MADRIPOOR, THE BELLY OF THE BEAST ITSELF.
AND IF MADRIPOOR WAS THE BEAST'S BELLY...
PRINCESS BAR
THEN THE PRINCESS BAR WAS A HAIRY WART ON ITS BACKSIDE.
AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE TODAY--
--WHAT THE %^&* ARE *YOU* DOING HERE, WADE?
NOW, IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT AN OLD FRIEND, TYGER? A TONIGHT SHOW HOST THAT ISN'T JAY LENO, MAYBE, BUT NOT AN OLD FRIEND.

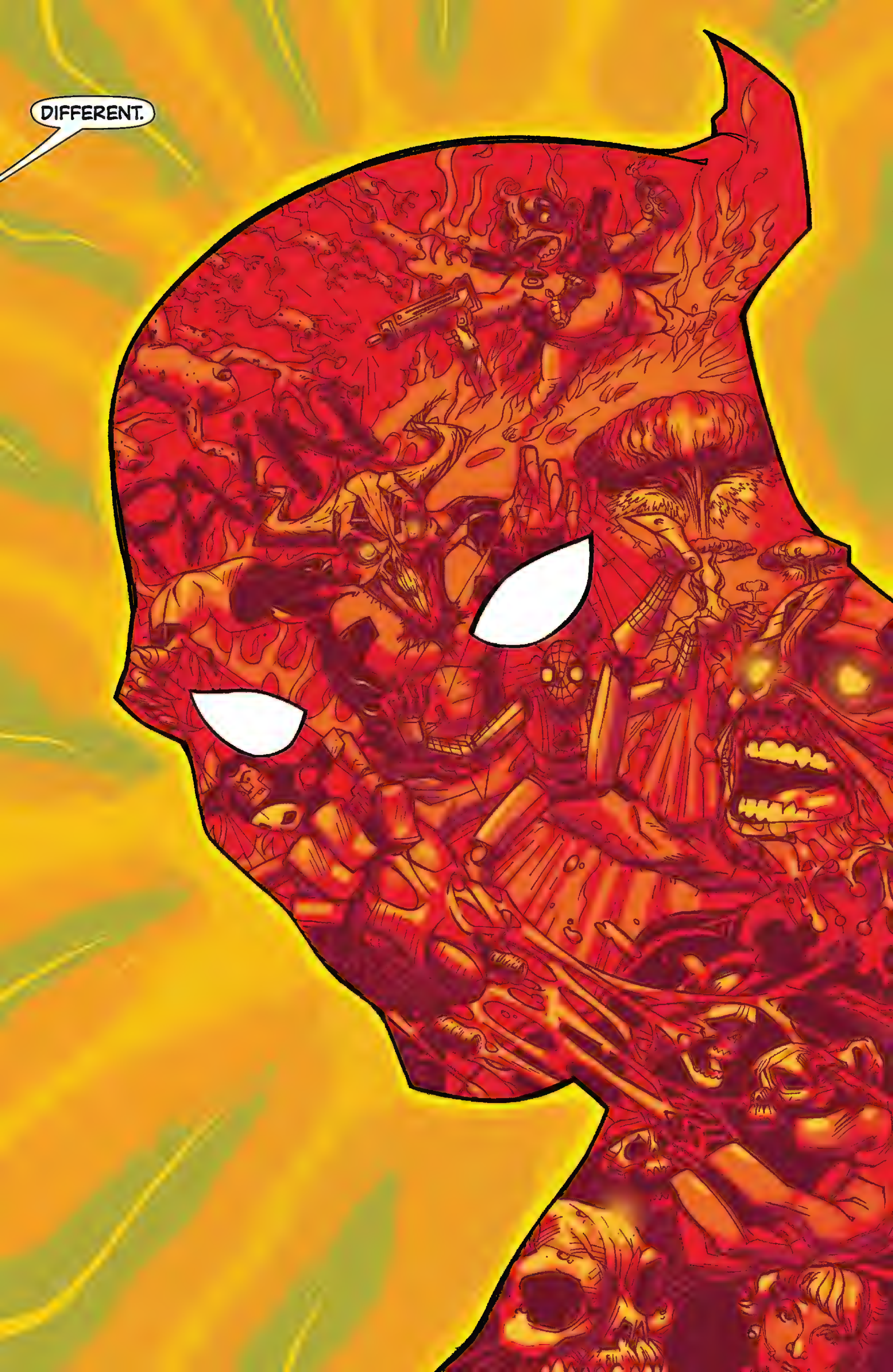

THUNK
YEOW!
WARNED YOU LAST TIME IF YOU EVER PUT YOUR PUS-RIDDLED HANDS ON ME AGAIN, YOU'D LOSE THEM, DIDN'T I?
YEAH--*HNH!*--BUT EVERYBODY SAYS THAT! I JUST THOUGHT IT WAS A FIGURE OF SPEECH LIKE "WIN SOME, LOSE SOME" OR "STOP BEATING THAT DEAD MIDGET."
BUT HEY, I CAN'T STAY MAD AT YOU, TYGER. ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL WHEN YOU'RE STABBY?
BECAUSE OF...?
AH, I'M SORRY, TOO, WADE. I'M JUST A BIT ON EDGE TODAY.
HIM.

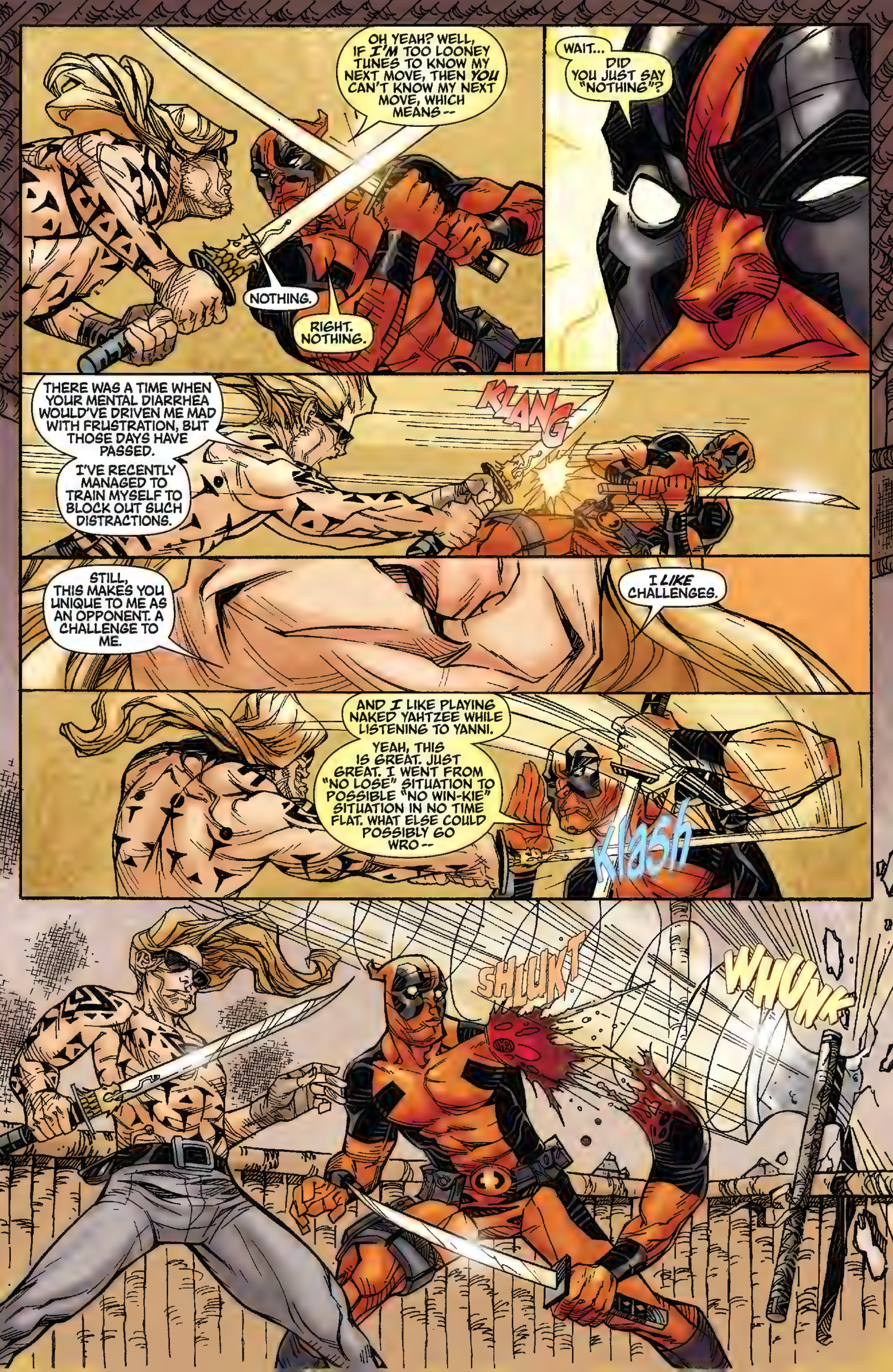

HE COMES IN HERE ABOUT ONCE A MONTH.
BRAZENLY SITS AT THE SAME TABLE EVERY TIME, DARING PEOPLE TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM.
AND BRUTALLY KILLS THEM WHEN THEY DO, DESTROYING MY BAR IN THE PROCESS. I HAVEN'T HAD A CUSTOMER IN MONTHS, HE'S SPOOKED EVERYBODY SO.
I *KNOW*. HE'S THE REASON I'M HERE.
WHAT? YOU DO KNOW WHO THAT IS, DON'T YOU, WADE?
FORMER N.Y. MAYOR ED KOCH? MY, BUT THE YEARS HAVE CHANGED HIM.
WADE, LISTEN... YOU'RE NOT EXACTLY MY FAVORITE PERSON BUT HE'S --
KEEP MY DRINK NICE AND COLD AND FILLED WITH PLENTY OF THEM LITTLE UMBRELLAS WHILE I'M GONE, SNOOKUMS...
THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE.
$%^& THIS. I'M OUT OF HERE.

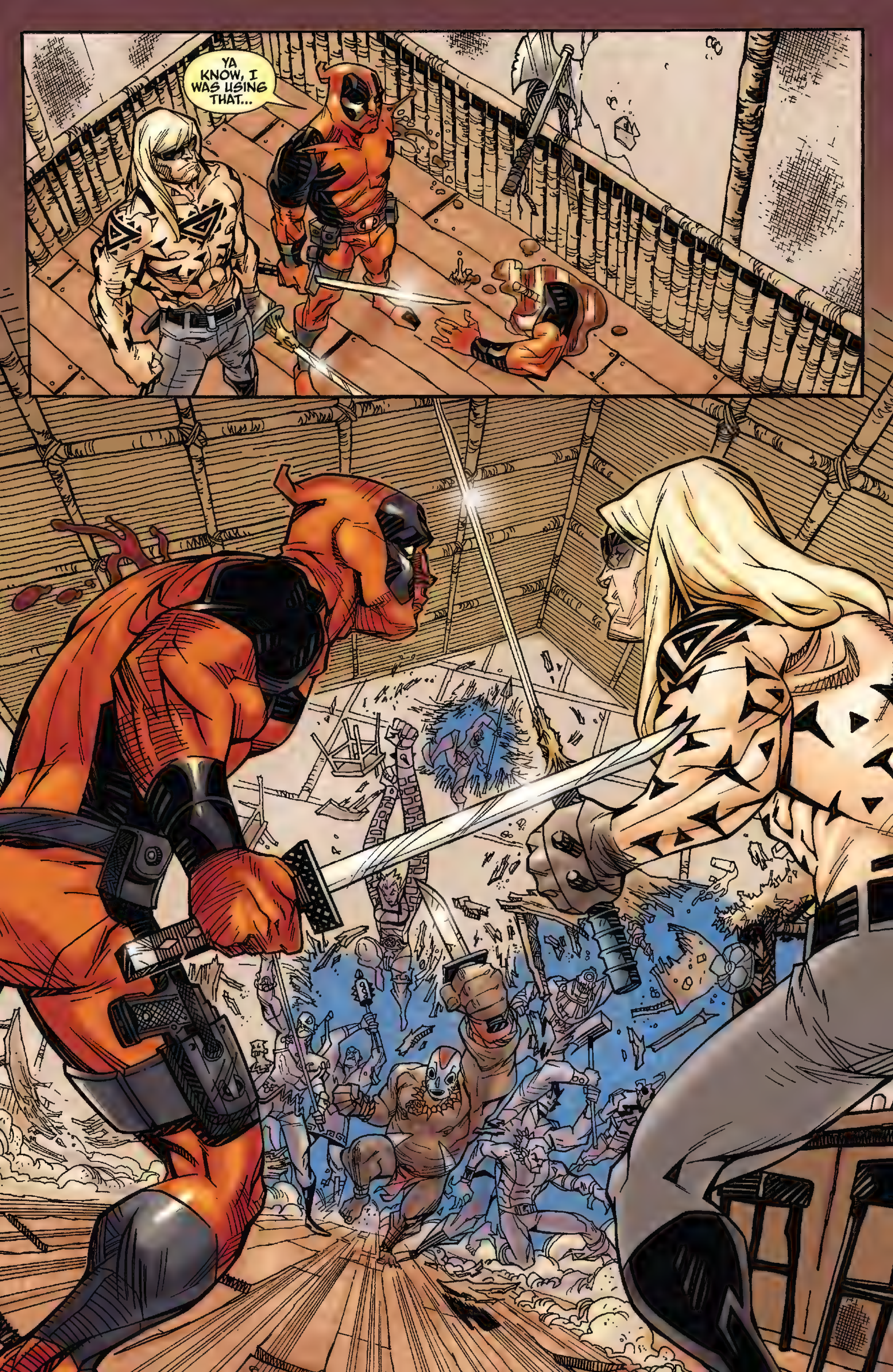

SO THERE HE WAS. SO CONFIDENT IN HIS ABILITIES, HIS BACK TO THE DOOR.
DARING SOMEBODY TO ATTACK.
PRACTICALLY DOUBLE-DOG DARING A FELLA.
AFTER ALL, WHAT DID HE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT?
HE COULD MENTALLY SEE ANYONE ATTACKING HIM, RIGHT?
THEN AGAIN...
HE DIDN'T COUNT ON ME.

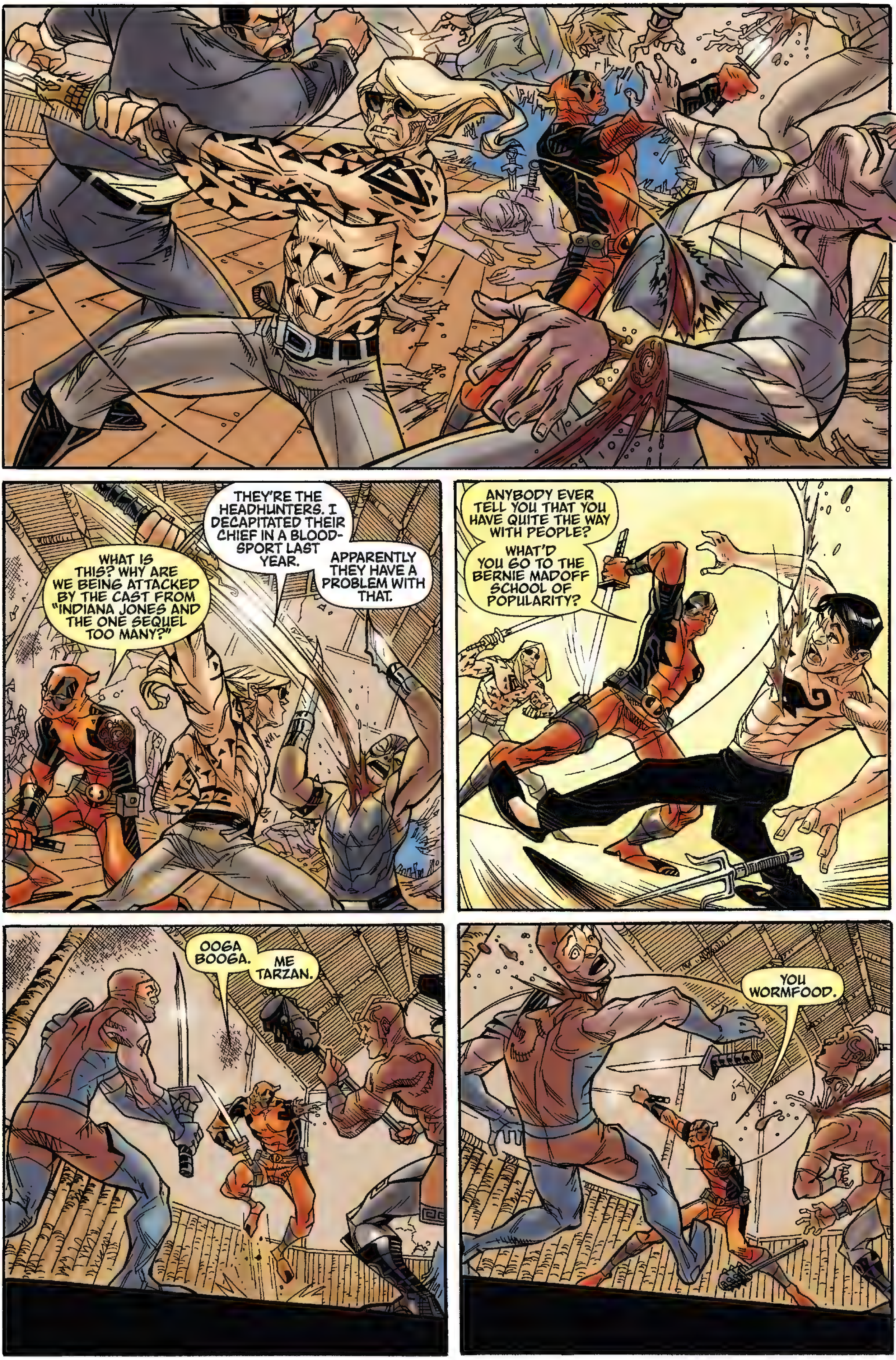

CLANG!
WHAT THE--
AND I DIDN'T COUNT ON...
CRACK!
HIS BODY-GUARD.
YEAH, BODYGUARD. GUESS WHEN YA HAVE THE WHOLE WORLD LOOKIN' TO WHACK YA, YA GO OUT AND GET YOURSELF SOMEBODY WHITNEY HOUSTON AIN'T GONNA WANNA SING TO.
WHUMP
AND THAT WAS **BLOK**.

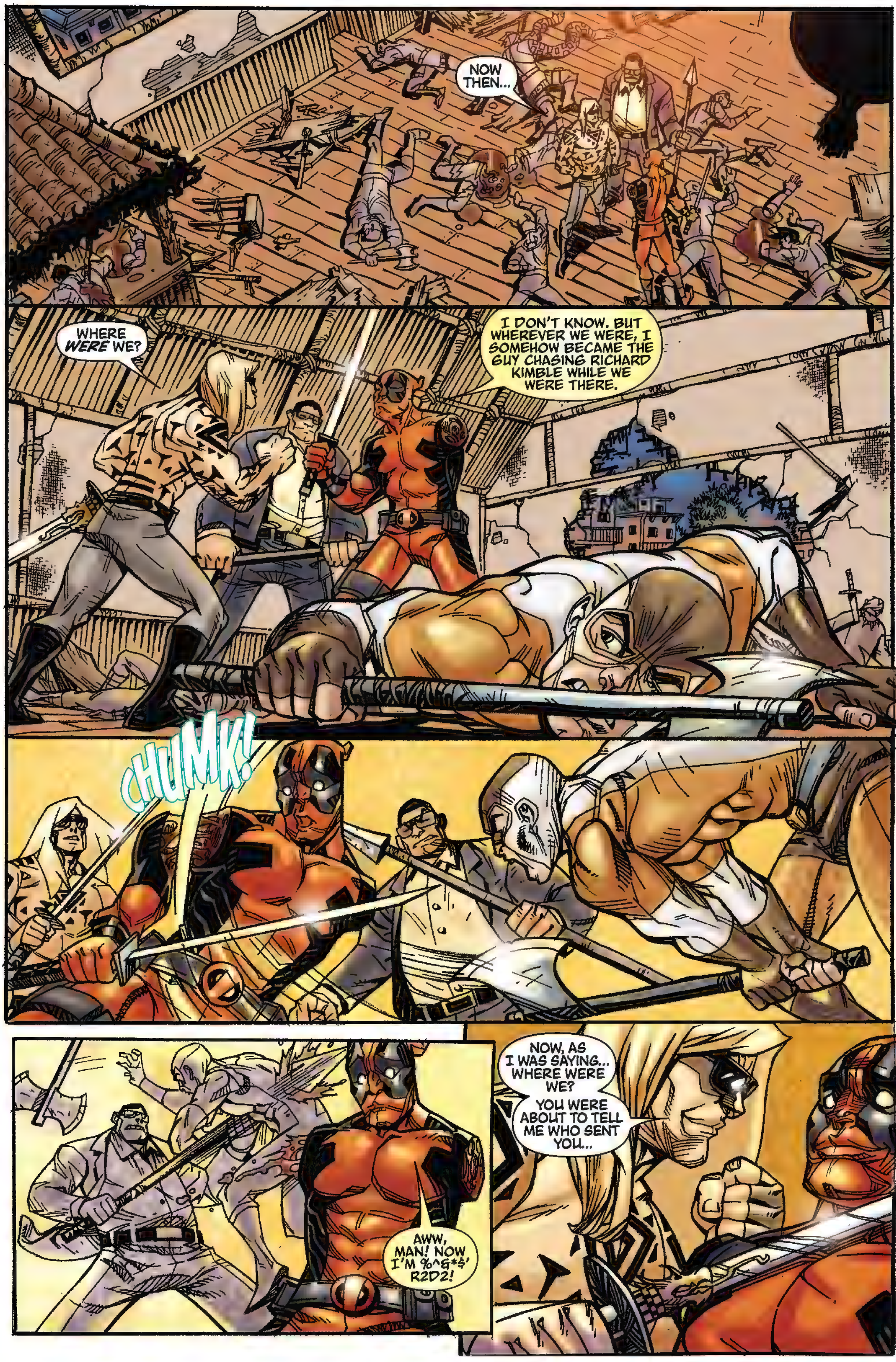

WHAT'S THIS, BLOK? ANOTHER ASSASSIN SENT HERE TO KILL ME?
KILL? WHAT KILL? I JUST WANTED YOU TO TEST HOW SHARP MY SWORD WAS WITH YOUR FACE.
YOU'RE... DIFFERENT.
DIFFERENT? WELL, THERE WAS THAT NAKED WRESTLING EPISODE IN BAND CAMP WITH LITTLE JIMMY WINKERSON BUT I HARDLY THINK THAT QUALIFIES AS --
YOUR *MIND*, I MEAN.
AH-HA. YA CAN'T *READ* IT, CAN YA, MR. SUNGLASSES AT NIGHT?
SO WHAT AM I GONNA DO NEXT, HUH? UNPREDICTABLE AS A FLORIDA ELECTION, THAT'S ME!
MAYBE. BUT I *CAN* READ YOUR MIND.
WAIT! YOU CAN?
YES. IT'S JUST, AS I SAID...

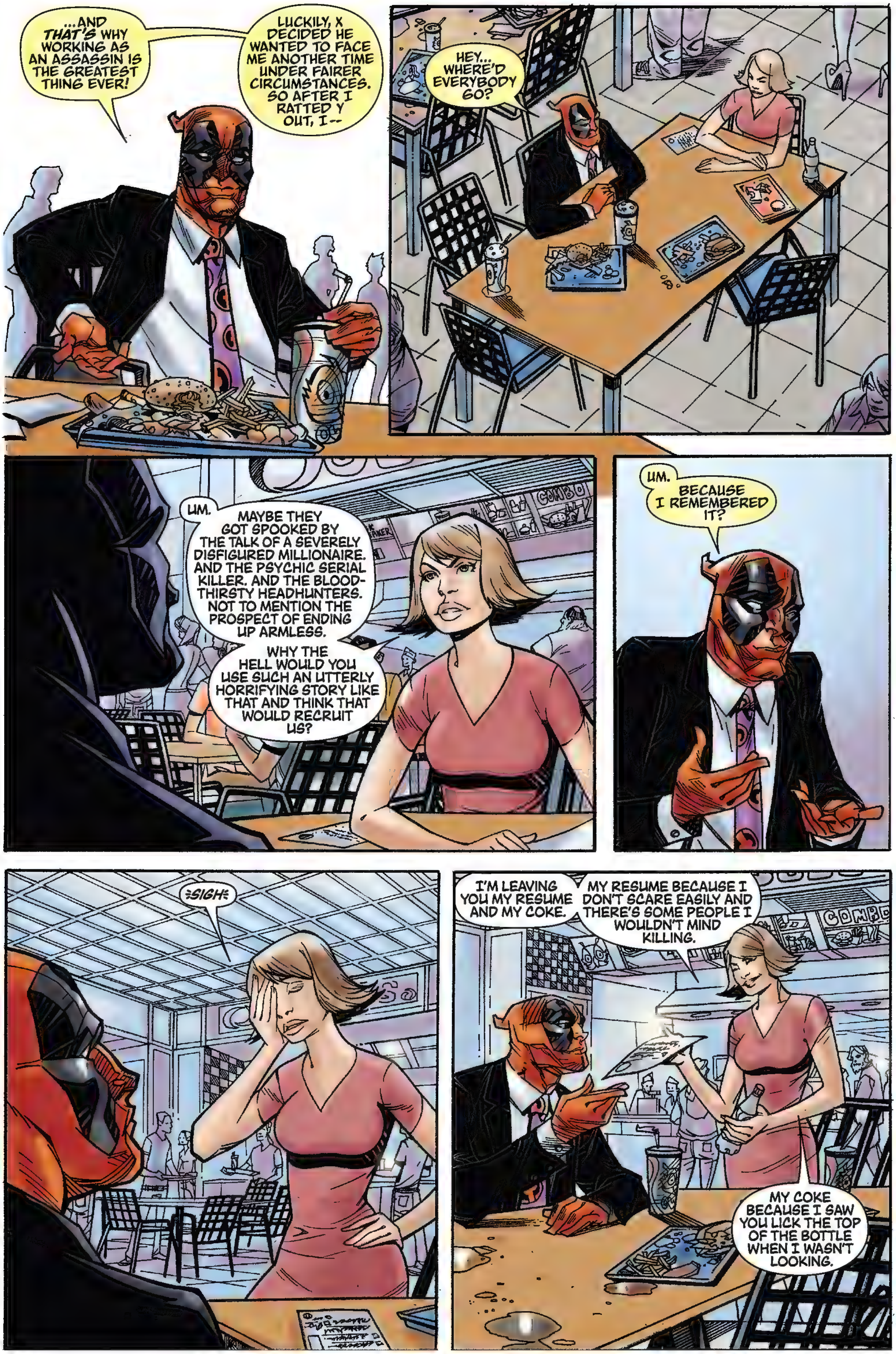

DIFFERENT.

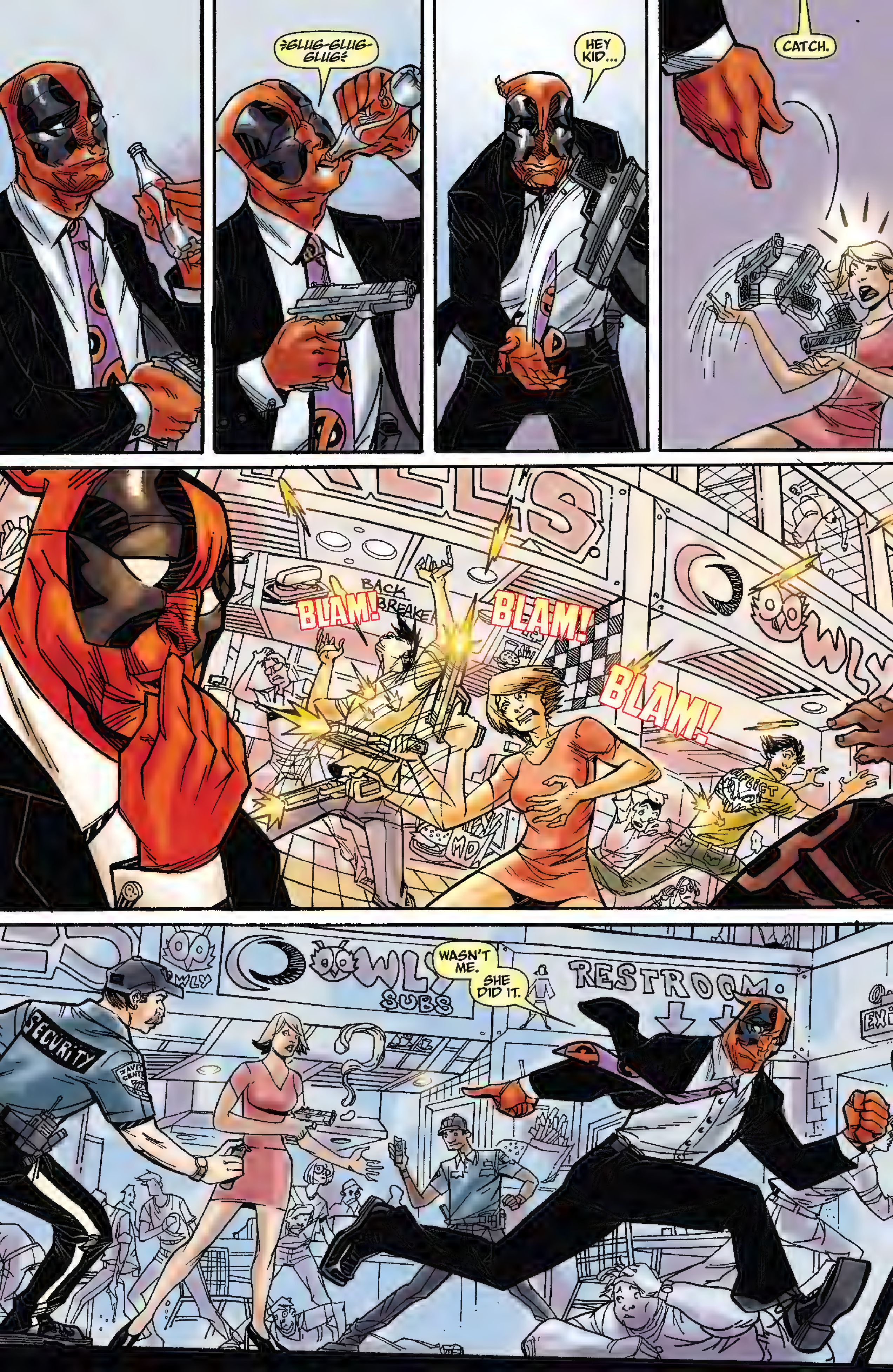

OH YEAH? WELL, IF I'M TOO LOONEY TUNES TO KNOW MY NEXT MOVE, THEN YOU CAN'T KNOW MY NEXT MOVE, WHICH MEANS --
NOTHING.
RIGHT. NOTHING.
WAIT... DID YOU JUST SAY "NOTHING"?
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOUR MENTAL DIARRHEA WOULD'VE DRIVEN ME MAD WITH FRUSTRATION, BUT THOSE DAYS HAVE PASSED.
I'VE RECENTLY MANAGED TO TRAIN MYSELF TO BLOCK OUT SUCH DISTRACTIONS.
KLANG
STILL, THIS MAKES YOU UNIQUE TO ME AS AN OPPONENT. A CHALLENGE TO ME.
I LIKE CHALLENGES.
AND I LIKE PLAYING NAKED YAHTZEE WHILE LISTENING TO YANNI.
YEAH, THIS IS GREAT. JUST GREAT. I WENT FROM "NO LOSE" SITUATION TO POSSIBLE "NO WIN-KIE" SITUATION IN NO TIME FLAT. WHAT ELSE COULD POSSIBLY GO WRO --
KLASH
SHLUKT
WHUNK

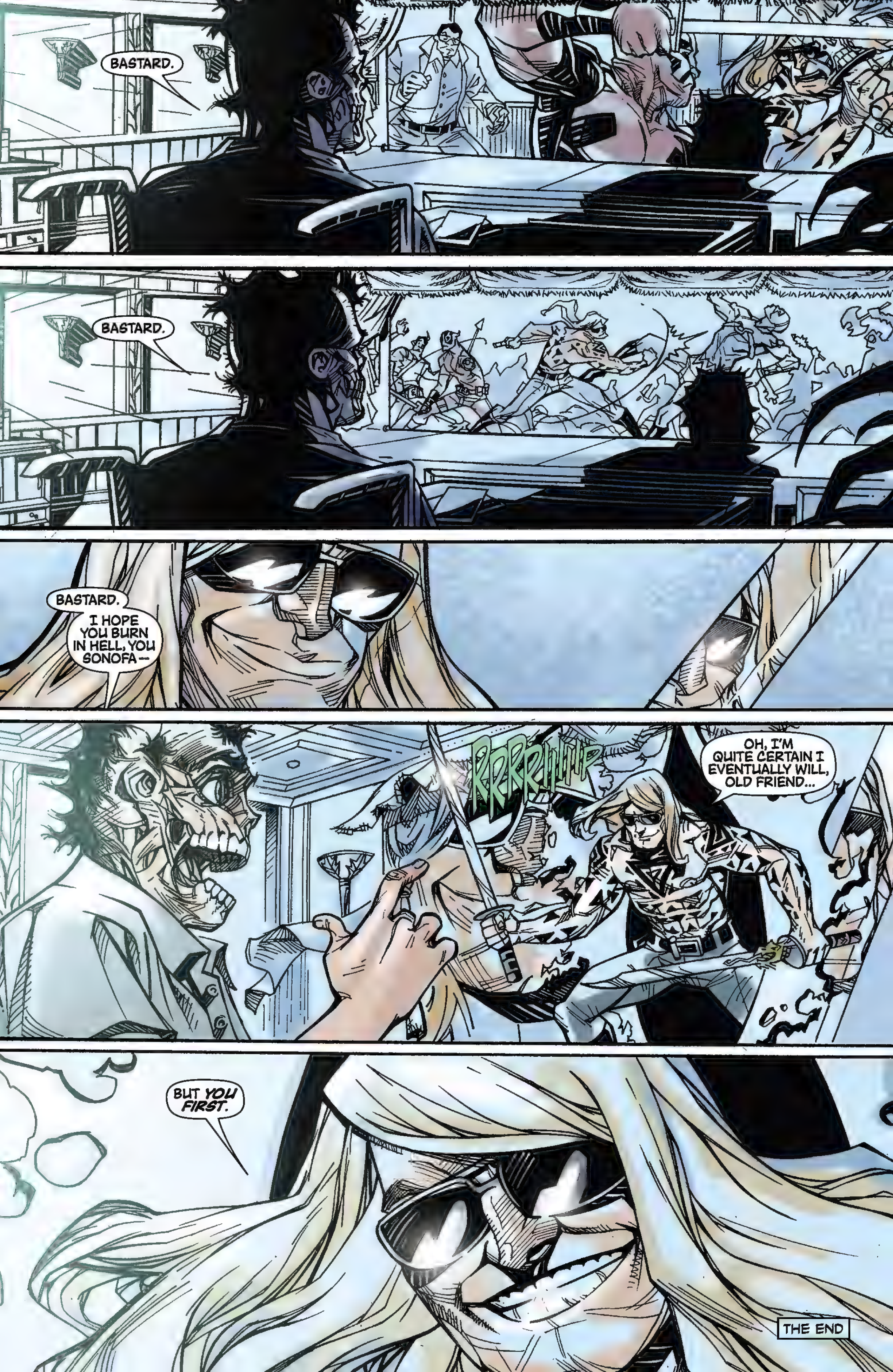

YA KNOW, I WAS USING THAT...


WHAT IS THIS? WHY ARE WE BEING ATTACKED BY THE CAST FROM "INDIANA JONES AND THE ONE SEQUEL TOO MANY?"
THEY'RE THE HEADHUNTERS. I DECAPITATED THEIR CHIEF IN A BLOOD-SPORT LAST YEAR.
APPARENTLY THEY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT.
ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU HAVE QUITE THE WAY WITH PEOPLE?
WHAT'D YOU GO TO THE BERNIE MADOFF SCHOOL OF POPULARITY?
OOGA BOOGA.
ME TARZAN.
YOU WORMFOOD.

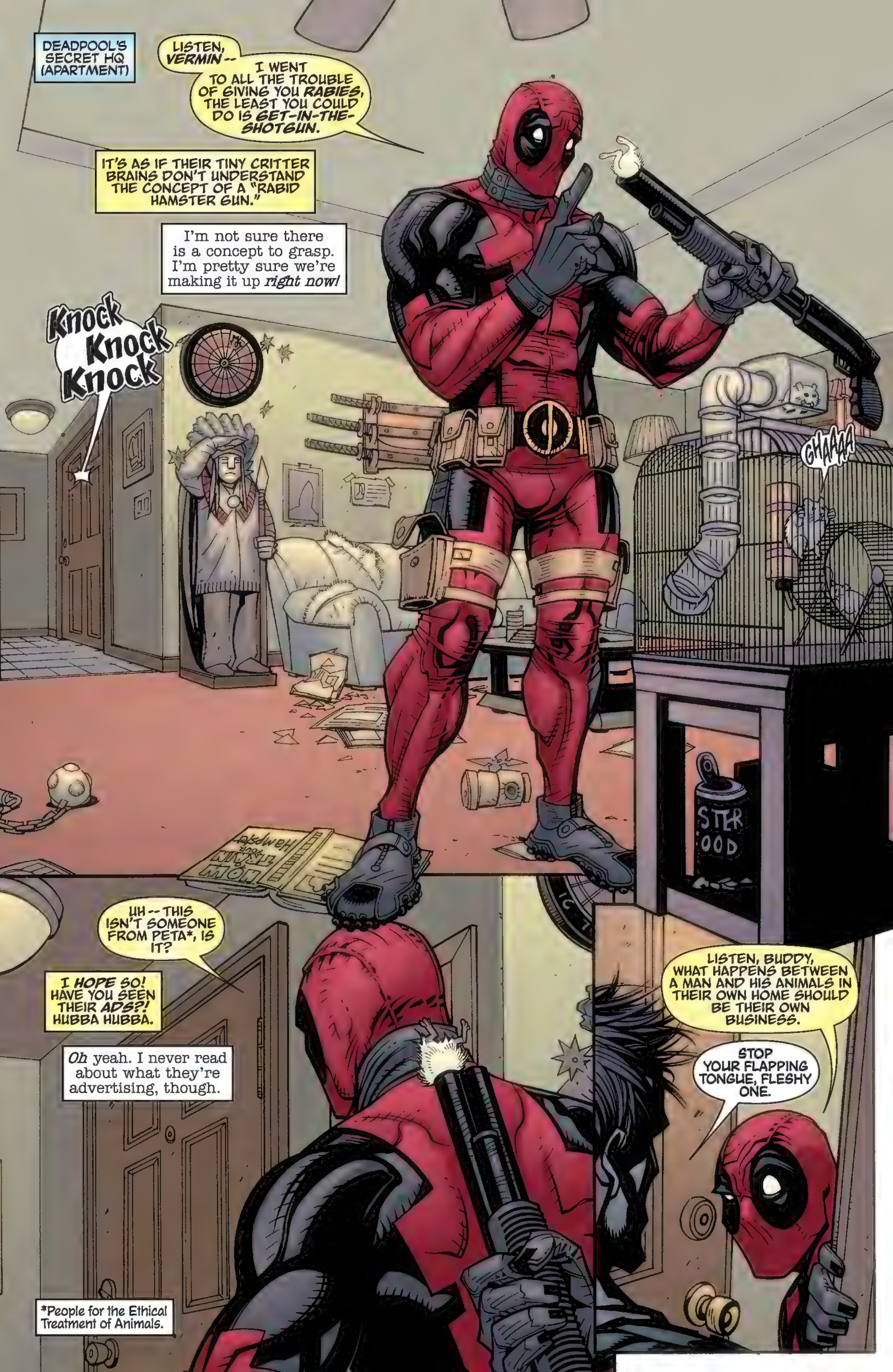

NOW THEN...
WHERE *WERE* WE?
I DON'T KNOW. BUT WHEREVER WE WERE, I SOMEHOW BECAME THE GUY CHASING RICHARD KIMBLE WHILE WE WERE THERE.
CHUMK!
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING... WHERE WERE WE?
YOU WERE ABOUT TO TELL ME WHO SENT YOU...
AWW, MAN! NOW I'M %^&*$' R2D2!


...AND *THAT'S* WHY WORKING AS AN ASSASSIN IS THE GREATEST THING EVER!
LUCKILY, X DECIDED HE WANTED TO FACE ME ANOTHER TIME UNDER FAIRER CIRCUMSTANCES. SO AFTER I RATTED Y OUT, I--
HEY... WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?
UM.
MAYBE THEY GOT SPOOKED BY THE TALK OF A SEVERELY DISFIGURED MILLIONAIRE. AND THE PSYCHIC SERIAL KILLER. AND THE BLOOD-THIRSTY HEADHUNTERS. NOT TO MENTION THE PROSPECT OF ENDING UP ARMLESS.
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU USE SUCH AN UTTERLY HORRIFYING STORY LIKE THAT AND THINK THAT WOULD RECRUIT US?
COMBO
UM.
BECAUSE I REMEMBERED IT?
SIGH
I'M LEAVING YOU MY RESUME AND MY COKE.
MY RESUME BECAUSE I DON'T SCARE EASILY AND THERE'S SOME PEOPLE I WOULDN'T MIND KILLING.
COMBO
MY COKE BECAUSE I SAW YOU LICK THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING.

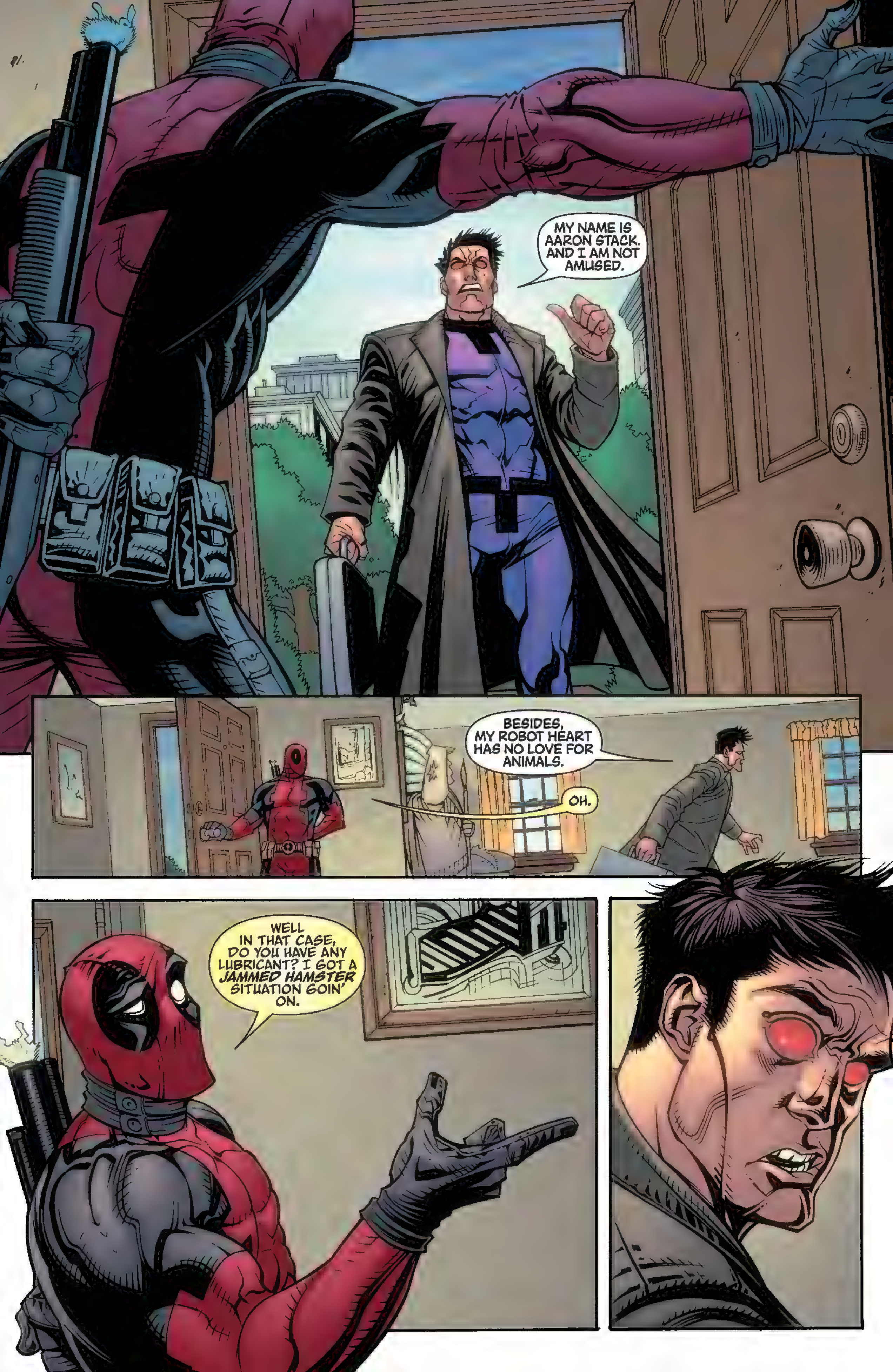

≈GLUG-GLUG-GLUG≈
HEY KID...
CATCH.
BACK BREAKE
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
OWLY
WASN'T ME. SHE DID IT.
OWLY SUBS
RESTROOM
SECURITY
EXIT

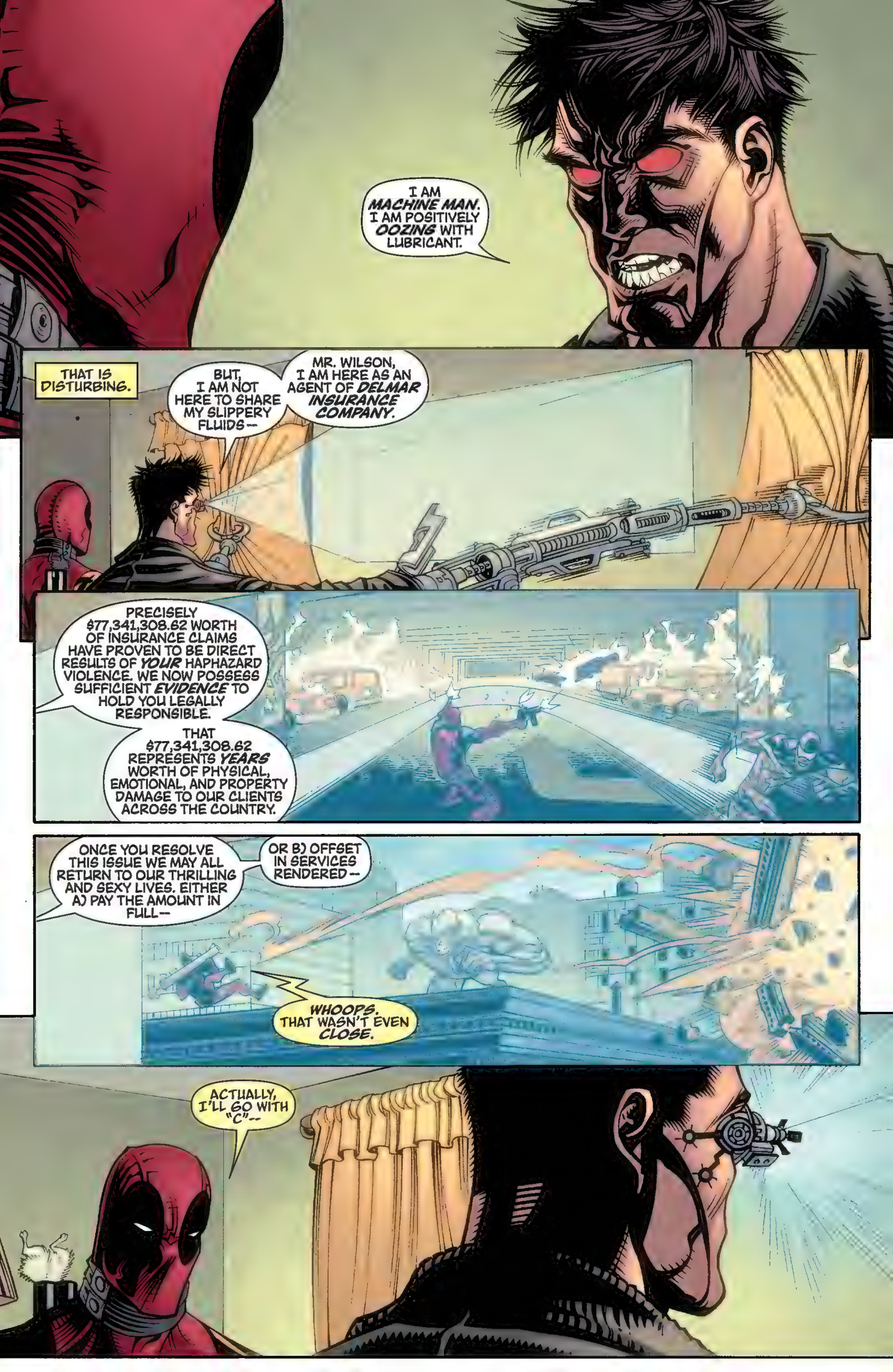

BASTARD.
BASTARD.
BASTARD. I HOPE YOU BURN IN HELL, YOU SONOFA--
RRRRIIIIIP
OH, I'M QUITE CERTAIN I EVENTUALLY WILL, OLD FRIEND...
BUT *YOU FIRST*.
THE END

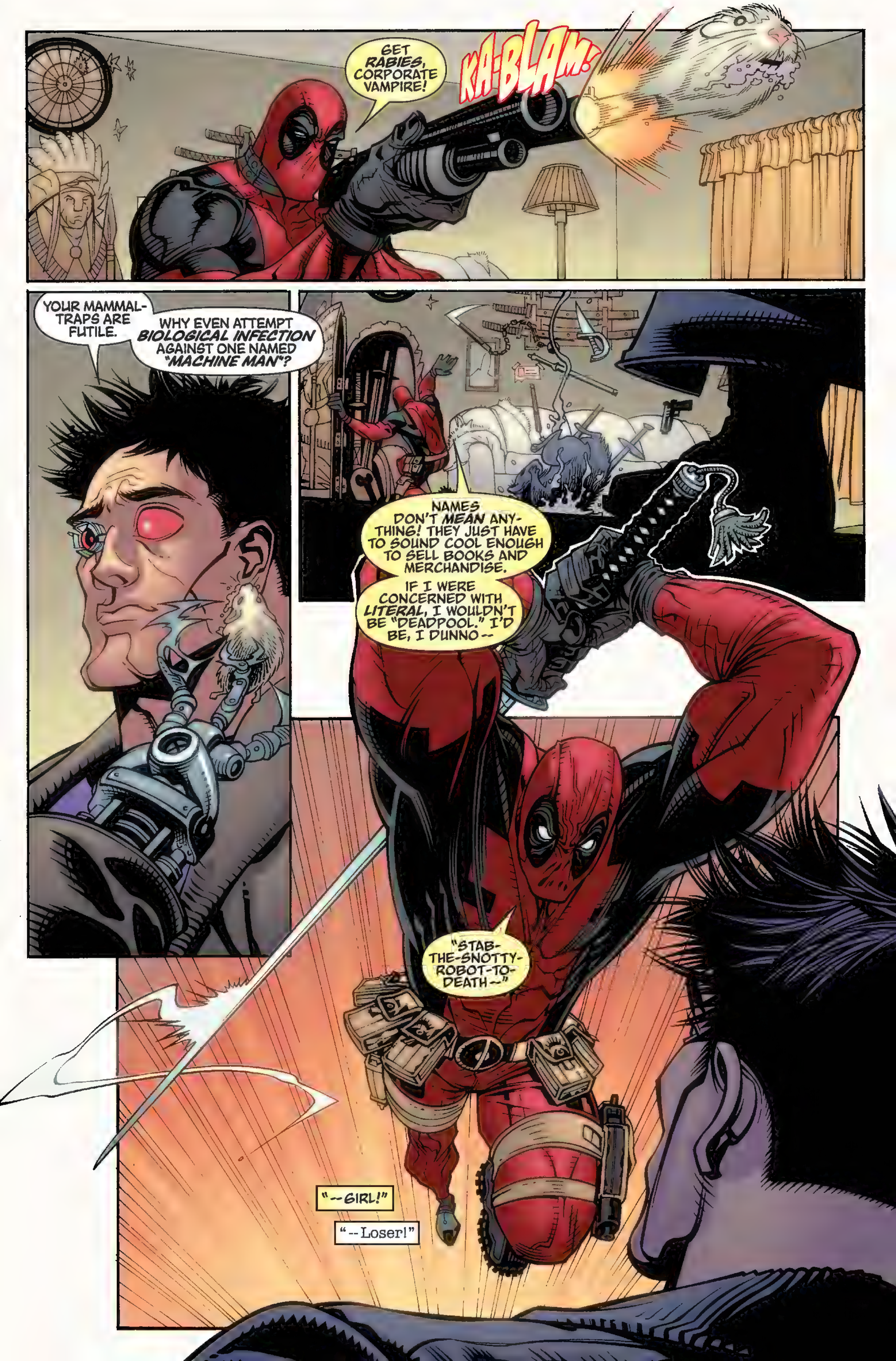
#890
RAMOS 10

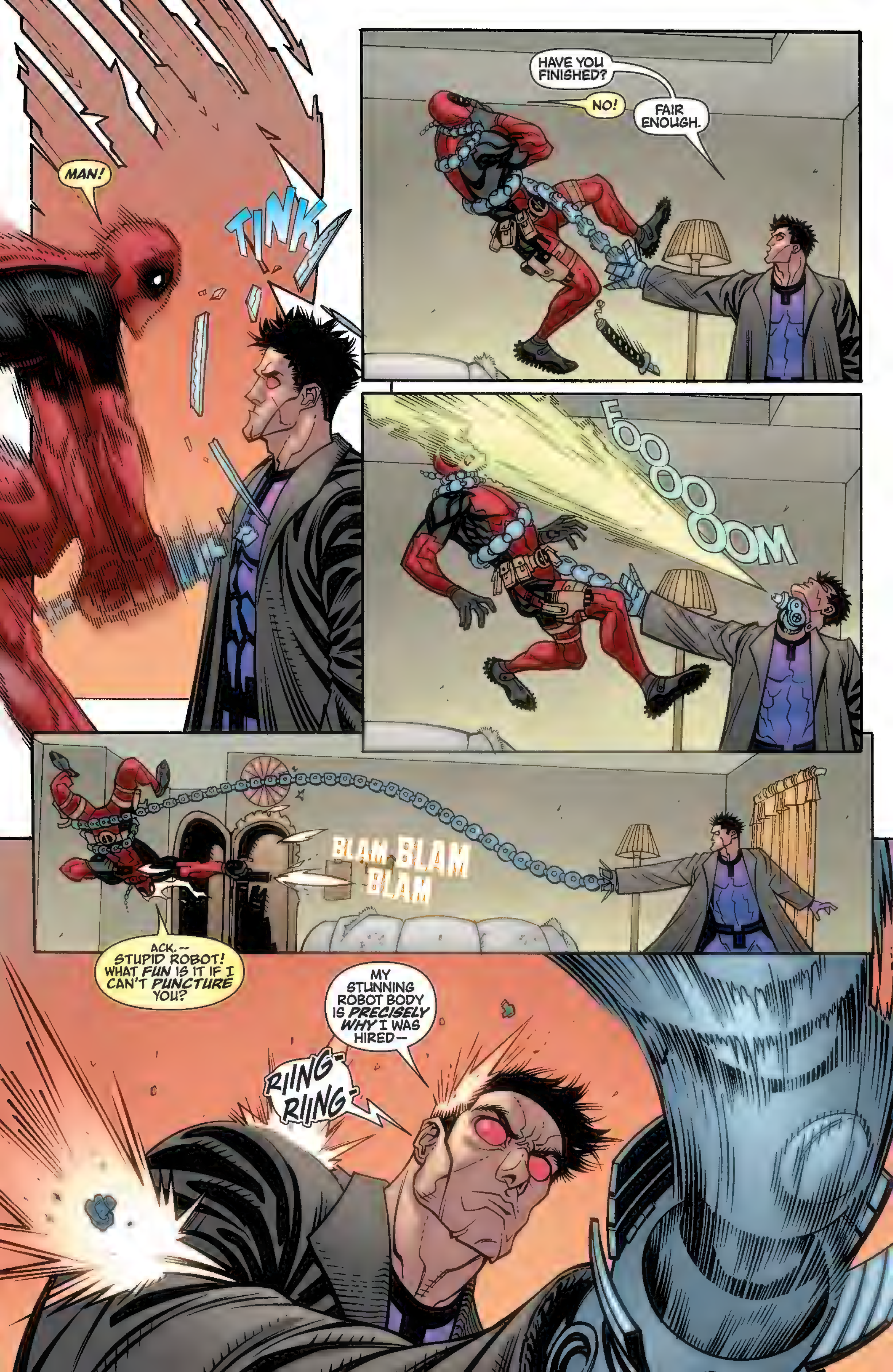

DEADPOOL'S SECRET HQ (APARTMENT)
LISTEN, VERMIN -- I WENT TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF GIVING YOU RABIES, THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS GET-IN-THE-SHOTGUN.
IT'S AS IF THEIR TINY CRITTER BRAINS DON'T UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPT OF A "RABID HAMSTER GUN."
I'm not sure there is a concept to grasp. I'm pretty sure we're making it up right now!
Knock Knock Knock
GHAAAA
UH -- THIS ISN'T SOMEONE FROM PETA*, IS IT?
I HOPE SO! HAVE YOU SEEN THEIR ADS?! HUBBA HUBBA.
Oh yeah. I never read about what they're advertising, though.
LISTEN, BUDDY, WHAT HAPPENS BETWEEN A MAN AND HIS ANIMALS IN THEIR OWN HOME SHOULD BE THEIR OWN BUSINESS.
STOP YOUR FLAPPING TONGUE, FLESHY ONE.

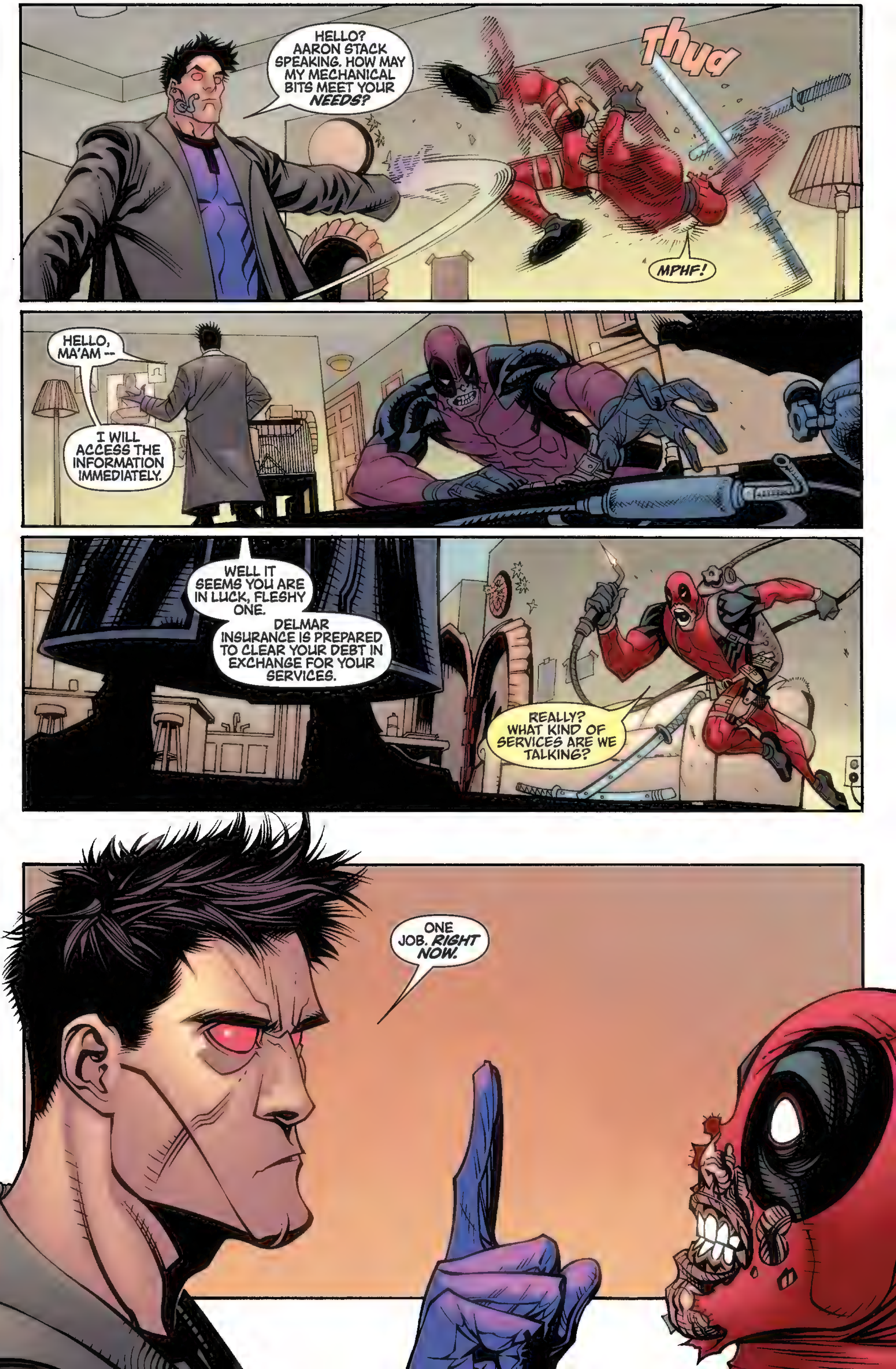
*People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals.

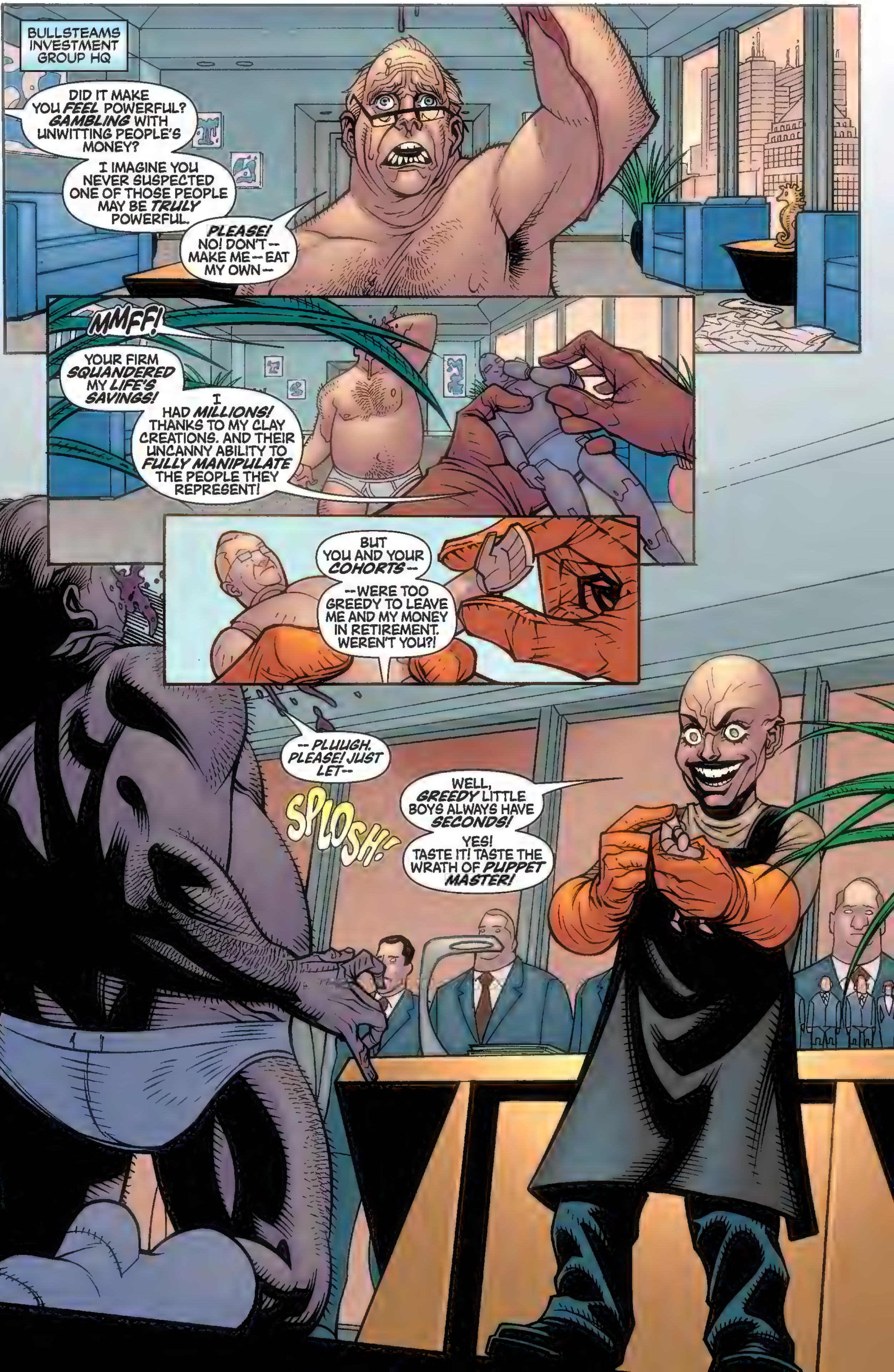

MY NAME IS AARON STACK. AND I AM NOT AMUSED.
BESIDES, MY ROBOT HEART HAS NO LOVE FOR ANIMALS.
OH.
WELL IN THAT CASE, DO YOU HAVE ANY LUBRICANT? I GOT A *JAMMED HAMSTER* SITUATION GOIN' ON.

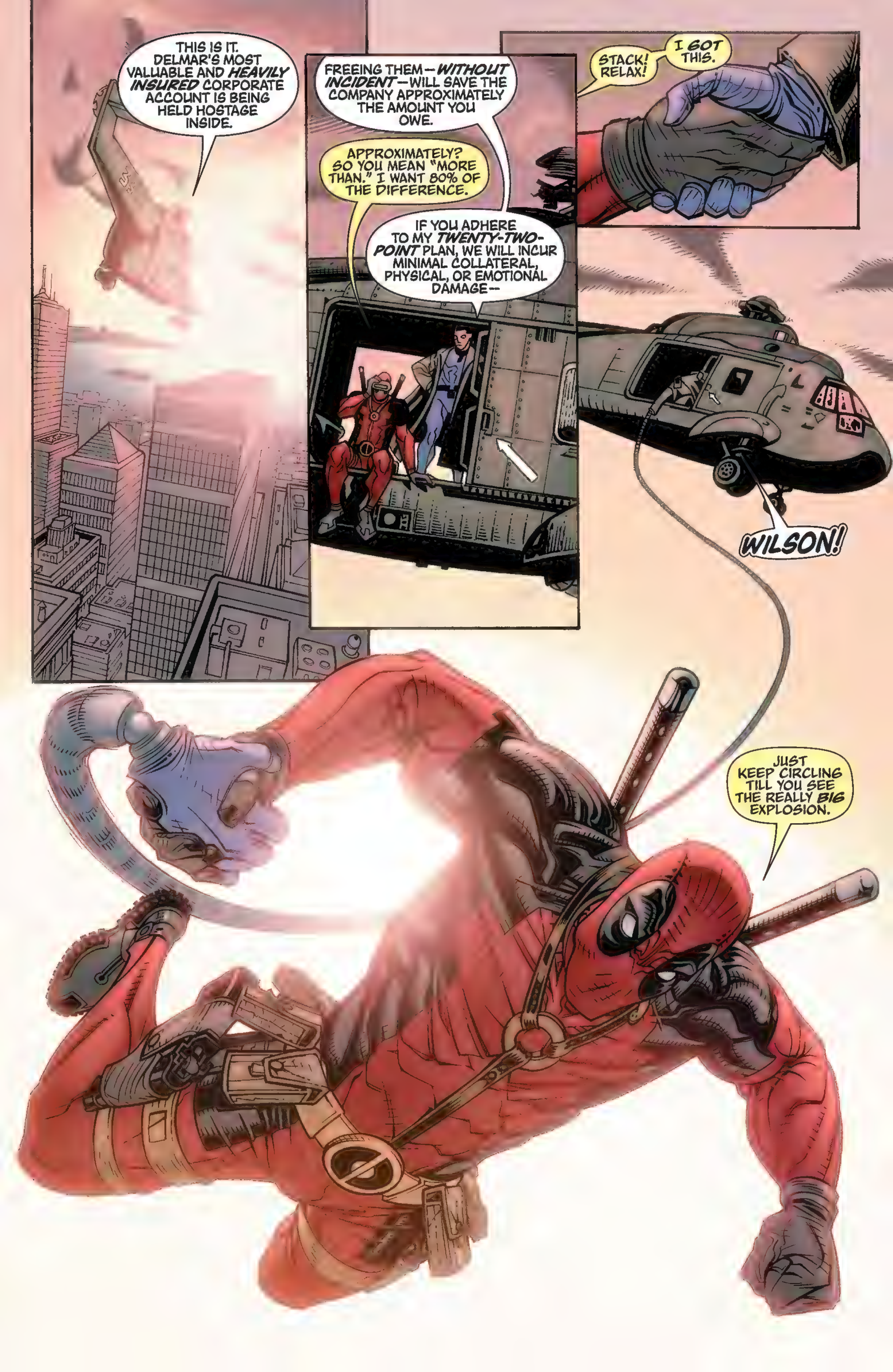

I AM *MACHINE MAN*. I AM POSITIVELY *OOZING* WITH LUBRICANT.
THAT IS DISTURBING.
MR. WILSON, I AM HERE AS AN AGENT OF *DELMAR INSURANCE COMPANY*.
BUT, I AM NOT HERE TO SHARE MY SLIPPERY FLUIDS--
PRECISELY $77,341,308.62 WORTH OF INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE PROVEN TO BE DIRECT RESULTS OF *YOUR* HAPHAZARD VIOLENCE. WE NOW POSSESS SUFFICIENT *EVIDENCE* TO HOLD YOU LEGALLY RESPONSIBLE.
THAT $77,341,308.62 REPRESENTS *YEARS* WORTH OF PHYSICAL, EMOTIONAL, AND PROPERTY DAMAGE TO OUR CLIENTS ACROSS THE COUNTRY.
ONCE YOU RESOLVE THIS ISSUE WE MAY ALL RETURN TO OUR THRILLING AND SEXY LIVES. EITHER A) PAY THE AMOUNT IN FULL--
OR B) OFFSET IN SERVICES RENDERED--
WHOOPS. THAT WASN'T EVEN *CLOSE*.
ACTUALLY, I'LL GO WITH "C"--

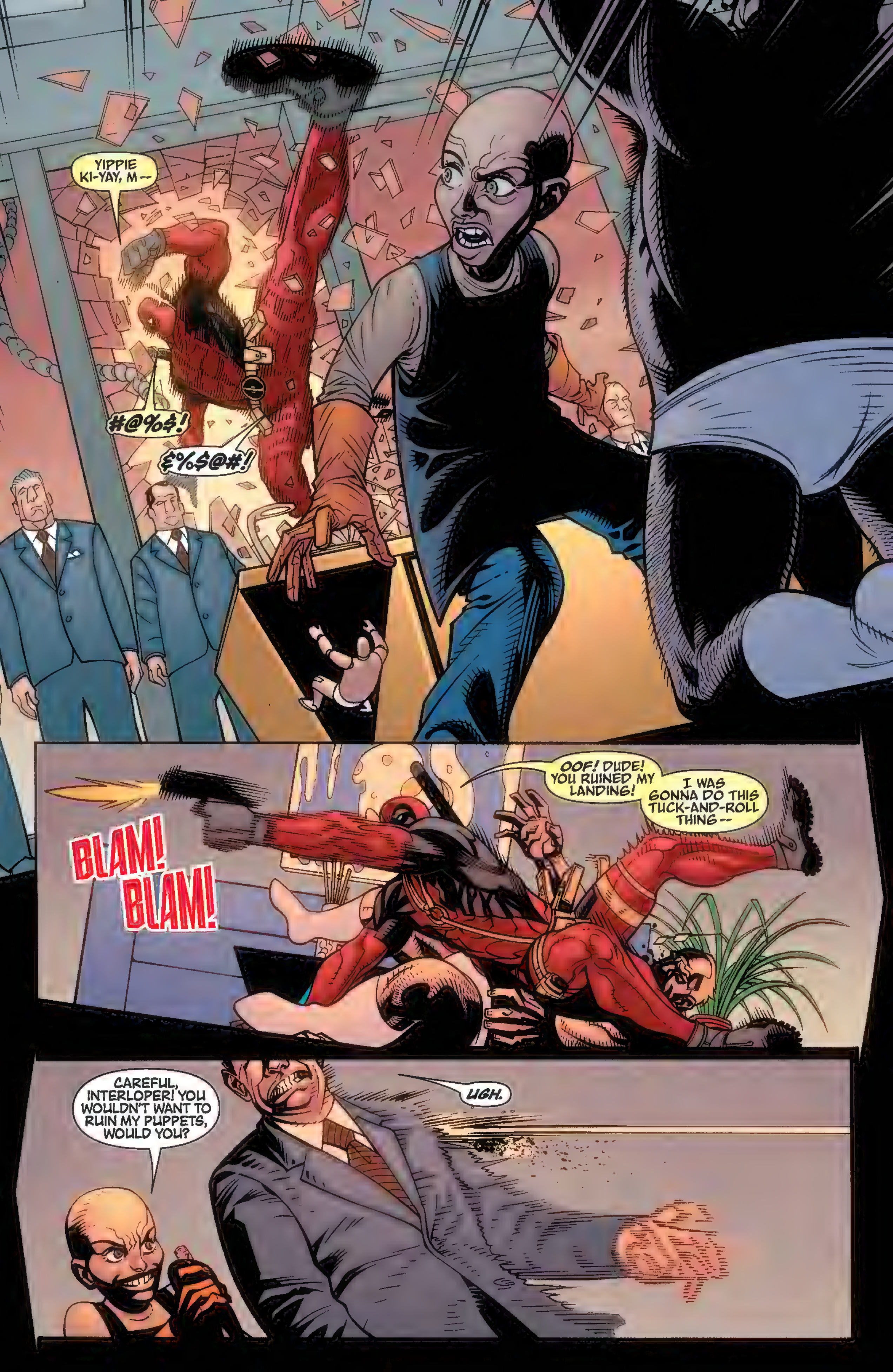

GET *RABIES,* CORPORATE VAMPIRE!
KA-BLAM!
YOUR MAMMAL-TRAPS ARE FUTILE.
WHY EVEN ATTEMPT *BIOLOGICAL INFECTION* AGAINST ONE NAMED *"MACHINE MAN"*?
NAMES DON'T *MEAN* ANYTHING! THEY JUST HAVE TO SOUND COOL ENOUGH TO SELL BOOKS AND MERCHANDISE.
IF I WERE CONCERNED WITH *LITERAL,* I WOULDN'T BE "DEADPOOL." I'D BE, I DUNNO--
"STAB-THE-SNOTTY-ROBOT-TO-DEATH--"
"--GIRL!"
"--Loser!"

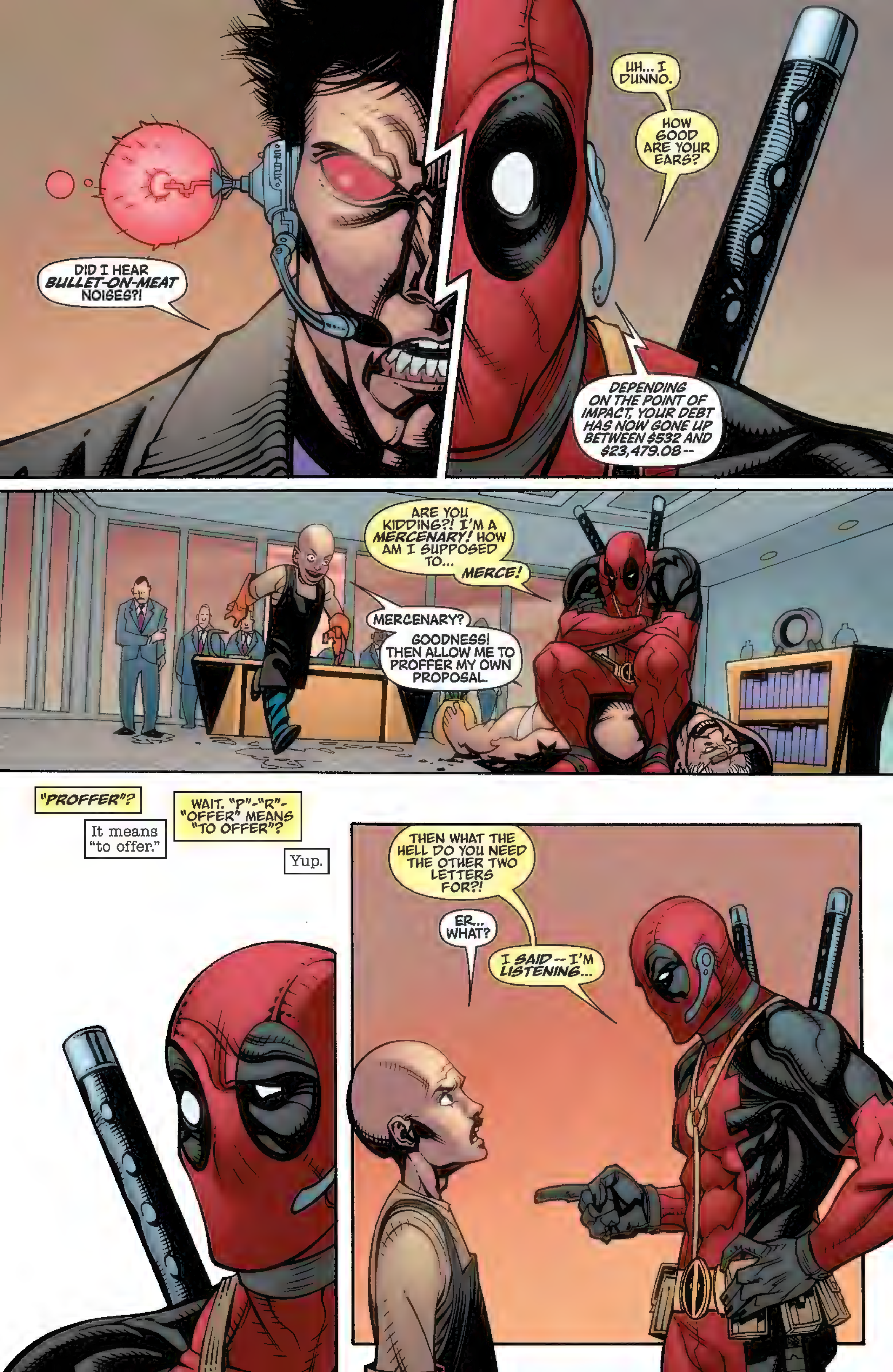

MAN!
TINK
HAVE YOU FINISHED?
NO!
FAIR ENOUGH.
FOOOOOOM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
ACK.-- STUPID ROBOT! WHAT *FUN* IS IT IF I CAN'T *PUNCTURE* YOU?
MY STUNNING ROBOT BODY IS ***PRECISELY WHY*** I WAS HIRED--
RIING- RIING-

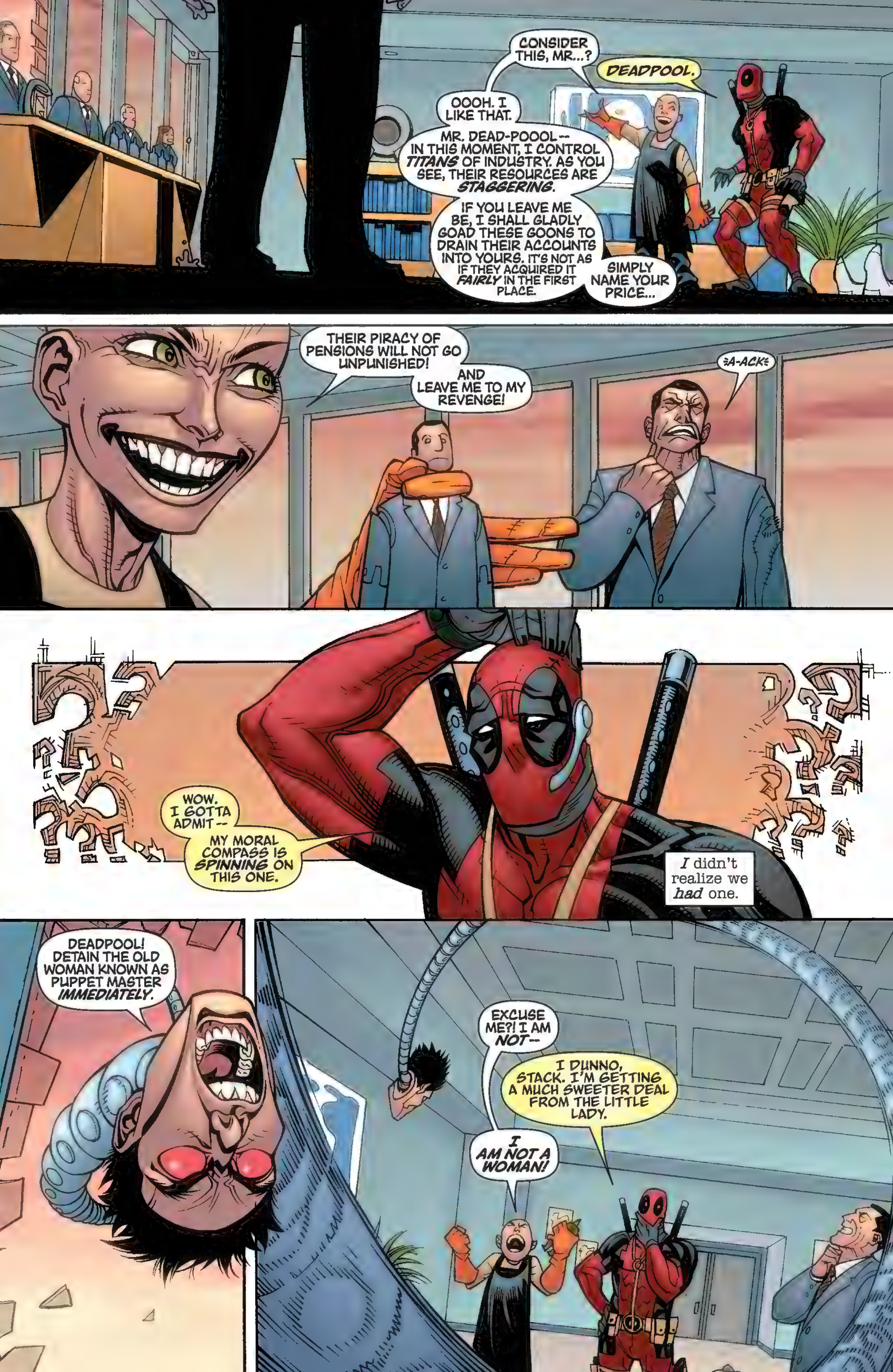

HELLO? AARON STACK SPEAKING. HOW MAY MY MECHANICAL BITS MEET YOUR *NEEDS?*
Thud
MPHF!
HELLO, MA'AM --
I WILL ACCESS THE INFORMATION IMMEDIATELY.
WELL IT SEEMS YOU ARE IN LUCK, FLESHY ONE.
DELMAR INSURANCE IS PREPARED TO CLEAR YOUR DEBT IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR SERVICES.
REALLY? WHAT KIND OF SERVICES ARE WE TALKING?
ONE JOB. *RIGHT NOW.*

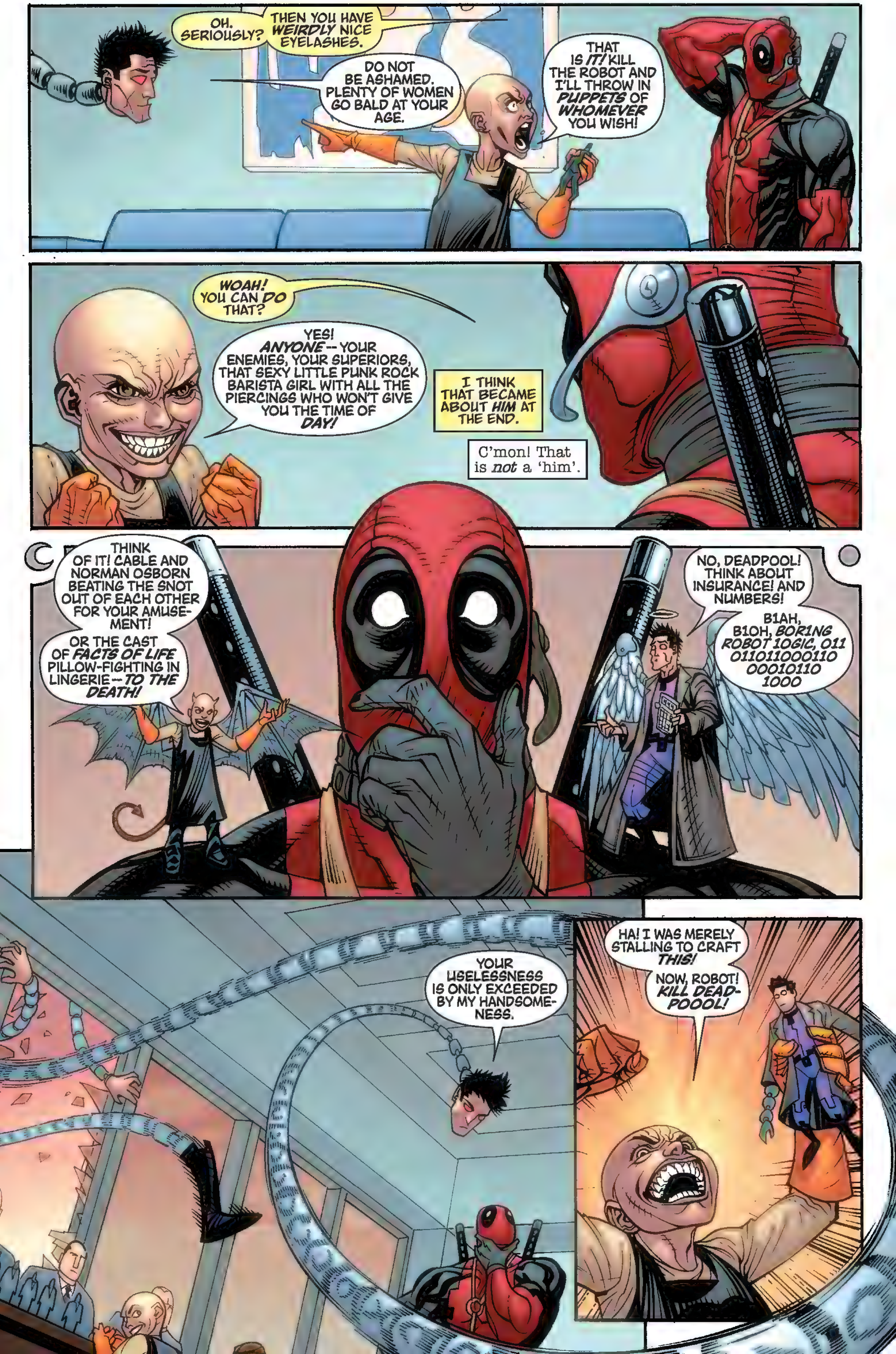

BULLSTEAMS INVESTMENT GROUP HQ
DID IT MAKE YOU FEEL POWERFUL? GAMBLING WITH UNWITTING PEOPLE'S MONEY?
I IMAGINE YOU NEVER SUSPECTED ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE MAY BE TRULY POWERFUL.
PLEASE! NO! DON'T-- MAKE ME -- EAT MY OWN--
MMFF!
YOUR FIRM SQUANDERED MY LIFE'S SAVINGS!
I HAD MILLIONS! THANKS TO MY CLAY CREATIONS. AND THEIR UNCANNY ABILITY TO FULLY MANIPULATE THE PEOPLE THEY REPRESENT!
BUT YOU AND YOUR COHORTS--
--WERE TOO GREEDY TO LEAVE ME AND MY MONEY IN RETIREMENT. WEREN'T YOU?!
-- PLUUGH. PLEASE! JUST LET--
SPLOSH!
WELL, GREEDY LITTLE BOYS ALWAYS HAVE SECONDS!
YES! TASTE IT! TASTE THE WRATH OF PUPPET MASTER!

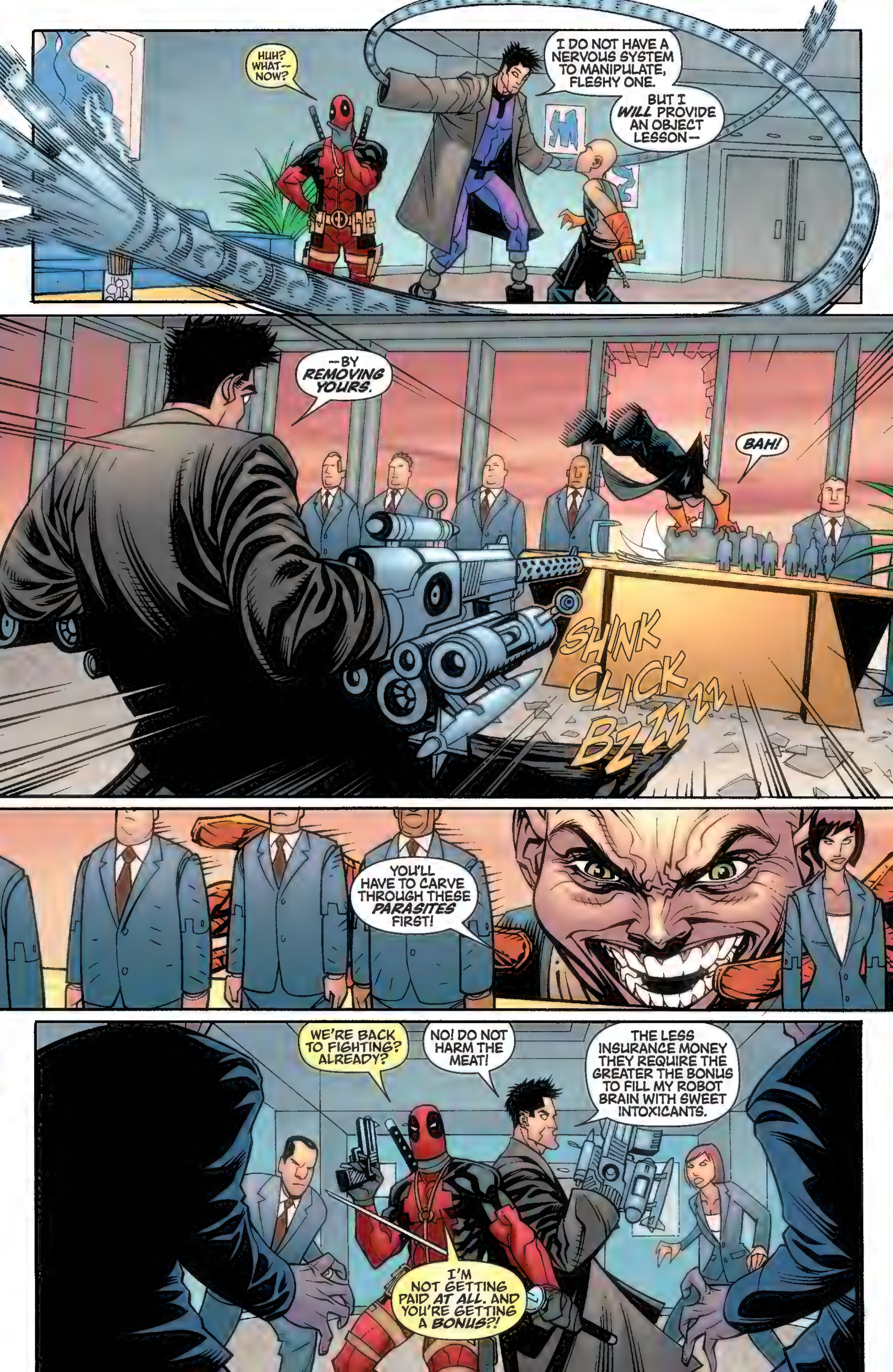

THIS IS IT. DELMAR'S MOST VALUABLE AND *HEAVILY INSURED* CORPORATE ACCOUNT IS BEING HELD HOSTAGE INSIDE.
FREEING THEM--*WITHOUT INCIDENT*--WILL SAVE THE COMPANY APPROXIMATELY THE AMOUNT YOU OWE.
APPROXIMATELY? SO YOU MEAN "MORE THAN." I WANT 80% OF THE DIFFERENCE.
IF YOU ADHERE TO MY *TWENTY-TWO-POINT* PLAN, WE WILL INCUR MINIMAL COLLATERAL, PHYSICAL, OR EMOTIONAL DAMAGE--
STACK! RELAX!
I *GOT* THIS.
WILSON!
JUST KEEP CIRCLING TILL YOU SEE THE REALLY *BIG* EXPLOSION.

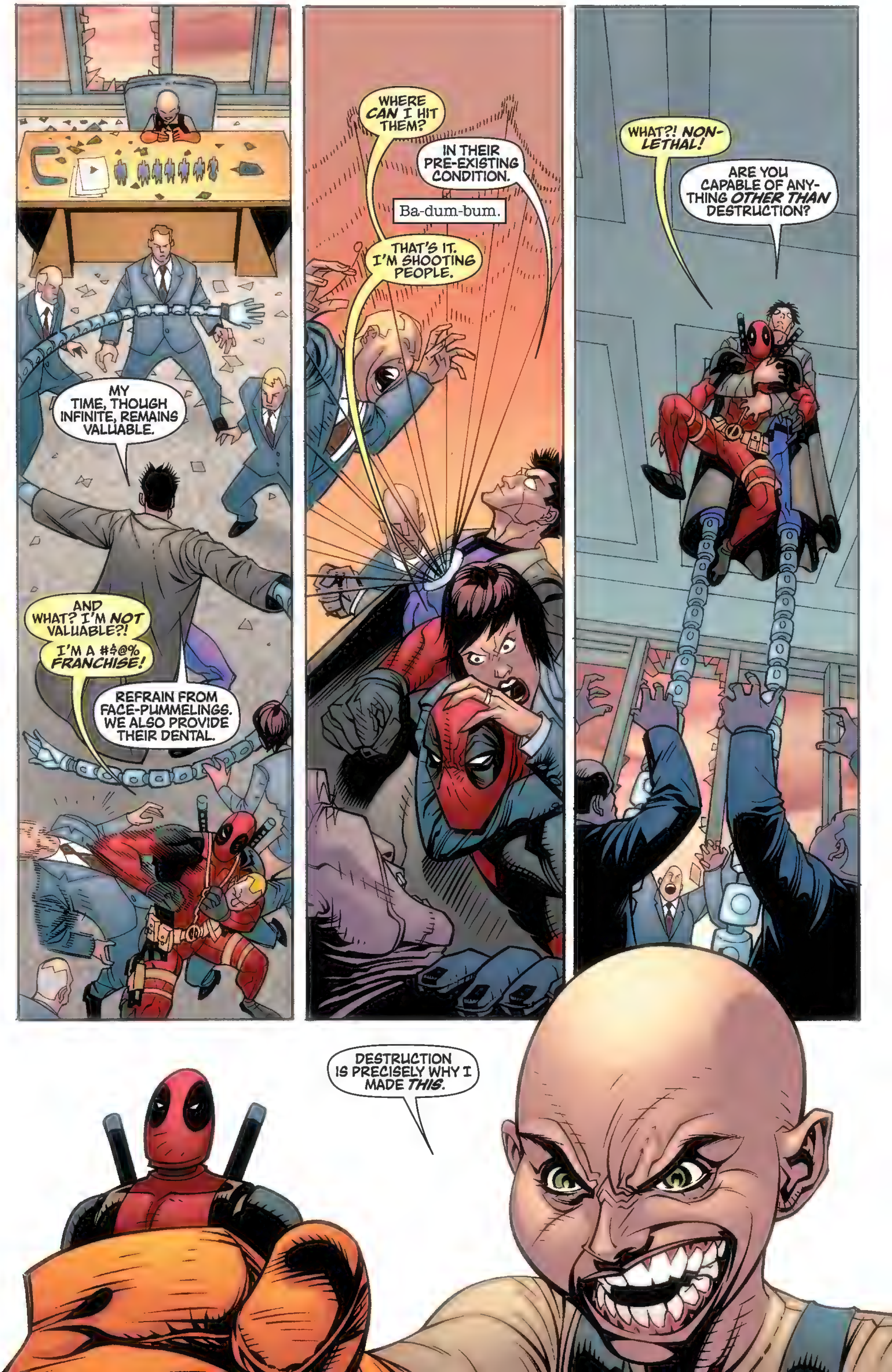

YIPPIE KI-YAY, M--
#@%$!
&%$@#!
BLAM! BLAM!
OOF! DUDE! YOU RUINED MY LANDING!
I WAS GONNA DO THIS TUCK-AND-ROLL THING--
CAREFUL, INTERLOPER! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO RUIN MY PUPPETS, WOULD YOU?
UGH.

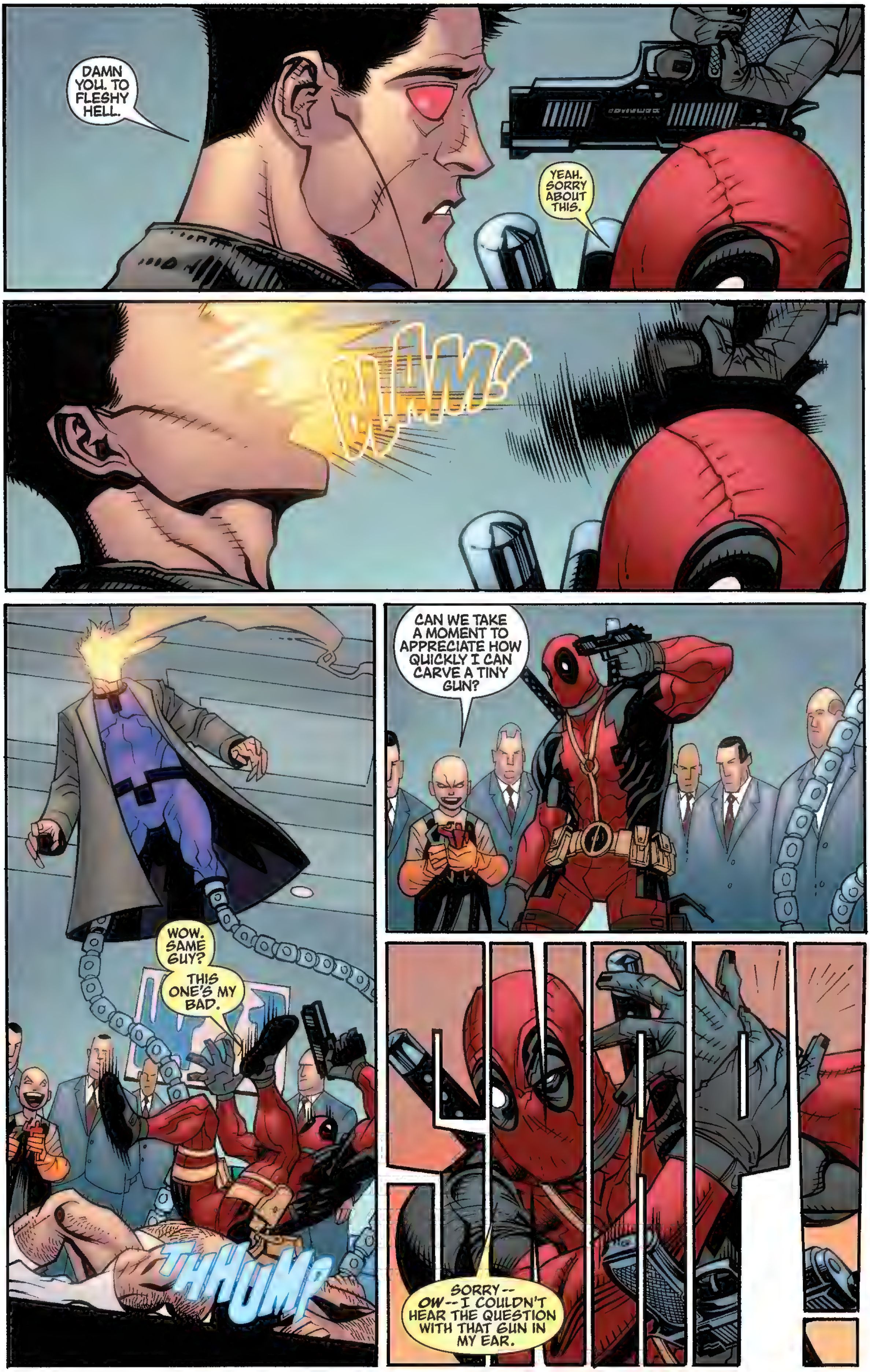

DID I HEAR *BULLET-ON-MEAT* NOISES?!
UH... I DUNNO.
HOW GOOD ARE YOUR EARS?
DEPENDING ON THE POINT OF IMPACT, YOUR DEBT HAS NOW GONE UP BETWEEN $532 AND $23,479.08--
ARE YOU KIDDING?! I'M A *MERCENARY!* HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO... *MERCE!*
MERCENARY?
GOODNESS! THEN ALLOW ME TO PROFFER MY OWN PROPOSAL.
"PROFFER"?
It means "to offer."
WAIT. "P"-"R"-"OFFER" MEANS "TO OFFER"?
Yup.
THEN WHAT THE HELL DO YOU NEED THE OTHER TWO LETTERS FOR?!
ER... WHAT?
I SAID -- I'M *LISTENING...*

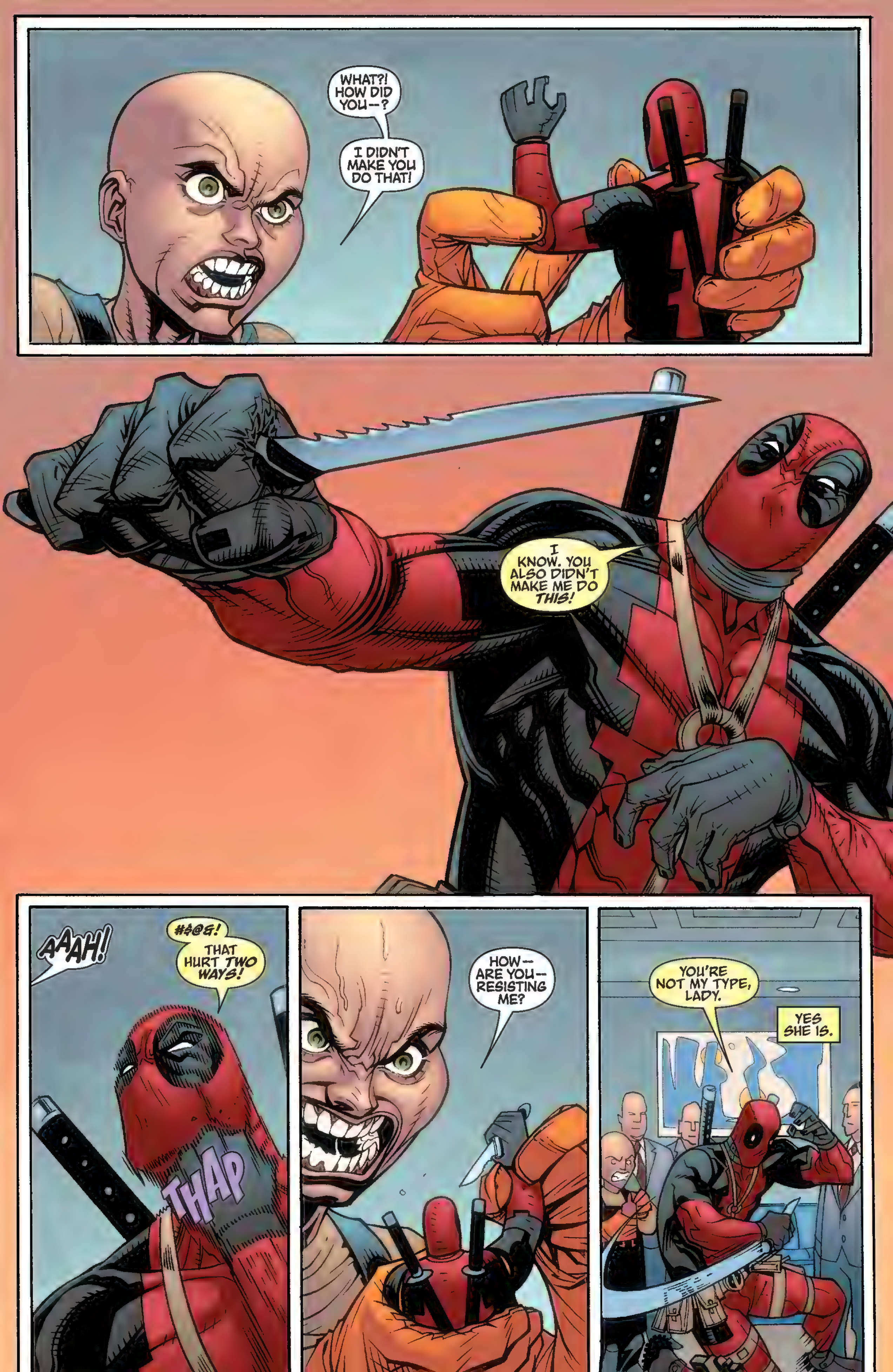

CONSIDER THIS, MR...?
DEADPOOL.
OOOH. I LIKE THAT.
MR. DEAD-POOL-- IN THIS MOMENT, I CONTROL TITANS OF INDUSTRY. AS YOU SEE, THEIR RESOURCES ARE STAGGERING.
IF YOU LEAVE ME BE, I SHALL GLADLY GOAD THESE GOONS TO DRAIN THEIR ACCOUNTS INTO YOURS. IT'S NOT AS IF THEY ACQUIRED IT FAIRLY IN THE FIRST PLACE.
SIMPLY NAME YOUR PRICE...
THEIR PIRACY OF PENSIONS WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED!
AND LEAVE ME TO MY REVENGE!
A-ACK
WOW. I GOTTA ADMIT--
MY MORAL COMPASS IS SPINNING ON THIS ONE.
I didn't realize we had one.
DEADPOOL! DETAIN THE OLD WOMAN KNOWN AS PUPPET MASTER IMMEDIATELY.
EXCUSE ME?! I AM NOT--
I DUNNO, STACK. I'M GETTING A MUCH SWEETER DEAL FROM THE LITTLE LADY.
I AM NOT A WOMAN!

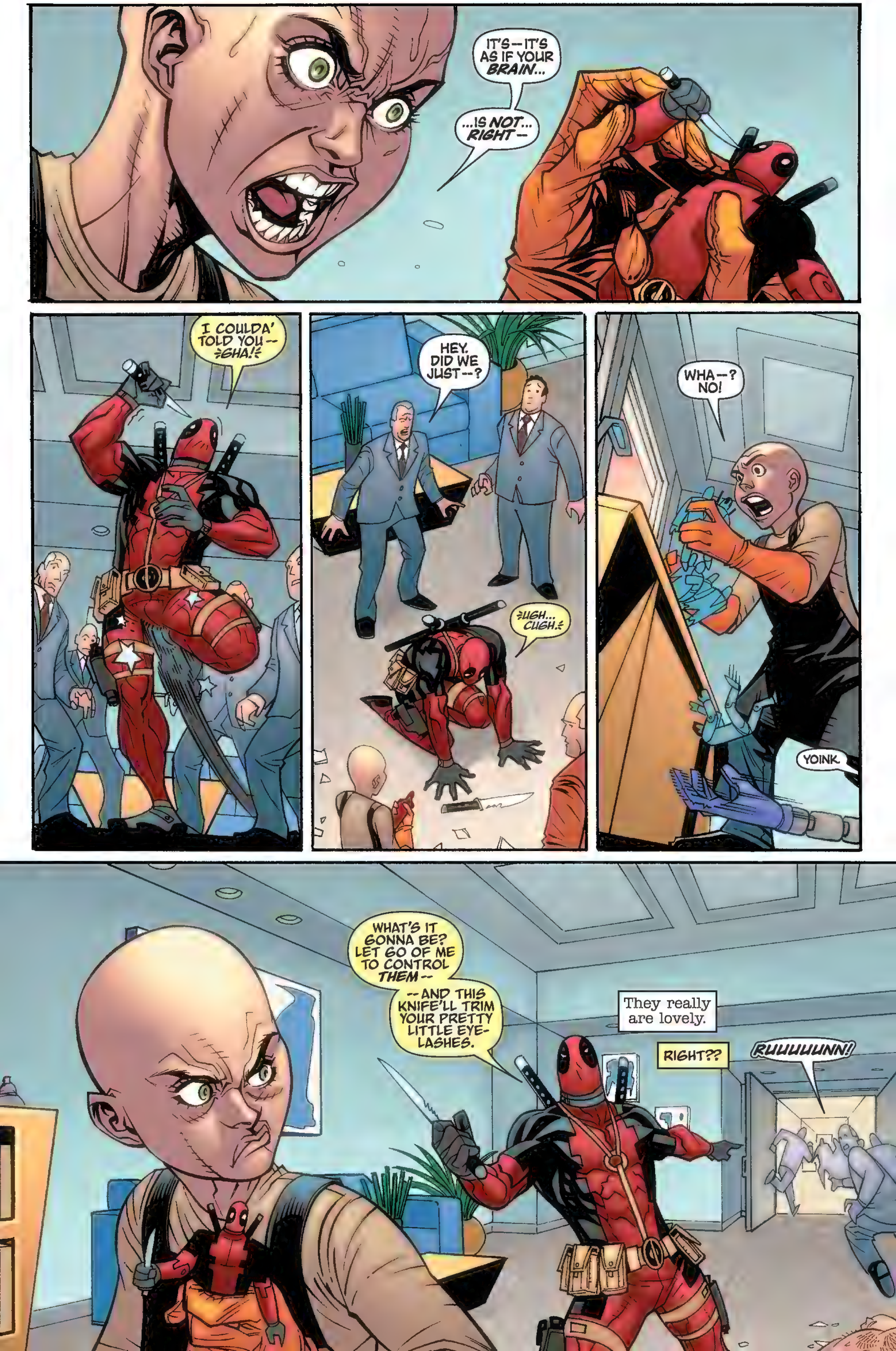

OH. SERIOUSLY?
THEN YOU HAVE *WEIRDLY* NICE EYELASHES.
DO NOT BE ASHAMED. PLENTY OF WOMEN GO BALD AT YOUR AGE.
THAT IS *IT!* KILL THE ROBOT AND I'LL THROW IN *PUPPETS* OF *WHOMEVER* YOU WISH!
WOAH! YOU CAN *DO* THAT?
YES! *ANYONE*-- YOUR ENEMIES, YOUR SUPERIORS, THAT SEXY LITTLE PUNK ROCK BARISTA GIRL WITH ALL THE PIERCINGS WHO WON'T GIVE YOU THE TIME OF *DAY!*
I THINK THAT BECAME ABOUT *HIM* AT THE END.
C'mon! That is *not* a 'him'.
THINK OF IT! CABLE AND NORMAN OSBORN BEATING THE SNOT OUT OF EACH OTHER FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT!
OR THE CAST OF *FACTS OF LIFE* PILLOW-FIGHTING IN LINGERIE-- *TO THE DEATH!*
NO, DEADPOOL! THINK ABOUT INSURANCE! AND NUMBERS!
B1AH, B1OH, *BOR1NG ROBOT 1OGIC, 011 011011000110 00010110 1000*
YOUR USELESSNESS IS ONLY EXCEEDED BY MY HANDSOMENESS.
HA! I WAS MERELY STALLING TO CRAFT *THIS!*
NOW, ROBOT! *KILL DEADPOOL!*

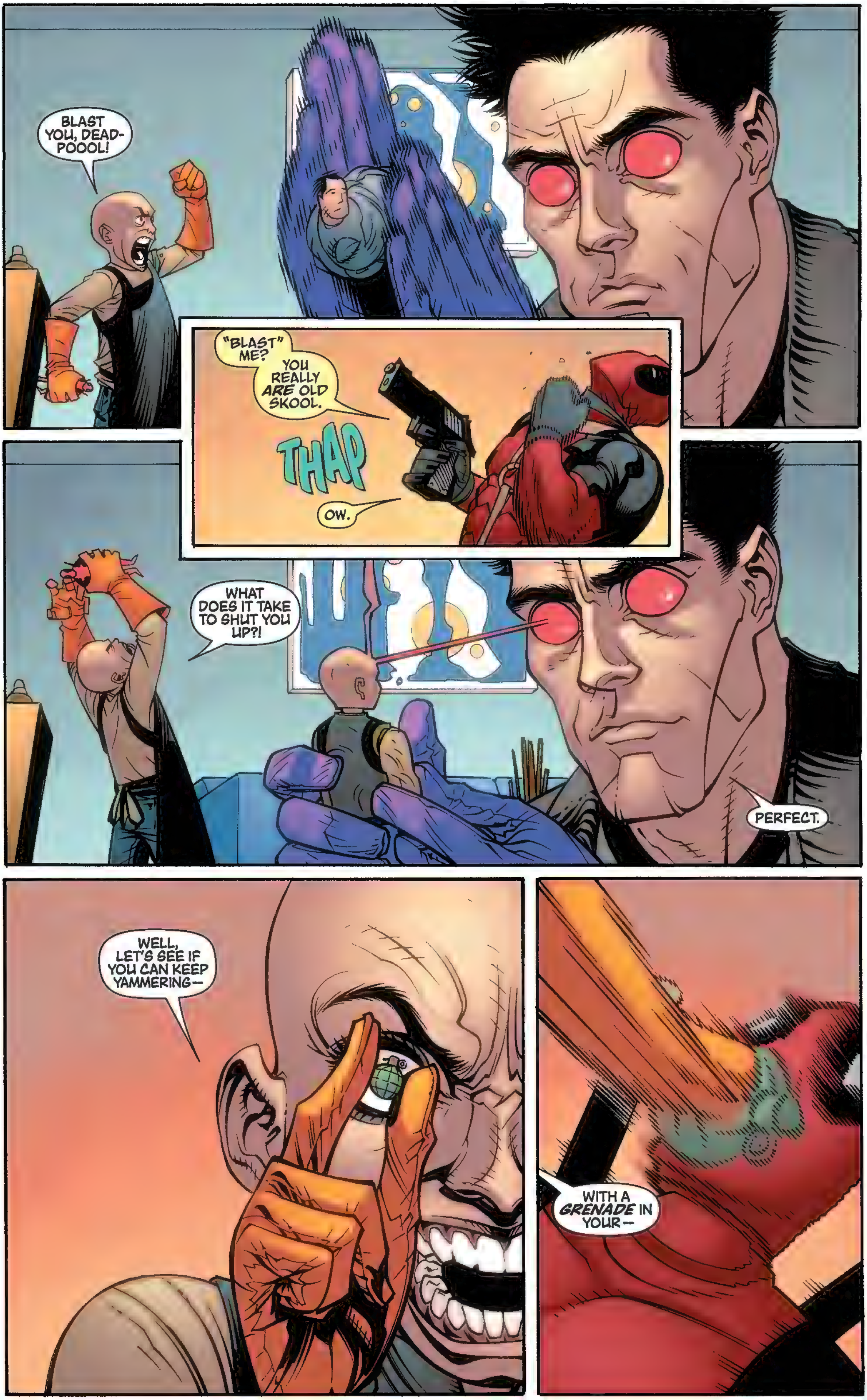

HUH? WHAT-- NOW?
I DO NOT HAVE A NERVOUS SYSTEM TO MANIPULATE, FLESHY ONE.
BUT I *WILL* PROVIDE AN OBJECT LESSON--
--BY *REMOVING YOURS.*
BAH!
SHINK
CLICK
BZZZZZ
YOU'LL HAVE TO CARVE THROUGH THESE *PARASITES* FIRST!
WE'RE BACK TO FIGHTING? ALREADY?
NO! DO NOT HARM THE MEAT!
THE LESS INSURANCE MONEY THEY REQUIRE THE GREATER THE BONUS TO FILL MY ROBOT BRAIN WITH SWEET INTOXICANTS.
I'M NOT GETTING PAID *AT ALL*, AND YOU'RE GETTING A *BONUS?!*

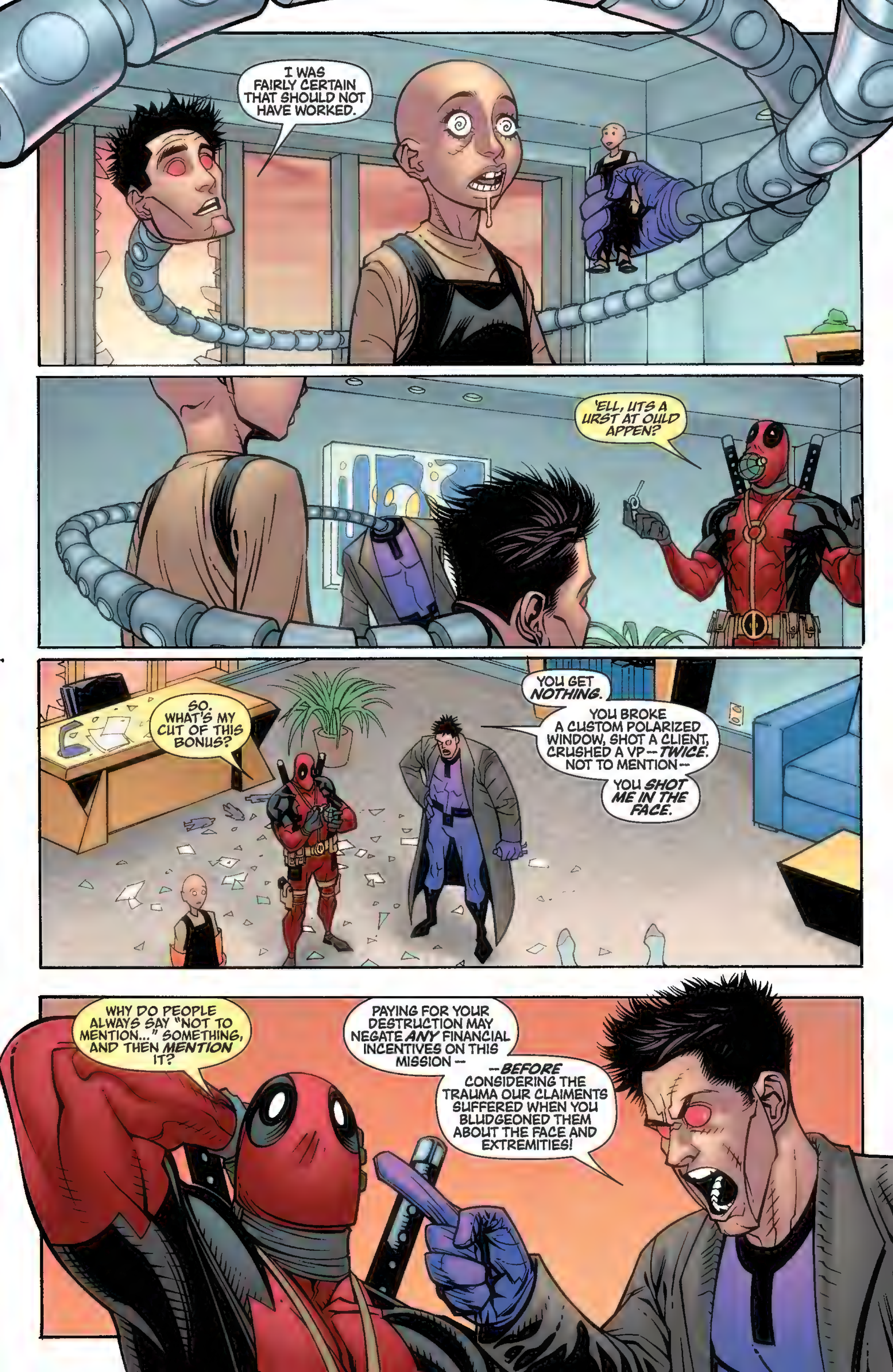

MY TIME, THOUGH INFINITE, REMAINS VALUABLE.
AND WHAT? I'M *NOT* VALUABLE?!
I'M A #$@% *FRANCHISE!*
REFRAIN FROM FACE-PUMMELINGS. WE ALSO PROVIDE THEIR DENTAL.
WHERE *CAN* I HIT THEM?
IN THEIR PRE-EXISTING CONDITION.
Ba-dum-bum.
THAT'S IT. I'M SHOOTING PEOPLE.
WHAT?! *NON-LETHAL!*
ARE YOU CAPABLE OF ANYTHING *OTHER THAN* DESTRUCTION?
DESTRUCTION IS PRECISELY WHY I MADE *THIS*.

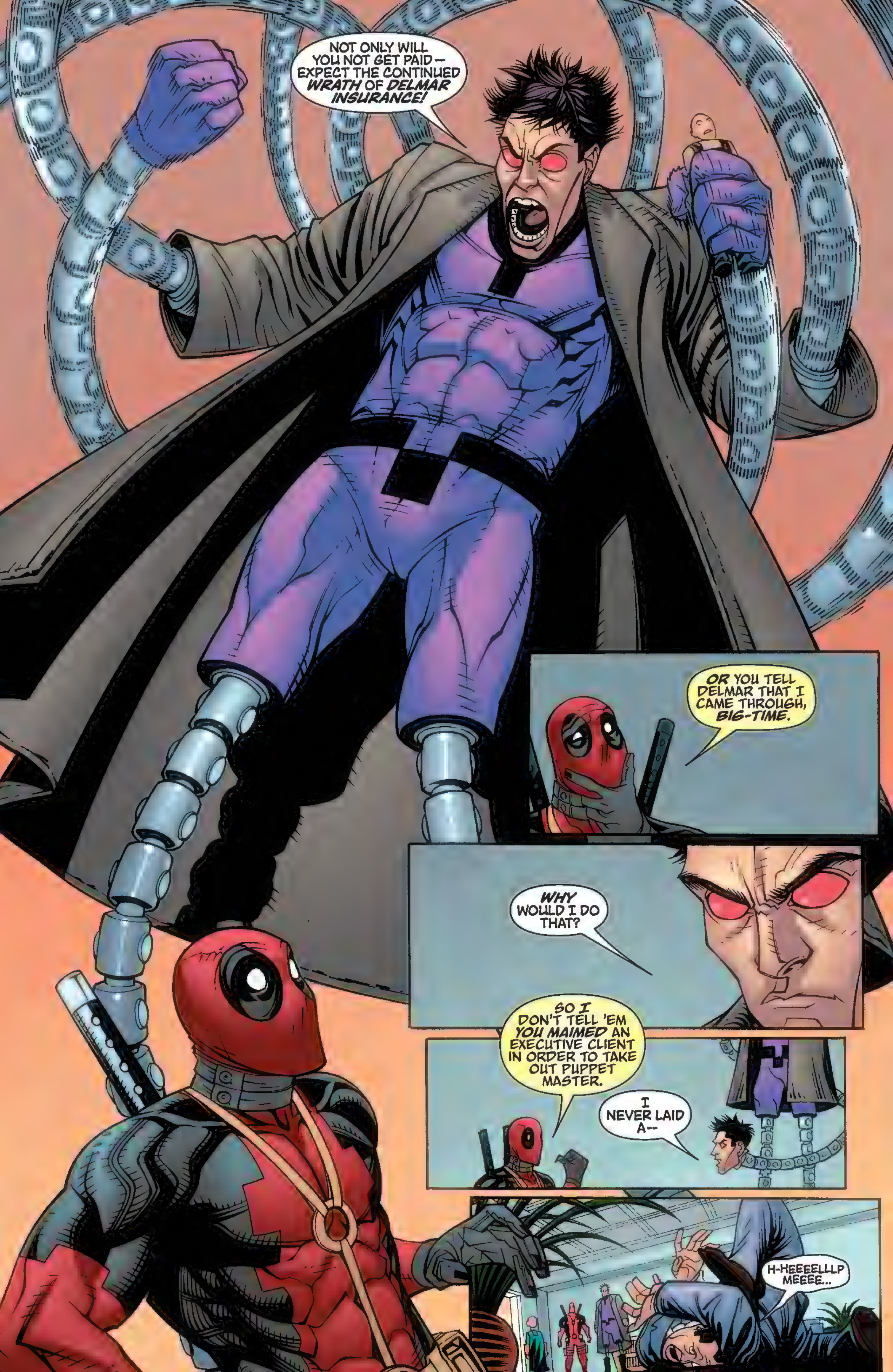

DAMN YOU. TO FLESHY HELL.
YEAH. SORRY ABOUT THIS.
WHAM!
CAN WE TAKE A MOMENT TO APPRECIATE HOW QUICKLY I CAN CARVE A TINY GUN?
WOW. SAME GUY?
THIS ONE'S MY BAD.
THHUMP
SORRY-- OW--I COULDN'T HEAR THE QUESTION WITH THAT GUN IN MY EAR.

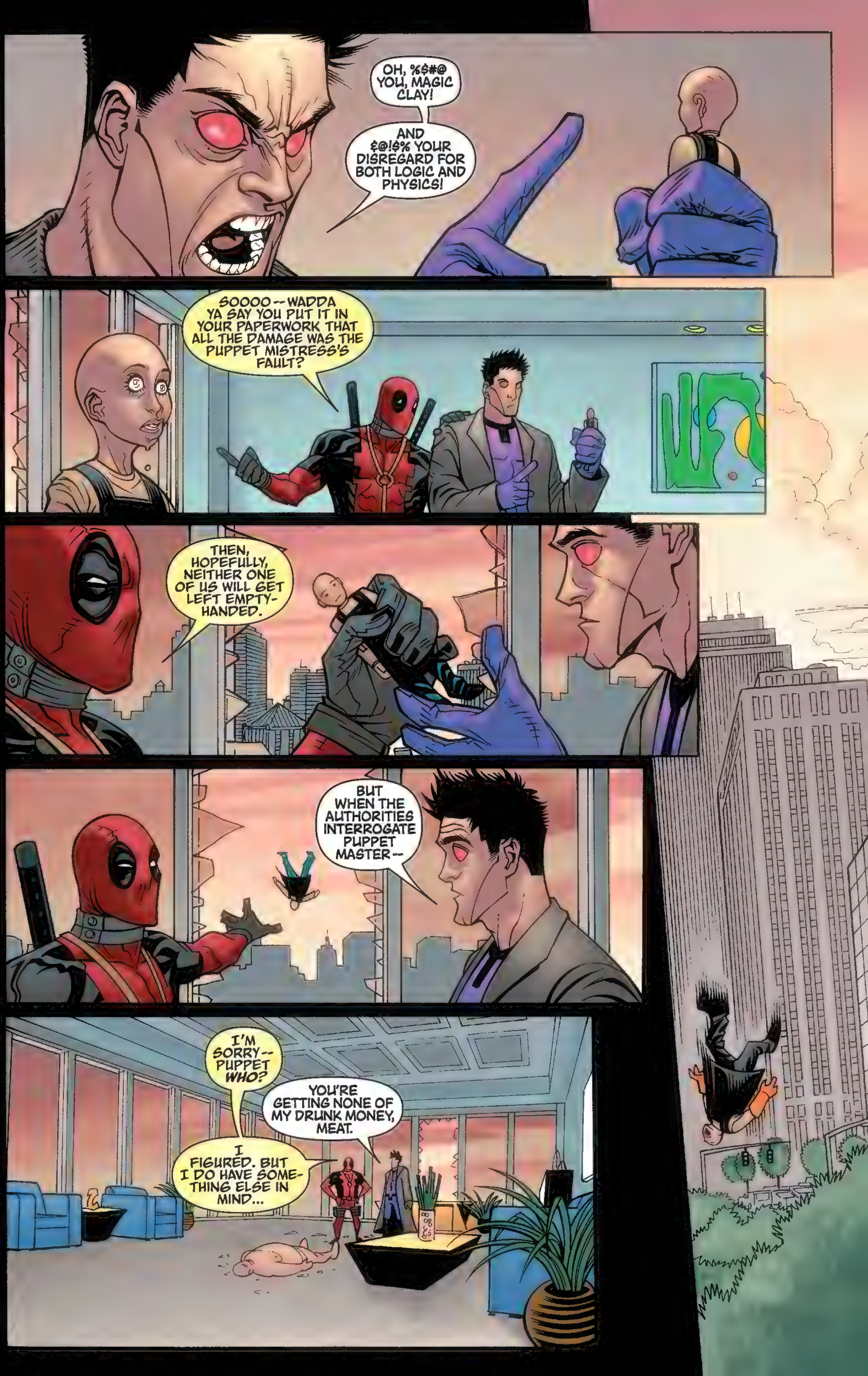

WHAT?! HOW DID YOU--?
I DIDN'T MAKE YOU DO THAT!
I KNOW. YOU ALSO DIDN'T MAKE ME DO *THIS!*
AAAH!
#$@&! THAT HURT *TWO WAYS!*
THAP
HOW-- ARE YOU-- RESISTING ME?
YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE, LADY.
YES SHE IS.

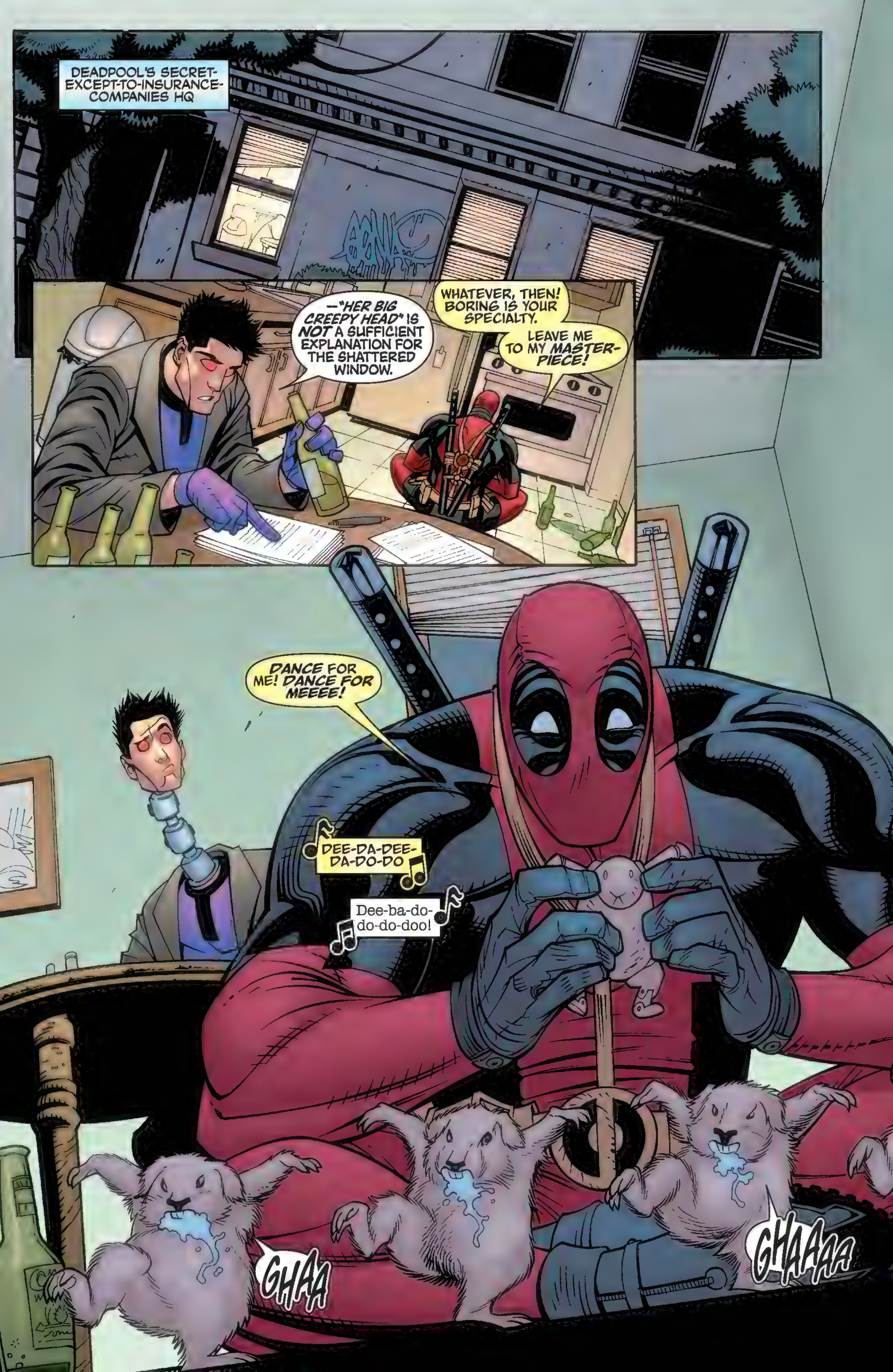

IT'S--IT'S AS IF YOUR *BRAIN*...
...IS *NOT*... *RIGHT*--
I COULDA' TOLD YOU-- *GHA!*
HEY. DID WE JUST--?
UGH... CUGH.
WHA--? NO!
YOINK.
WHAT'S IT GONNA BE? LET GO OF ME TO CONTROL *THEM*--
--AND THIS KNIFE'LL TRIM YOUR PRETTY LITTLE EYE-LASHES.
They really are lovely.
RIGHT??
RUUUUUUNN!


BLAST YOU, DEAD-POOOL!
"BLAST" ME? YOU REALLY *ARE* OLD SKOOL.
THAP
OW.
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO SHUT YOU UP?!
PERFECT.
WELL, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN KEEP YAMMERING--
WITH A *GRENADE* IN YOUR--

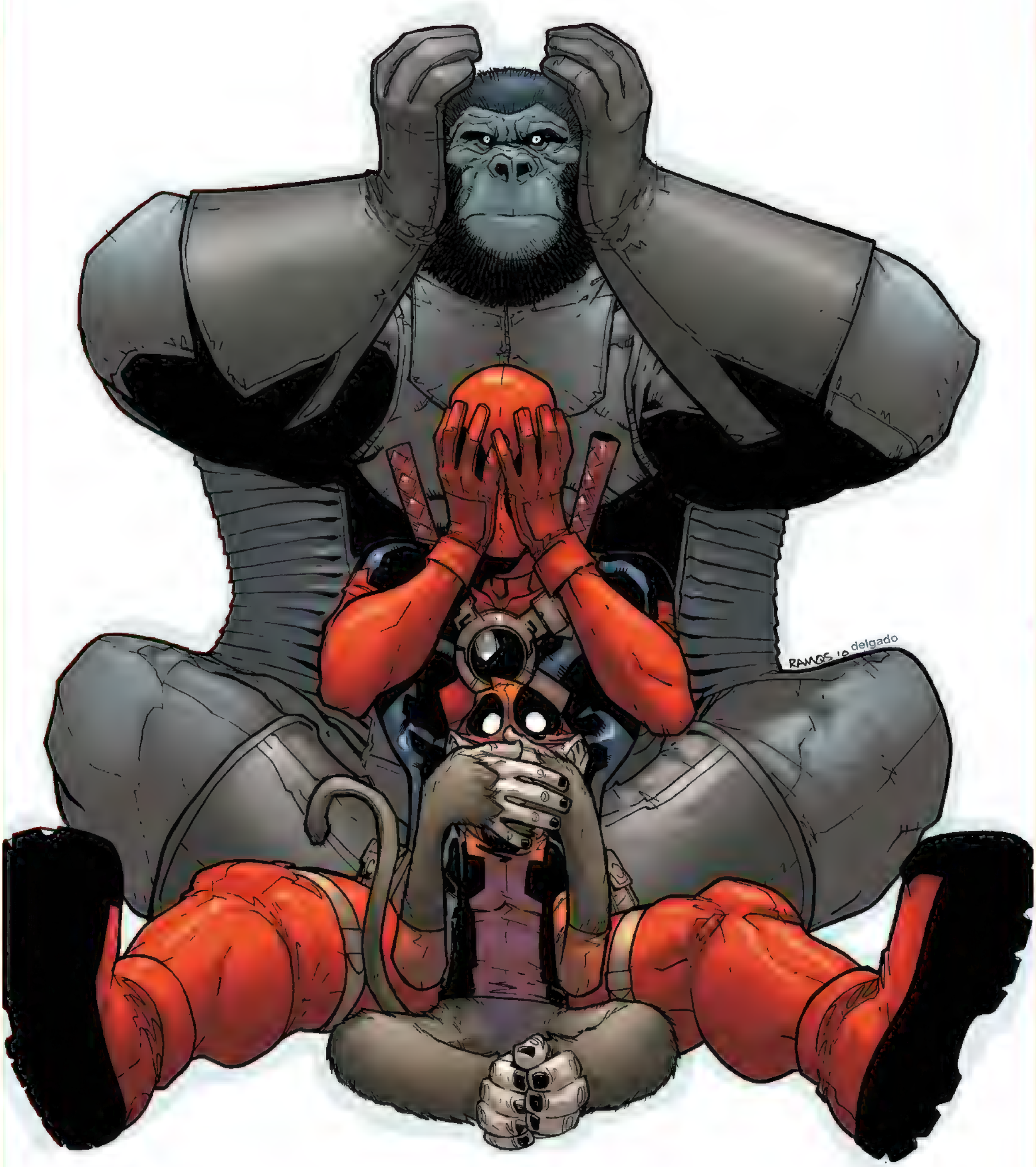

I WAS FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE WORKED.
'ELL, UTS A URST AT OULD APPEN?
SO. WHAT'S MY CUT OF THIS BONUS?
YOU GET *NOTHING*.
YOU BROKE A CUSTOM POLARIZED WINDOW, SHOT A CLIENT, CRUSHED A VP -- *TWICE*. NOT TO MENTION --
YOU *SHOT ME IN THE FACE.*
WHY DO PEOPLE ALWAYS SAY "NOT TO MENTION..." SOMETHING, AND THEN *MENTION* IT?
PAYING FOR YOUR DESTRUCTION MAY NEGATE *ANY* FINANCIAL INCENTIVES ON THIS MISSION --
-- *BEFORE* CONSIDERING THE TRAUMA OUR CLAIMENTS SUFFERED WHEN YOU BLUDGEONED THEM ABOUT THE FACE AND EXTREMITIES!

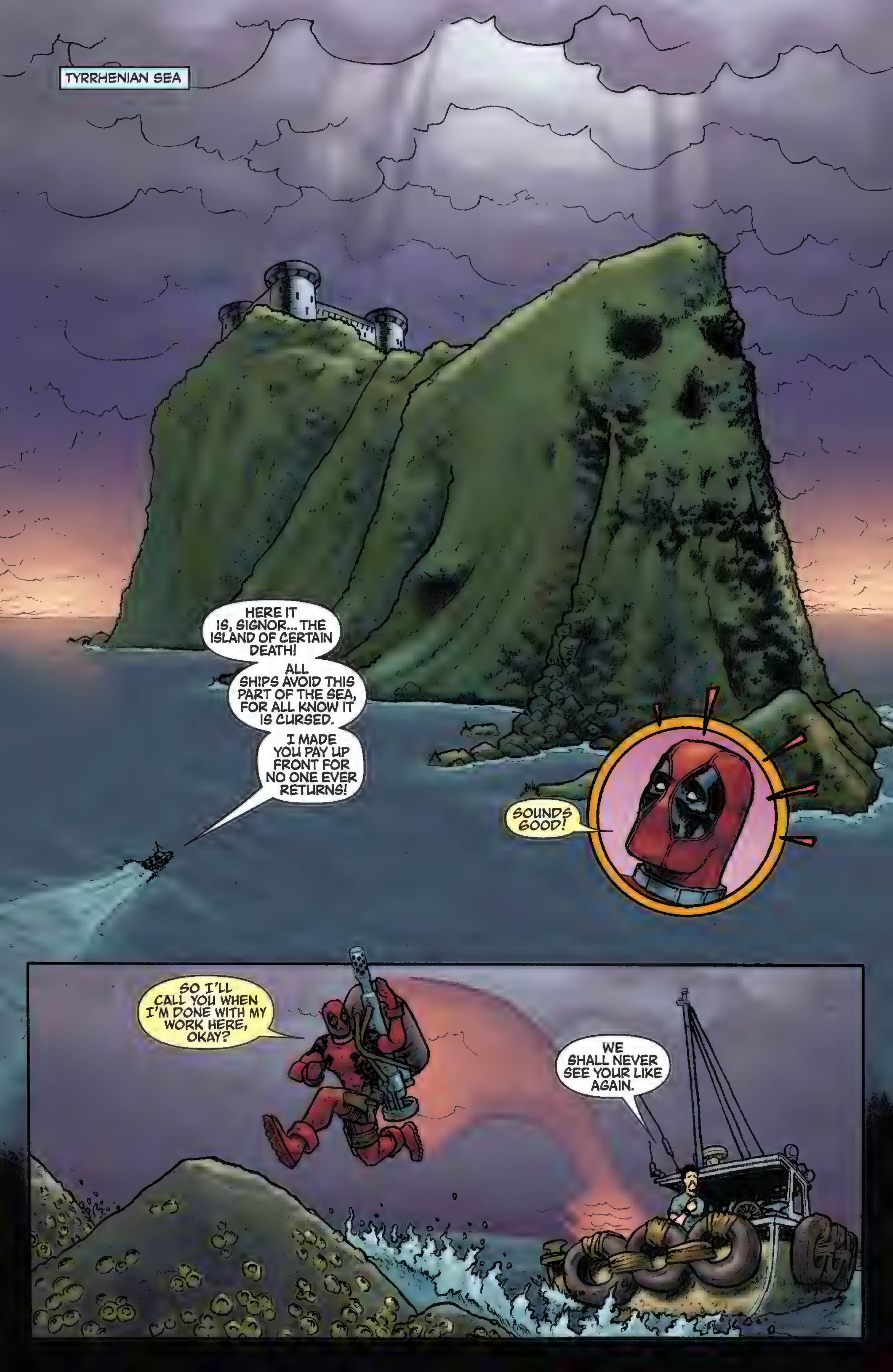

NOT ONLY WILL YOU NOT GET PAID -- EXPECT THE CONTINUED *WRATH* OF *DELMAR INSURANCE!*
OR YOU TELL DELMAR THAT I CAME THROUGH, *BIG-TIME.*
WHY WOULD I DO THAT?
SO *I* DON'T TELL 'EM *YOU MAIMED* AN EXECUTIVE CLIENT IN ORDER TO TAKE OUT PUPPET MASTER.
I NEVER LAID A--
H-HEEEELLLP MEEEE...

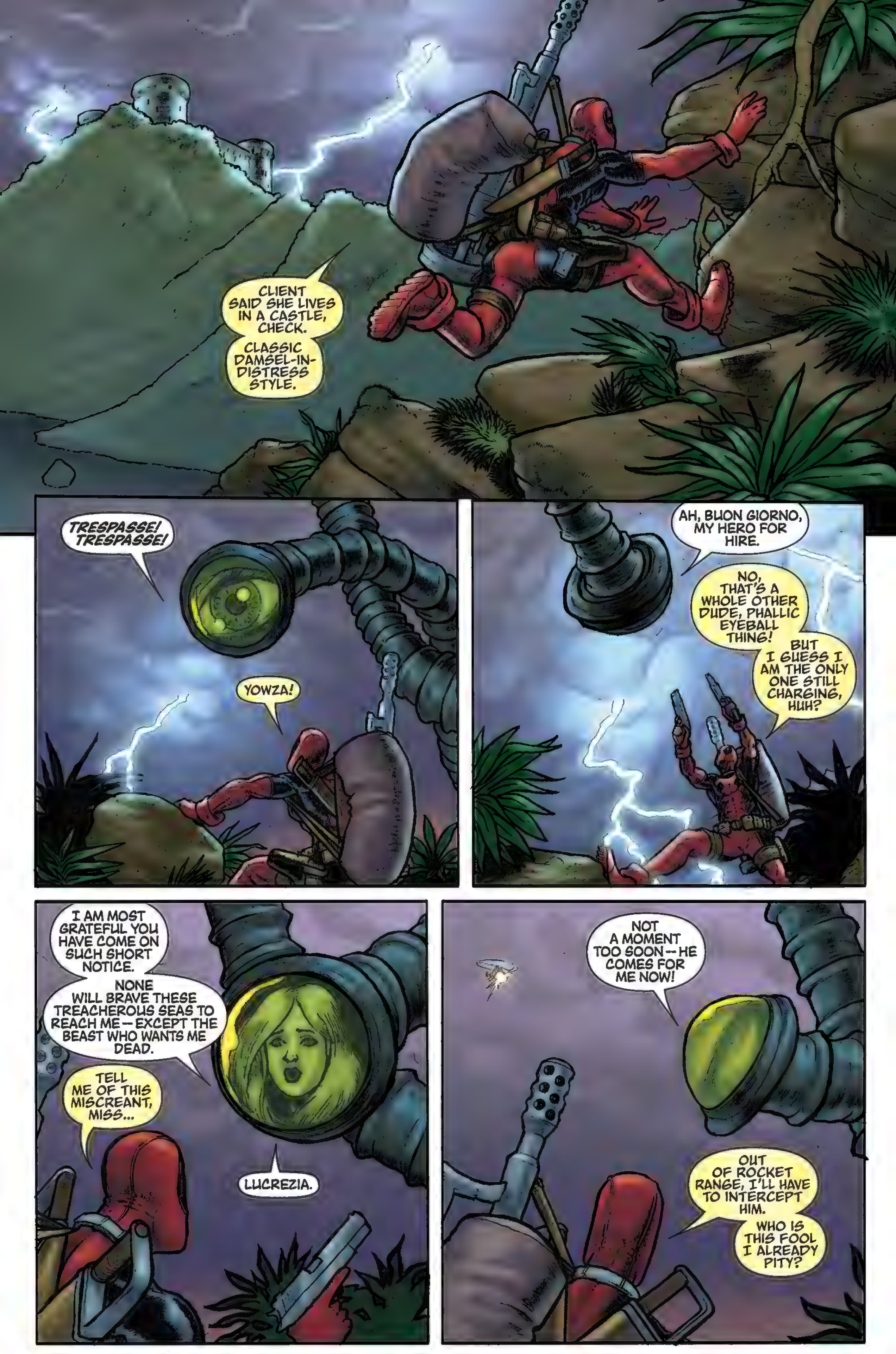

OH, %$#@ YOU, MAGIC CLAY!
AND $@!$% YOUR DISREGARD FOR BOTH LOGIC AND PHYSICS!
SOOOO--WADDA YA SAY YOU PUT IT IN YOUR PAPERWORK THAT ALL THE DAMAGE WAS THE PUPPET MISTRESS'S FAULT?
THEN, HOPEFULLY, NEITHER ONE OF US WILL GET LEFT EMPTY-HANDED.
BUT WHEN THE AUTHORITIES INTERROGATE PUPPET MASTER--
I'M SORRY--PUPPET *WHO?*
YOU'RE GETTING NONE OF MY DRUNK MONEY, MEAT.
I FIGURED. BUT I DO HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND...

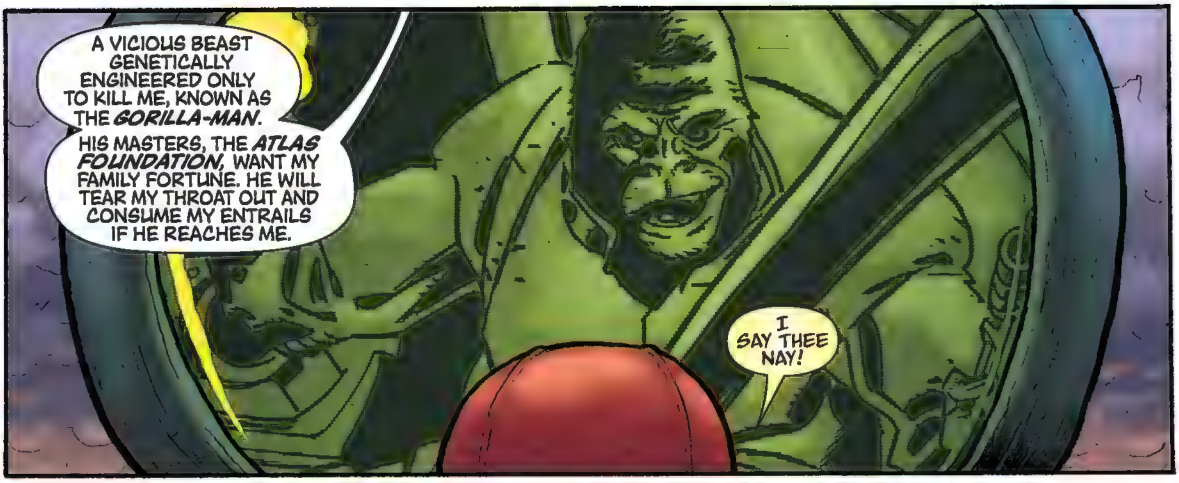

DEADPOOL'S SECRET-EXCEPT-TO-INSURANCE-COMPANIES HQ
--*"HER BIG CREEPY HEAD"* IS *NOT* A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION FOR THE SHATTERED WINDOW.
WHATEVER, THEN! BORING IS YOUR SPECIALTY.
LEAVE ME TO MY *MASTERPIECE!*
DANCE FOR ME! *DANCE FOR MEEEE!*
DEE-DA-DEE-DA-DO-DO
Dee-ba-do-do-do-doo!
GHAA
GHAAAAA

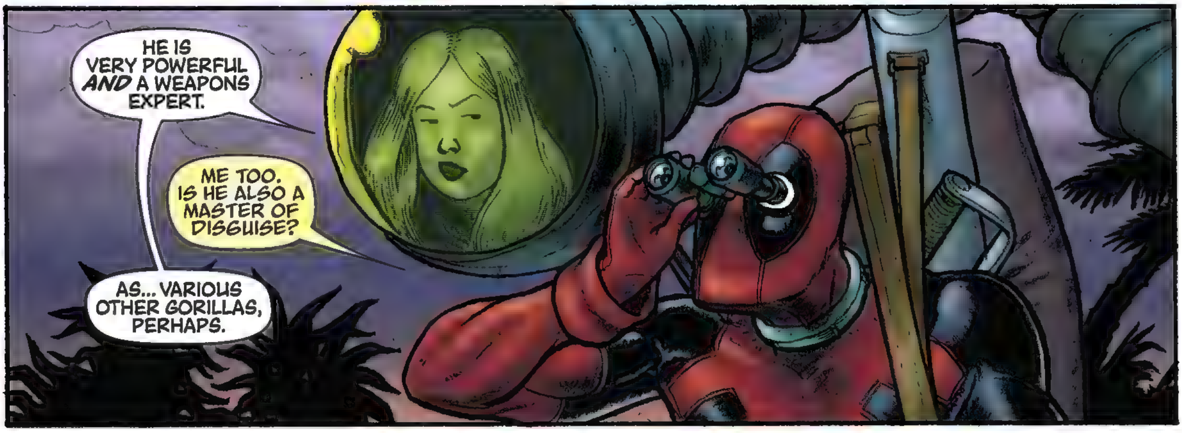
#889

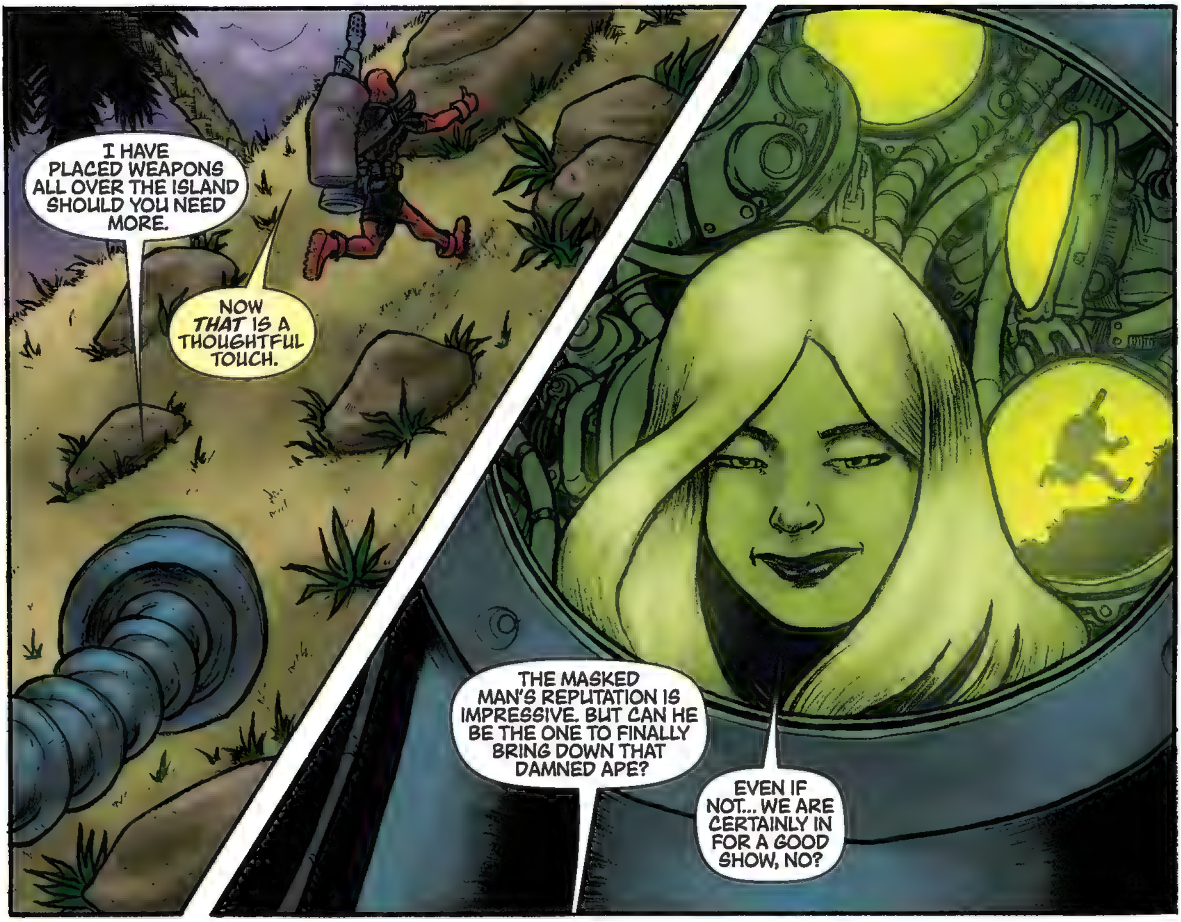

RAMOS '10
delgado

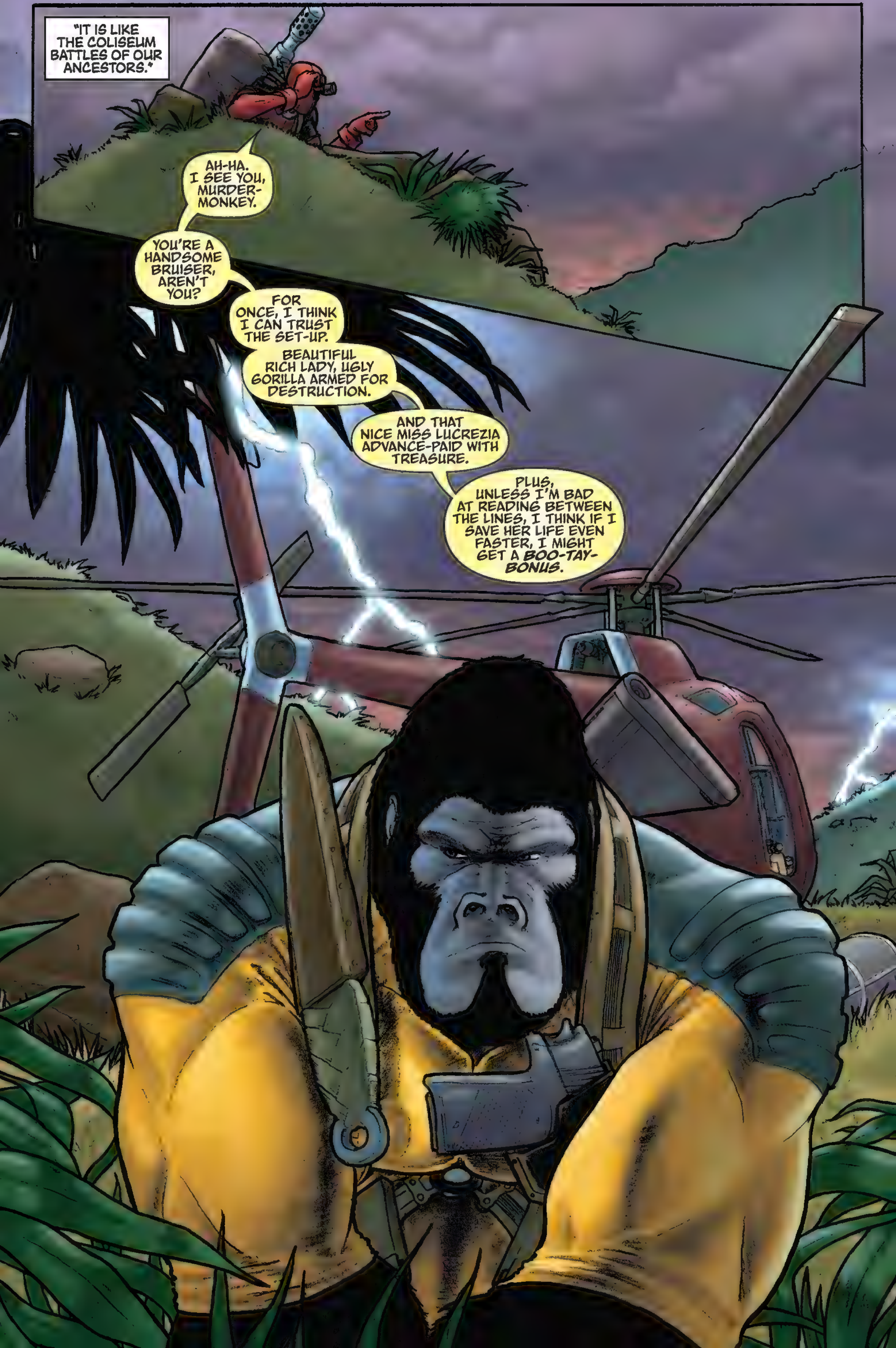

TYRRHENIAN SEA
HERE IT IS, SIGNOR... THE ISLAND OF CERTAIN DEATH!
ALL SHIPS AVOID THIS PART OF THE SEA, FOR ALL KNOW IT IS CURSED.
I MADE YOU PAY UP FRONT FOR NO ONE EVER RETURNS!
SOUNDS GOOD!
SO I'LL CALL YOU WHEN I'M DONE WITH MY WORK HERE, OKAY?
WE SHALL NEVER SEE YOUR LIKE AGAIN.

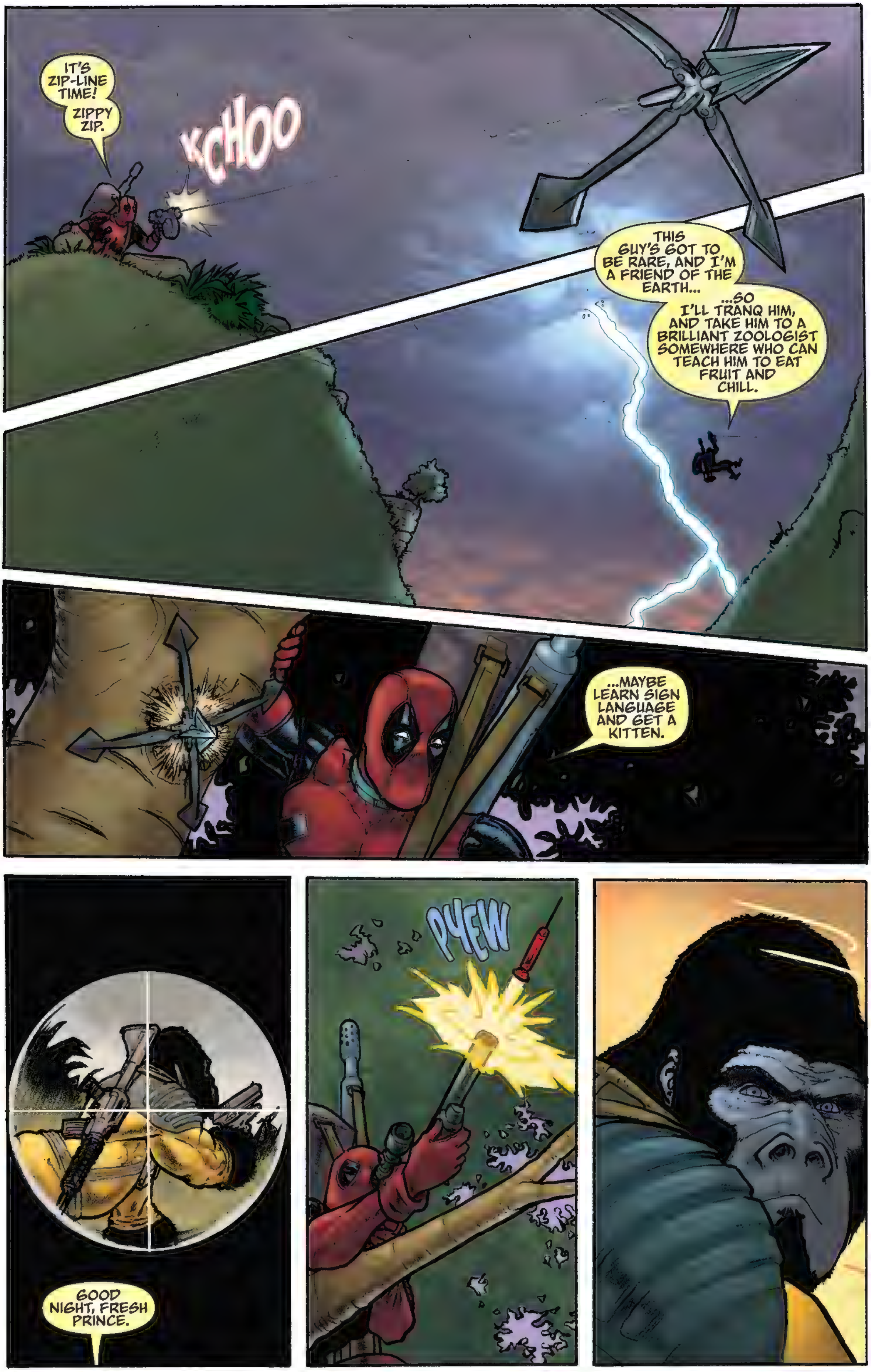

CLIENT SAID SHE LIVES IN A CASTLE, CHECK.
CLASSIC DAMSEL-IN-DISTRESS STYLE.
TRESPASSE! TRESPASSE!
YOWZA!
AH, BUON GIORNO, MY HERO FOR HIRE.
NO, THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER DUDE, PHALLIC EYEBALL THING!
BUT I GUESS I AM THE ONLY ONE STILL CHARGING, HUH?
I AM MOST GRATEFUL YOU HAVE COME ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE.
NONE WILL BRAVE THESE TREACHEROUS SEAS TO REACH ME -- EXCEPT THE BEAST WHO WANTS ME DEAD.
TELL ME OF THIS MISCREANT, MISS...
LUCREZIA.
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON -- HE COMES FOR ME NOW!
OUT OF ROCKET RANGE, I'LL HAVE TO INTERCEPT HIM.
WHO IS THIS FOOL I ALREADY PITY?

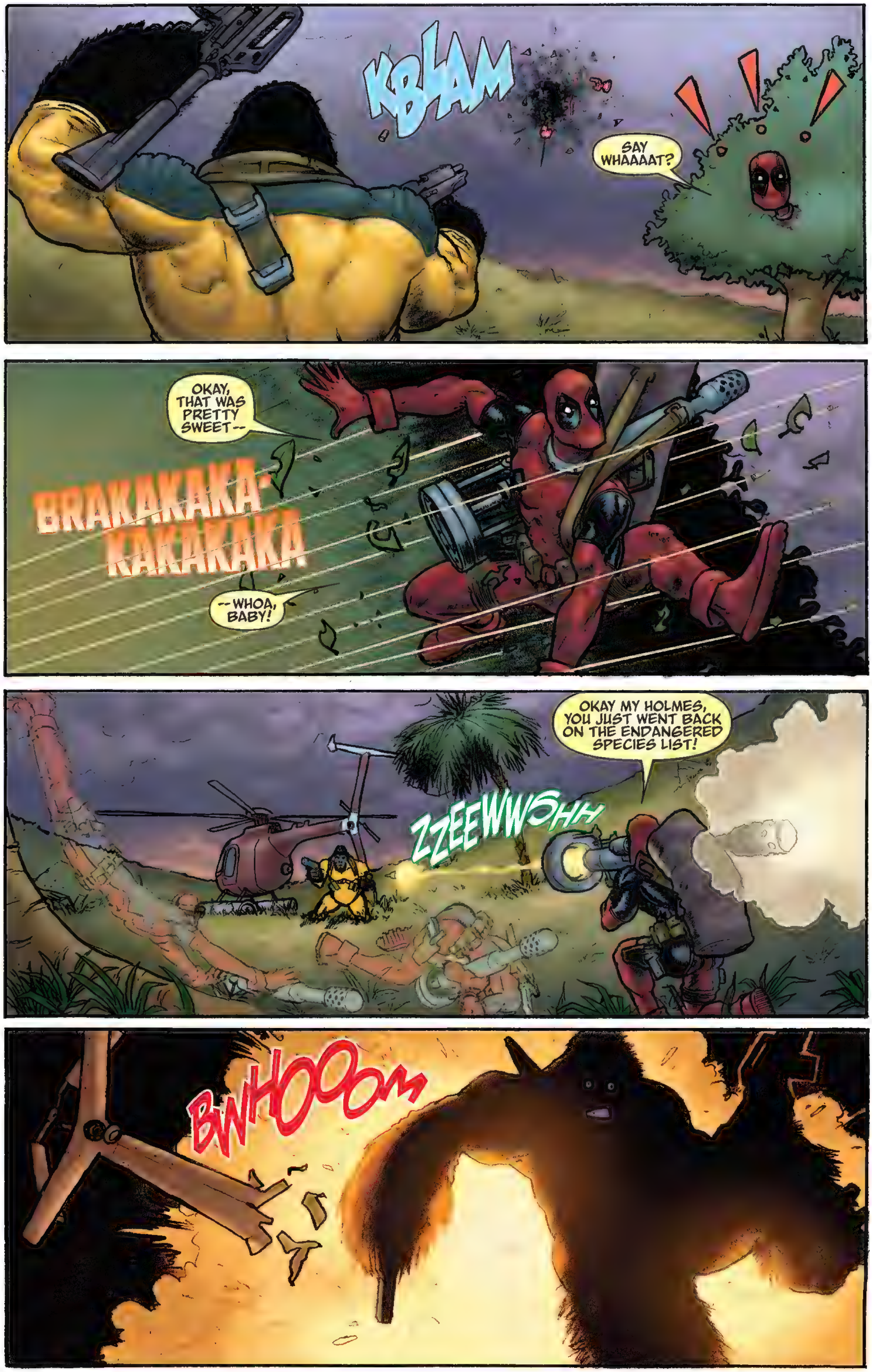

A VICIOUS BEAST GENETICALLY ENGINEERED ONLY TO KILL ME, KNOWN AS THE *GORILLA-MAN*.
HIS MASTERS, THE *ATLAS FOUNDATION*, WANT MY FAMILY FORTUNE. HE WILL TEAR MY THROAT OUT AND CONSUME MY ENTRAILS IF HE REACHES ME.
I SAY THEE NAY!

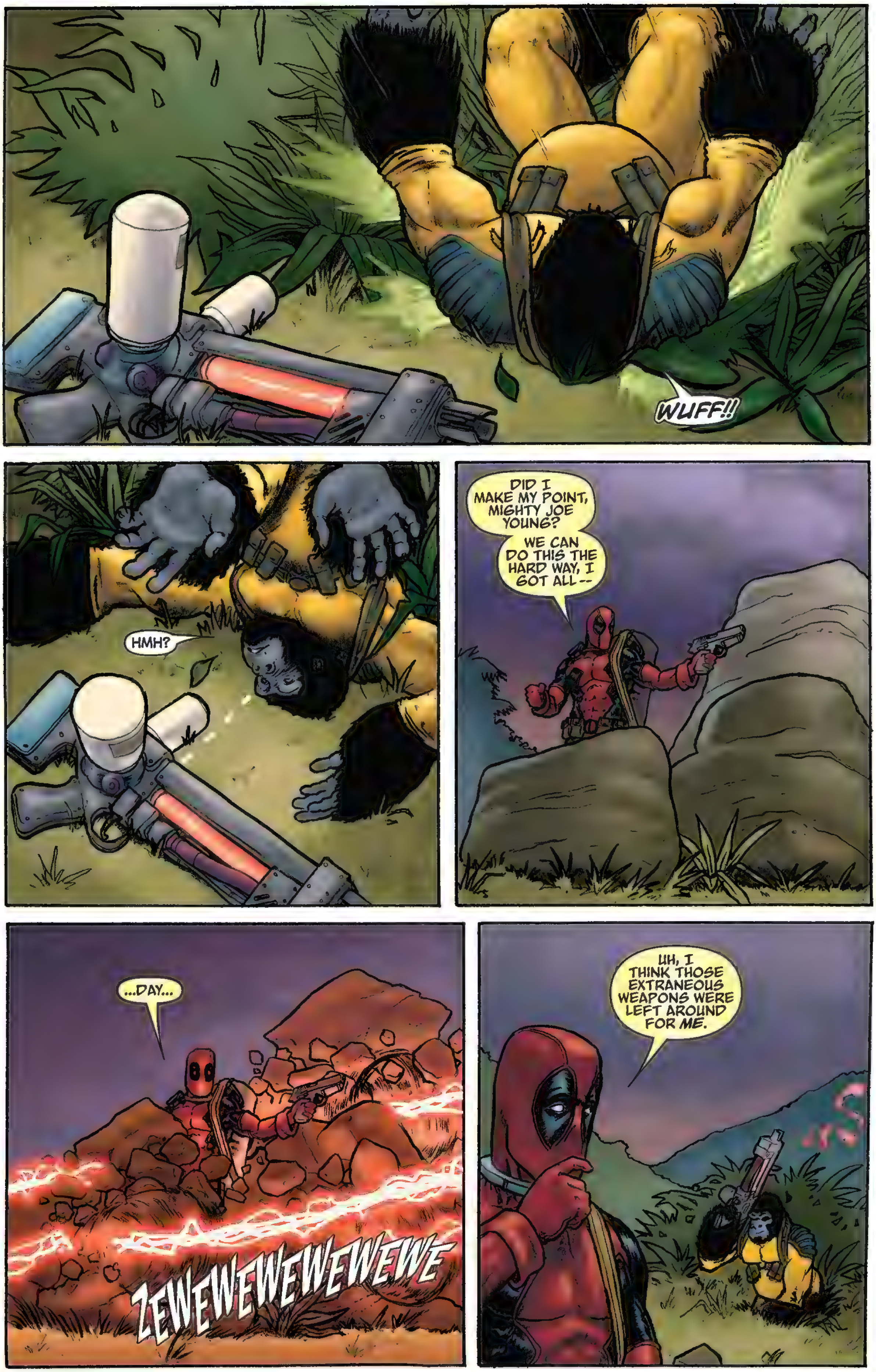

HE IS VERY POWERFUL *AND* A WEAPONS EXPERT.
ME TOO. IS HE ALSO A MASTER OF DISGUISE?
AS... VARIOUS OTHER GORILLAS, PERHAPS.

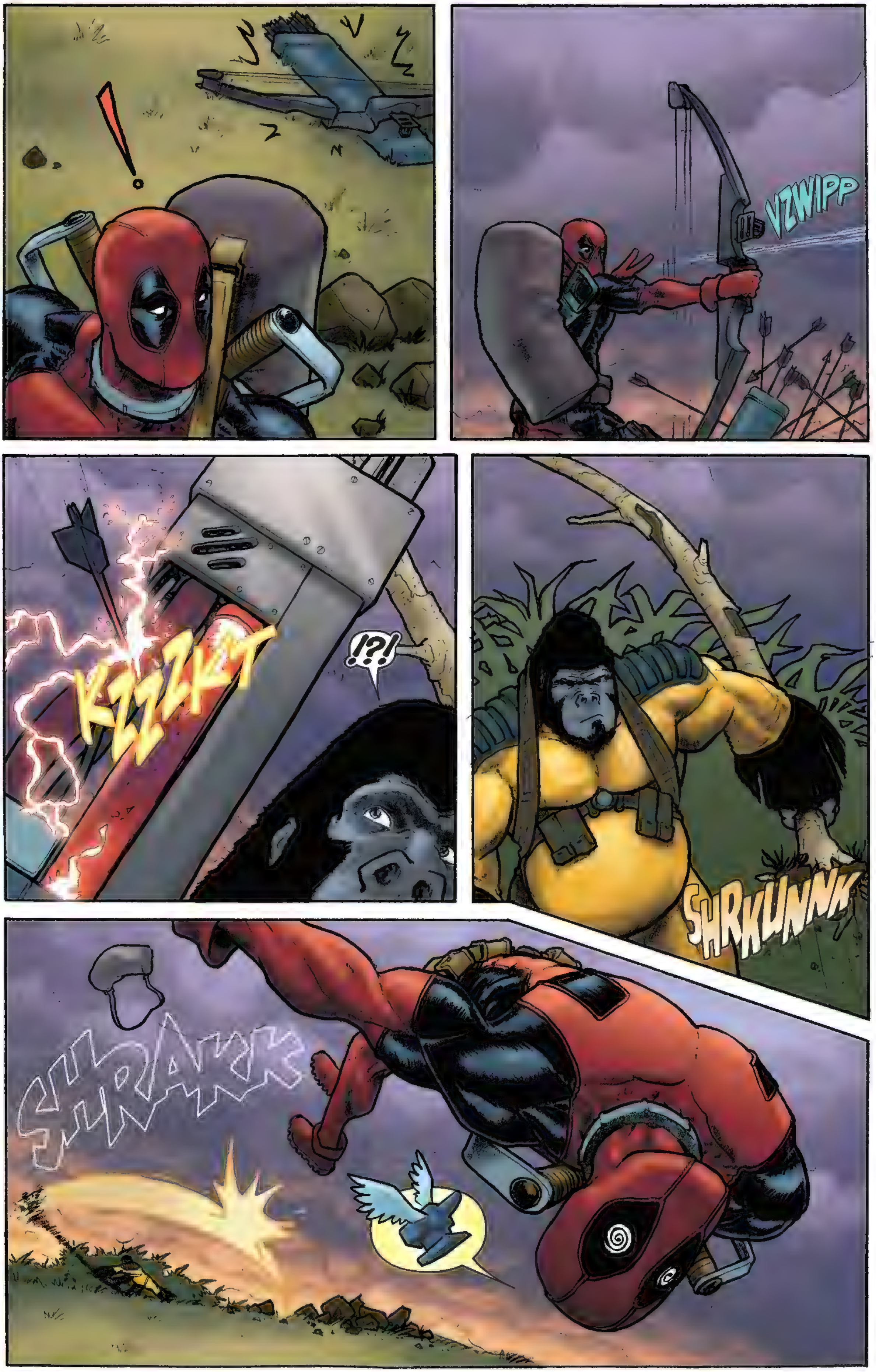

I HAVE PLACED WEAPONS ALL OVER THE ISLAND SHOULD YOU NEED MORE.
NOW *THAT* IS A THOUGHTFUL TOUCH.
THE MASKED MAN'S REPUTATION IS IMPRESSIVE. BUT CAN HE BE THE ONE TO FINALLY BRING DOWN THAT DAMNED APE?
EVEN IF NOT... WE ARE CERTAINLY IN FOR A GOOD SHOW, NO?

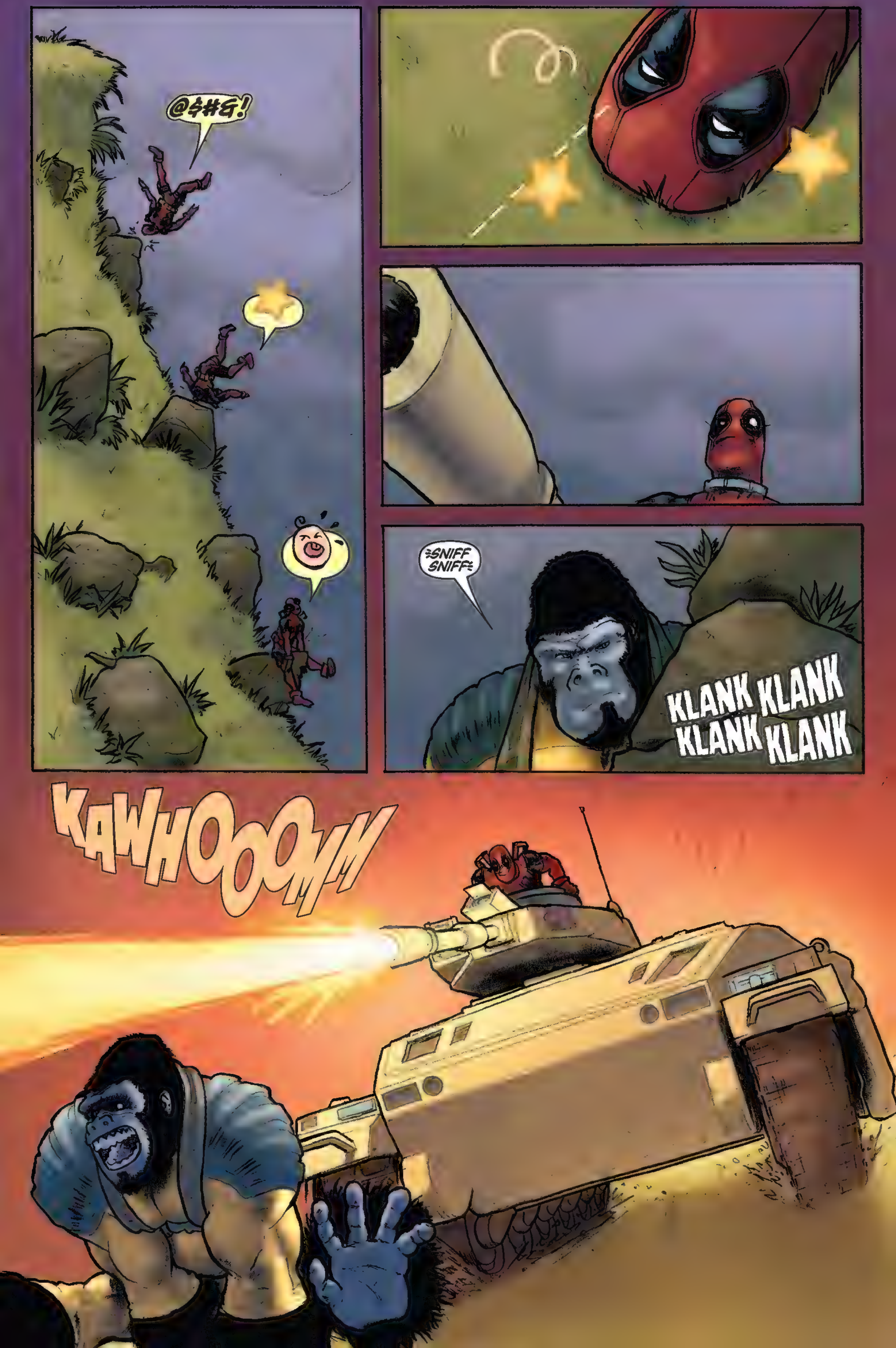

"IT IS LIKE THE COLISEUM BATTLES OF OUR ANCESTORS."
AH-HA. I SEE YOU, MURDER-MONKEY.
YOU'RE A HANDSOME BRUISER, AREN'T YOU?
FOR ONCE, I THINK I CAN TRUST THE SET-UP.
BEAUTIFUL RICH LADY, UGLY GORILLA ARMED FOR DESTRUCTION.
AND THAT NICE MISS LUCREZIA ADVANCE-PAID WITH TREASURE.
PLUS, UNLESS I'M BAD AT READING BETWEEN THE LINES, I THINK IF I SAVE HER LIFE EVEN FASTER, I MIGHT GET A *BOO-TAY-BONUS*.

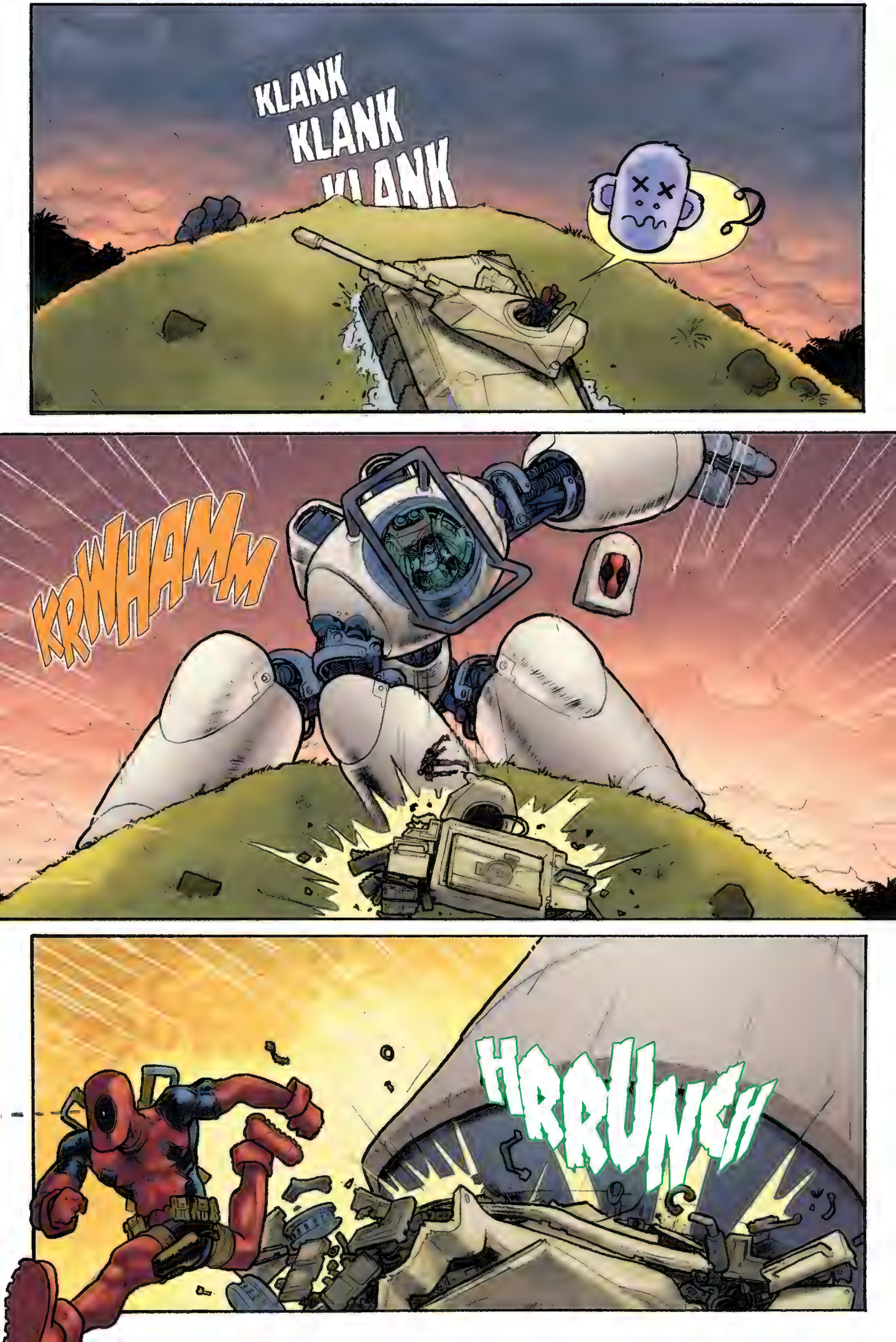

IT'S ZIP-LINE TIME!
ZIPPY ZIP.
KCHOO
THIS GUY'S GOT TO BE RARE, AND I'M A FRIEND OF THE EARTH...
...SO I'LL TRANQ HIM, AND TAKE HIM TO A BRILLIANT ZOOLOGIST SOMEWHERE WHO CAN TEACH HIM TO EAT FRUIT AND CHILL.
...MAYBE LEARN SIGN LANGUAGE AND GET A KITTEN.
GOOD NIGHT, FRESH PRINCE.
PYEW

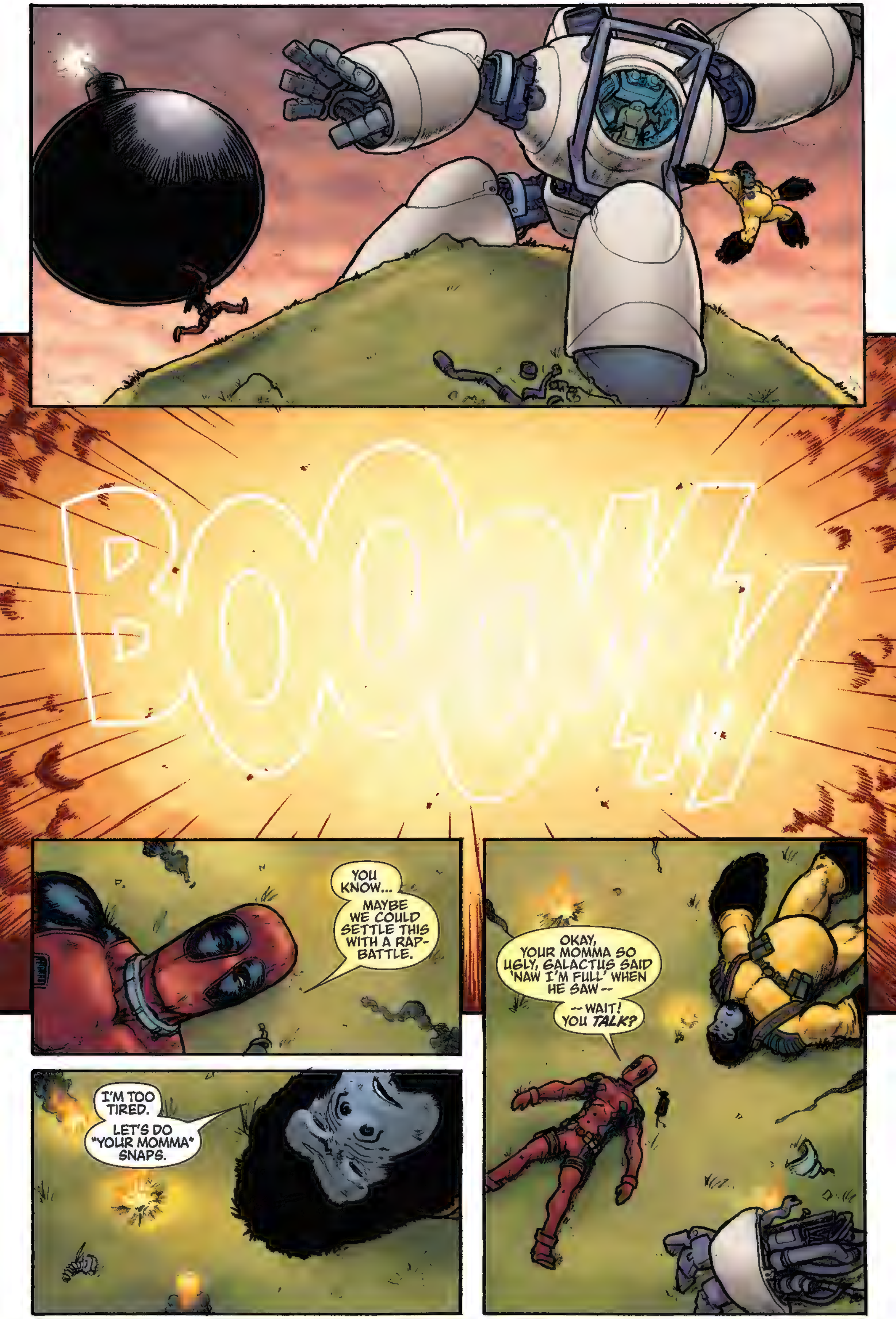

KBLAM
SAY WHAAAAT?
OKAY, THAT WAS PRETTY SWEET--
BRAKAKAKA-KAKAKAKA
--WHOA, BABY!
OKAY MY HOLMES, YOU JUST WENT BACK ON THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST!
ZZEEWWSHH
BWHOOOM

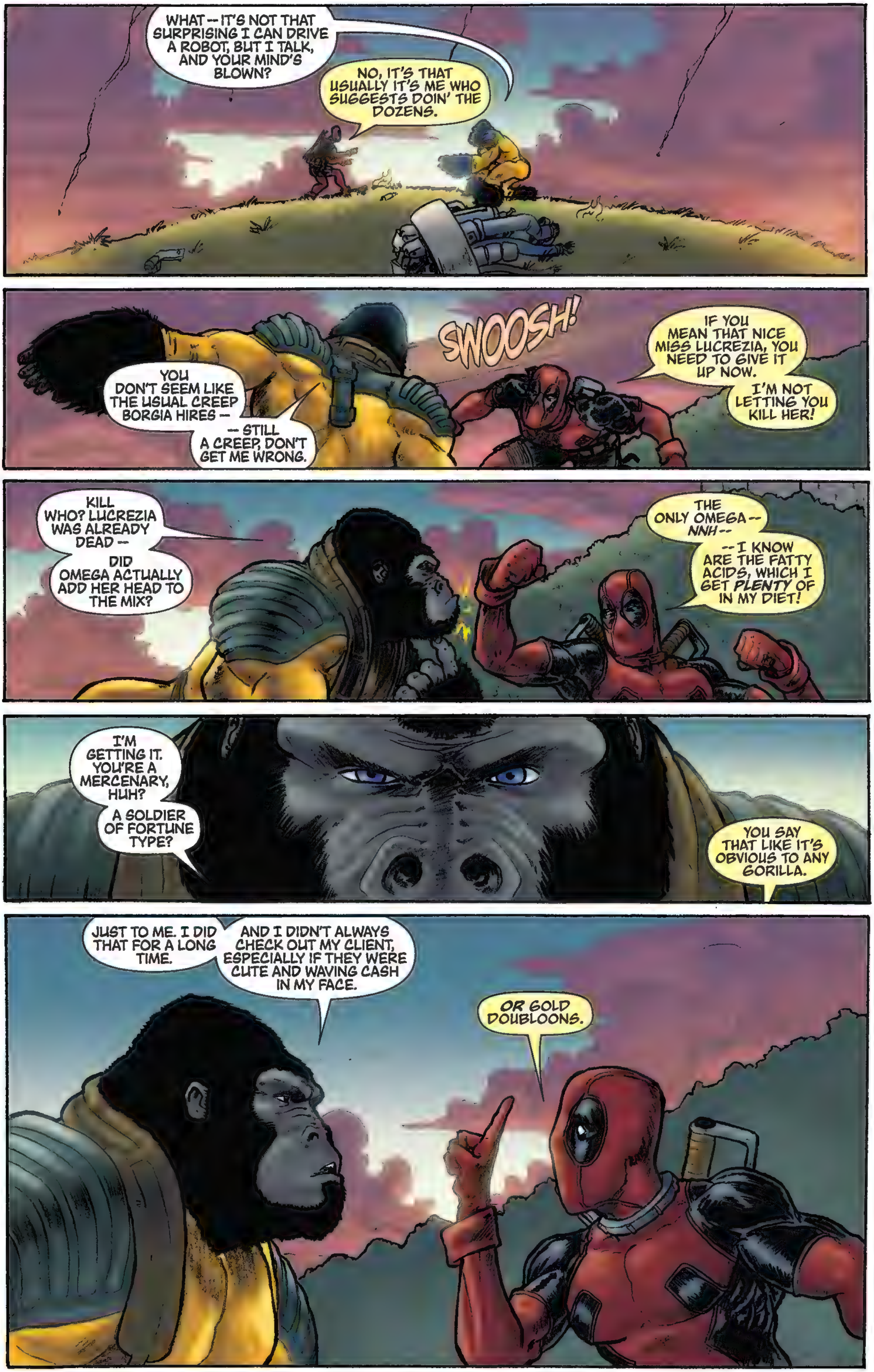

WUFF!!
HMH?
DID I MAKE MY POINT, MIGHTY JOE YOUNG?
WE CAN DO THIS THE HARD WAY, I GOT ALL --
...DAY...
ZEWEWEWEWEWEWE
UH, I THINK THOSE EXTRANEOUS WEAPONS WERE LEFT AROUND FOR *ME*.

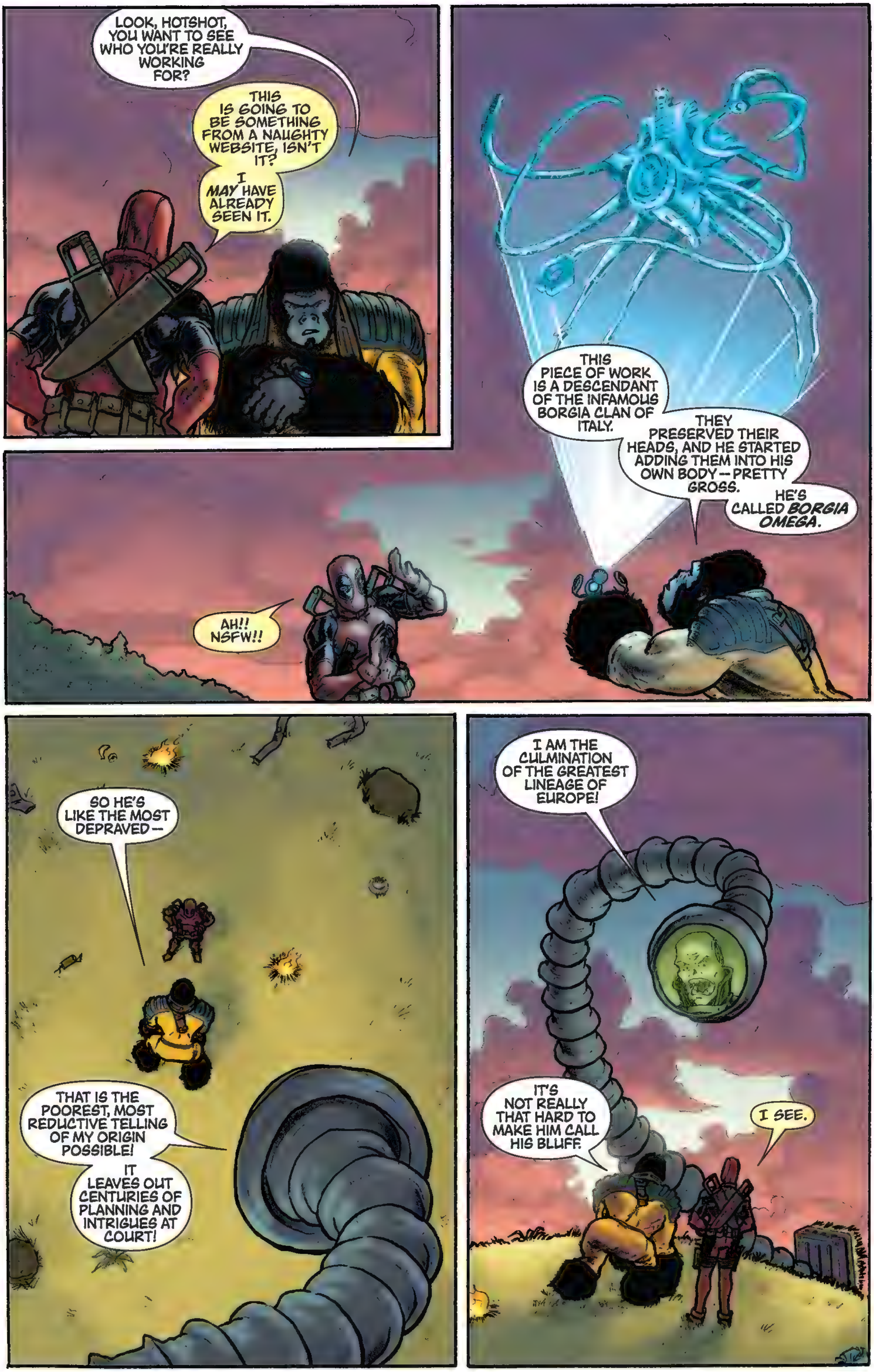

!
VZWIPP
KZZZKT
!?!
SHRKUNNK
SHRAKK

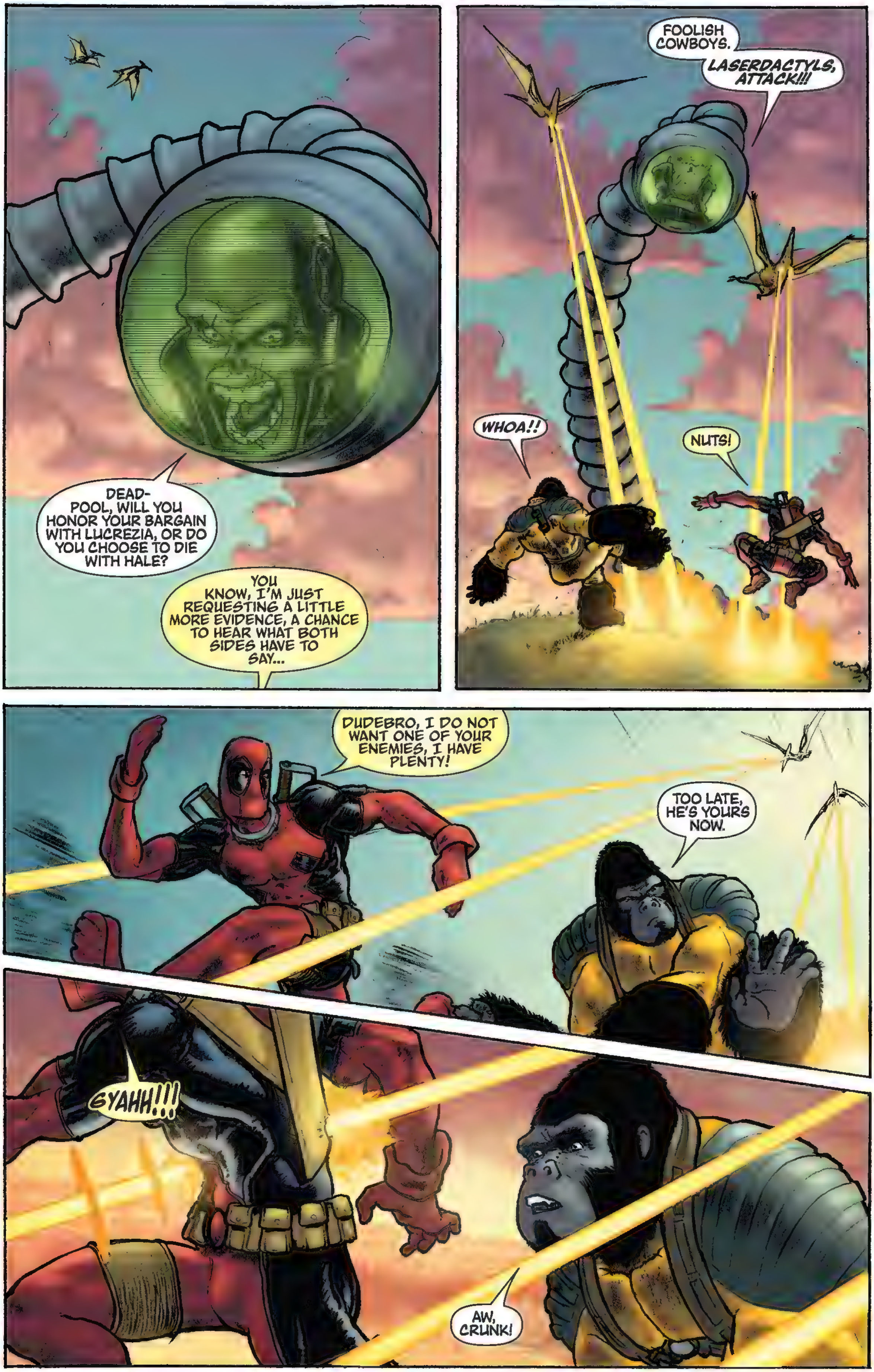

@$#G!
SNIFF SNIFF
KLANK KLANK KLANK KLANK
KAWHOOOMM

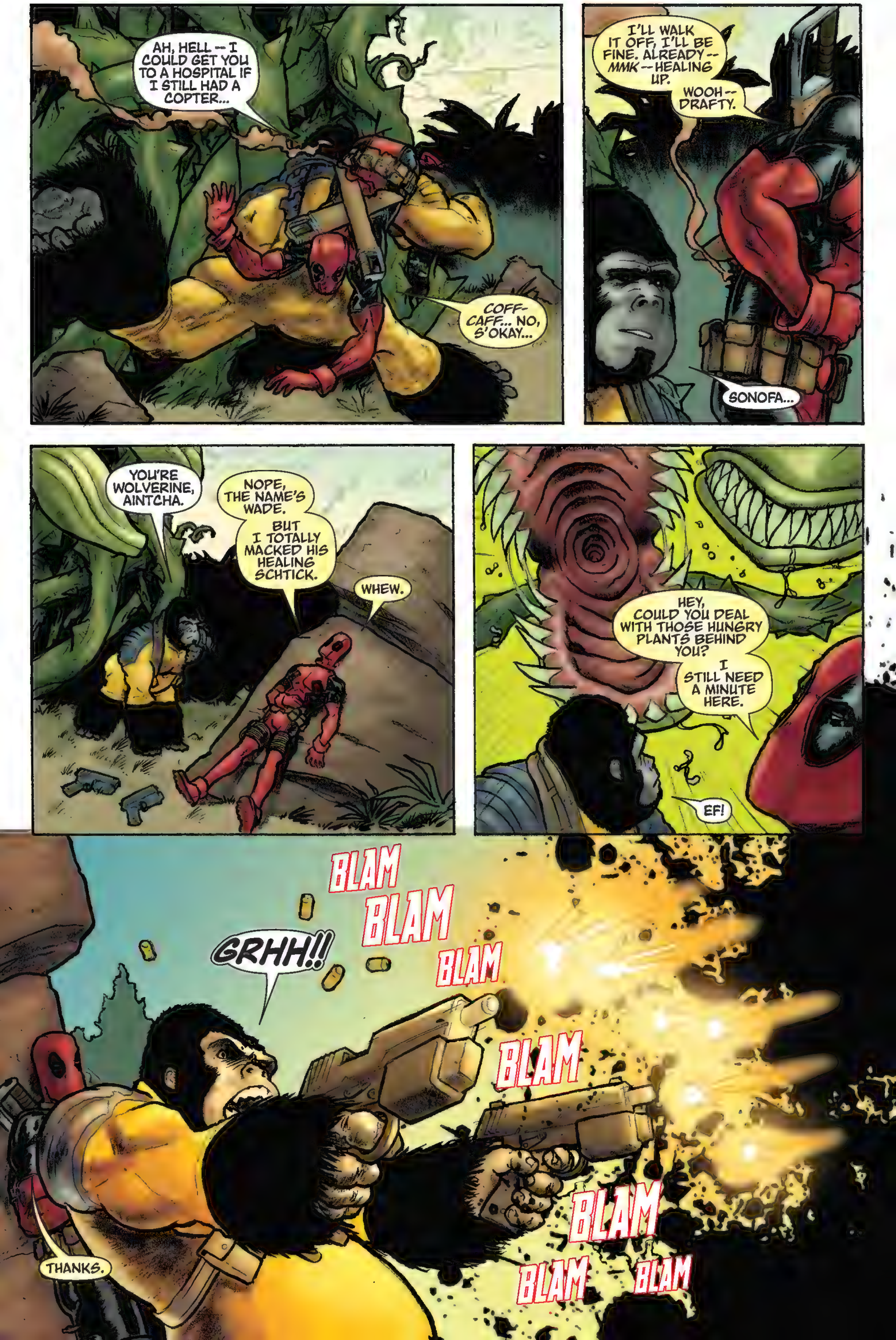

KLANK
KLANK
KLANK
?
KRWHAMMM
HRRUNCH

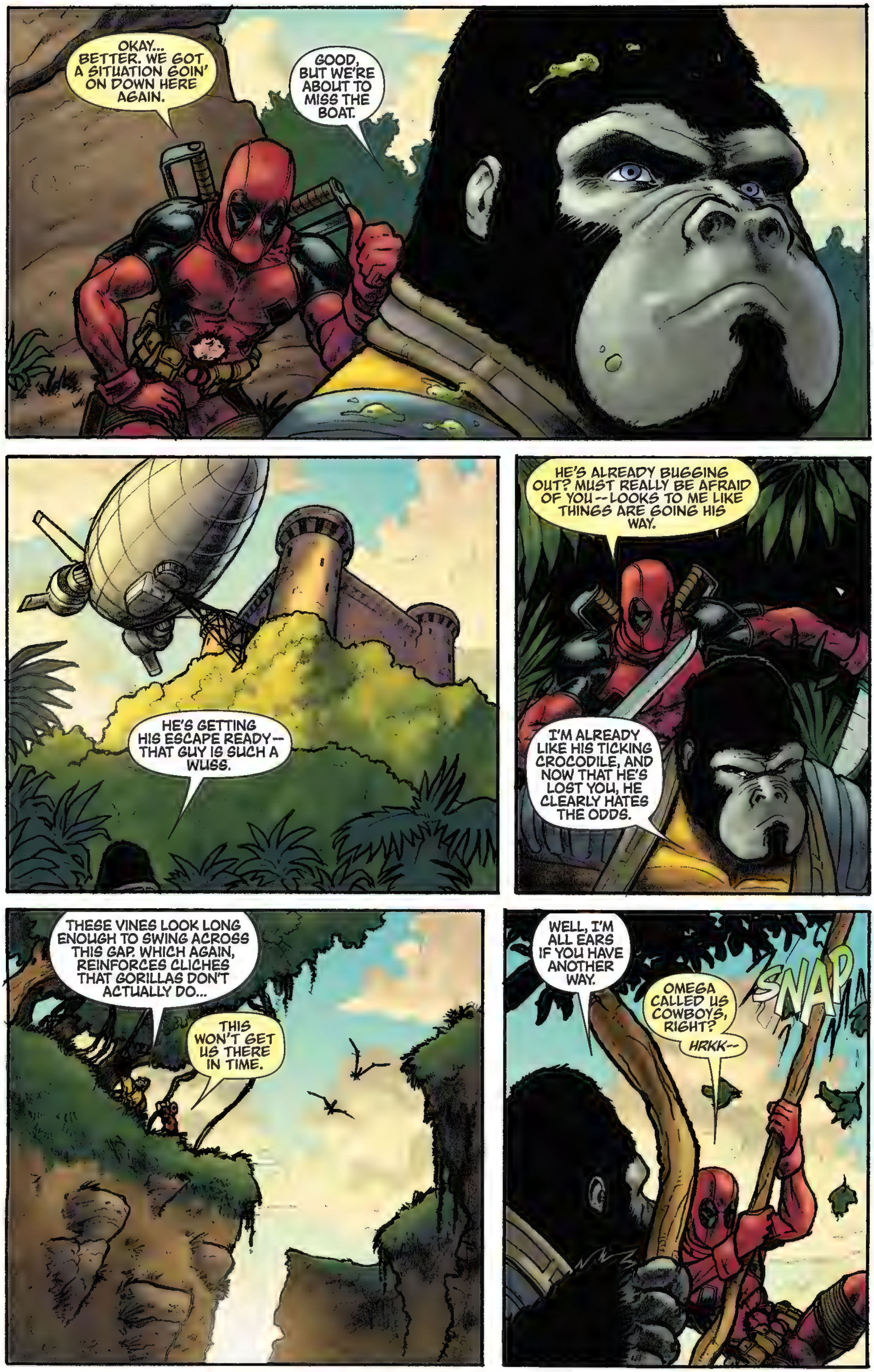

BOOOM!
YOU KNOW... MAYBE WE COULD SETTLE THIS WITH A RAP-BATTLE.
I'M TOO TIRED. LET'S DO "YOUR MOMMA" SNAPS.
OKAY, YOUR MOMMA SO UGLY, GALACTUS SAID 'NAW I'M FULL' WHEN HE SAW --
-- WAIT! YOU *TALK*?

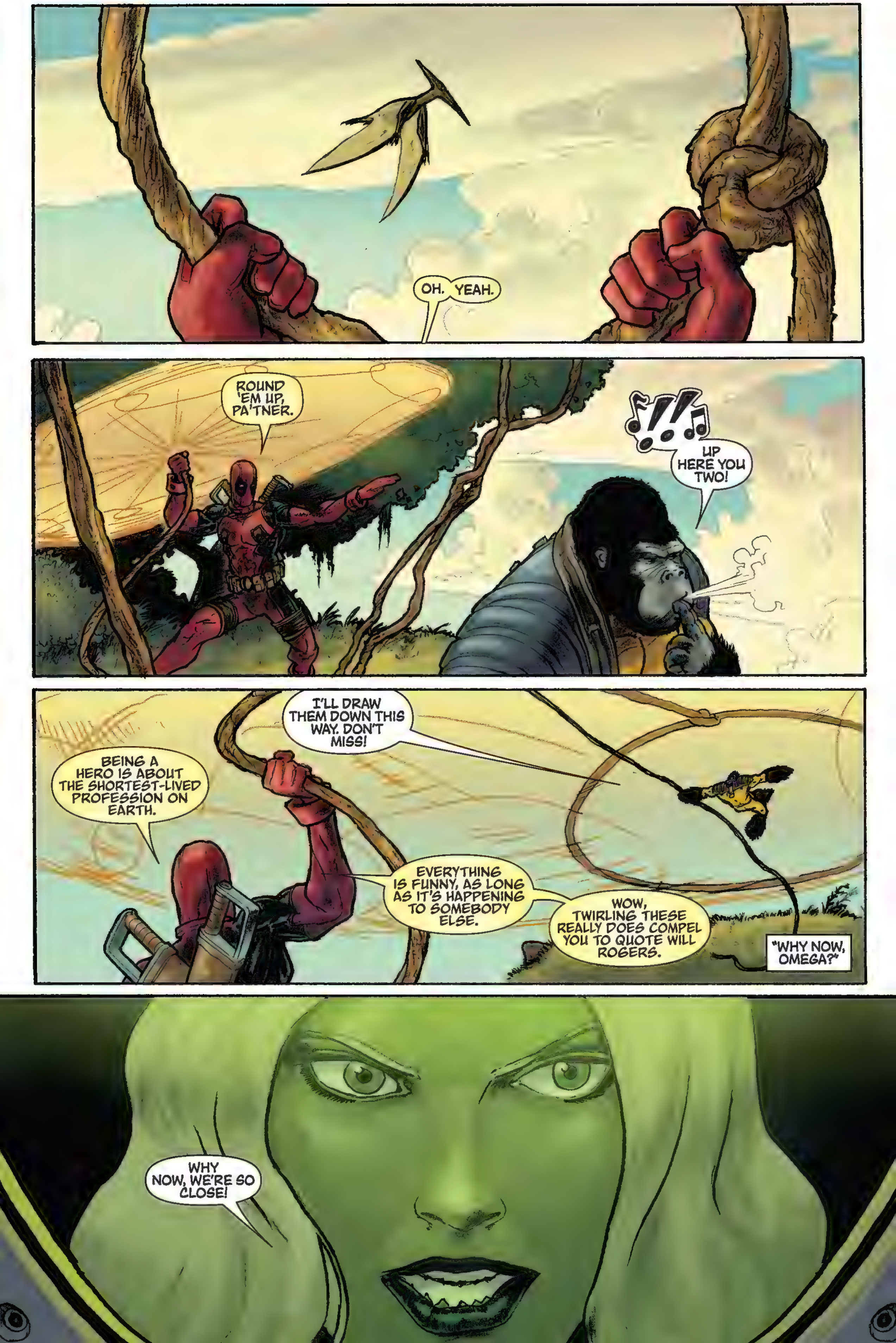

WHAT -- IT'S NOT THAT SURPRISING I CAN DRIVE A ROBOT, BUT I TALK, AND YOUR MIND'S BLOWN?
NO, IT'S THAT USUALLY IT'S ME WHO SUGGESTS DOIN' THE DOZENS.
YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE THE USUAL CREEP BORGIA HIRES --
-- STILL A CREEP, DON'T GET ME WRONG.
SWOOSH!
IF YOU MEAN THAT NICE MISS LUCREZIA, YOU NEED TO GIVE IT UP NOW.
I'M NOT LETTING YOU KILL HER!
KILL WHO? LUCREZIA WAS ALREADY DEAD --
DID OMEGA ACTUALLY ADD HER HEAD TO THE MIX?
THE ONLY OMEGA -- NNH --
-- I KNOW ARE THE FATTY ACIDS, WHICH I GET PLENTY OF IN MY DIET!
I'M GETTING IT. YOU'RE A MERCENARY, HUH?
A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE TYPE?
YOU SAY THAT LIKE IT'S OBVIOUS TO ANY GORILLA.
JUST TO ME. I DID THAT FOR A LONG TIME.
AND I DIDN'T ALWAYS CHECK OUT MY CLIENT, ESPECIALLY IF THEY WERE CUTE AND WAVING CASH IN MY FACE.
OR GOLD DOUBLOONS.

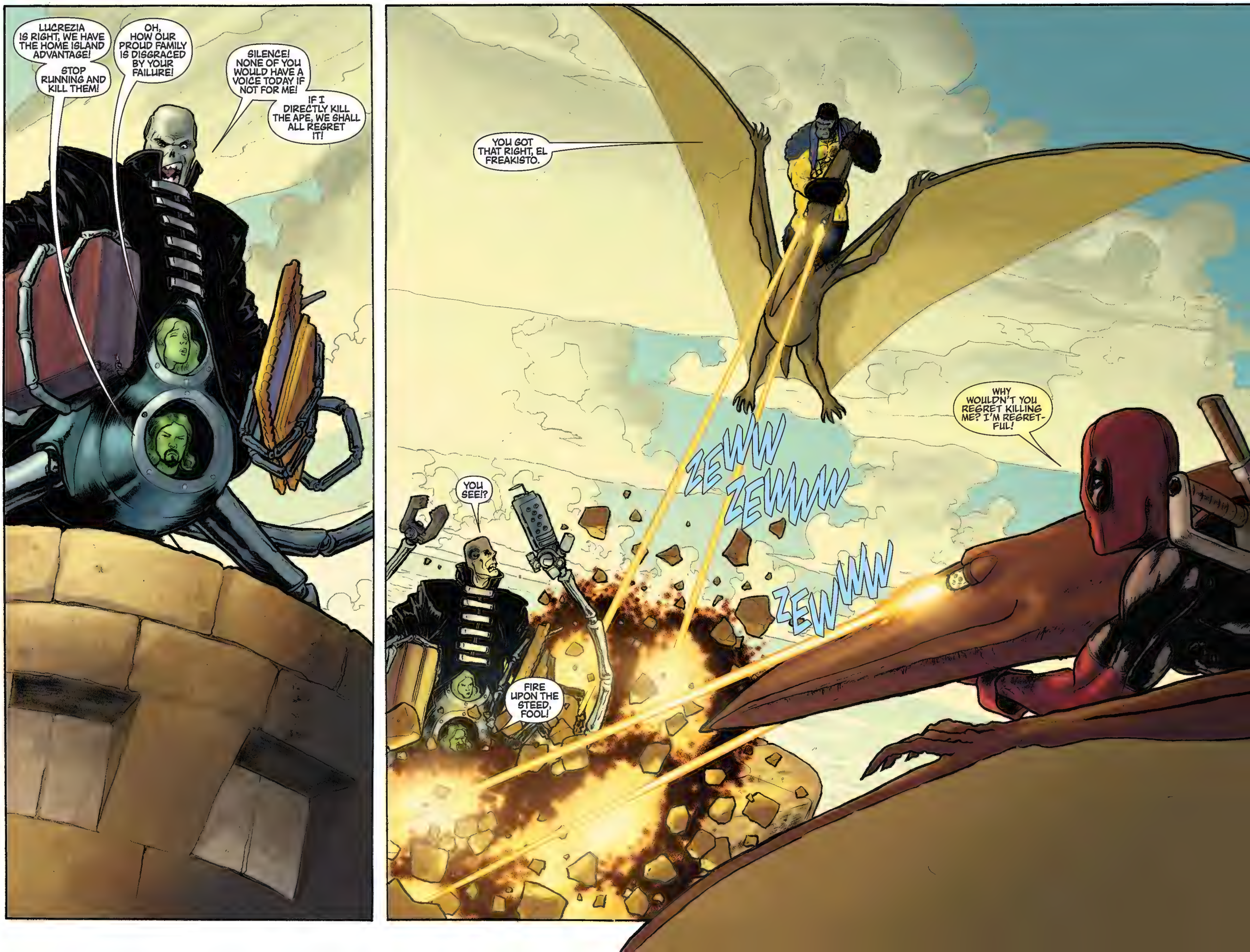

LOOK, HOTSHOT, YOU WANT TO SEE WHO YOU'RE REALLY WORKING FOR?
THIS IS GOING TO BE SOMETHING FROM A NAUGHTY WEBSITE, ISN'T IT?
I *MAY* HAVE ALREADY SEEN IT.
THIS PIECE OF WORK IS A DESCENDANT OF THE INFAMOUS BORGIA CLAN OF ITALY.
THEY PRESERVED THEIR HEADS, AND HE STARTED ADDING THEM INTO HIS OWN BODY -- PRETTY GROSS.
HE'S CALLED *BORGIA OMEGA*.
AH!! NSFW!!
SO HE'S LIKE THE MOST DEPRAVED --
THAT IS THE POOREST, MOST REDUCTIVE TELLING OF MY ORIGIN POSSIBLE!
IT LEAVES OUT CENTURIES OF PLANNING AND INTRIGUES AT COURT!
I AM THE CULMINATION OF THE GREATEST LINEAGE OF EUROPE!
IT'S NOT REALLY THAT HARD TO MAKE HIM CALL HIS BLUFF.
I SEE.

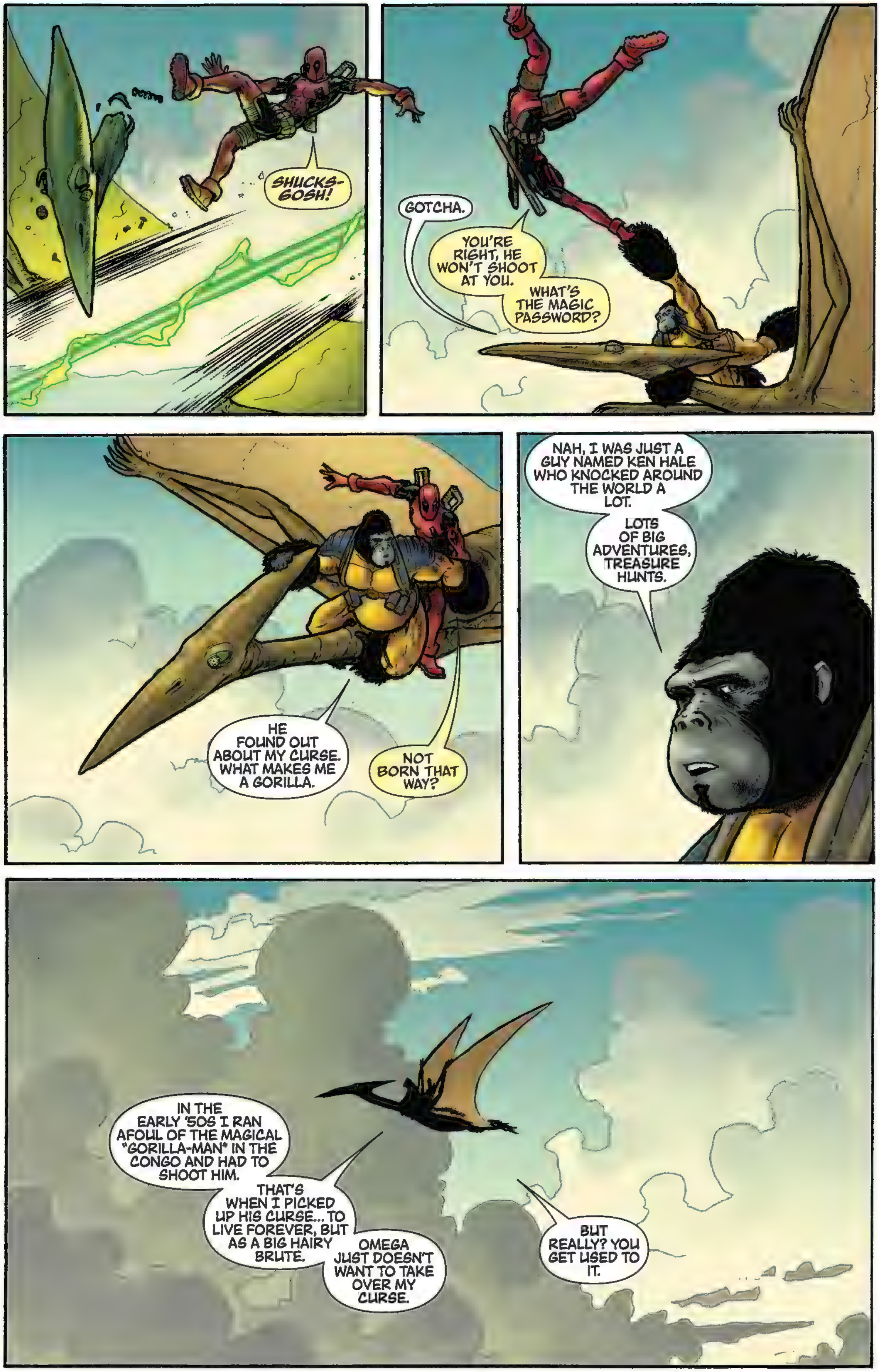

DEAD-POOL, WILL YOU HONOR YOUR BARGAIN WITH LUCREZIA, OR DO YOU CHOOSE TO DIE WITH HALE?
YOU KNOW, I'M JUST REQUESTING A LITTLE MORE EVIDENCE, A CHANCE TO HEAR WHAT BOTH SIDES HAVE TO SAY...
FOOLISH COWBOYS.
LASERDACTYLS, ATTACK!!!
WHOA!!
NUTS!
DUDEBRO, I DO NOT WANT ONE OF YOUR ENEMIES, I HAVE PLENTY!
TOO LATE, HE'S YOURS NOW.
GYAHH!!!
AW, CRUNK!

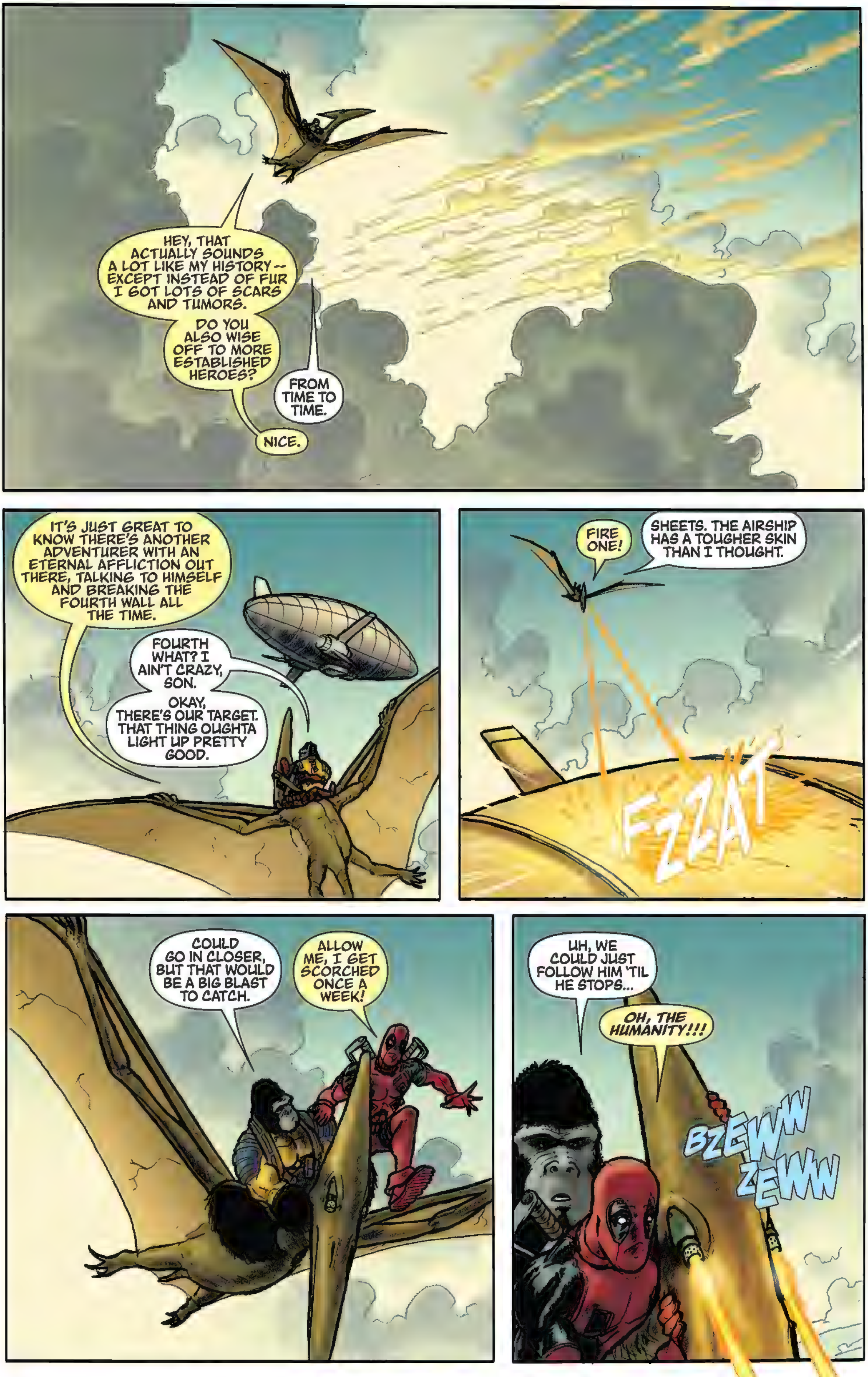

AH, HELL -- I COULD GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL IF I STILL HAD A COPTER...
COFF-CAFF... NO, S'OKAY...
I'LL WALK IT OFF, I'LL BE FINE. ALREADY -- MMK -- HEALING UP.
WOOH -- DRAFTY.
SONOFA...
YOU'RE WOLVERINE, AINTCHA.
NOPE, THE NAME'S WADE.
BUT I TOTALLY MACKED HIS HEALING SCHTICK.
WHEW.
HEY, COULD YOU DEAL WITH THOSE HUNGRY PLANTS BEHIND YOU?
I STILL NEED A MINUTE HERE.
EF!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
GRHH!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THANKS.

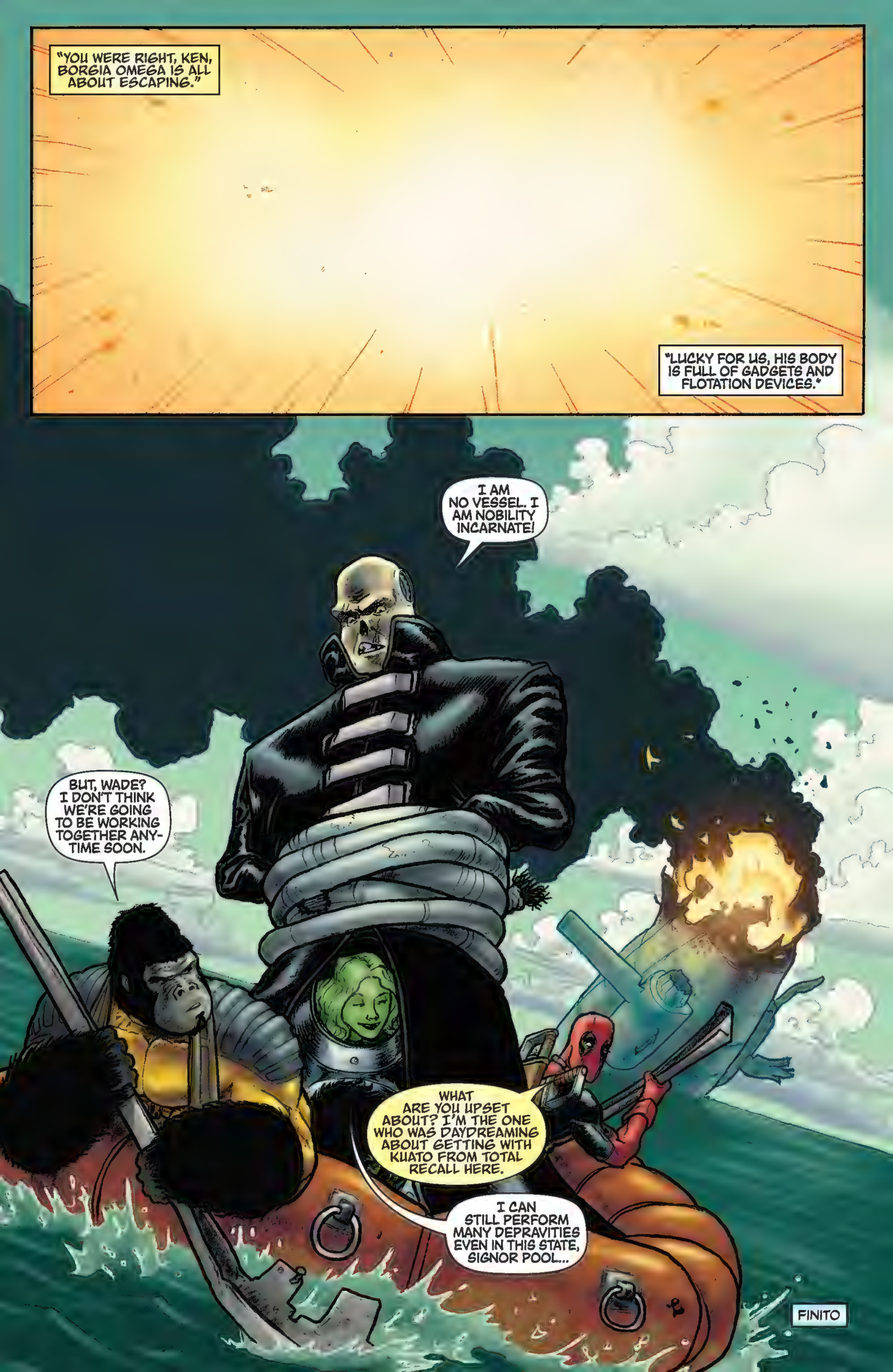

OKAY... BETTER. WE GOT A SITUATION GOIN' ON DOWN HERE AGAIN.
GOOD, BUT WE'RE ABOUT TO MISS THE BOAT.
HE'S GETTING HIS ESCAPE READY-- THAT GUY IS SUCH A WUSS.
HE'S ALREADY BUGGING OUT? MUST REALLY BE AFRAID OF YOU--LOOKS TO ME LIKE THINGS ARE GOING HIS WAY.
I'M ALREADY LIKE HIS TICKING CROCODILE, AND NOW THAT HE'S LOST YOU, HE CLEARLY HATES THE ODDS.
THESE VINES LOOK LONG ENOUGH TO SWING ACROSS THIS GAP. WHICH AGAIN, REINFORCES CLICHES THAT GORILLAS DON'T ACTUALLY DO...
THIS WON'T GET US THERE IN TIME.
WELL, I'M ALL EARS IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER WAY.
OMEGA CALLED US COWBOYS, RIGHT?
SNAP
HRKK--


OH.
YEAH.
ROUND 'EM UP, PA'TNER.
UP HERE YOU TWO!
I'LL DRAW THEM DOWN THIS WAY. DON'T MISS!
BEING A HERO IS ABOUT THE SHORTEST-LIVED PROFESSION ON EARTH.
EVERYTHING IS FUNNY, AS LONG AS IT'S HAPPENING TO SOMEBODY ELSE.
WOW, TWIRLING THESE REALLY DOES COMPEL YOU TO QUOTE WILL ROGERS.
"WHY NOW, OMEGA?"
WHY NOW, WE'RE SO CLOSE!


LUCREZIA IS RIGHT, WE HAVE THE HOME ISLAND ADVANTAGE!
STOP RUNNING AND KILL THEM!
OH, HOW OUR PROUD FAMILY IS DISGRACED BY YOUR FAILURE!
SILENCE! NONE OF YOU WOULD HAVE A VOICE TODAY IF NOT FOR ME!
IF I DIRECTLY KILL THE APE, WE SHALL ALL REGRET IT!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, EL FREAKISTO.
WHY WOULDN'T YOU REGRET KILLING ME? I'M REGRETFUL!
ZEWW
ZEWWW
ZEWWW
YOU SEE!?
FIRE UPON THE STEED, FOOL!


SHUCKS-GOSH!
GOTCHA.
YOU'RE RIGHT, HE WON'T SHOOT AT YOU.
WHAT'S THE MAGIC PASSWORD?
HE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY CURSE. WHAT MAKES ME A GORILLA.
NOT BORN THAT WAY?
NAH, I WAS JUST A GUY NAMED KEN HALE WHO KNOCKED AROUND THE WORLD A LOT.
LOTS OF BIG ADVENTURES, TREASURE HUNTS.
IN THE EARLY '50S I RAN AFOUL OF THE MAGICAL "GORILLA-MAN" IN THE CONGO AND HAD TO SHOOT HIM.
THAT'S WHEN I PICKED UP HIS CURSE... TO LIVE FOREVER, BUT AS A BIG HAIRY BRUTE.
OMEGA JUST DOESN'T WANT TO TAKE OVER MY CURSE.
BUT REALLY? YOU GET USED TO IT.


HEY, THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS A LOT LIKE MY HISTORY -- EXCEPT INSTEAD OF FUR I GOT LOTS OF SCARS AND TUMORS.
DO YOU ALSO WISE OFF TO MORE ESTABLISHED HEROES?
FROM TIME TO TIME.
NICE.
IT'S JUST GREAT TO KNOW THERE'S ANOTHER ADVENTURER WITH AN ETERNAL AFFLICTION OUT THERE, TALKING TO HIMSELF AND BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL ALL THE TIME.
FOURTH WHAT? I AIN'T CRAZY, SON.
OKAY, THERE'S OUR TARGET. THAT THING OUGHTA LIGHT UP PRETTY GOOD.
FIRE ONE!
SHEETS. THE AIRSHIP HAS A TOUGHER SKIN THAN I THOUGHT.
FZZAT
COULD GO IN CLOSER, BUT THAT WOULD BE A BIG BLAST TO CATCH.
ALLOW ME, I GET SCORCHED ONCE A WEEK!
UH, WE COULD JUST FOLLOW HIM 'TIL HE STOPS...
OH, THE HUMANITY!!!
BZEWW ZEWW

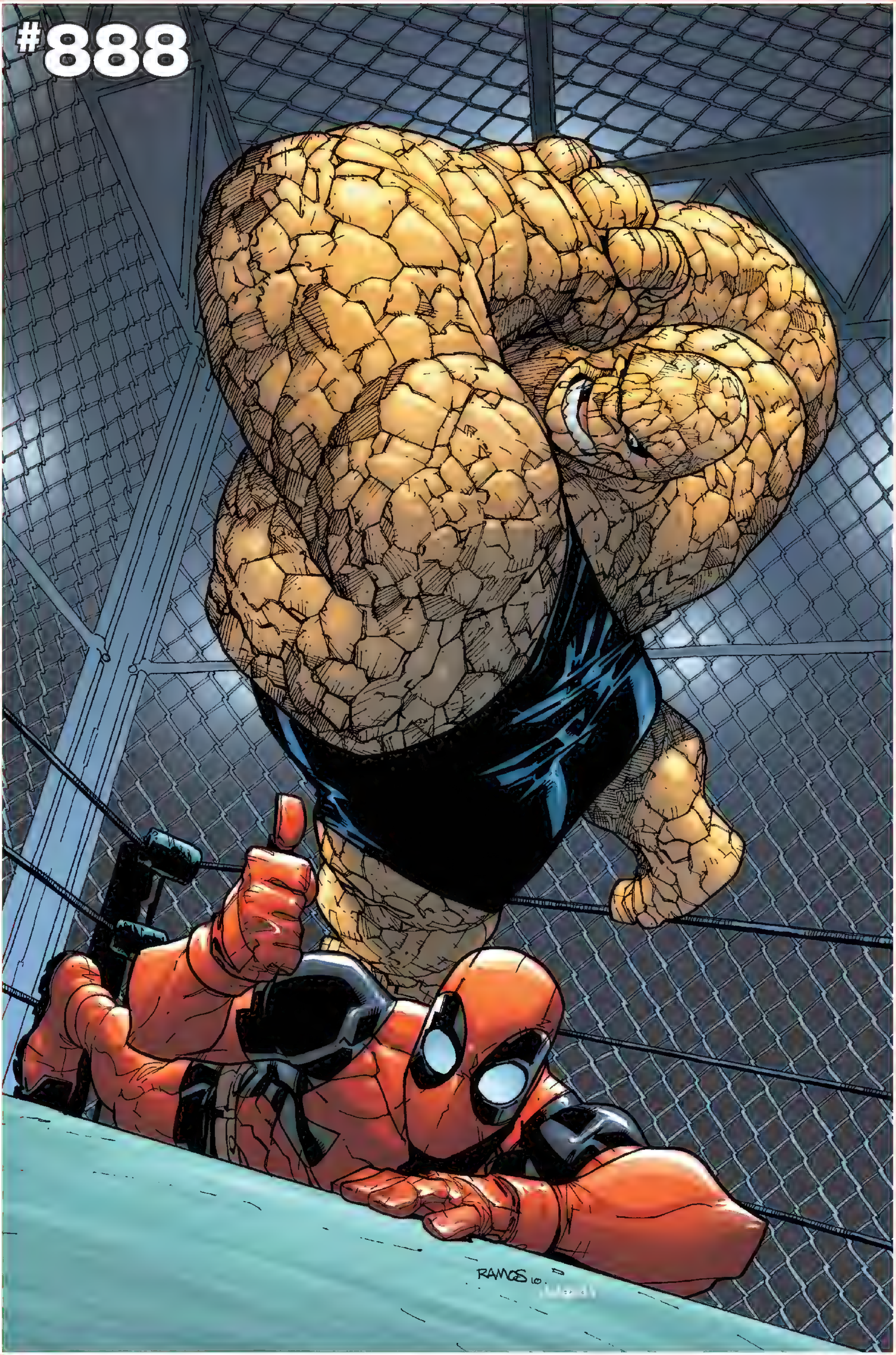

"YOU WERE RIGHT, KEN, BORGIA OMEGA IS ALL ABOUT ESCAPING."
"LUCKY FOR US, HIS BODY IS FULL OF GADGETS AND FLOTATION DEVICES."
I AM NO VESSEL. I AM NOBILITY INCARNATE!
BUT, WADE? I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO BE WORKING TOGETHER ANY-TIME SOON.
WHAT ARE YOU UPSET ABOUT? I'M THE ONE WHO WAS DAYDREAMING ABOUT GETTING WITH KUATO FROM TOTAL RECALL HERE.
I CAN STILL PERFORM MANY DEPRAVITIES EVEN IN THIS STATE, SIGNOR POOL...
FINITO

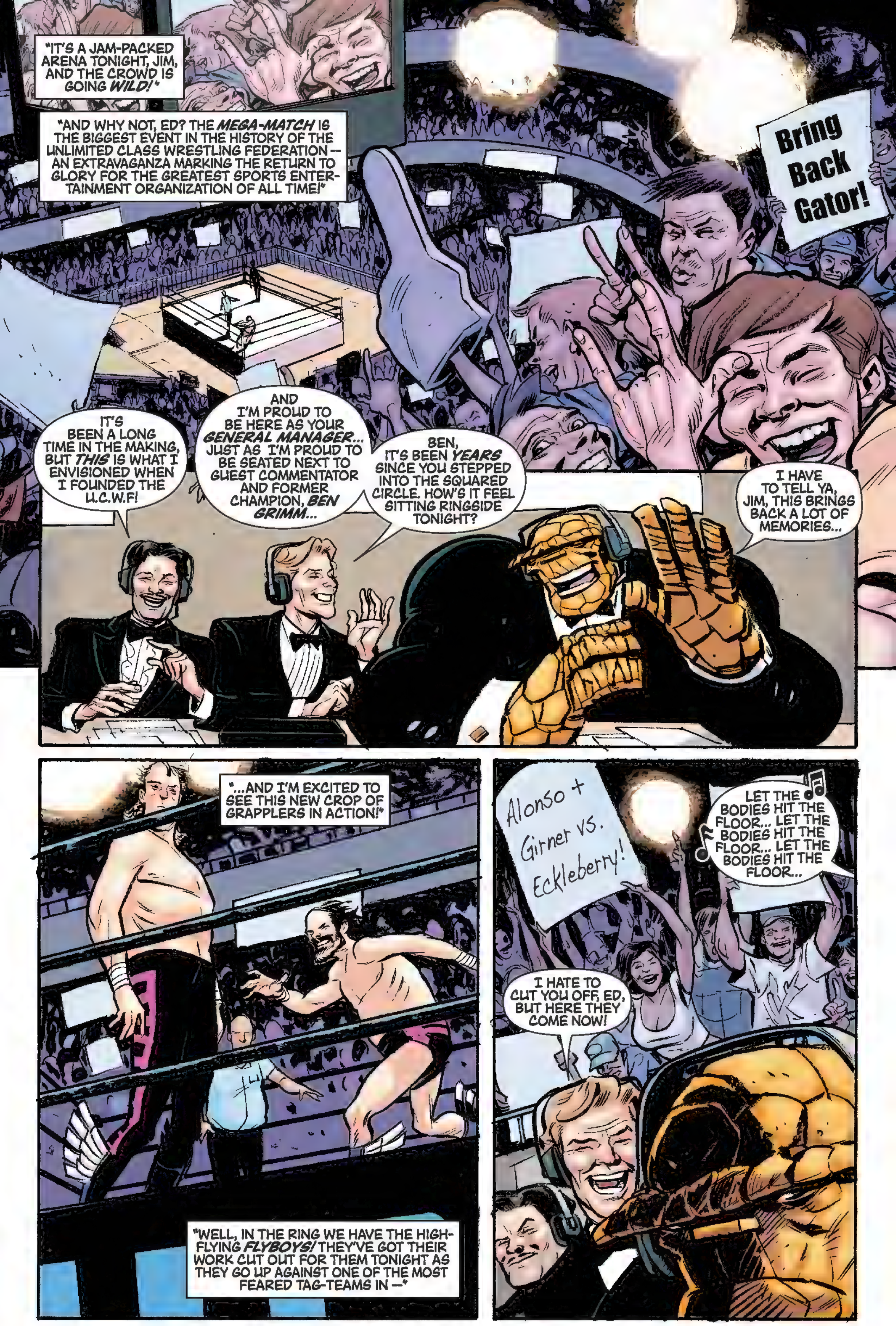
DEADPOOL TEAM-UP

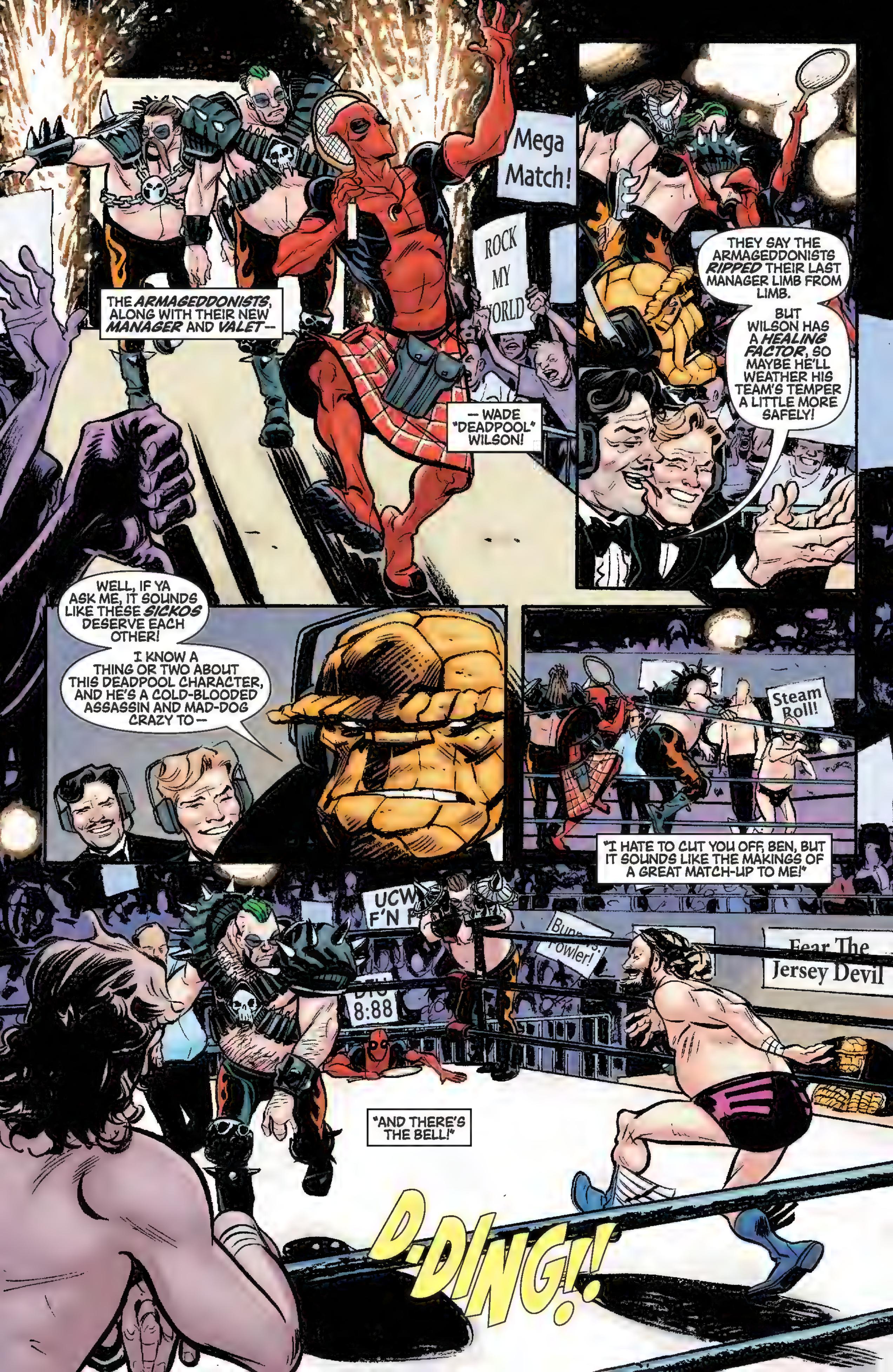
#893 HEROIC AGE VARIANT

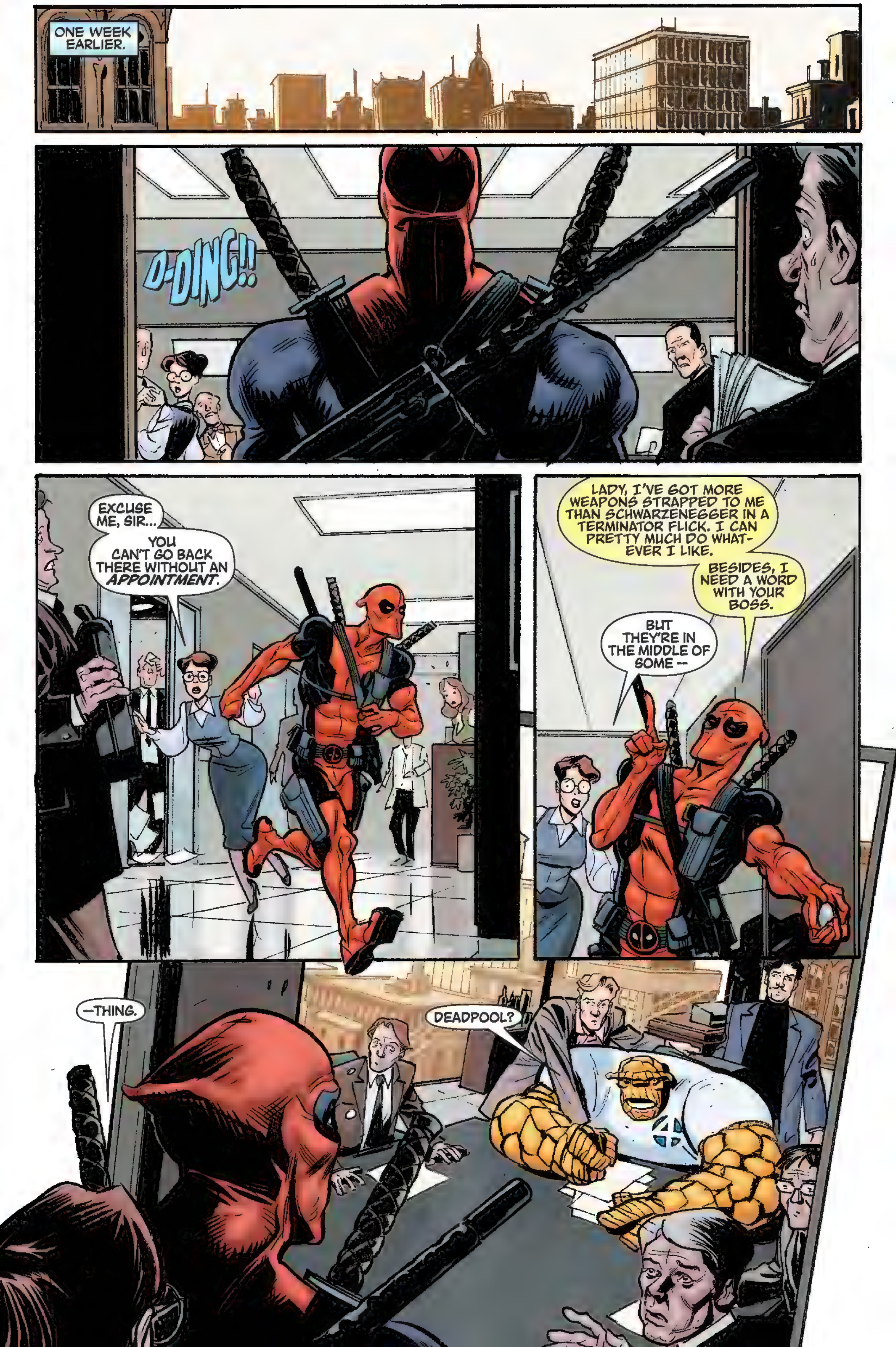
by Christian Nauck

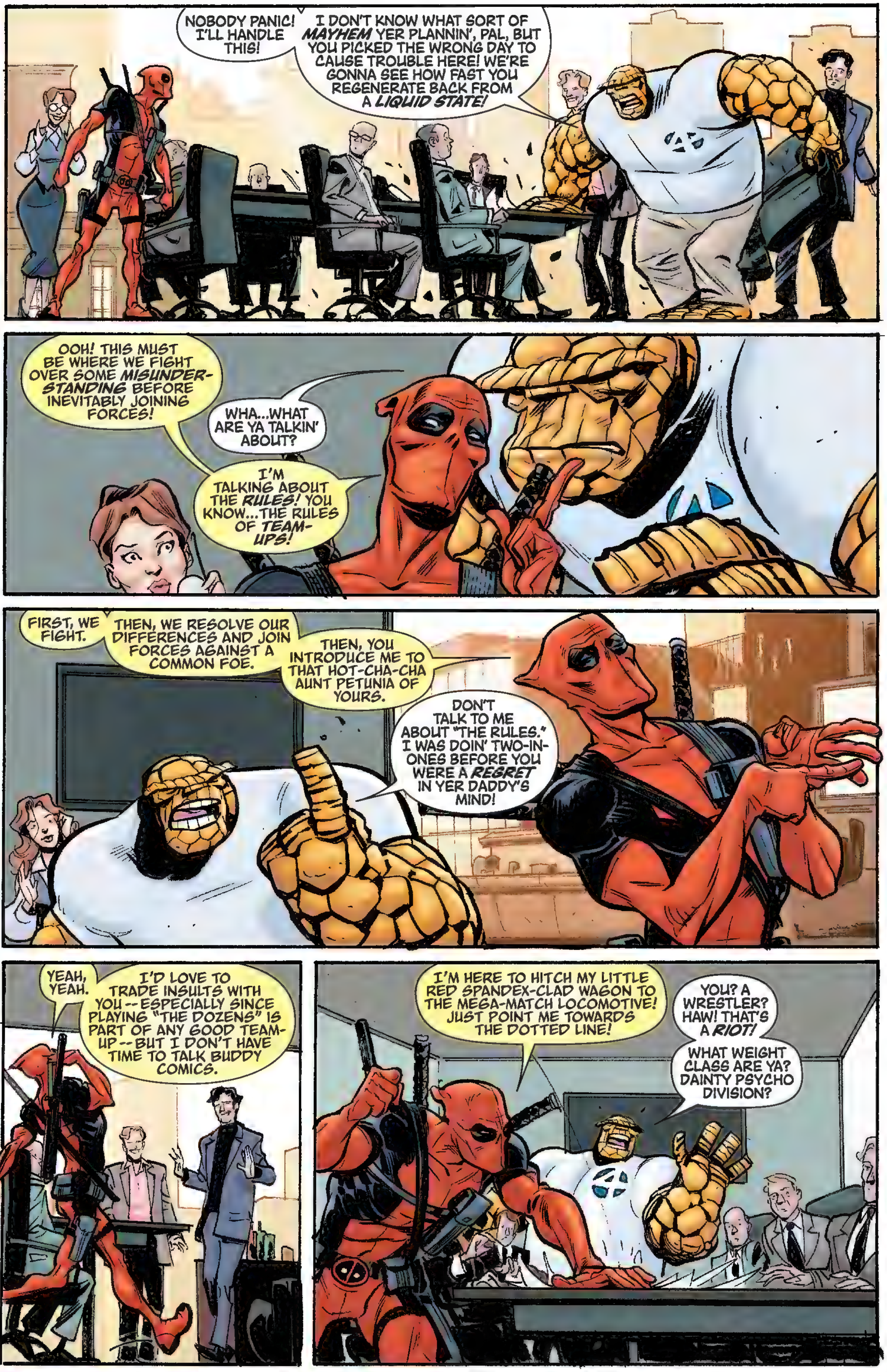
#888

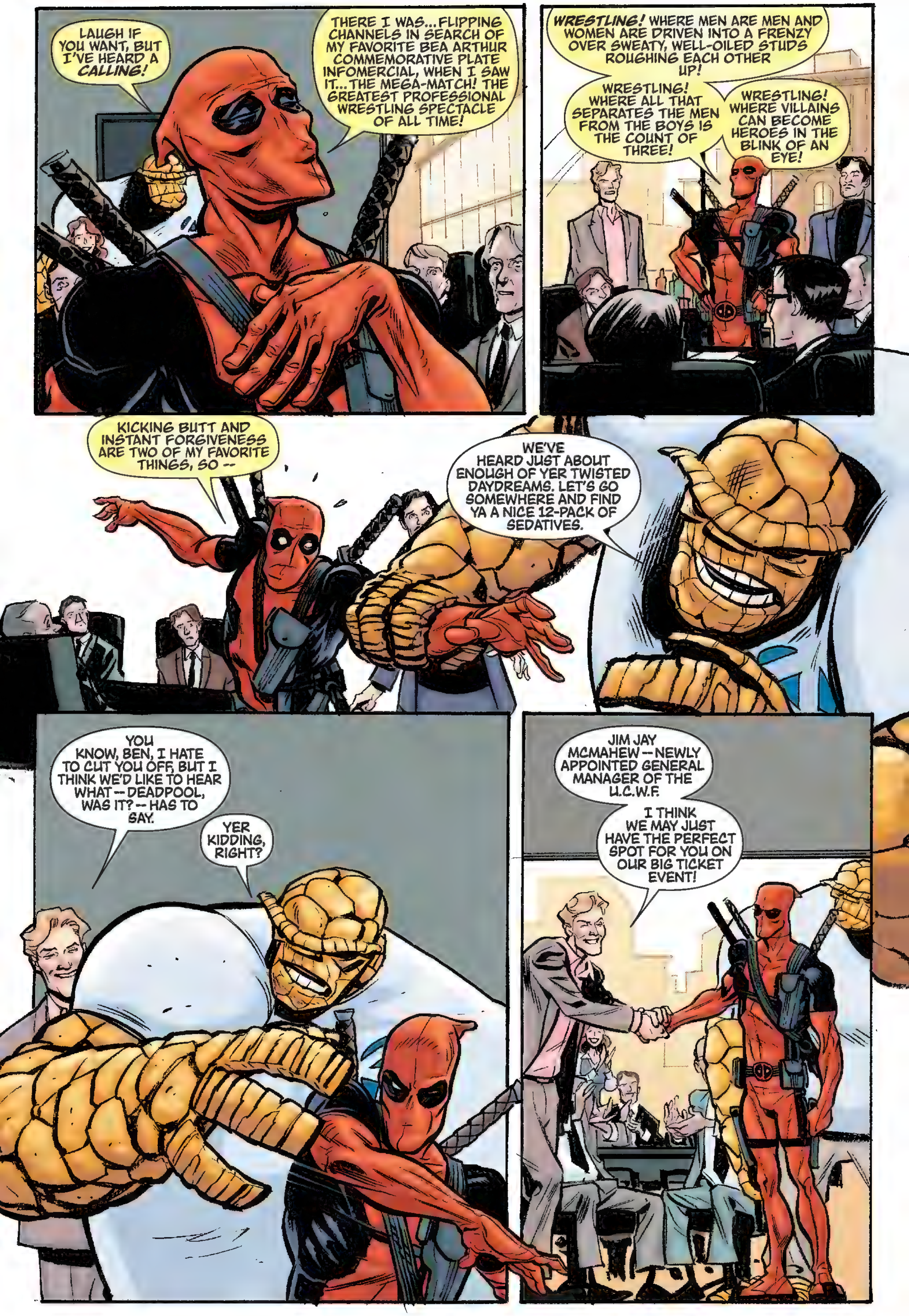


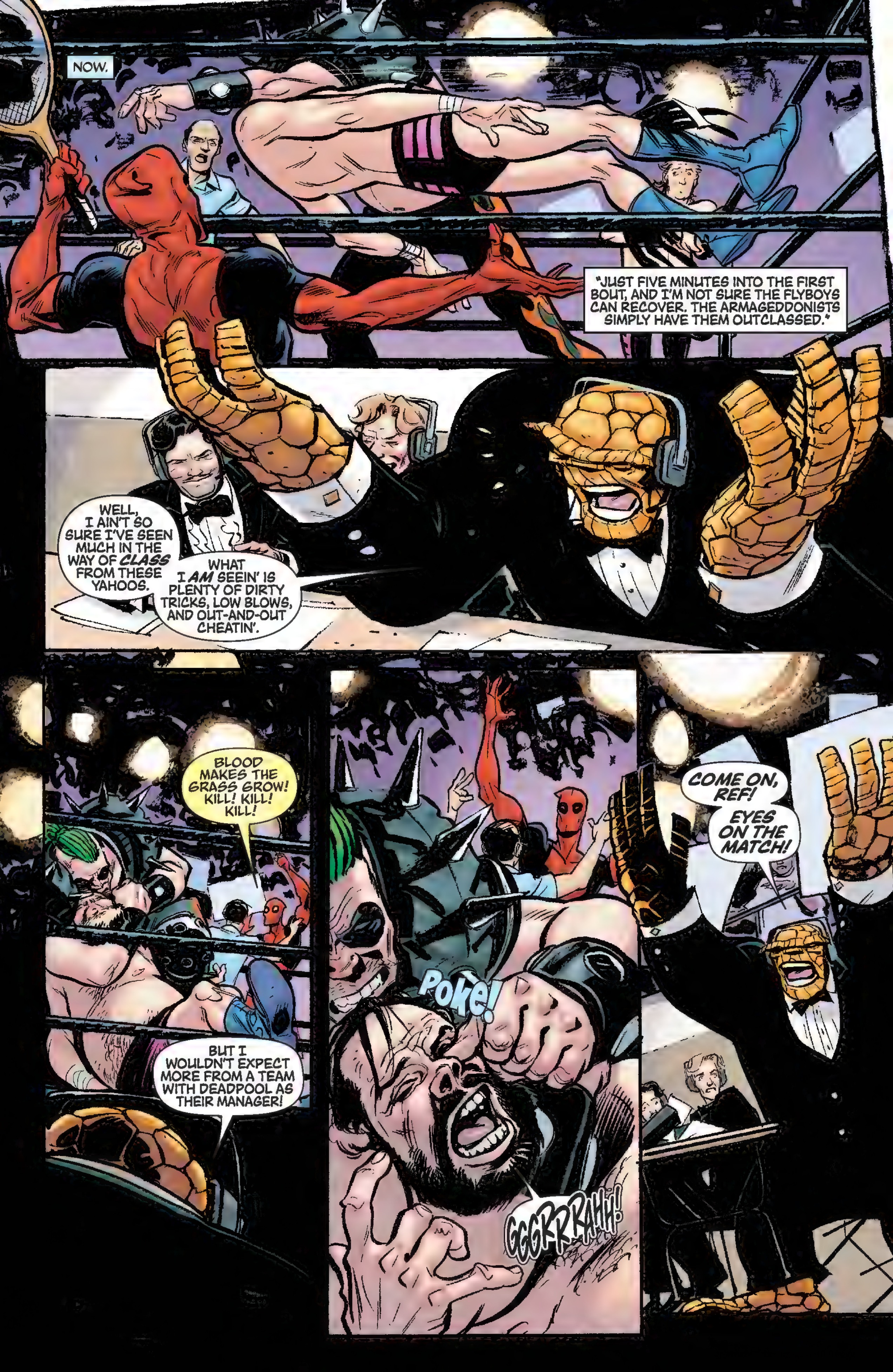

"IT'S A JAM-PACKED ARENA TONIGHT, JIM, AND THE CROWD IS GOING *WILD!*"
"AND WHY NOT, ED? THE *MEGA-MATCH* IS THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNLIMITED CLASS WRESTLING FEDERATION -- AN EXTRAVAGANZA MARKING THE RETURN TO GLORY FOR THE GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT ORGANIZATION OF ALL TIME!"
Bring Back Gator!
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME IN THE MAKING, BUT *THIS* IS WHAT I ENVISIONED WHEN I FOUNDED THE U.C.W.F!
AND I'M PROUD TO BE HERE AS YOUR *GENERAL MANAGER*... JUST AS I'M PROUD TO BE SEATED NEXT TO GUEST COMMENTATOR AND FORMER CHAMPION, *BEN GRIMM*...
BEN, IT'S BEEN *YEARS* SINCE YOU STEPPED INTO THE SQUARED CIRCLE. HOW'S IT FEEL SITTING RINGSIDE TONIGHT?
I HAVE TO TELL YA, JIM, THIS BRINGS BACK A LOT OF MEMORIES...
"...AND I'M EXCITED TO SEE THIS NEW CROP OF GRAPPLERS IN ACTION!"
"WELL, IN THE RING WE HAVE THE HIGH-FLYING *FLYBOYS!* THEY'VE GOT THEIR WORK CUT OUT FOR THEM TONIGHT AS THEY GO UP AGAINST ONE OF THE MOST FEARED TAG-TEAMS IN --"
Alonso + Girner vs. Eckleberry!
LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR... LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR... LET THE BODIES HIT THE FLOOR...
I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, ED, BUT HERE THEY COME NOW!

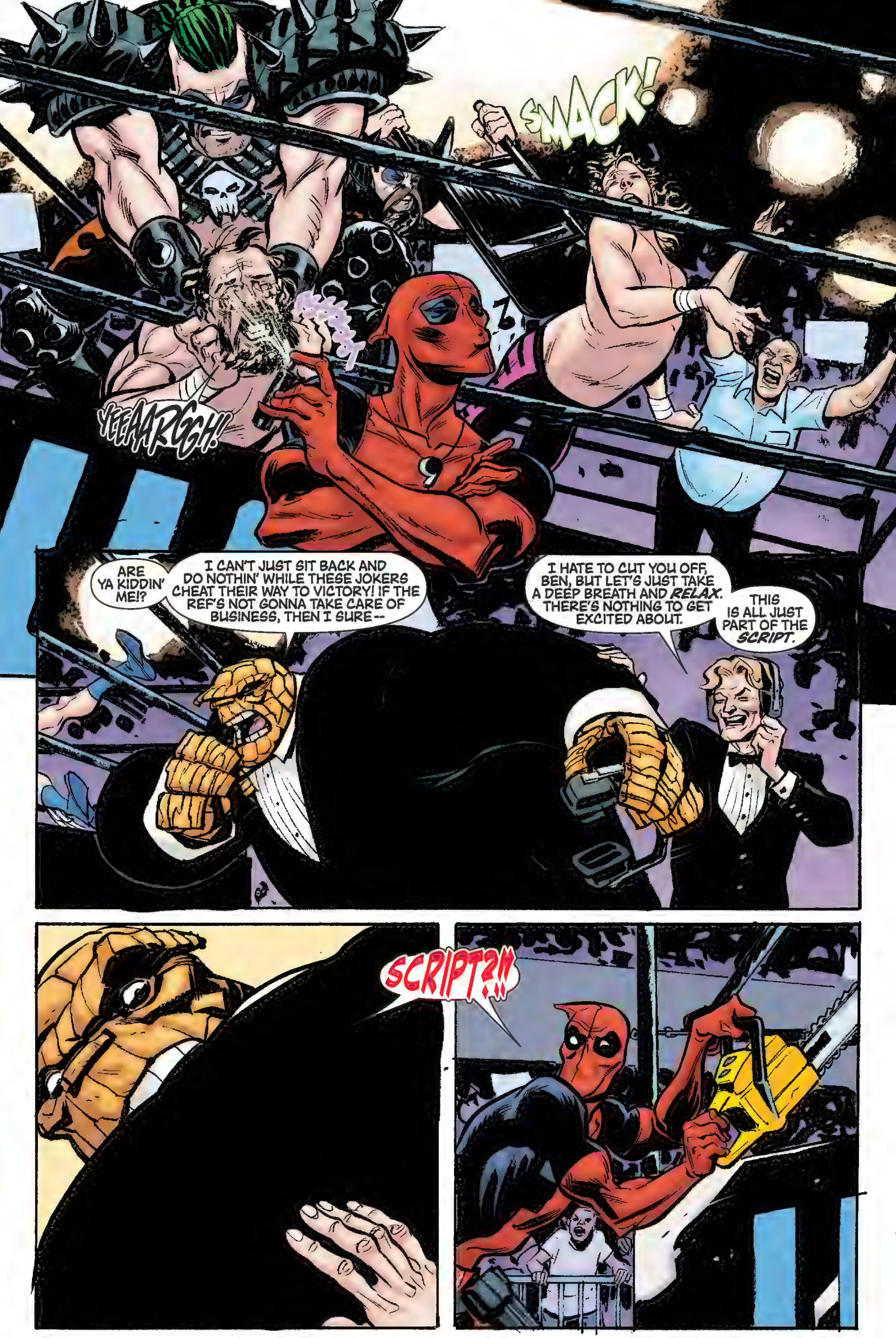

THE *ARMAGEDDONISTS*, ALONG WITH THEIR NEW *MANAGER* AND *VALET*--
Mega Match!
ROCK MY WORLD
-- WADE "DEADPOOL" WILSON!
THEY SAY THE ARMAGEDDONISTS *RIPPED* THEIR LAST MANAGER LIMB FROM LIMB.
BUT WILSON HAS A *HEALING FACTOR*, SO MAYBE HE'LL WEATHER HIS TEAM'S TEMPER A LITTLE MORE SAFELY!
WELL, IF YA ASK ME, IT SOUNDS LIKE THESE *SICKOS* DESERVE EACH OTHER!
I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT THIS DEADPOOL CHARACTER, AND HE'S A COLD-BLOODED ASSASSIN AND MAD-DOG CRAZY TO --
Steam Roll!
"I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, BEN, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT MATCH-UP TO ME!"
UCW F'N F
8:88
Fowler!
Fear The Jersey Devil
"AND THERE'S THE BELL!"
D-DING!!

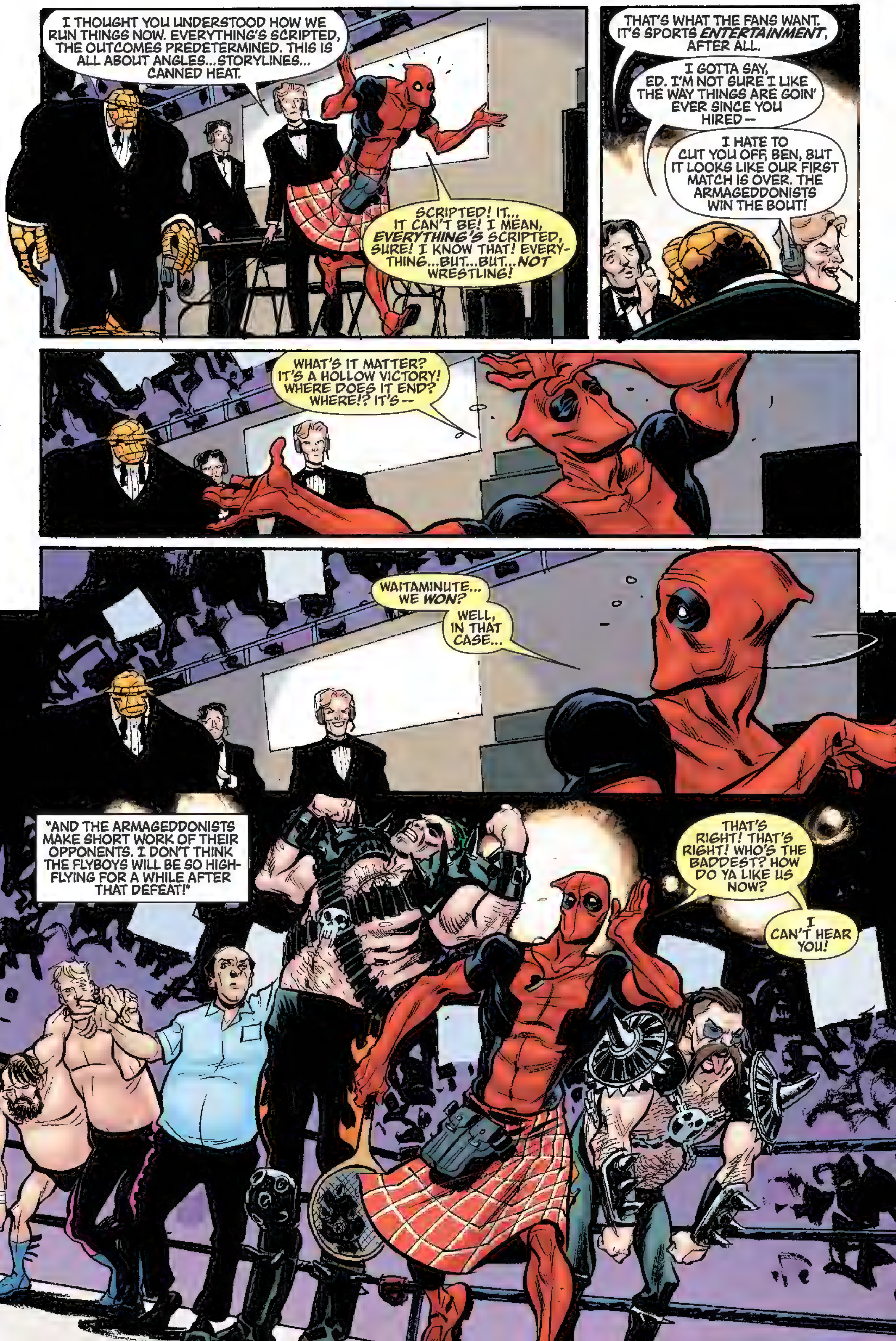

ONE WEEK EARLIER.
D-DING!!
EXCUSE ME, SIR...
YOU CAN'T GO BACK THERE WITHOUT AN *APPOINTMENT*.
LADY, I'VE GOT MORE WEAPONS STRAPPED TO ME THAN SCHWARZENEGGER IN A TERMINATOR FLICK. I CAN PRETTY MUCH DO WHATEVER I LIKE.
BESIDES, I NEED A WORD WITH YOUR BOSS.
BUT THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME --
--THING.
DEADPOOL?

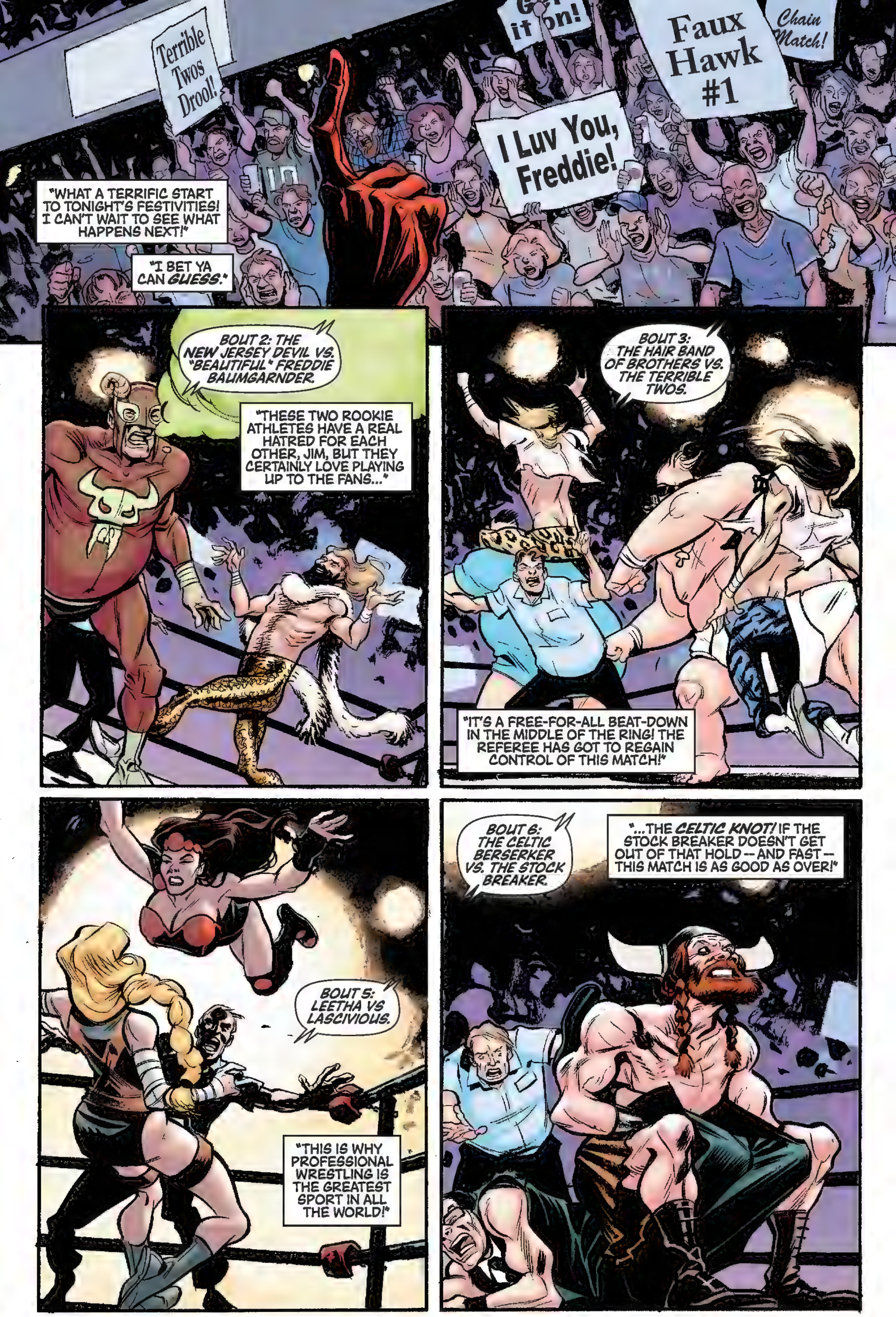

NOBODY PANIC! I'LL HANDLE THIS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF *MAYHEM* YER PLANNIN', PAL, BUT YOU PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO CAUSE TROUBLE HERE! WE'RE GONNA SEE HOW FAST YOU REGENERATE BACK FROM A *LIQUID STATE!*
OOH! THIS MUST BE WHERE WE FIGHT OVER SOME *MISUNDERSTANDING* BEFORE INEVITABLY JOINING FORCES!
WHA...WHAT ARE YA TALKIN' ABOUT?
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE *RULES!* YOU KNOW...THE RULES OF *TEAM-UPS!*
FIRST, WE FIGHT.
THEN, WE RESOLVE OUR DIFFERENCES AND JOIN FORCES AGAINST A COMMON FOE.
THEN, YOU INTRODUCE ME TO THAT HOT-CHA-CHA AUNT PETUNIA OF YOURS.
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT "THE RULES." I WAS DOIN' TWO-IN-ONES BEFORE YOU WERE A *REGRET* IN YER DADDY'S MIND!
YEAH, YEAH.
I'D LOVE TO TRADE INSULTS WITH YOU--ESPECIALLY SINCE PLAYING "THE DOZENS" IS PART OF ANY GOOD TEAM-UP--BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK BUDDY COMICS.
I'M HERE TO HITCH MY LITTLE RED SPANDEX-CLAD WAGON TO THE MEGA-MATCH LOCOMOTIVE! JUST POINT ME TOWARDS THE DOTTED LINE!
YOU? A WRESTLER? HAW! THAT'S A *RIOT!*
WHAT WEIGHT CLASS ARE YA? DAINTY PSYCHO DIVISION?

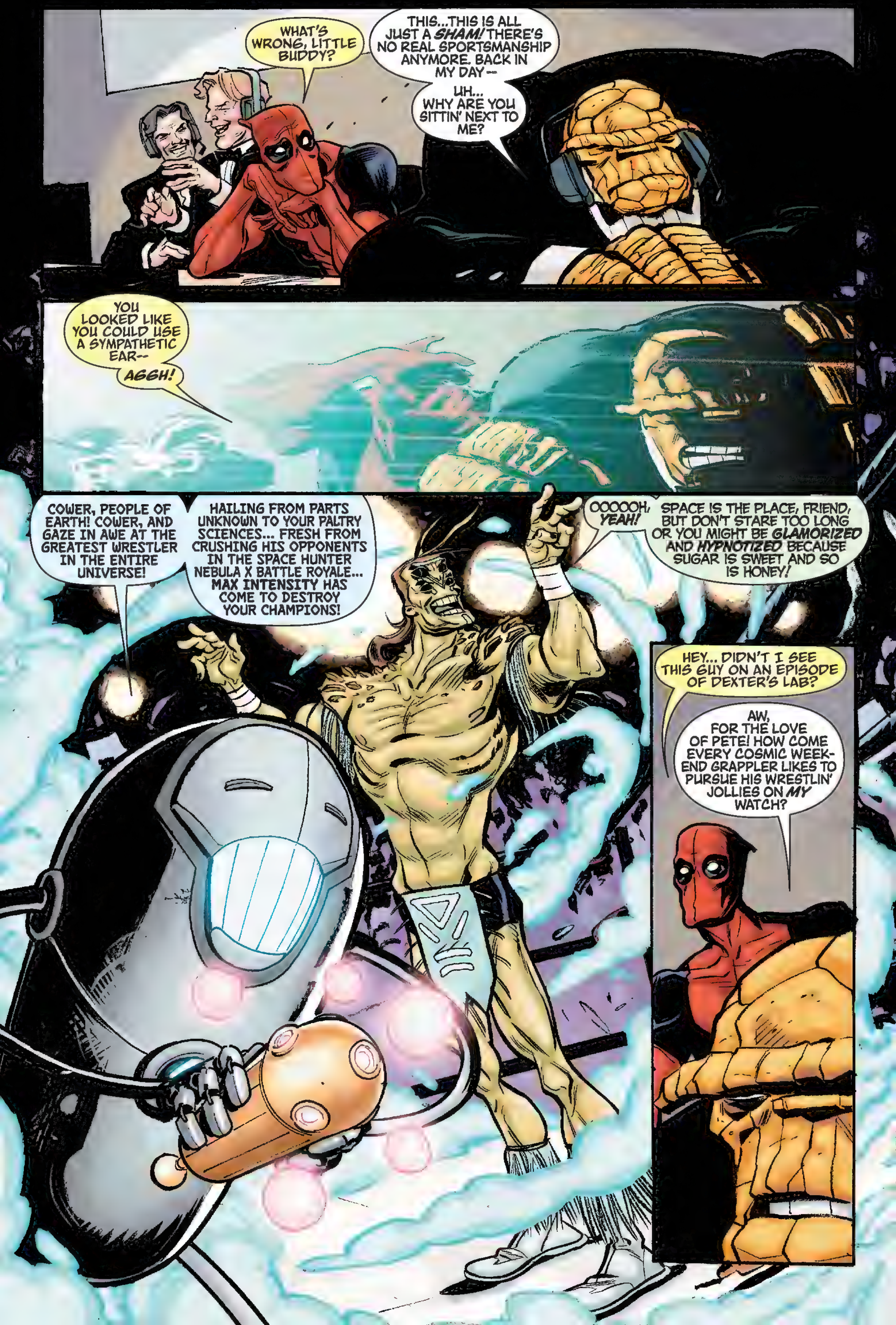

LAUGH IF YOU WANT, BUT I'VE HEARD A *CALLING!*
THERE I WAS...FLIPPING CHANNELS IN SEARCH OF MY FAVORITE BEA ARTHUR COMMEMORATIVE PLATE INFOMERCIAL, WHEN I SAW IT...THE MEGA-MATCH! THE GREATEST PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING SPECTACLE OF ALL TIME!
WRESTLING! WHERE MEN ARE MEN AND WOMEN ARE DRIVEN INTO A FRENZY OVER SWEATY, WELL-OILED STUDS ROUGHING EACH OTHER UP!
WRESTLING! WHERE ALL THAT SEPARATES THE MEN FROM THE BOYS IS THE COUNT OF THREE!
WRESTLING! WHERE VILLAINS CAN BECOME HEROES IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE!
KICKING BUTT AND INSTANT FORGIVENESS ARE TWO OF MY FAVORITE THINGS, SO --
WE'VE HEARD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YER TWISTED DAYDREAMS. LET'S GO SOMEWHERE AND FIND YA A NICE 12-PACK OF SEDATIVES.
YOU KNOW, BEN, I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, BUT I THINK WE'D LIKE TO HEAR WHAT -- DEADPOOL, WAS IT? -- HAS TO SAY.
YER KIDDING, RIGHT?
JIM JAY MCMAHEW -- NEWLY APPOINTED GENERAL MANAGER OF THE U.C.W.F.
I THINK WE MAY JUST HAVE THE PERFECT SPOT FOR YOU ON OUR BIG TICKET EVENT!

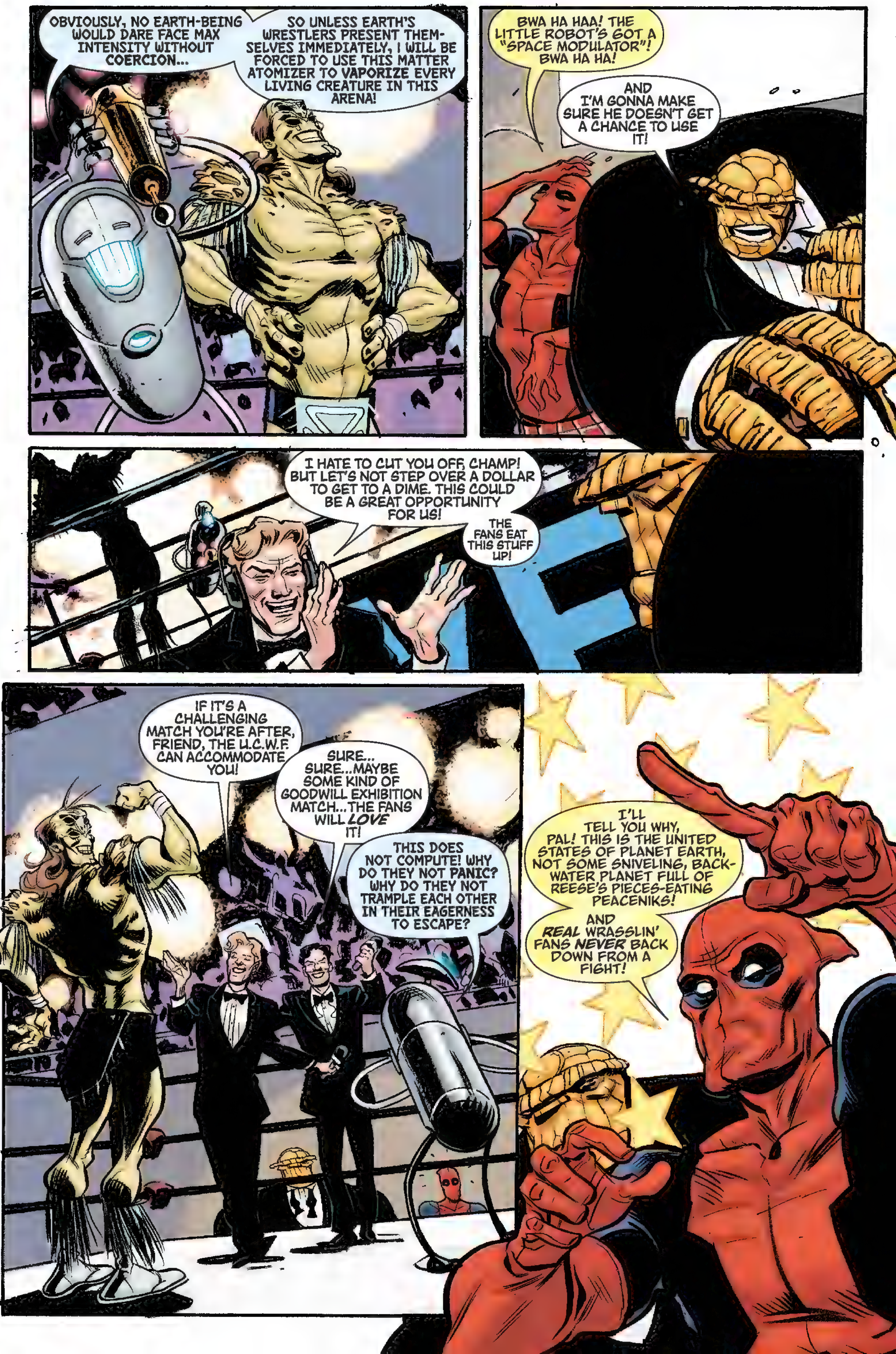

NOW.
"JUST FIVE MINUTES INTO THE FIRST BOUT, AND I'M NOT SURE THE FLYBOYS CAN RECOVER. THE ARMAGEDDONISTS SIMPLY HAVE THEM OUTCLASSED."
WELL, I AIN'T SO SURE I'VE SEEN MUCH IN THE WAY OF *CLASS* FROM THESE YAHOOS.
WHAT I *AM* SEEIN' IS PLENTY OF DIRTY TRICKS, LOW BLOWS, AND OUT-AND-OUT CHEATIN'.
BLOOD MAKES THE GRASS GROW! KILL! KILL! KILL!
BUT I WOULDN'T EXPECT MORE FROM A TEAM WITH DEADPOOL AS THEIR MANAGER!
POKE!
GGGRRRAHH!
COME ON, REF!
EYES ON THE MATCH!

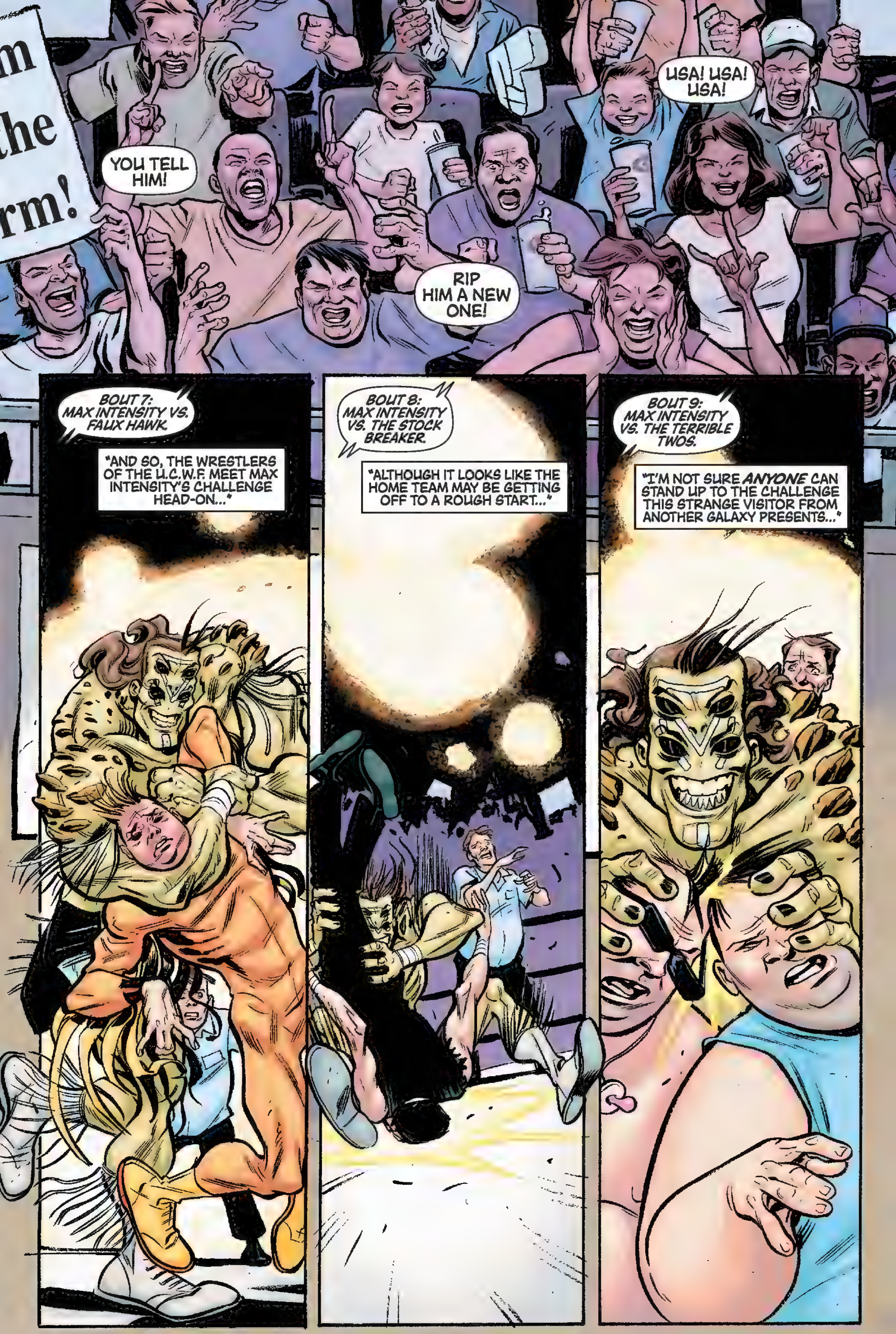

SMACK!
YEEAARGGH!
ARE YA KIDDIN' ME!?
I CAN'T JUST SIT BACK AND DO NOTHIN' WHILE THESE JOKERS CHEAT THEIR WAY TO VICTORY! IF THE REF'S NOT GONNA TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS, THEN I SURE--
I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, BEN, BUT LET'S JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND *RELAX*. THERE'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT.
THIS IS ALL JUST PART OF THE *SCRIPT*.
SCRIPT?!!

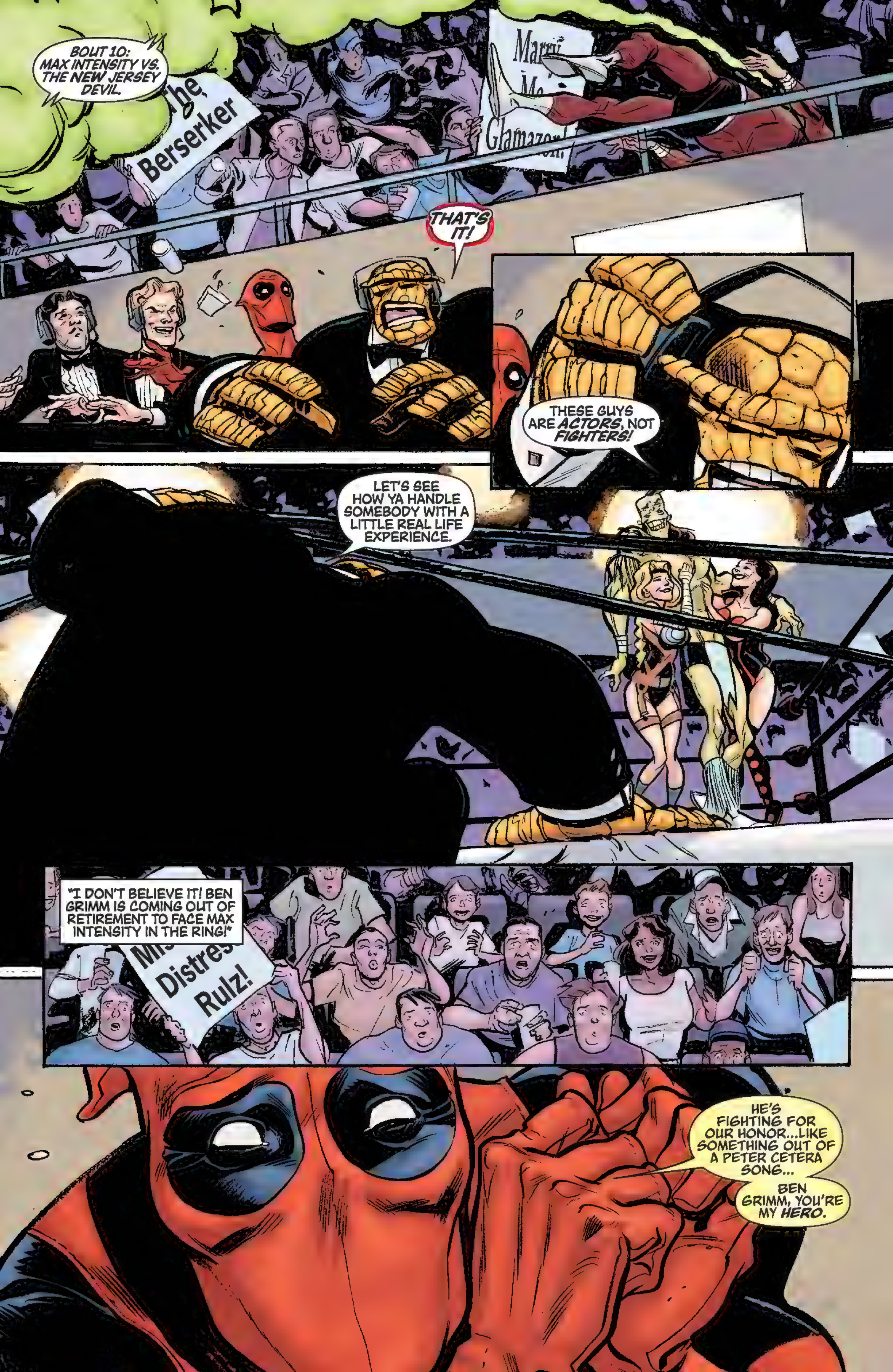

I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD HOW WE RUN THINGS NOW. EVERYTHING'S SCRIPTED, THE OUTCOMES PREDETERMINED. THIS IS ALL ABOUT ANGLES...STORYLINES... CANNED HEAT.
SCRIPTED! IT... IT CAN'T BE! I MEAN, *EVERYTHING'S* SCRIPTED, SURE! I KNOW THAT! EVERYTHING...BUT...BUT...*NOT* WRESTLING!
THAT'S WHAT THE FANS WANT. IT'S SPORTS *ENTERTAINMENT*, AFTER ALL.
I GOTTA SAY, ED. I'M NOT SURE I LIKE THE WAY THINGS ARE GOIN' EVER SINCE YOU HIRED --
I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, BEN, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE OUR FIRST MATCH IS OVER. THE ARMAGEDDONISTS WIN THE BOUT!
WHAT'S IT MATTER? IT'S A HOLLOW VICTORY! WHERE DOES IT END? WHERE!? IT'S --
WAITAMINUTE... WE *WON*?
WELL, IN THAT CASE...
"AND THE ARMAGEDDONISTS MAKE SHORT WORK OF THEIR OPPONENTS. I DON'T THINK THE FLYBOYS WILL BE SO HIGH-FLYING FOR A WHILE AFTER THAT DEFEAT!"
THAT'S RIGHT! THAT'S RIGHT! WHO'S THE BADDEST? HOW DO YA LIKE US NOW?
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

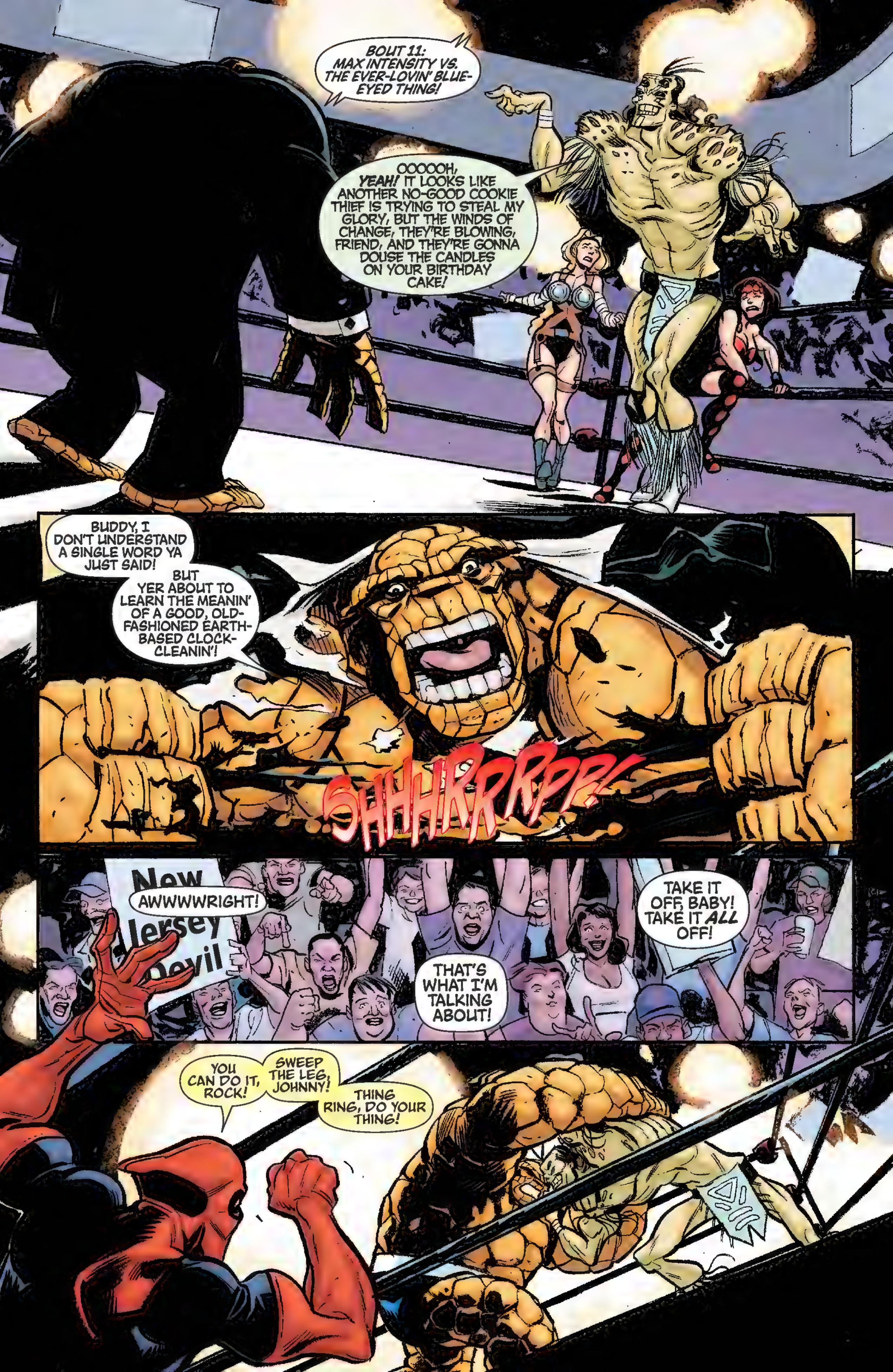

Terrible Twos Drool!
it on!
Faux Hawk #1
Chain Match!
I Luv You, Freddie!
"WHAT A TERRIFIC START TO TONIGHT'S FESTIVITIES! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!"
"I BET YA CAN *GUESS.*"
BOUT 2: THE NEW JERSEY DEVIL VS. "BEAUTIFUL" FREDDIE BAUMGARNDER.
"THESE TWO ROOKIE ATHLETES HAVE A REAL HATRED FOR EACH OTHER, JIM, BUT THEY CERTAINLY LOVE PLAYING UP TO THE FANS..."
BOUT 3: THE HAIR BAND OF BROTHERS VS. THE TERRIBLE TWOS.
"IT'S A FREE-FOR-ALL BEAT-DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! THE REFEREE HAS GOT TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THIS MATCH!"
BOUT 5: LEETHA VS LASCIVIOUS.
"THIS IS WHY PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING IS THE GREATEST SPORT IN ALL THE WORLD!"
BOUT 6: THE CELTIC BERSERKER VS. THE STOCK BREAKER.
"...THE *CELTIC KNOT!* IF THE STOCK BREAKER DOESN'T GET OUT OF THAT HOLD -- AND FAST -- THIS MATCH IS AS GOOD AS OVER!"

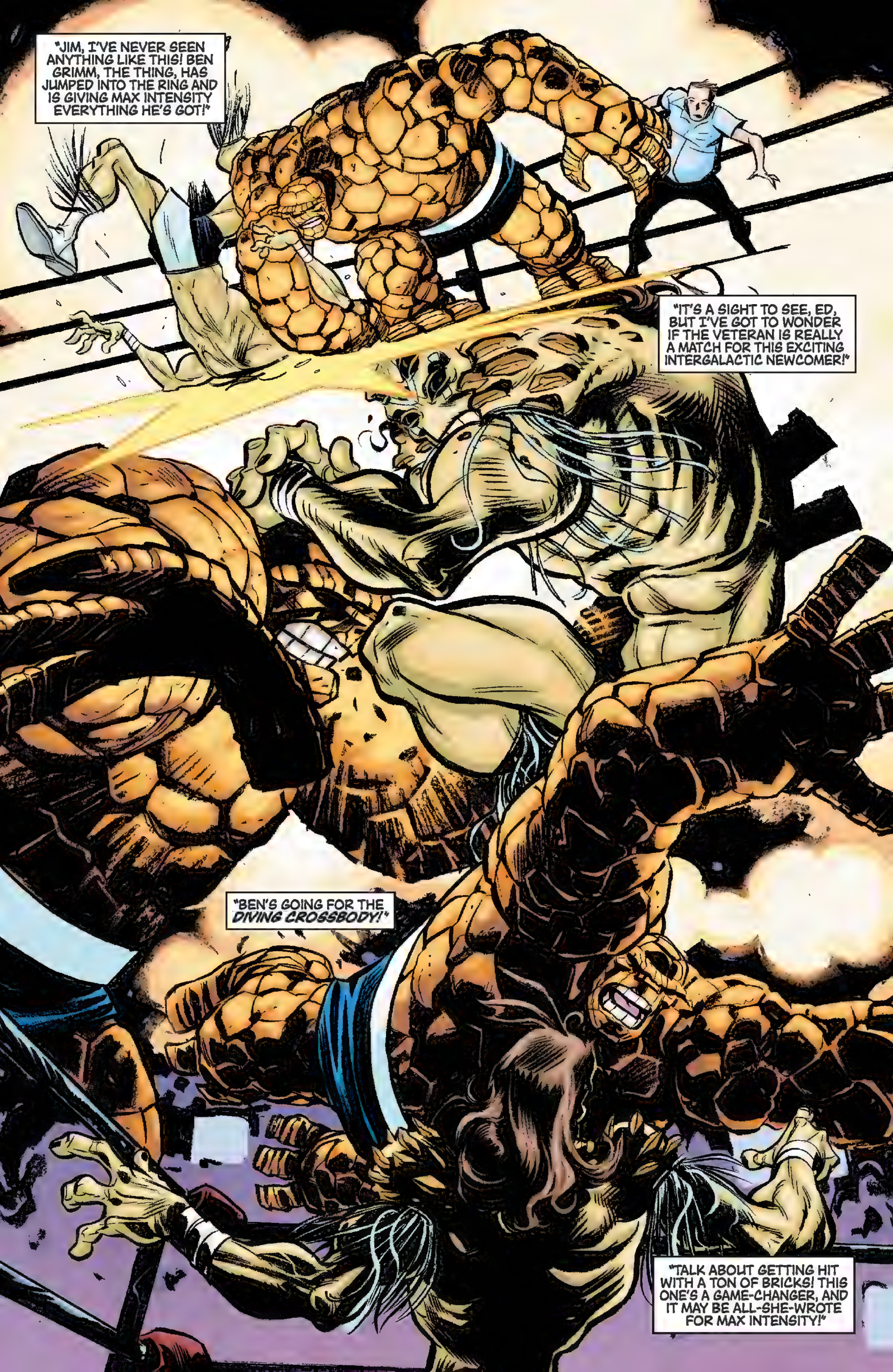

WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE BUDDY?
THIS...THIS IS ALL JUST A *SHAM!* THERE'S NO REAL SPORTSMANSHIP ANYMORE. BACK IN MY DAY--
UH... WHY ARE YOU SITTIN' NEXT TO ME?
YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU COULD USE A SYMPATHETIC EAR--
AGGH!
COWER, PEOPLE OF EARTH! COWER, AND GAZE IN AWE AT THE GREATEST WRESTLER IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE!
HAILING FROM PARTS UNKNOWN TO YOUR PALTRY SCIENCES... FRESH FROM CRUSHING HIS OPPONENTS IN THE SPACE HUNTER NEBULA X BATTLE ROYALE... MAX INTENSITY HAS COME TO DESTROY YOUR CHAMPIONS!
OOOOOH, *YEAH!*
SPACE IS THE PLACE, FRIEND, BUT DON'T STARE TOO LONG OR YOU MIGHT BE *GLAMORIZED* AND *HYPNOTIZED* BECAUSE SUGAR IS SWEET AND SO IS HONEY!
HEY... DIDN'T I SEE THIS GUY ON AN EPISODE OF DEXTER'S LAB?
AW, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE! HOW COME EVERY COSMIC WEEKEND GRAPPLER LIKES TO PURSUE HIS WRESTLIN' JOLLIES ON *MY* WATCH?

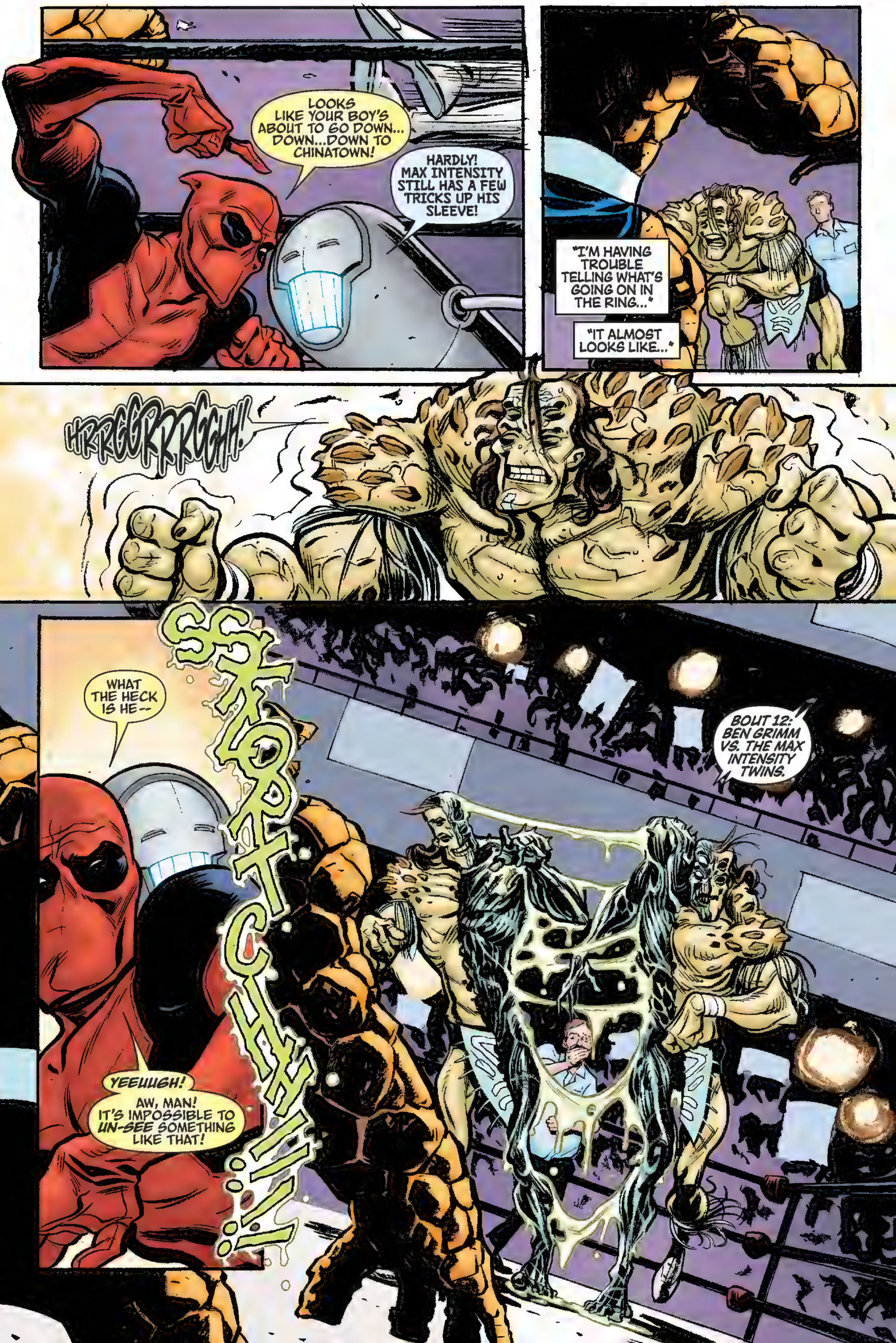

OBVIOUSLY, NO EARTH-BEING WOULD DARE FACE MAX INTENSITY WITHOUT COERCION...
SO UNLESS EARTH'S WRESTLERS PRESENT THEMSELVES IMMEDIATELY, I WILL BE FORCED TO USE THIS MATTER ATOMIZER TO VAPORIZE EVERY LIVING CREATURE IN THIS ARENA!
BWA HA HAA! THE LITTLE ROBOT'S GOT A "SPACE MODULATOR"! BWA HA HA!
AND I'M GONNA MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO USE IT!
I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, CHAMP! BUT LET'S NOT STEP OVER A DOLLAR TO GET TO A DIME. THIS COULD BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR US!
THE FANS EAT THIS STUFF UP!
IF IT'S A CHALLENGING MATCH YOU'RE AFTER, FRIEND, THE U.C.W.F. CAN ACCOMMODATE YOU!
SURE... SURE...MAYBE SOME KIND OF GOODWILL EXHIBITION MATCH...THE FANS WILL *LOVE* IT!
THIS DOES NOT COMPUTE! WHY DO THEY NOT PANIC? WHY DO THEY NOT TRAMPLE EACH OTHER IN THEIR EAGERNESS TO ESCAPE?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY, PAL! THIS IS THE UNITED STATES OF PLANET EARTH, NOT SOME SNIVELING, BACKWATER PLANET FULL OF REESE'S PIECES-EATING PEACENIKS!
AND *REAL* WRASSLIN' FANS *NEVER* BACK DOWN FROM A FIGHT!

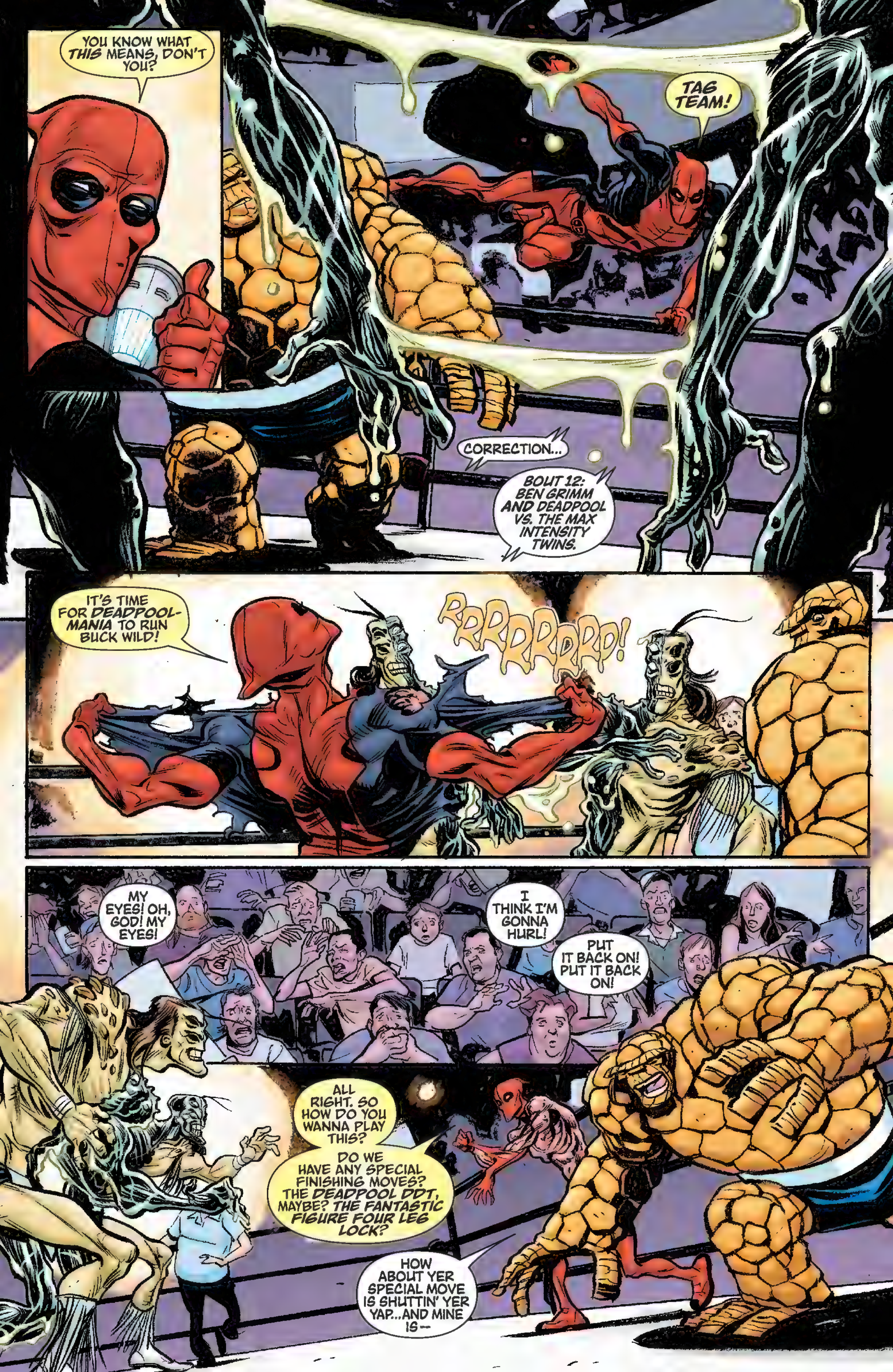

m
the
rm!
YOU TELL HIM!
RIP HIM A NEW ONE!
USA! USA! USA!
BOUT 7: MAX INTENSITY VS. FAUX HAWK.
"AND SO, THE WRESTLERS OF THE U.C.W.F. MEET MAX INTENSITY'S CHALLENGE HEAD-ON..."
BOUT 8: MAX INTENSITY VS. THE STOCK BREAKER.
"ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE THE HOME TEAM MAY BE GETTING OFF TO A ROUGH START..."
BOUT 9: MAX INTENSITY VS. THE TERRIBLE TWOS.
"I'M NOT SURE *ANYONE* CAN STAND UP TO THE CHALLENGE THIS STRANGE VISITOR FROM ANOTHER GALAXY PRESENTS..."

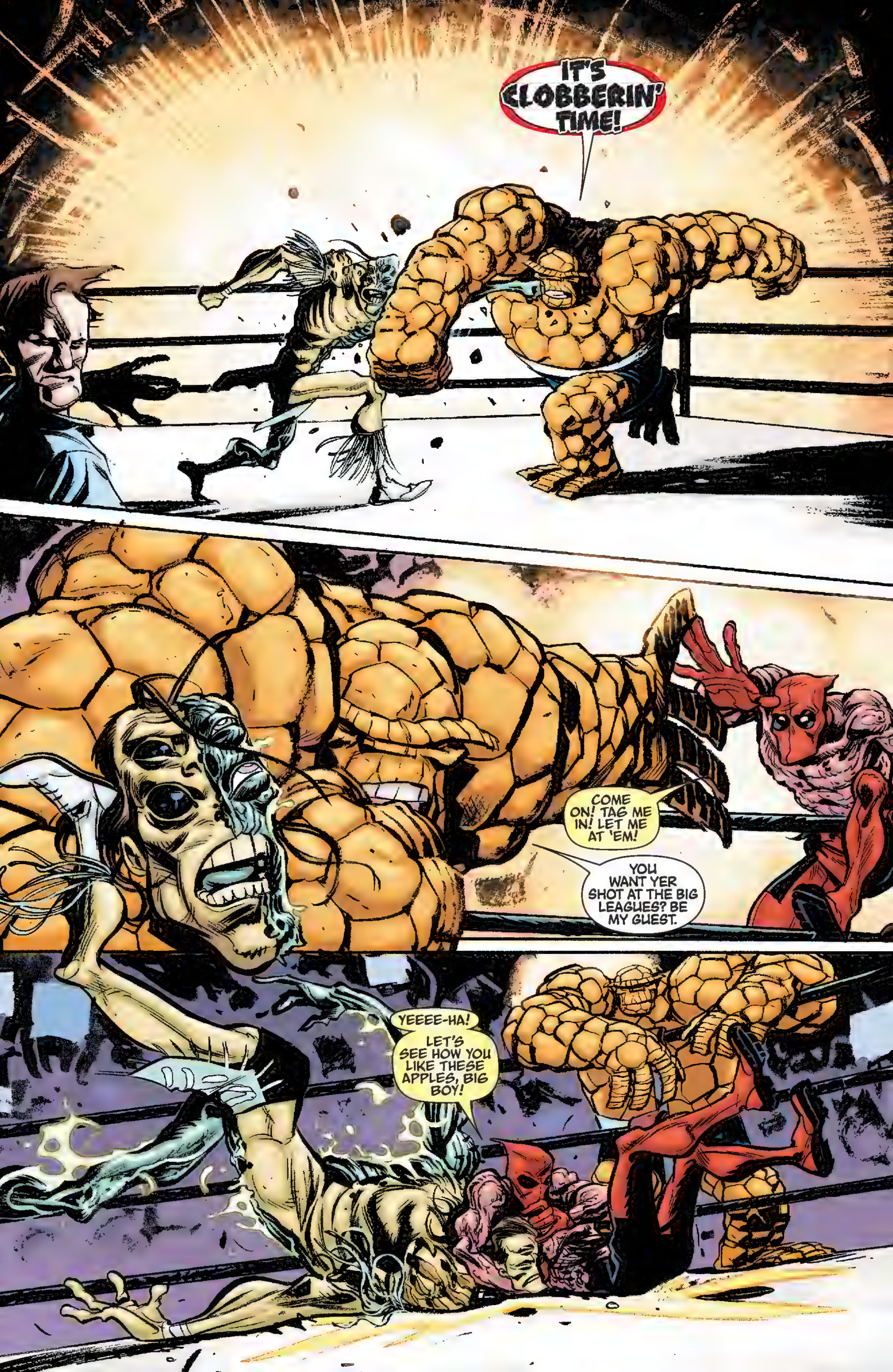

BOUT 10: MAX INTENSITY VS. THE NEW JERSEY DEVIL.
The Berserker
Glamazon!
THAT'S IT!
THESE GUYS ARE *ACTORS*, NOT *FIGHTERS!*
LET'S SEE HOW YA HANDLE SOMEBODY WITH A LITTLE REAL LIFE EXPERIENCE.
"I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BEN GRIMM IS COMING OUT OF RETIREMENT TO FACE MAX INTENSITY IN THE RING!"
Distres Rulz!
HE'S FIGHTING FOR OUR HONOR...LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A PETER CETERA SONG...
BEN GRIMM, YOU'RE MY *HERO*.

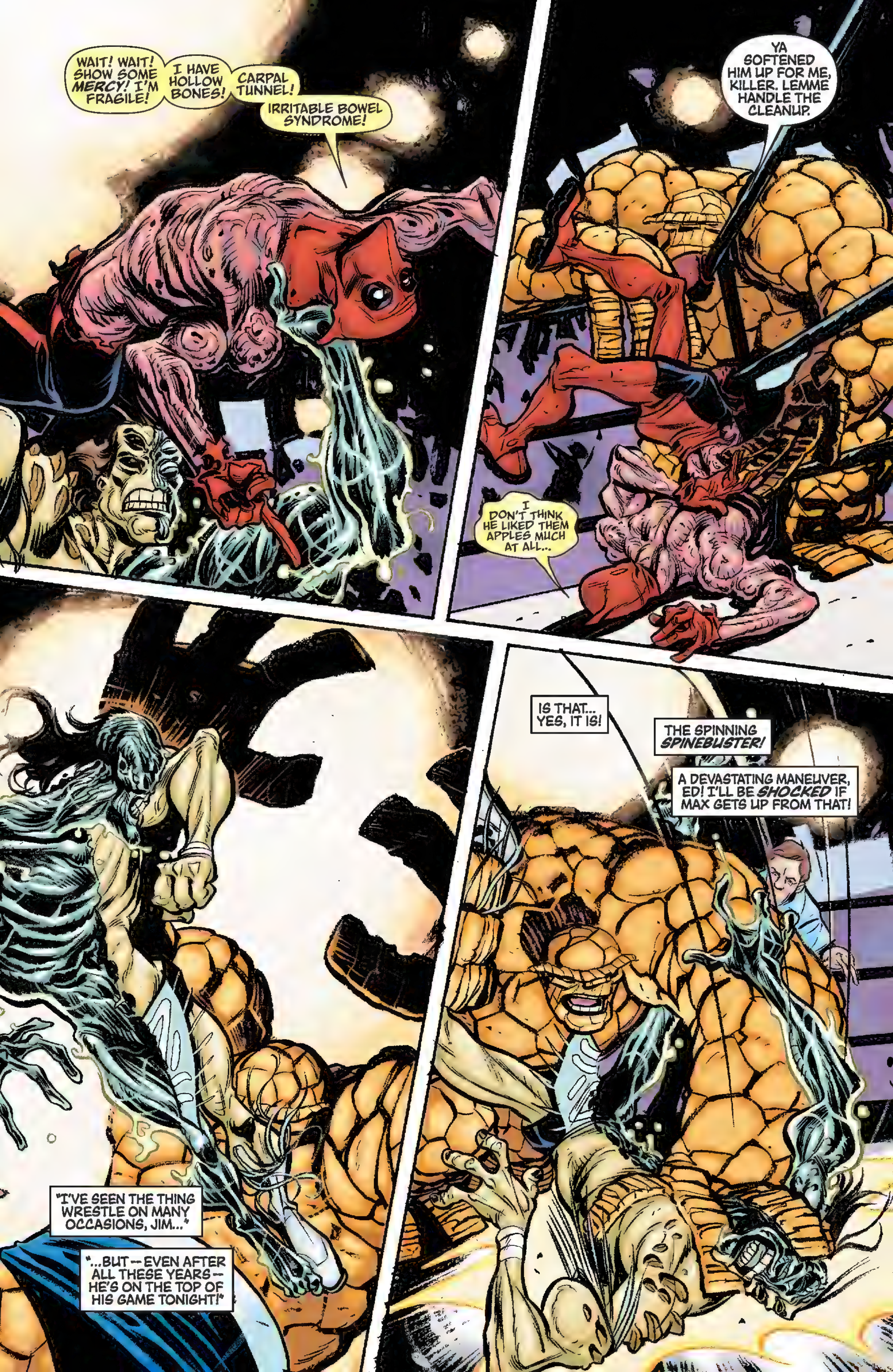

BOUT 11: MAX INTENSITY VS. THE EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING!
OOOOOOH, *YEAH!* IT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER NO-GOOD COOKIE THIEF IS TRYING TO STEAL MY GLORY, BUT THE WINDS OF CHANGE, THEY'RE BLOWING, FRIEND, AND THEY'RE GONNA DOUSE THE CANDLES ON YOUR BIRTHDAY CAKE!
BUDDY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND A SINGLE WORD YA JUST SAID!
BUT YER ABOUT TO LEARN THE MEANIN' OF A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED EARTH-BASED CLOCK-CLEANIN'!
SHHHRRRPP!
New Jersey Devil
AWWWWRIGHT!
TAKE IT OFF, BABY! TAKE IT *ALL* OFF!
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!
YOU CAN DO IT, ROCK!
SWEEP THE LEG, JOHNNY!
THING RING, DO YOUR THING!

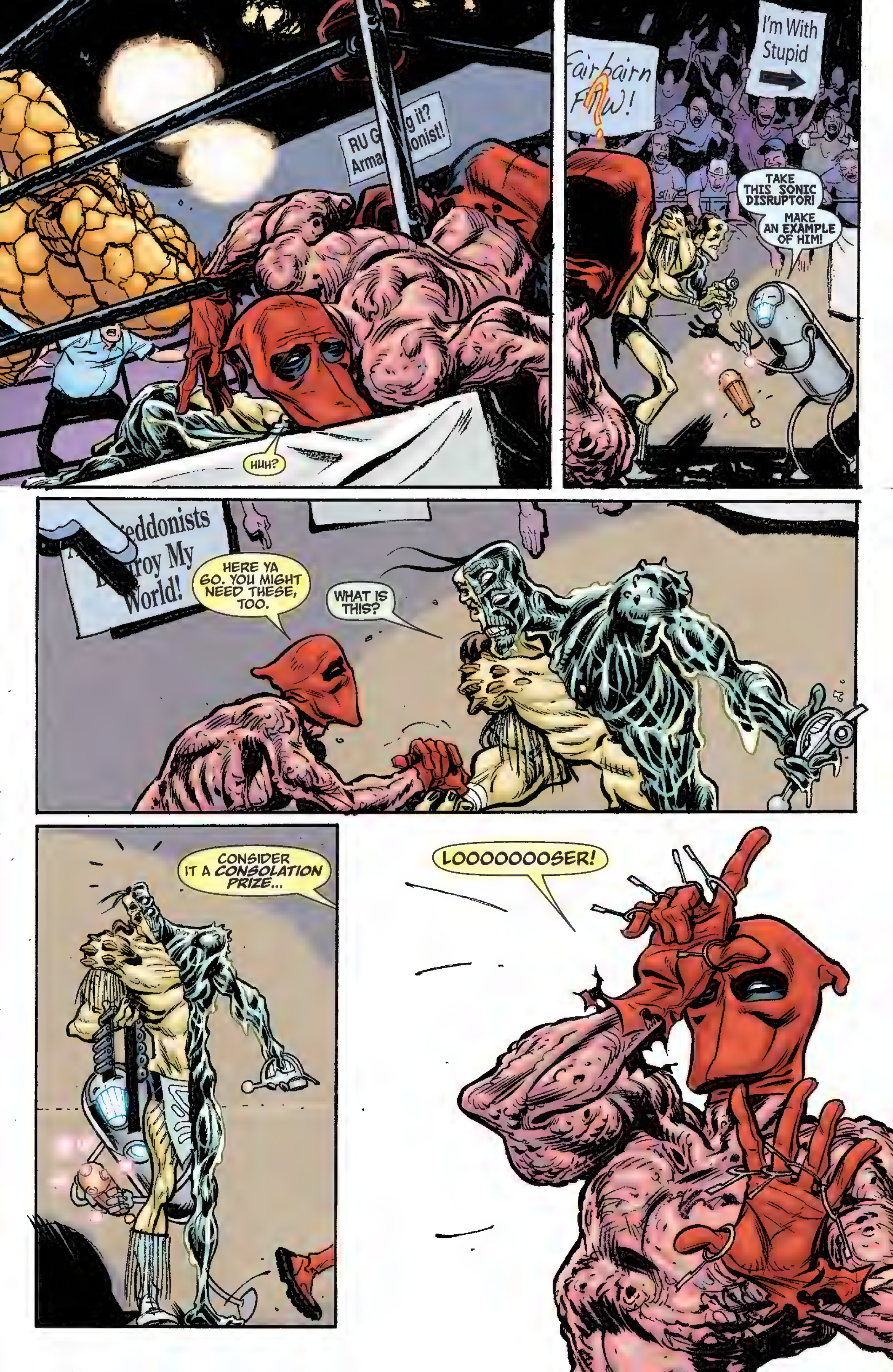

"JIM, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS! BEN GRIMM, THE THING, HAS JUMPED INTO THE RING AND IS GIVING MAX INTENSITY EVERYTHING HE'S GOT!"
"IT'S A SIGHT TO SEE, ED, BUT I'VE GOT TO WONDER IF THE VETERAN IS REALLY A MATCH FOR THIS EXCITING INTERGALACTIC NEWCOMER!"
"BEN'S GOING FOR THE *DIVING CROSSBODY!*"
"TALK ABOUT GETTING HIT WITH A TON OF BRICKS! THIS ONE'S A GAME-CHANGER, AND IT MAY BE ALL-SHE-WROTE FOR MAX INTENSITY!"

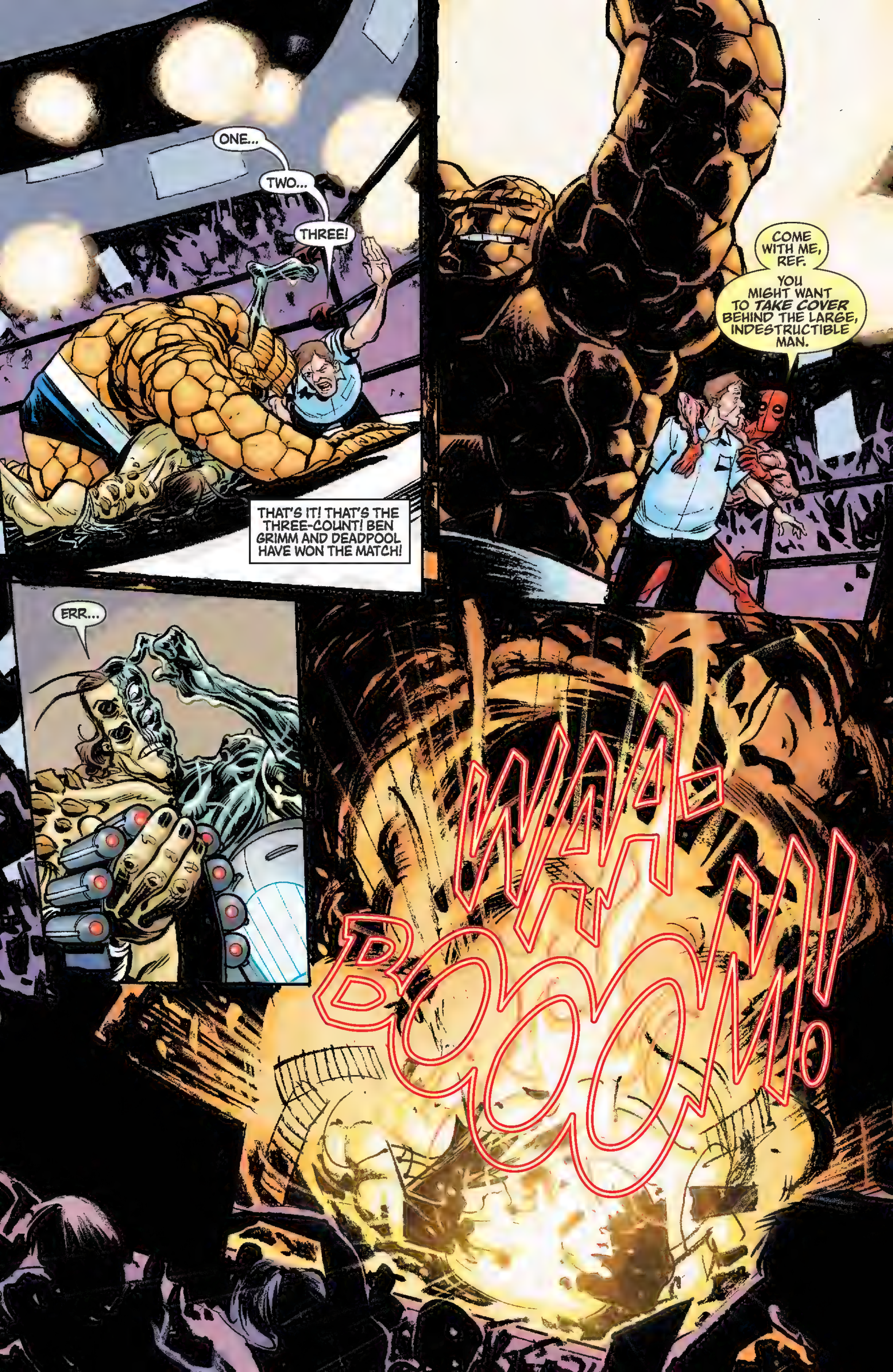

LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOY'S ABOUT TO GO DOWN... DOWN...DOWN TO CHINATOWN!
HARDLY! MAX INTENSITY STILL HAS A FEW TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE!
"I'M HAVING TROUBLE TELLING WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE RING..."
"IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE..."
HRRGGRRRGGHH!
SSKROTCHH!!!
WHAT THE HECK IS HE--
BOUT 12: BEN GRIMM VS. THE MAX INTENSITY TWINS.
YEEUUGH!
AW, MAN! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO UN-SEE SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

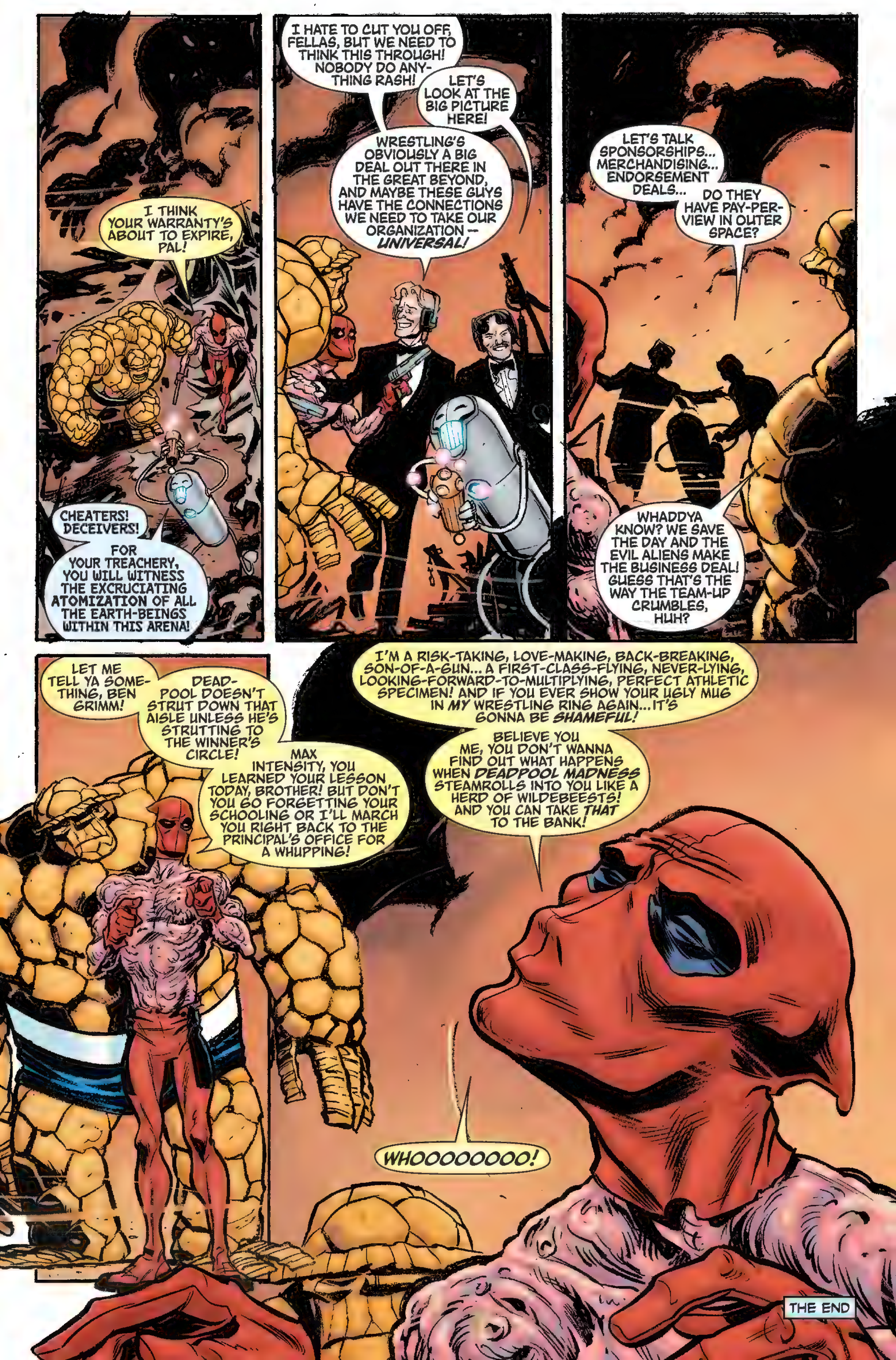

YOU KNOW WHAT *THIS* MEANS, DON'T YOU?
TAG TEAM!
CORRECTION...
BOUT 12: BEN GRIMM AND DEADPOOL VS. THE MAX INTENSITY TWINS.
IT'S TIME FOR *DEADPOOL-MANIA* TO RUN BUCK WILD!
RRRRRRRRD!
MY EYES! OH, GOD! MY EYES!
I THINK I'M GONNA HURL!
PUT IT BACK ON! PUT IT BACK ON!
ALL RIGHT. SO HOW DO YOU WANNA PLAY THIS?
DO WE HAVE ANY SPECIAL FINISHING MOVES? THE *DEADPOOL DDT,* MAYBE? *THE FANTASTIC FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK?*
HOW ABOUT YER SPECIAL MOVE IS SHUTTIN' YER YAP...AND MINE IS--


IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!
COME ON! TAG ME IN! LET ME AT 'EM!
YOU WANT YER SHOT AT THE BIG LEAGUES? BE MY GUEST.
YEEEE-HA!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THESE APPLES, BIG BOY!

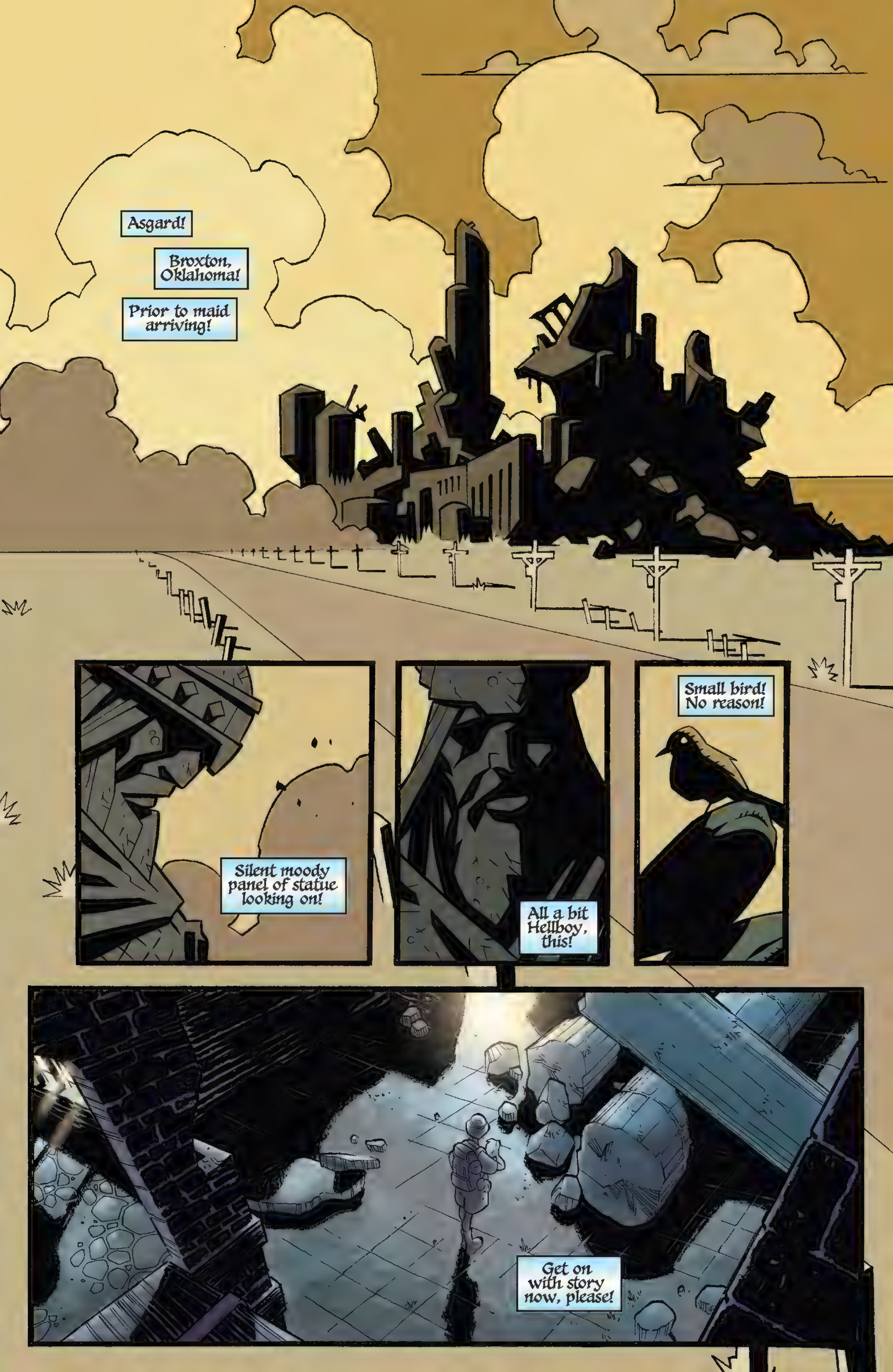

WAIT! WAIT! SHOW SOME *MERCY!* I'M FRAGILE!
I HAVE HOLLOW BONES!
CARPAL TUNNEL!
IRRITABLE BOWEL SYNDROME!
YA SOFTENED HIM UP FOR ME, KILLER. LEMME HANDLE THE CLEANUP.
I DON'T THINK HE LIKED THEM APPLES MUCH AT ALL...
"I'VE SEEN THE THING WRESTLE ON MANY OCCASIONS, JIM..."
"...BUT -- EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS -- HE'S ON THE TOP OF HIS GAME TONIGHT!"
IS THAT... YES, IT IS!
THE SPINNING *SPINEBUSTER!*
A DEVASTATING MANEUVER, ED! I'LL BE *SHOCKED* IF MAX GETS UP FROM THAT!

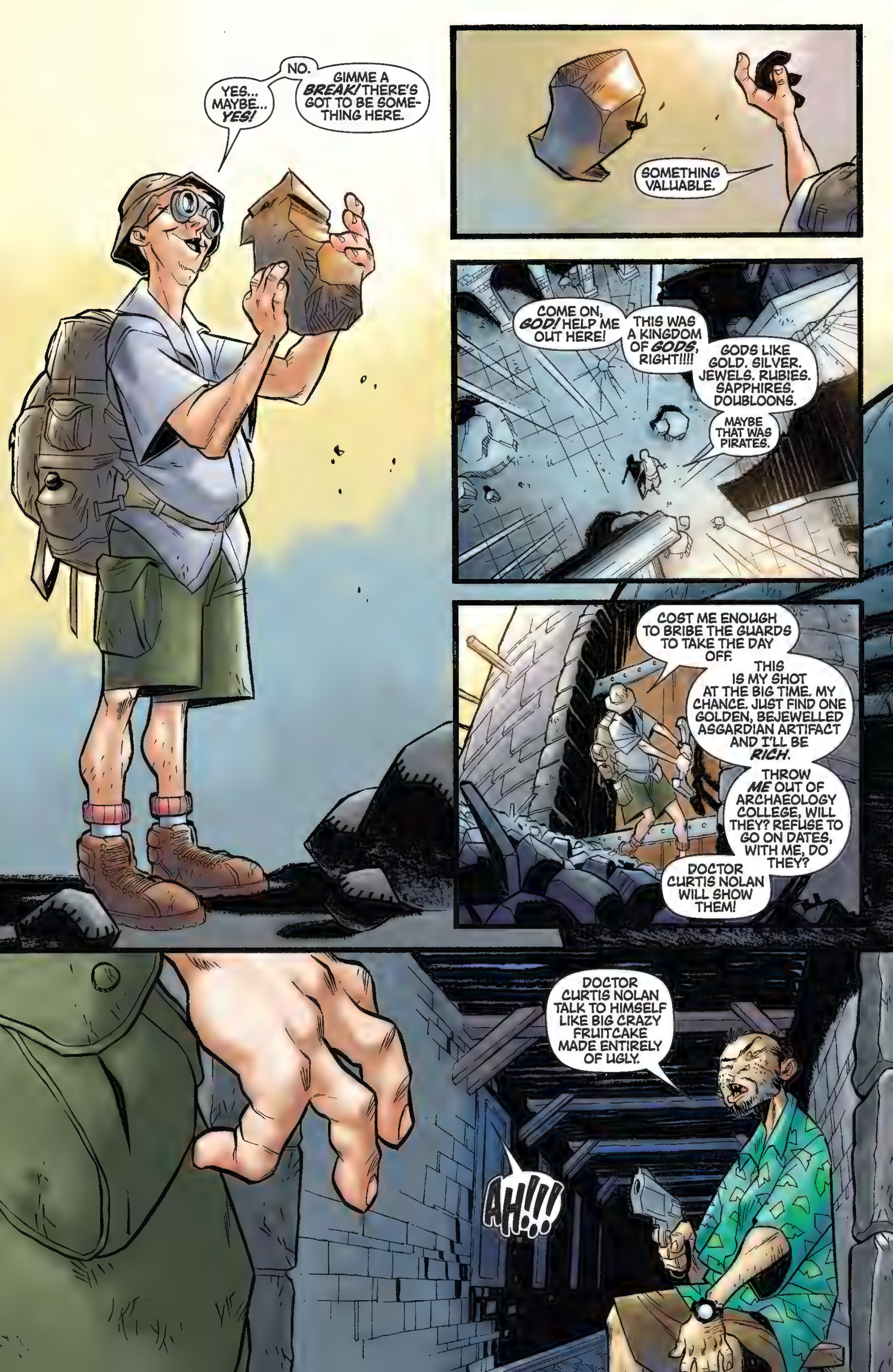

RU G g it? Arma onist!
HUH?
Fairbairn F?W!
I'm With Stupid
TAKE THIS SONIC DISRUPTOR!
MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM!
eddonists roy My World!
HERE YA GO. YOU MIGHT NEED THESE, TOO.
WHAT IS THIS?
CONSIDER IT A *CONSOLATION PRIZE...*
LOOOOOOOSER!

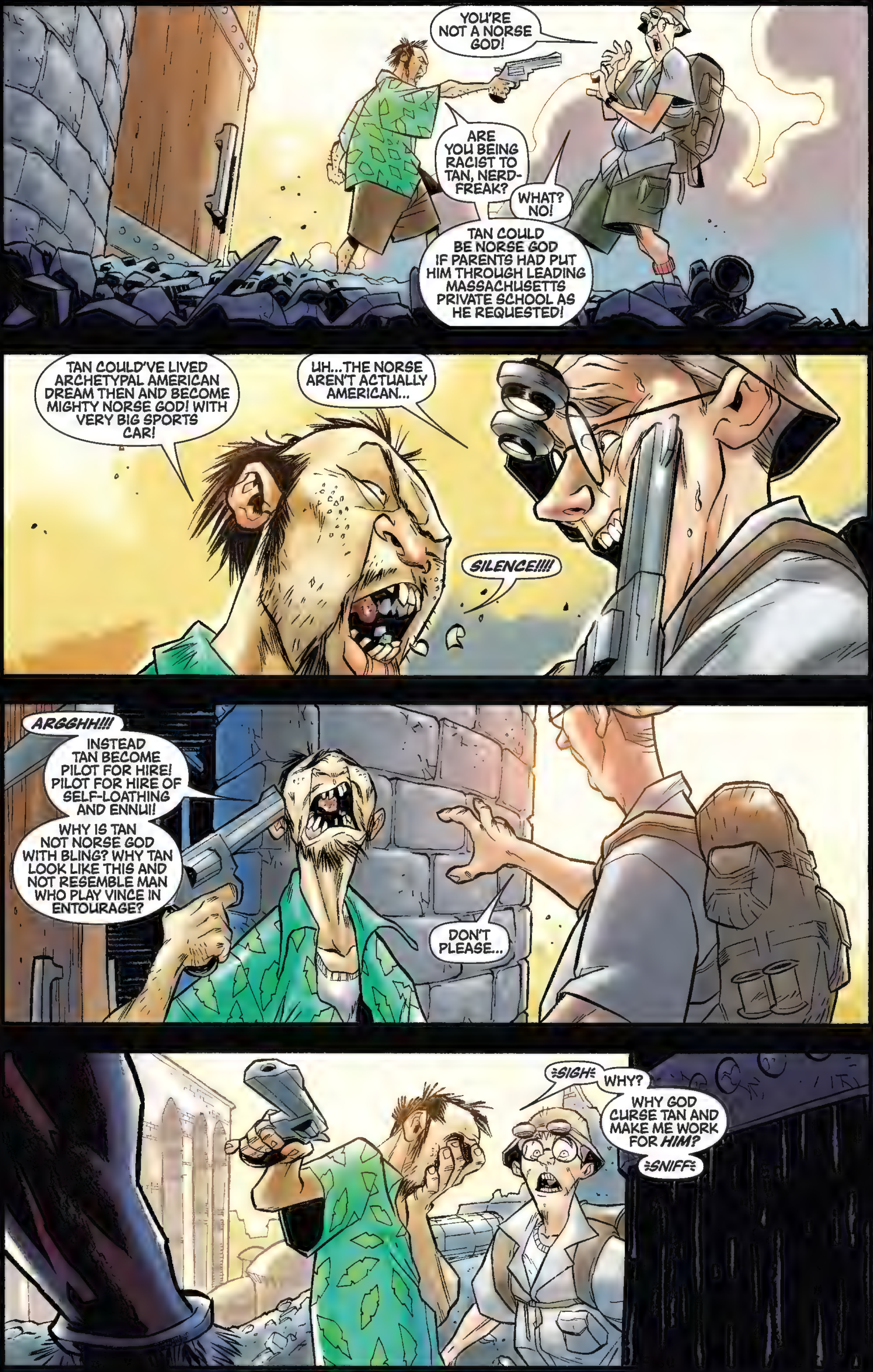

ONE...
TWO...
THREE!
THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE THREE-COUNT! BEN GRIMM AND DEADPOOL HAVE WON THE MATCH!
COME WITH ME, REF.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO *TAKE COVER* BEHIND THE LARGE, INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN.
ERR...
WAA-AM!
BOOOM!

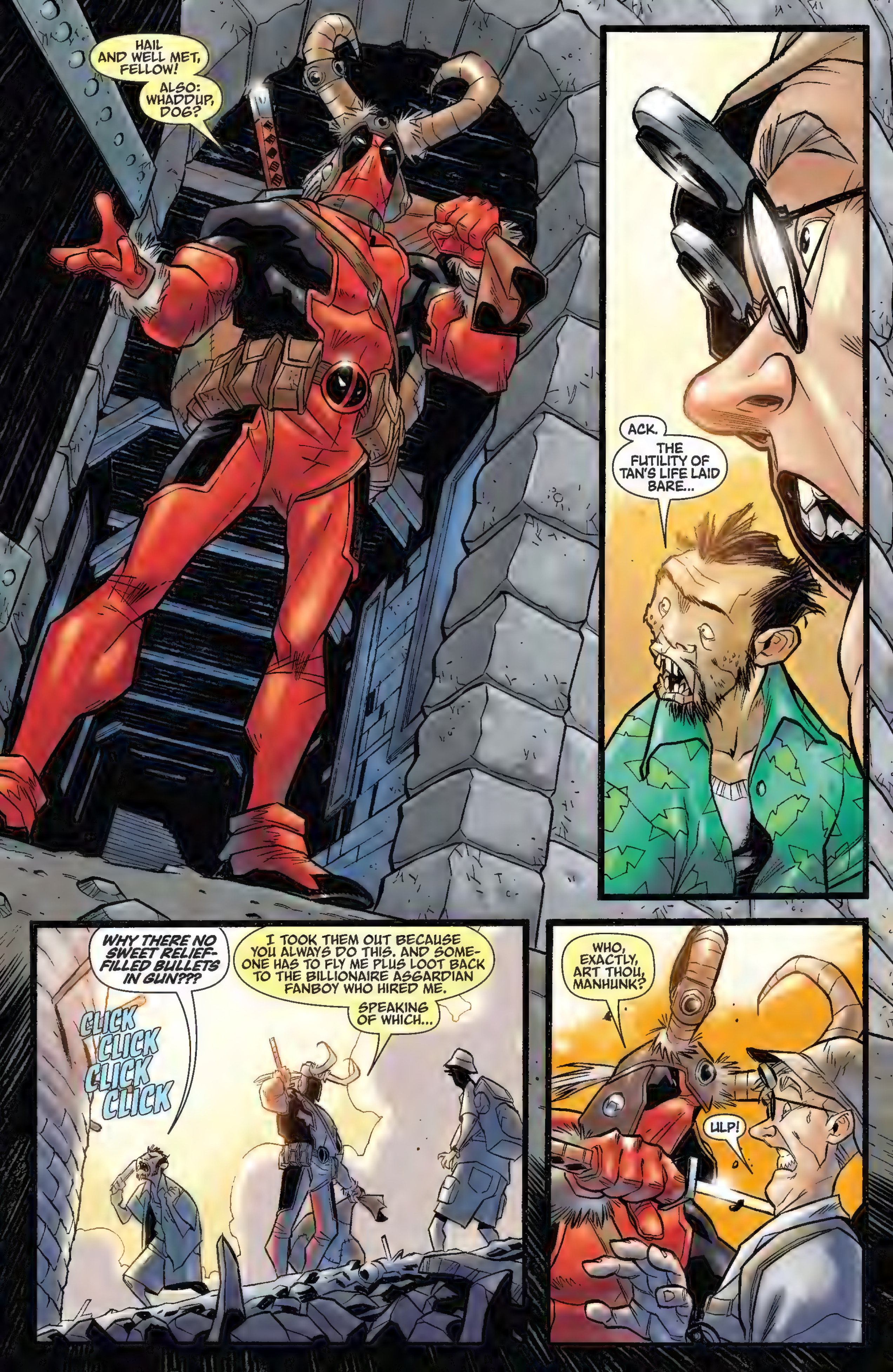

I THINK YOUR WARRANTY'S ABOUT TO EXPIRE, PAL!
CHEATERS! DECEIVERS!
FOR YOUR TREACHERY, YOU WILL WITNESS THE EXCRUCIATING ATOMIZATION OF ALL THE EARTH-BEINGS WITHIN THIS ARENA!
I HATE TO CUT YOU OFF, FELLAS, BUT WE NEED TO THINK THIS THROUGH! NOBODY DO ANYTHING RASH!
LET'S LOOK AT THE BIG PICTURE HERE!
WRESTLING'S OBVIOUSLY A BIG DEAL OUT THERE IN THE GREAT BEYOND, AND MAYBE THESE GUYS HAVE THE CONNECTIONS WE NEED TO TAKE OUR ORGANIZATION -- *UNIVERSAL!*
LET'S TALK SPONSORSHIPS... MERCHANDISING... ENDORSEMENT DEALS...
DO THEY HAVE PAY-PER-VIEW IN OUTER SPACE?
WHADDYA KNOW? WE SAVE THE DAY AND THE EVIL ALIENS MAKE THE BUSINESS DEAL! GUESS THAT'S THE WAY THE TEAM-UP CRUMBLES, HUH?
LET ME TELL YA SOMETHING, BEN GRIMM!
DEADPOOL DOESN'T STRUT DOWN THAT AISLE UNLESS HE'S STRUTTING TO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE!
MAX INTENSITY, YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON TODAY, BROTHER! BUT DON'T YOU GO FORGETTING YOUR SCHOOLING OR I'LL MARCH YOU RIGHT BACK TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE FOR A WHUPPING!
I'M A RISK-TAKING, LOVE-MAKING, BACK-BREAKING, SON-OF-A-GUN... A FIRST-CLASS-FLYING, NEVER-LYING, LOOKING-FORWARD-TO-MULTIPLYING, PERFECT ATHLETIC SPECIMEN! AND IF YOU EVER SHOW YOUR UGLY MUG IN *MY* WRESTLING RING AGAIN... IT'S GONNA BE *SHAMEFUL!*
BELIEVE YOU ME, YOU DON'T WANNA FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN *DEADPOOL MADNESS* STEAMROLLS INTO YOU LIKE A HERD OF WILDEBEESTS! AND YOU CAN TAKE *THAT* TO THE BANK!
WHOOOOOOOO!
THE END

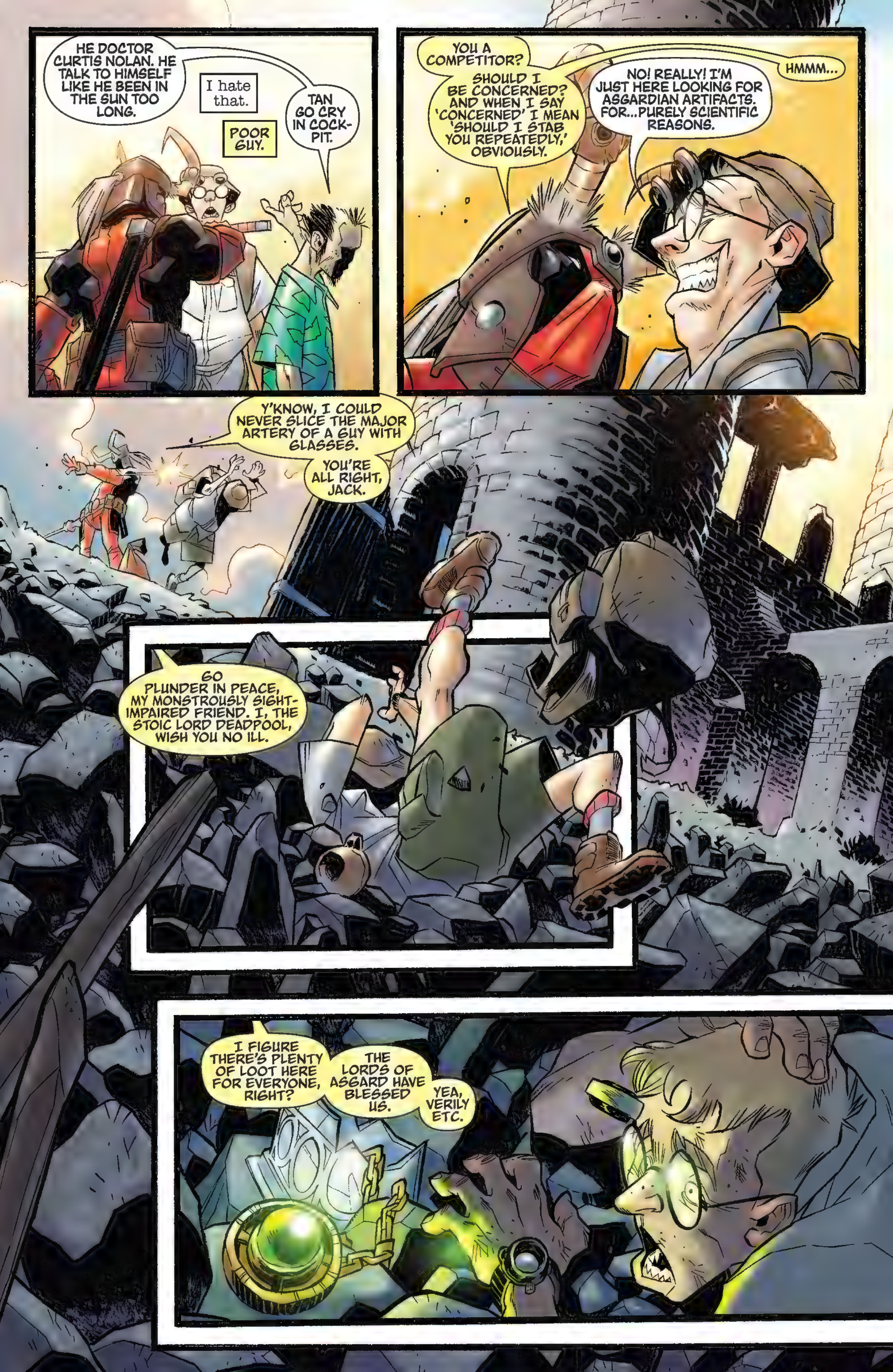
#887
RAMOS 10 delgado

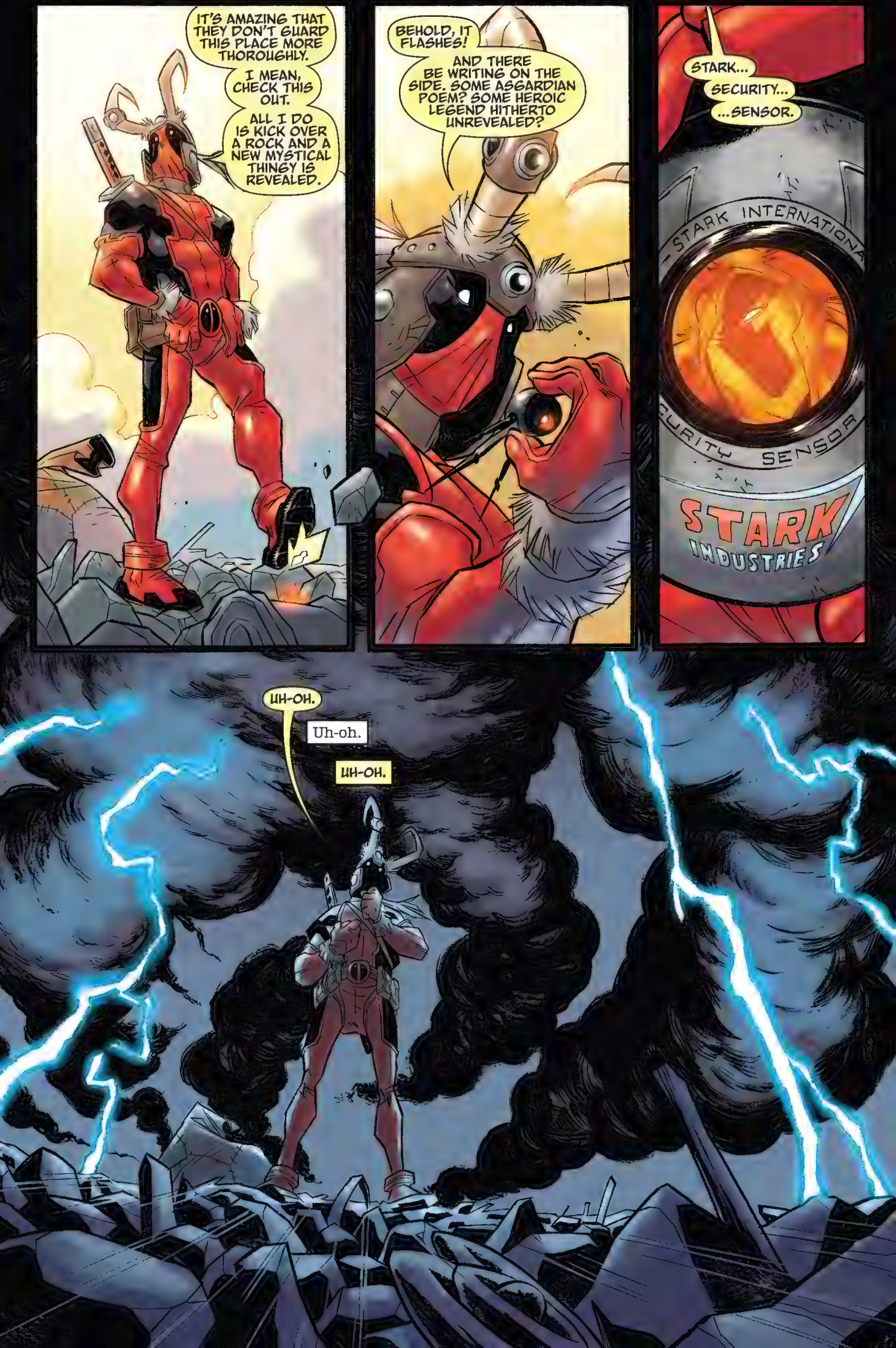

Asgard!
Broxton, Oklahoma!
Prior to maid arriving!
Silent moody panel of statue looking on!
All a bit Hellboy, this!
Small bird! No reason!
Get on with story now, please!

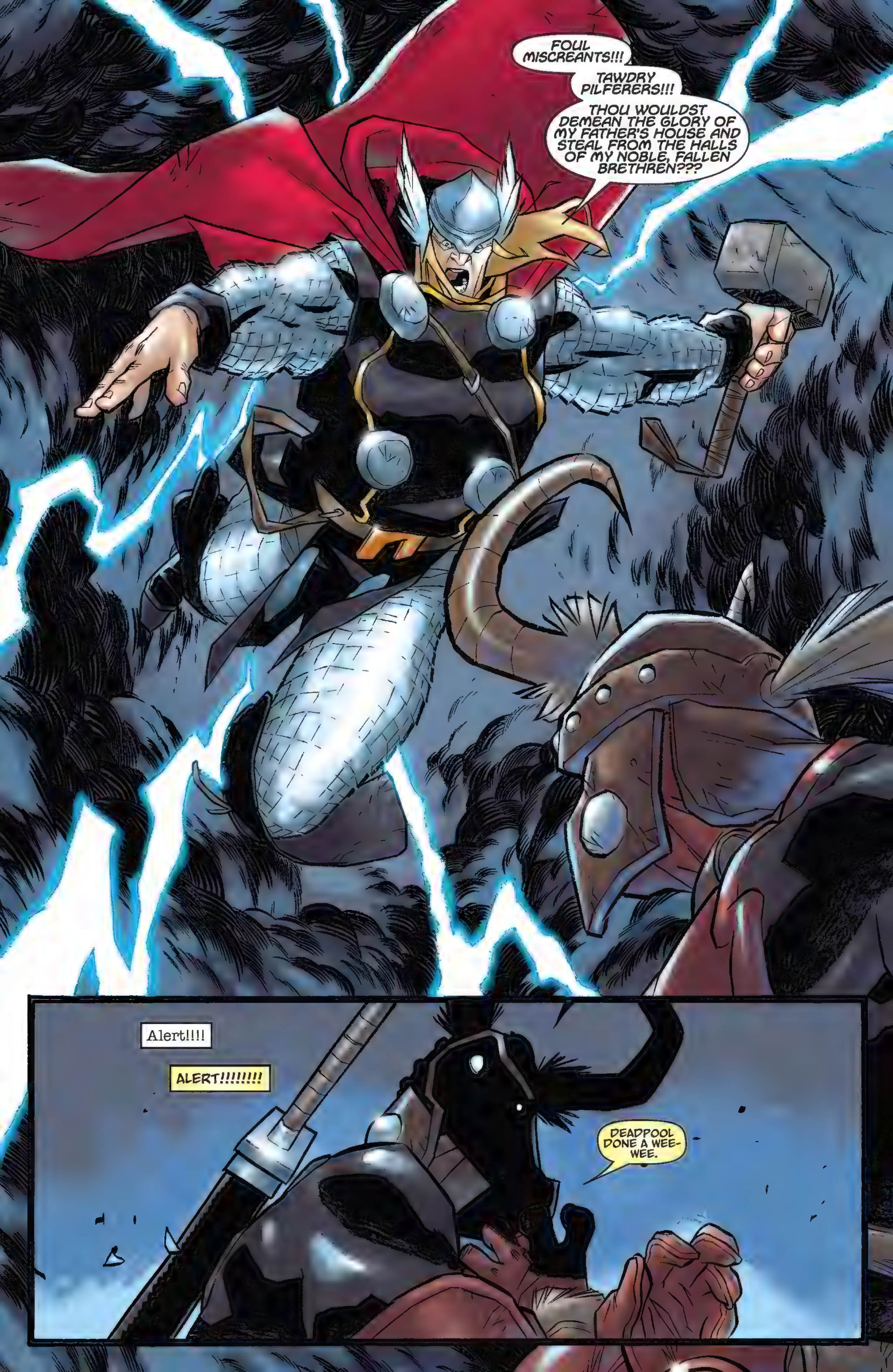

YES... MAYBE... *YES!*
NO.
GIMME A *BREAK!* THERE'S GOT TO BE SOMETHING HERE.
SOMETHING VALUABLE.
COME ON, *GOD!* HELP ME OUT HERE!
THIS WAS A KINGDOM OF *GODS*, RIGHT!!!!
GODS LIKE GOLD. SILVER. JEWELS. RUBIES. SAPPHIRES. DOUBLOONS.
MAYBE THAT WAS PIRATES.
COST ME ENOUGH TO BRIBE THE GUARDS TO TAKE THE DAY OFF.
THIS IS MY SHOT AT THE BIG TIME. MY CHANCE. JUST FIND ONE GOLDEN, BEJEWELLED ASGARDIAN ARTIFACT AND I'LL BE *RICH*.
THROW *ME* OUT OF ARCHAEOLOGY COLLEGE, WILL THEY? REFUSE TO GO ON DATES, WITH ME, DO THEY?
DOCTOR CURTIS NOLAN WILL SHOW THEM!
DOCTOR CURTIS NOLAN TALK TO HIMSELF LIKE BIG CRAZY FRUITCAKE MADE ENTIRELY OF UGLY.
AH!!!

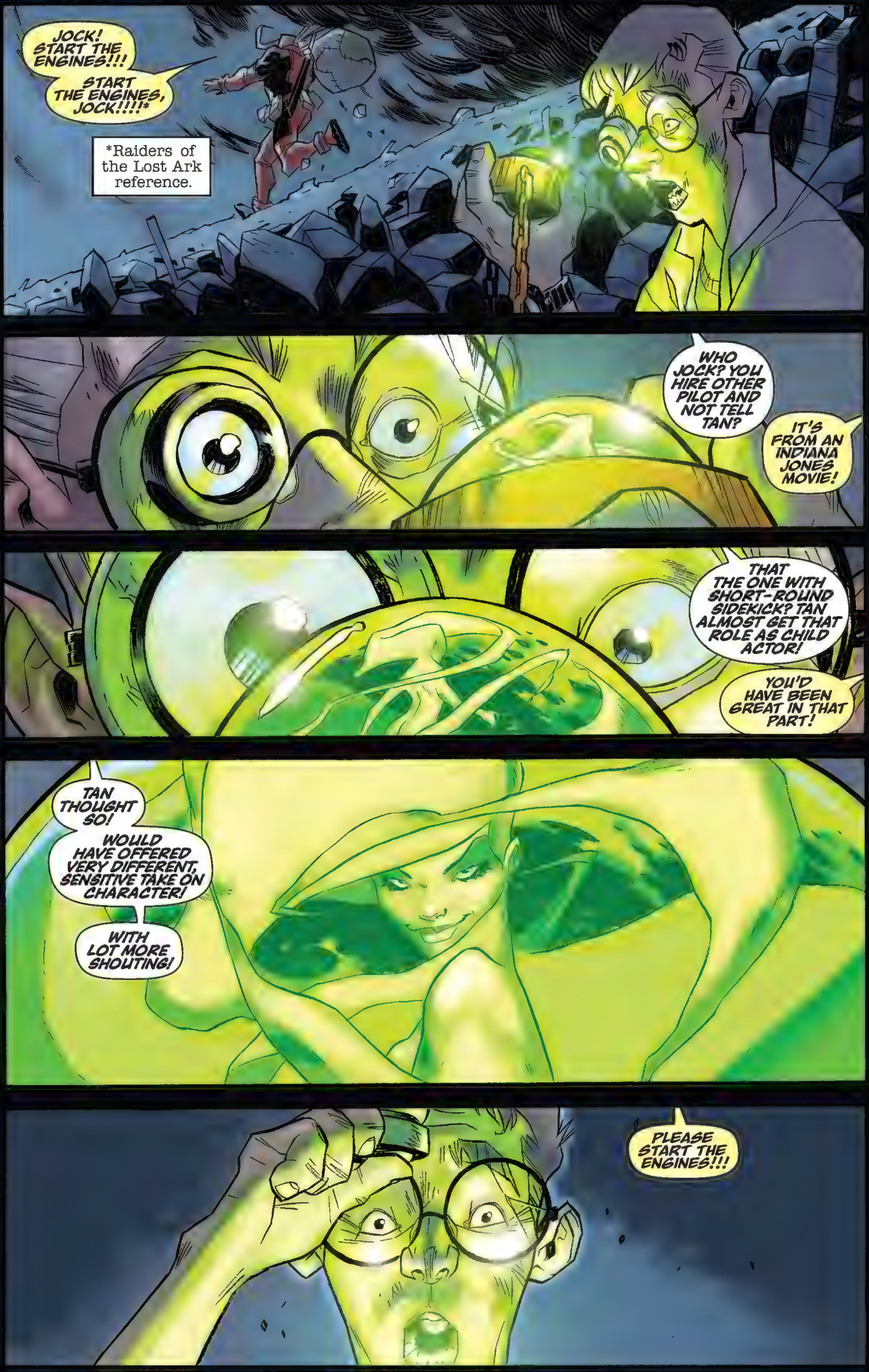

YOU'RE NOT A NORSE GOD!
ARE YOU BEING RACIST TO TAN, NERD-FREAK?
WHAT? NO!
TAN COULD BE NORSE GOD IF PARENTS HAD PUT HIM THROUGH LEADING MASSACHUSETTS PRIVATE SCHOOL AS HE REQUESTED!
TAN COULD'VE LIVED ARCHETYPAL AMERICAN DREAM THEN AND BECOME MIGHTY NORSE GOD! WITH VERY BIG SPORTS CAR!
UH...THE NORSE AREN'T ACTUALLY AMERICAN...
SILENCE!!!!
ARGGHH!!!
INSTEAD TAN BECOME PILOT FOR HIRE! PILOT FOR HIRE OF SELF-LOATHING AND ENNUI!
WHY IS TAN NOT NORSE GOD WITH BLING? WHY TAN LOOK LIKE THIS AND NOT RESEMBLE MAN WHO PLAY VINCE IN ENTOURAGE?
DON'T PLEASE...
≈SIGH≈ WHY?
WHY GOD CURSE TAN AND MAKE ME WORK FOR *HIM*?
≈SNIFF≈

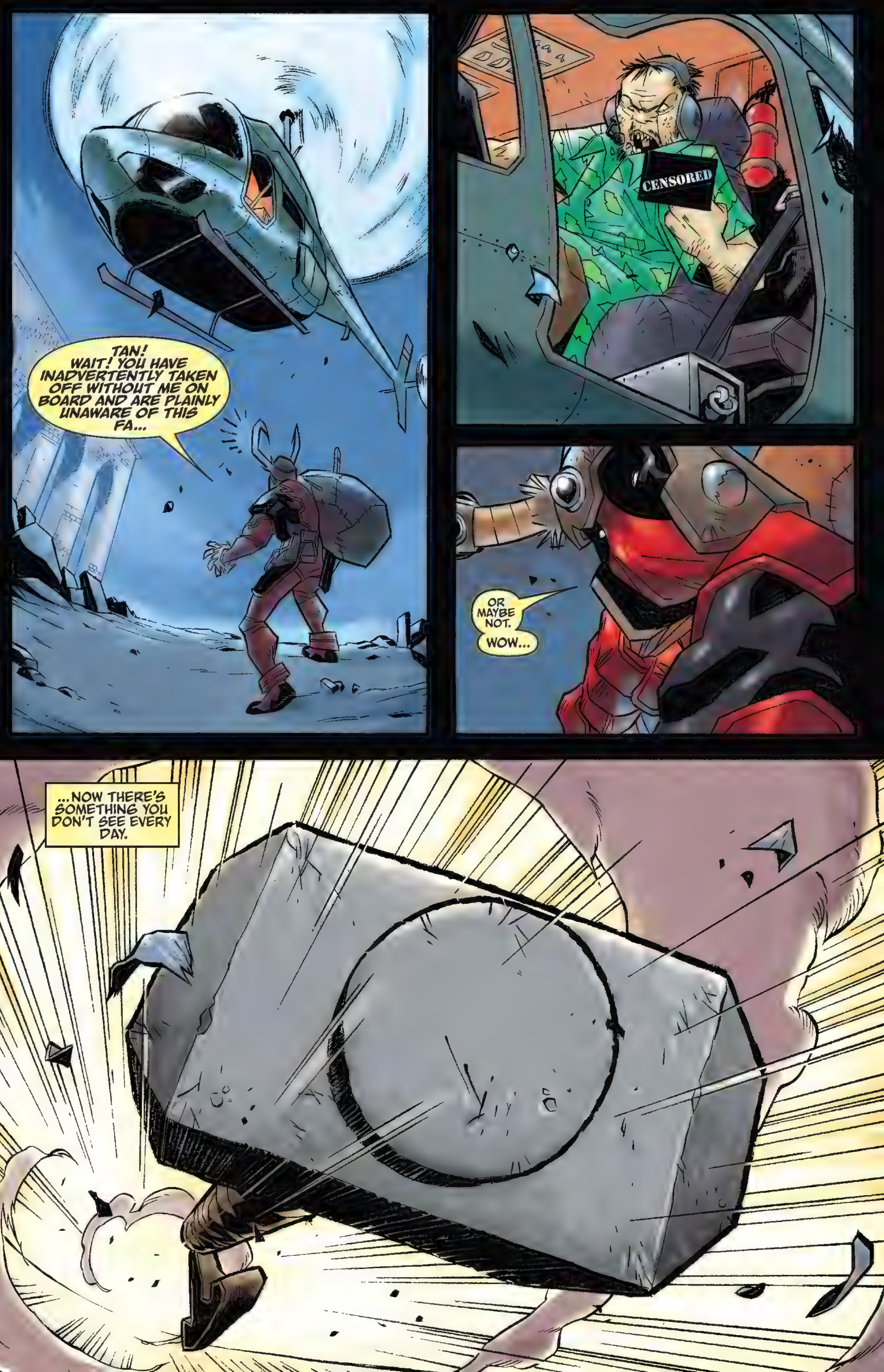

HAIL AND WELL MET, FELLOW!
ALSO: WHADDUP, DOG?
ACK.
THE FUTILITY OF TAN'S LIFE LAID BARE...
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
WHY THERE NO SWEET RELIEF-FILLED BULLETS IN GUN???
I TOOK THEM OUT BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS DO THIS. AND SOMEONE HAS TO FLY ME PLUS LOOT BACK TO THE BILLIONAIRE ASGARDIAN FANBOY WHO HIRED ME.
SPEAKING OF WHICH...
WHO, EXACTLY, ART THOU, MANHUNK?
ULP!

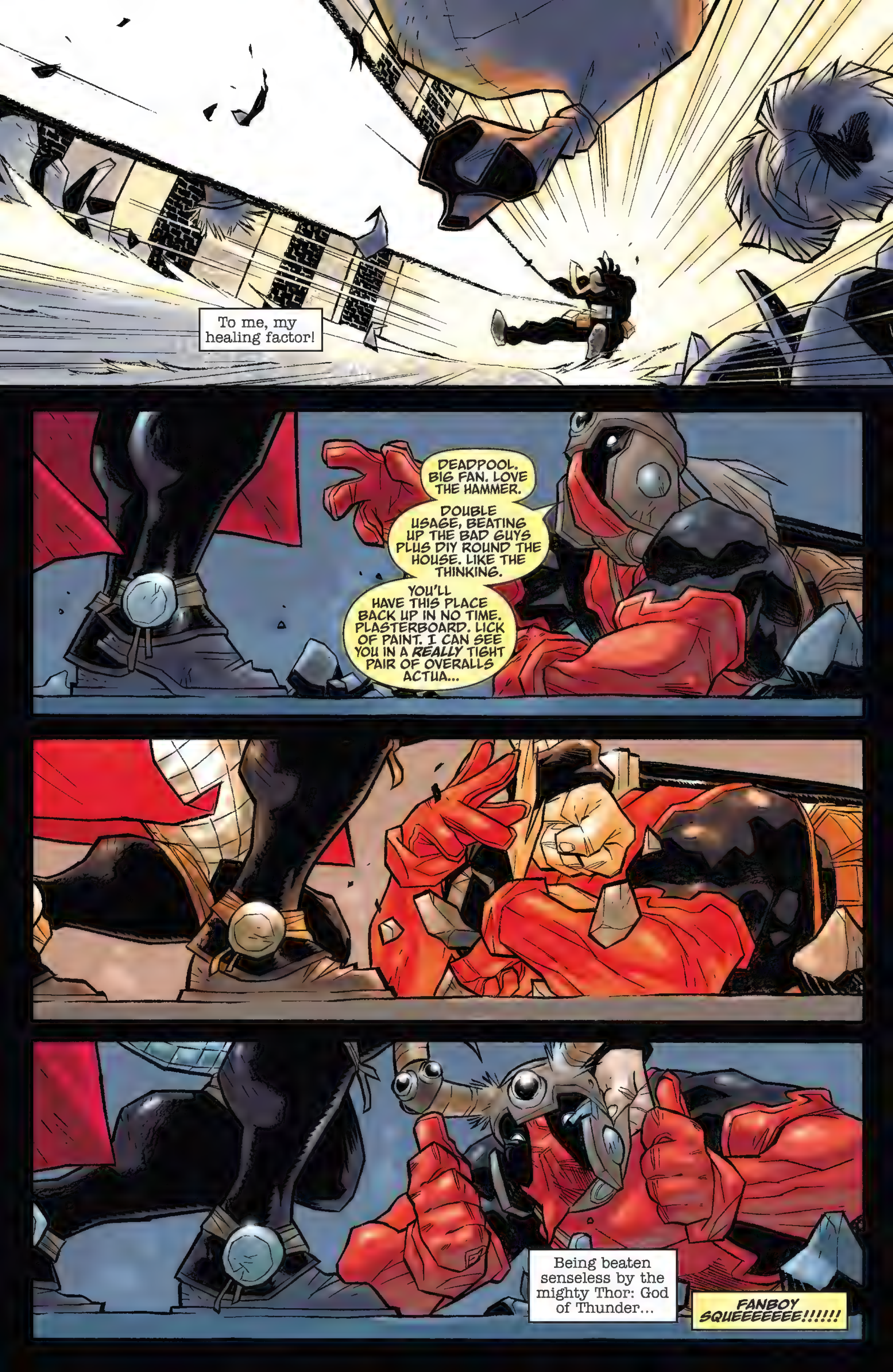

HE DOCTOR CURTIS NOLAN. HE TALK TO HIMSELF LIKE HE BEEN IN THE SUN TOO LONG.
I hate that.
POOR GUY.
TAN GO CRY IN COCKPIT.
YOU A COMPETITOR?
SHOULD I BE CONCERNED? AND WHEN I SAY 'CONCERNED' I MEAN 'SHOULD I STAB YOU REPEATEDLY,' OBVIOUSLY.
NO! REALLY! I'M JUST HERE LOOKING FOR ASGARDIAN ARTIFACTS. FOR...PURELY SCIENTIFIC REASONS.
HMMM...
Y'KNOW, I COULD NEVER SLICE THE MAJOR ARTERY OF A GUY WITH GLASSES.
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, JACK.
GO PLUNDER IN PEACE, MY MONSTROUSLY SIGHT-IMPAIRED FRIEND. I, THE STOIC LORD DEADPOOL, WISH YOU NO ILL.
I FIGURE THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOT HERE FOR EVERYONE, RIGHT?
THE LORDS OF ASGARD HAVE BLESSED US.
YEA, VERILY ETC.

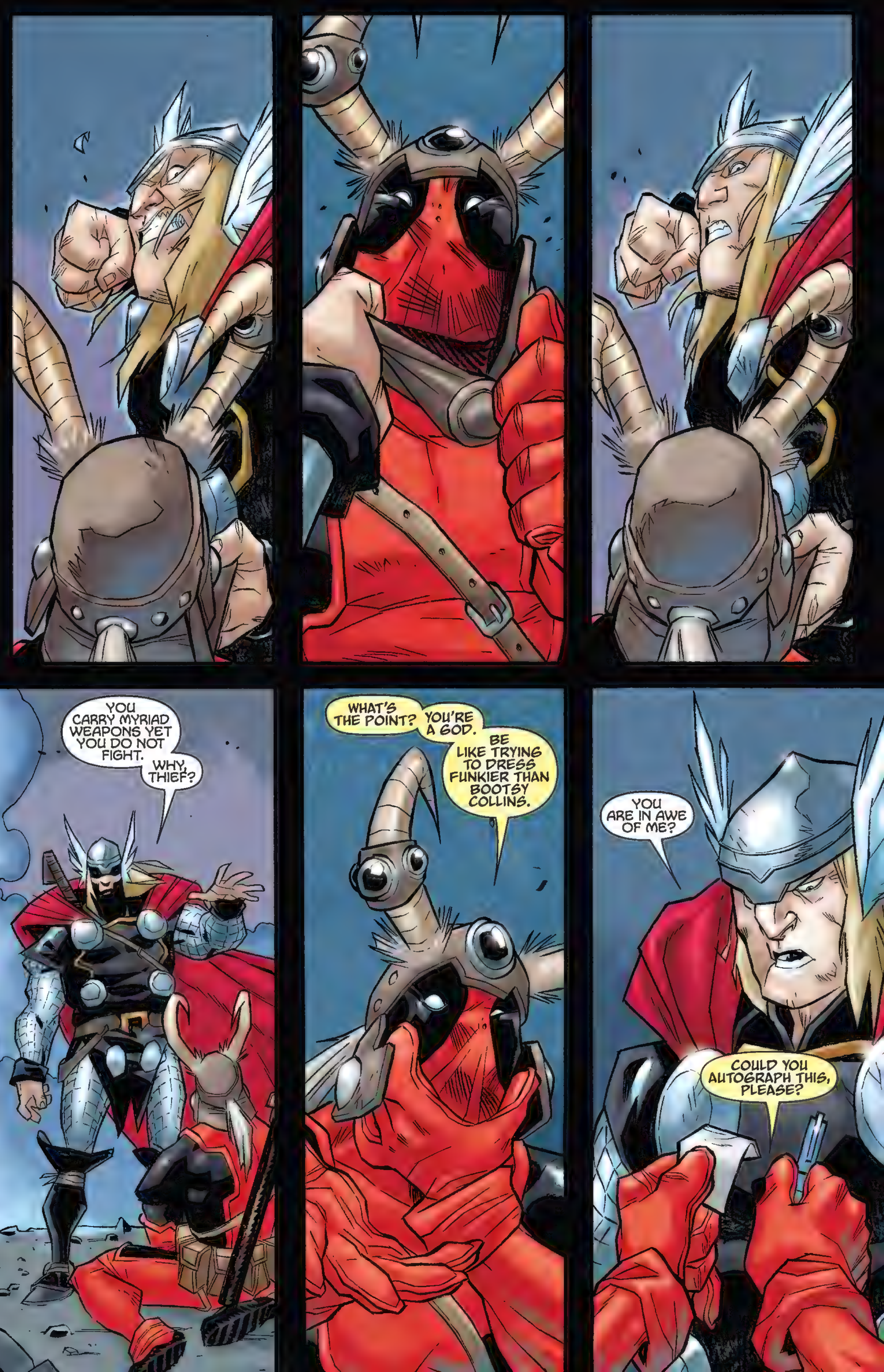

IT'S AMAZING THAT THEY DON'T GUARD THIS PLACE MORE THOROUGHLY.
I MEAN, CHECK THIS OUT.
ALL I DO IS KICK OVER A ROCK AND A NEW MYSTICAL THINGY IS REVEALED.
BEHOLD, IT FLASHES!
AND THERE BE WRITING ON THE SIDE. SOME ASGARDIAN POEM? SOME HEROIC LEGEND HITHERTO UNREVEALED?
STARK...
SECURITY...
...SENSOR.
STARK INTERNATIONA
URITY SENSOR
STARK
INDUSTRIES
UH-OH.
Uh-oh.
UH-OH.

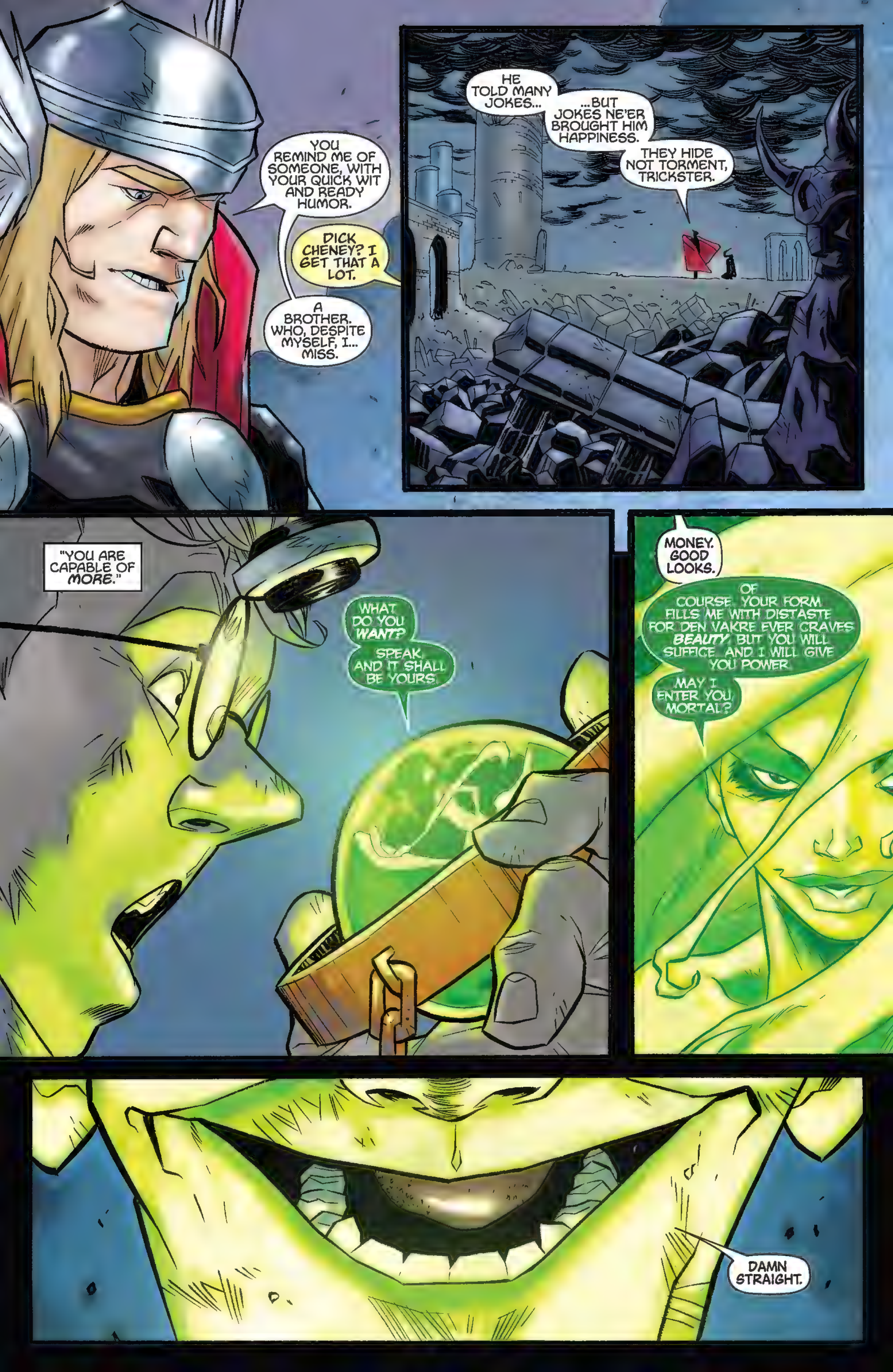

FOUL MISCREANTS!!!
TAWDRY PILFERERS!!!
THOU WOULDST DEMEAN THE GLORY OF MY FATHER'S HOUSE AND STEAL FROM THE HALLS OF MY NOBLE, FALLEN BRETHREN???
Alert!!!!
ALERT!!!!!!!!!
DEADPOOL DONE A WEE-WEE.

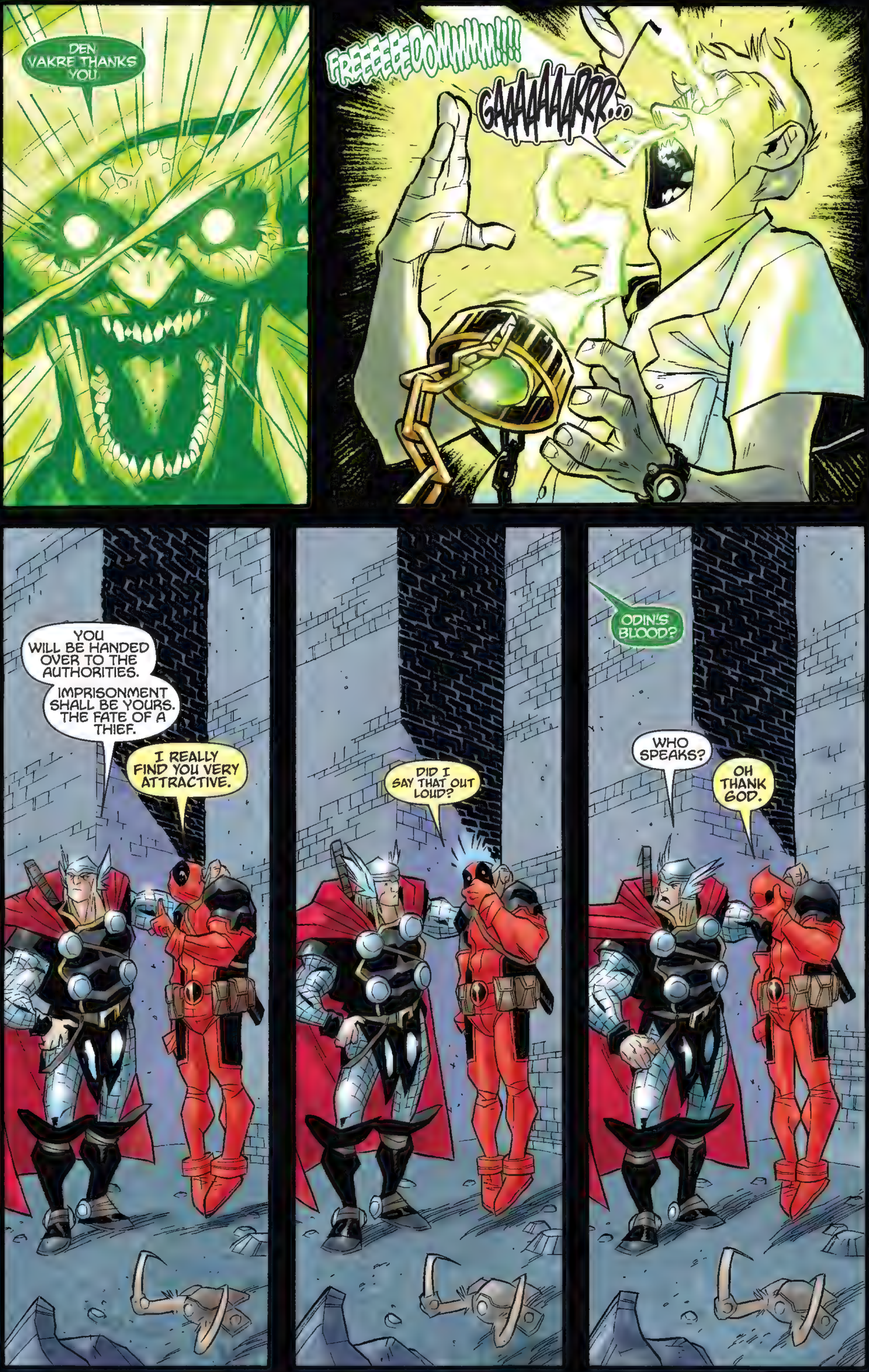

JOCK! START THE ENGINES!!!
START THE ENGINES, JOCK!!!!*
*Raiders of the Lost Ark reference.
WHO JOCK? YOU HIRE OTHER PILOT AND NOT TELL TAN?
IT'S FROM AN INDIANA JONES MOVIE!
THAT THE ONE WITH SHORT-ROUND SIDEKICK? TAN ALMOST GET THAT ROLE AS CHILD ACTOR!
YOU'D HAVE BEEN GREAT IN THAT PART!
TAN THOUGHT SO!
WOULD HAVE OFFERED VERY DIFFERENT, SENSITIVE TAKE ON CHARACTER!
WITH LOT MORE SHOUTING!
PLEASE START THE ENGINES!!!

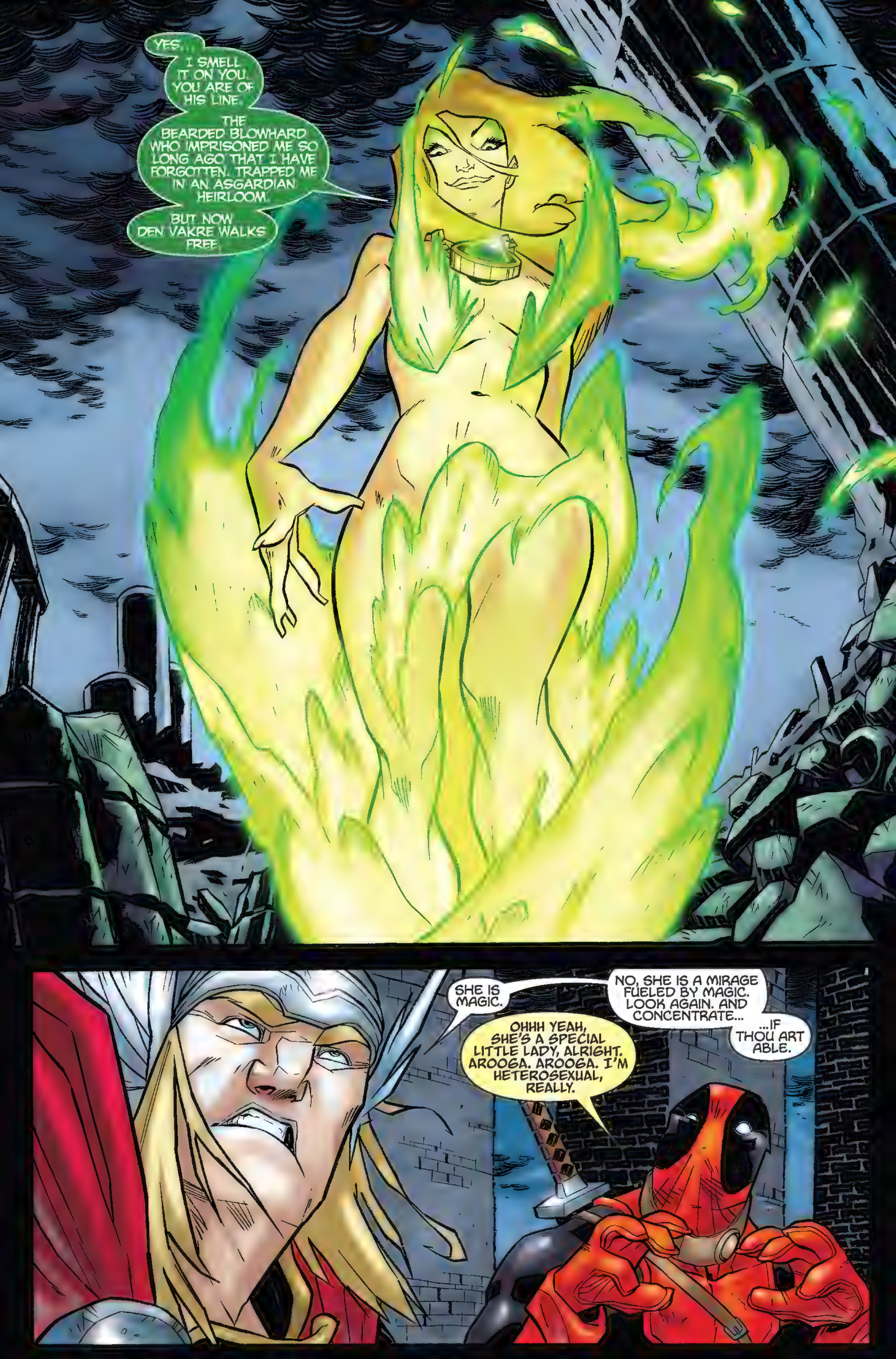

TAN! WAIT! YOU HAVE INADVERTENTLY TAKEN OFF WITHOUT ME ON BOARD AND ARE PLAINLY UNAWARE OF THIS FA...
CENSORED
OR MAYBE NOT.
WOW...
...NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY.

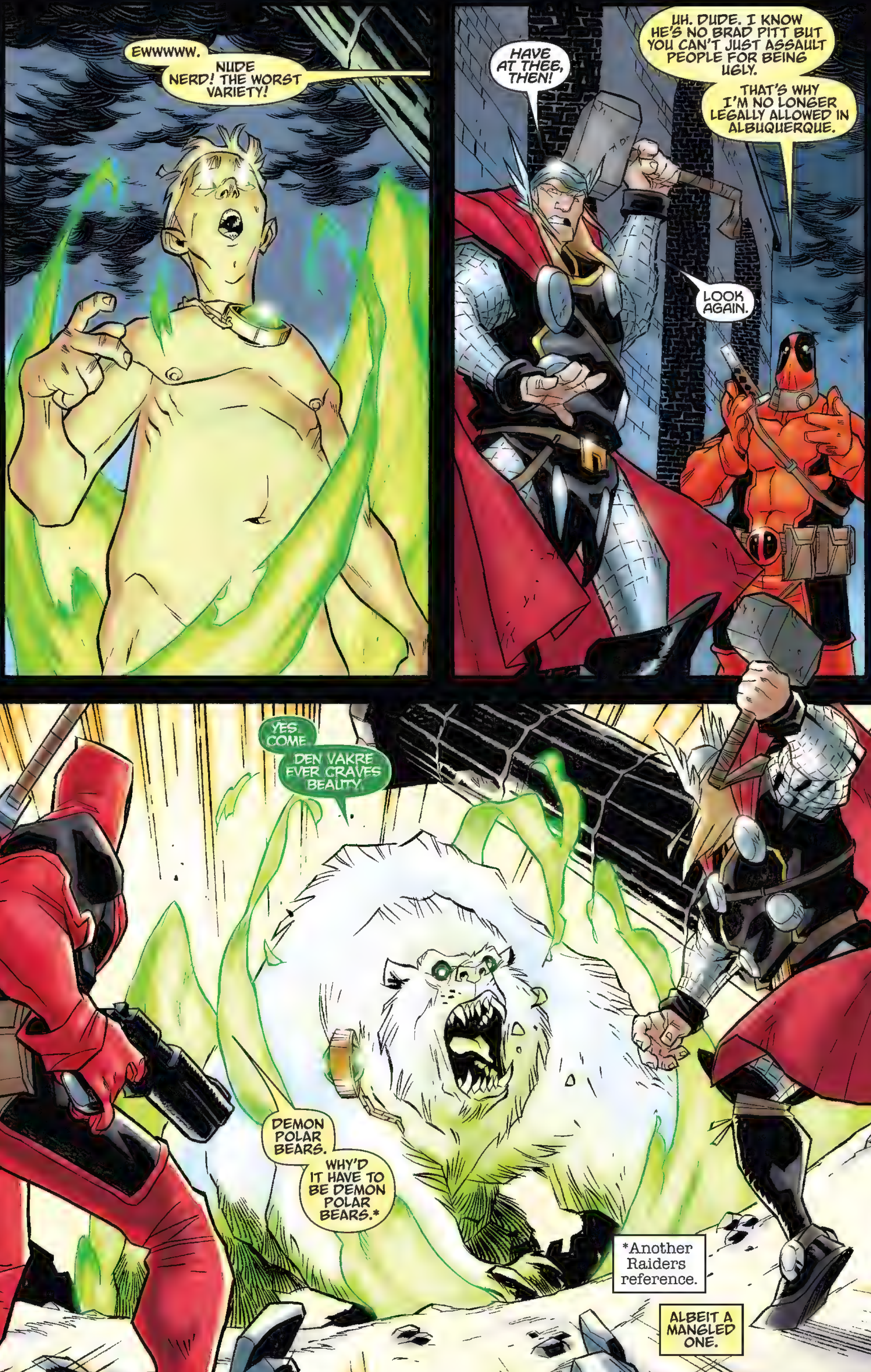

To me, my healing factor!
DEADPOOL. BIG FAN. LOVE THE HAMMER.
DOUBLE USAGE, BEATING UP THE BAD GUYS PLUS DIY ROUND THE HOUSE. LIKE THE THINKING.
YOU'LL HAVE THIS PLACE BACK UP IN NO TIME. PLASTERBOARD. LICK OF PAINT. I CAN SEE YOU IN A *REALLY* TIGHT PAIR OF OVERALLS ACTUA...
Being beaten senseless by the mighty Thor: God of Thunder...
FANBOY SQUEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

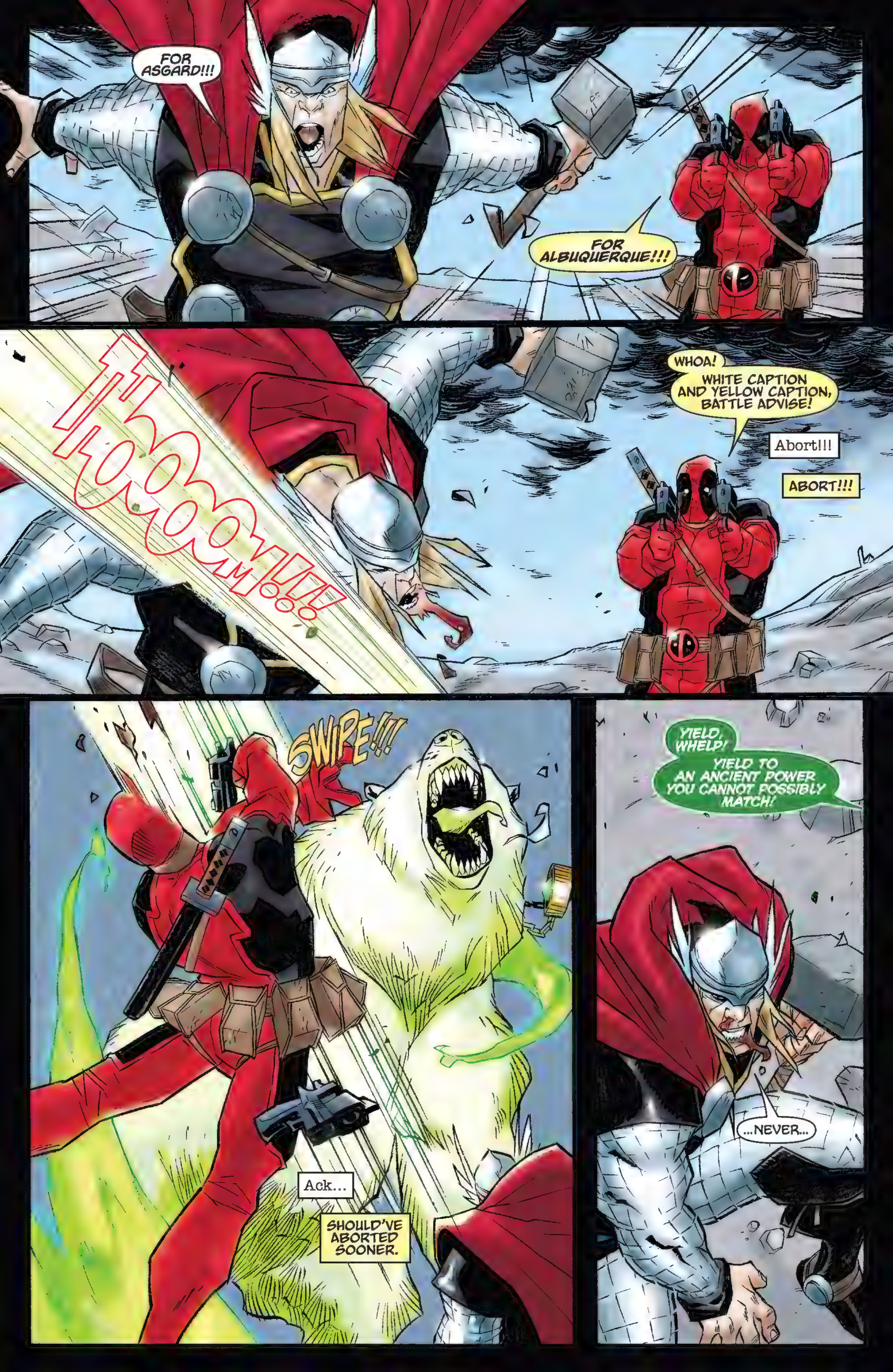

YOU CARRY MYRIAD WEAPONS YET YOU DO NOT FIGHT.
WHY, THIEF?
WHAT'S THE POINT?
YOU'RE A GOD.
BE LIKE TRYING TO DRESS FUNKIER THAN BOOTSY COLLINS.
YOU ARE IN AWE OF ME?
COULD YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS, PLEASE?

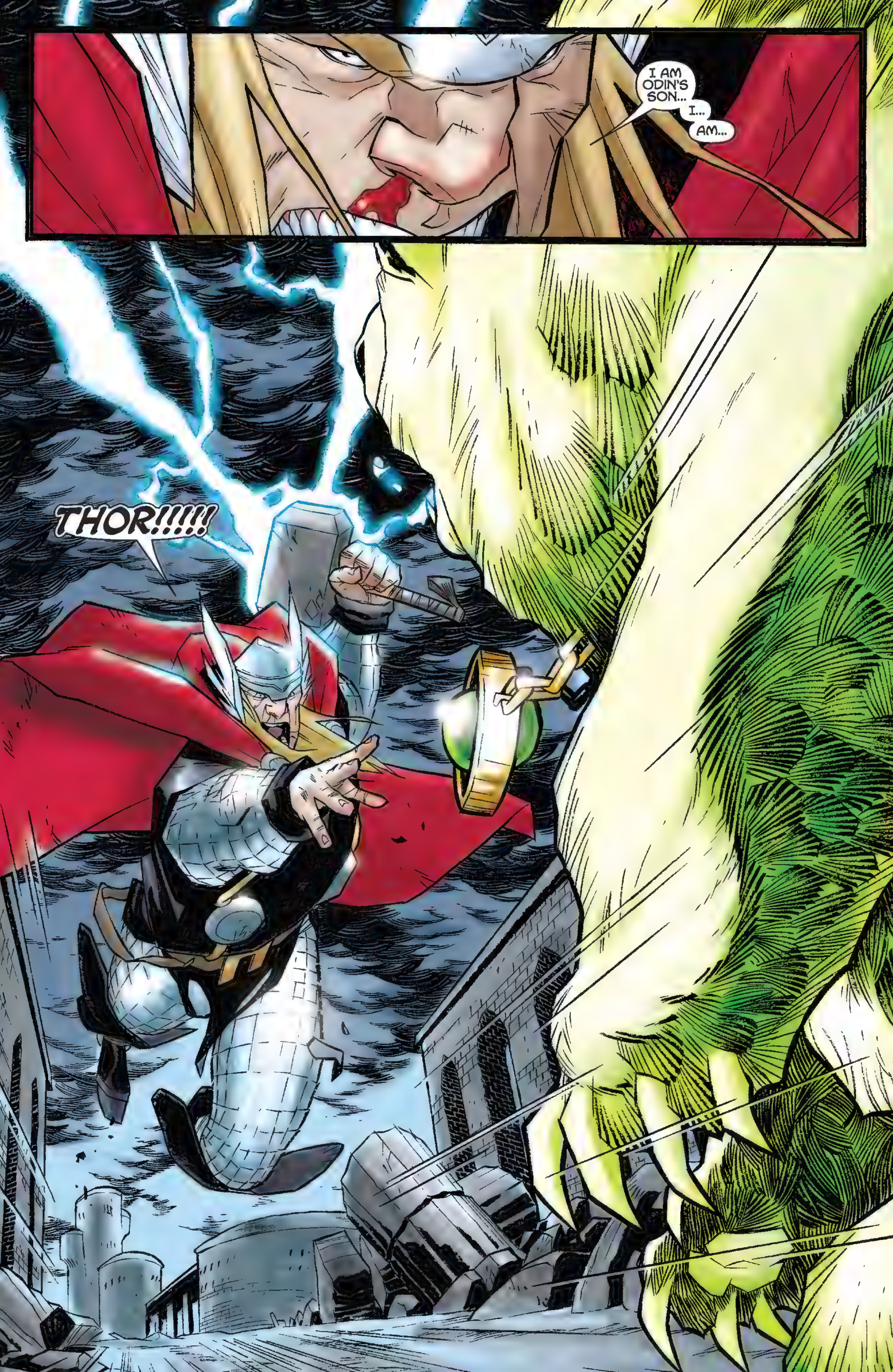

YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEONE, WITH YOUR QUICK WIT AND READY HUMOR.
DICK CHENEY? I GET THAT A LOT.
A BROTHER. WHO, DESPITE MYSELF, I... MISS.
HE TOLD MANY JOKES...
...BUT JOKES NE'ER BROUGHT HIM HAPPINESS.
THEY HIDE NOT TORMENT, TRICKSTER.
"YOU ARE CAPABLE OF *MORE*."
WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*
SPEAK, AND IT SHALL BE YOURS.
MONEY. GOOD LOOKS.
OF COURSE, YOUR FORM FILLS ME WITH DISTASTE FOR DEN VAKRE EVER CRAVES *BEAUTY*, BUT YOU WILL SUFFICE, AND I WILL GIVE YOU POWER.
MAY I ENTER YOU, MORTAL?
DAMN STRAIGHT.

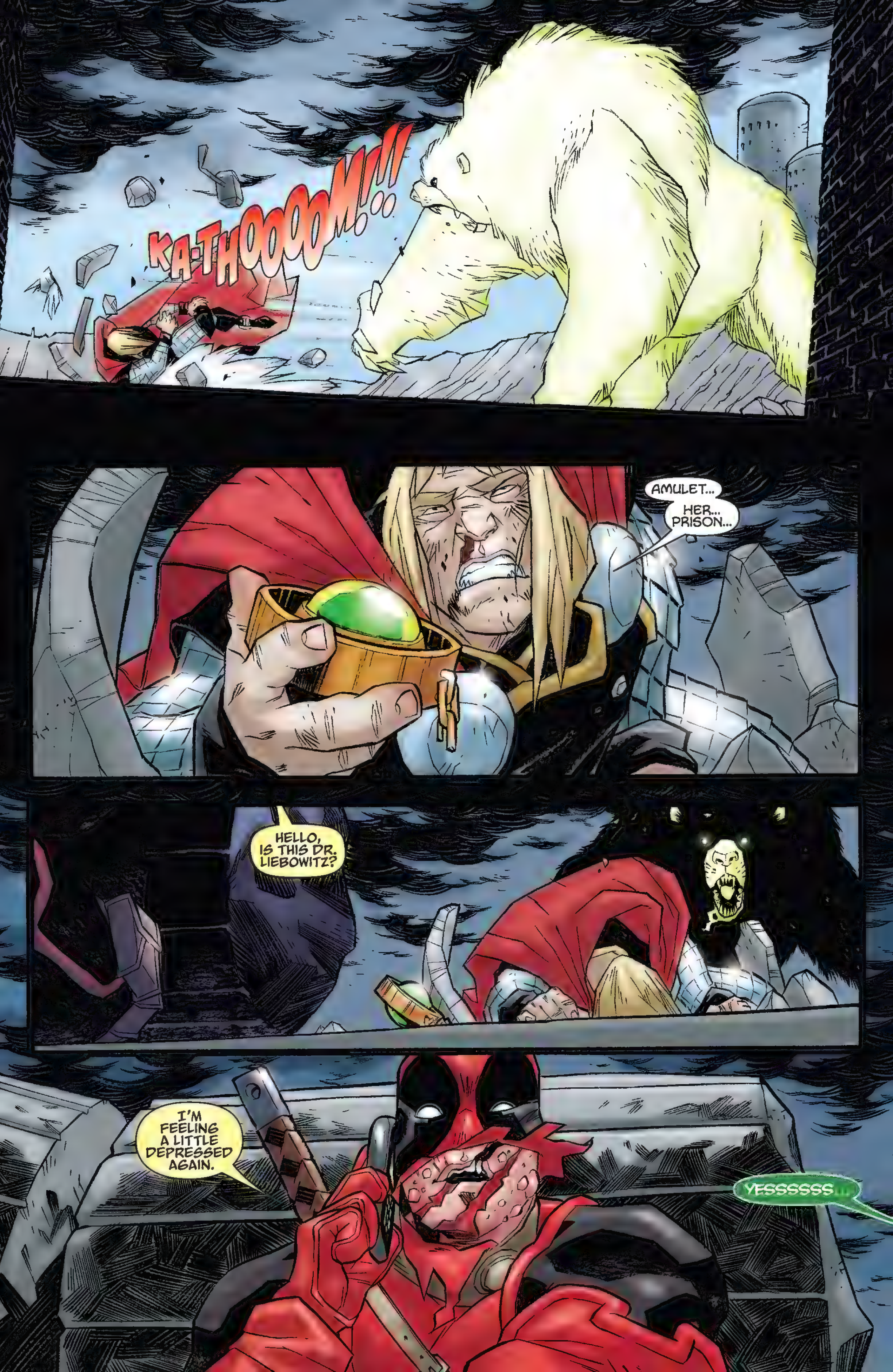

DEN VAKRE THANKS YOU
FREEEEEEDOMMMM!!!!
GAAAAAAARRR...
YOU WILL BE HANDED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES.
IMPRISONMENT SHALL BE YOURS. THE FATE OF A THIEF.
I REALLY FIND YOU VERY ATTRACTIVE.
DID I SAY THAT OUT LOUD?
ODIN'S BLOOD?
WHO SPEAKS?
OH THANK GOD.

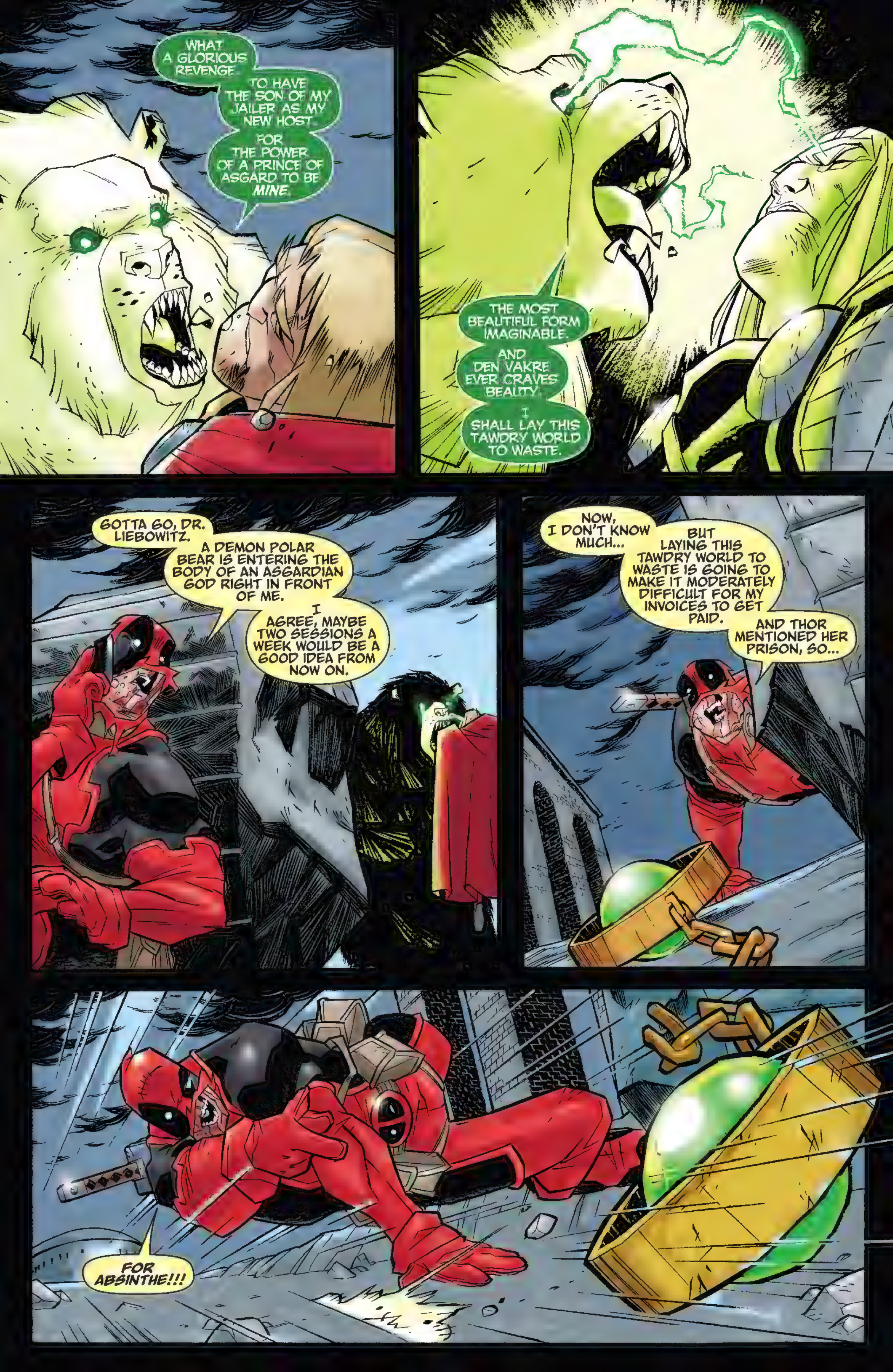

YES... I SMELL IT ON YOU. YOU ARE OF HIS LINE.
THE BEARDED BLOWHARD WHO IMPRISONED ME SO LONG AGO THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN. TRAPPED ME IN AN ASGARDIAN HEIRLOOM.
BUT NOW DEN VAKRE WALKS FREE.
SHE IS MAGIC.
NO, SHE IS A MIRAGE FUELED BY MAGIC. LOOK AGAIN. AND CONCENTRATE...
OHHH YEAH, SHE'S A SPECIAL LITTLE LADY, ALRIGHT. AROOGA. AROOGA. I'M HETEROSEXUAL, REALLY.
...IF THOU ART ABLE.

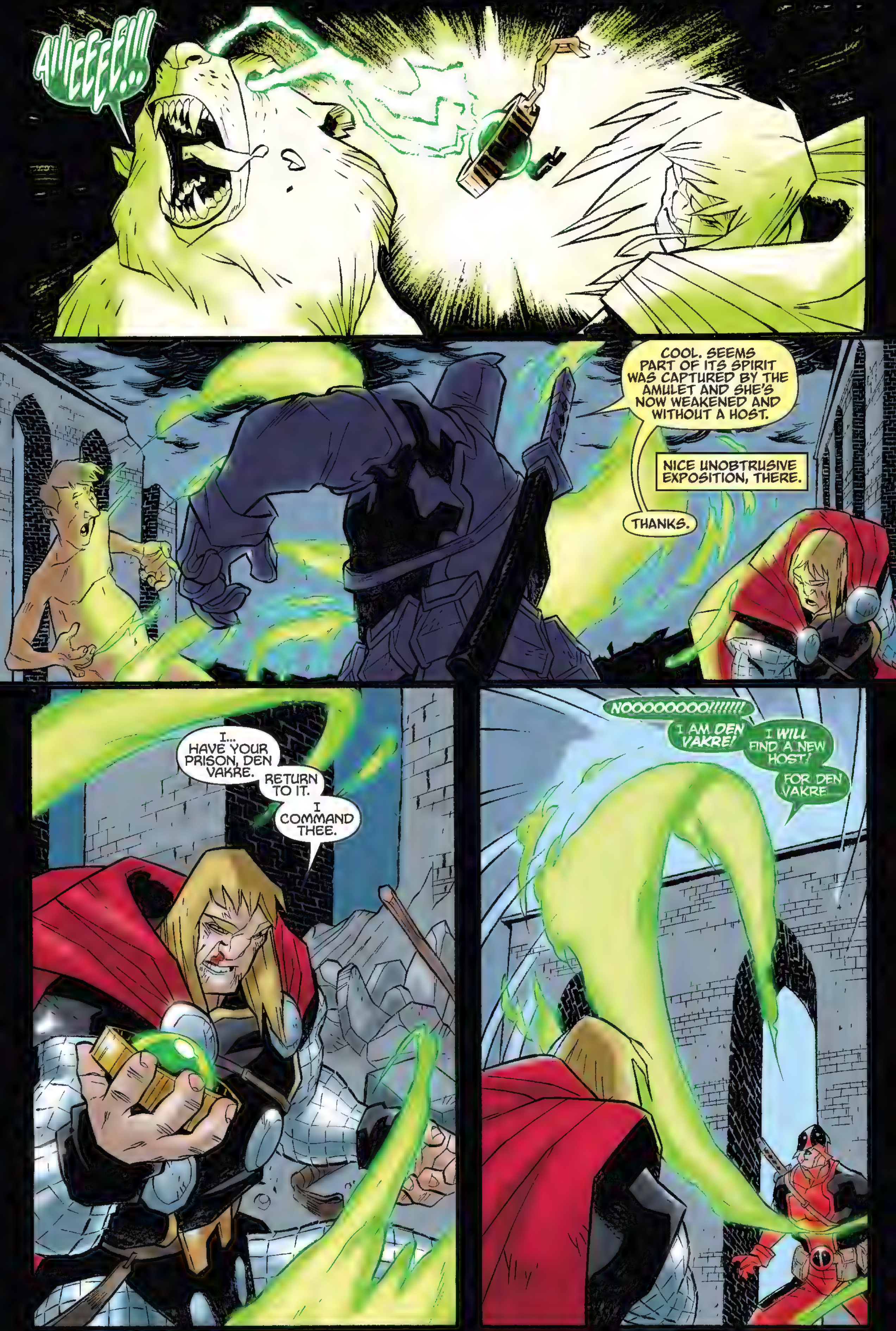

EWWWWW.
NUDE NERD! THE WORST VARIETY!
HAVE AT THEE, THEN!
UH. DUDE. I KNOW HE'S NO BRAD PITT BUT YOU CAN'T JUST ASSAULT PEOPLE FOR BEING UGLY.
THAT'S WHY I'M NO LONGER LEGALLY ALLOWED IN ALBUQUERQUE.
LOOK AGAIN.
YES. COME.
DEN VAKRE EVER CRAVES BEAUTY.
DEMON POLAR BEARS.
WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE DEMON POLAR BEARS.*
*Another Raiders reference.
ALBEIT A MANGLED ONE.

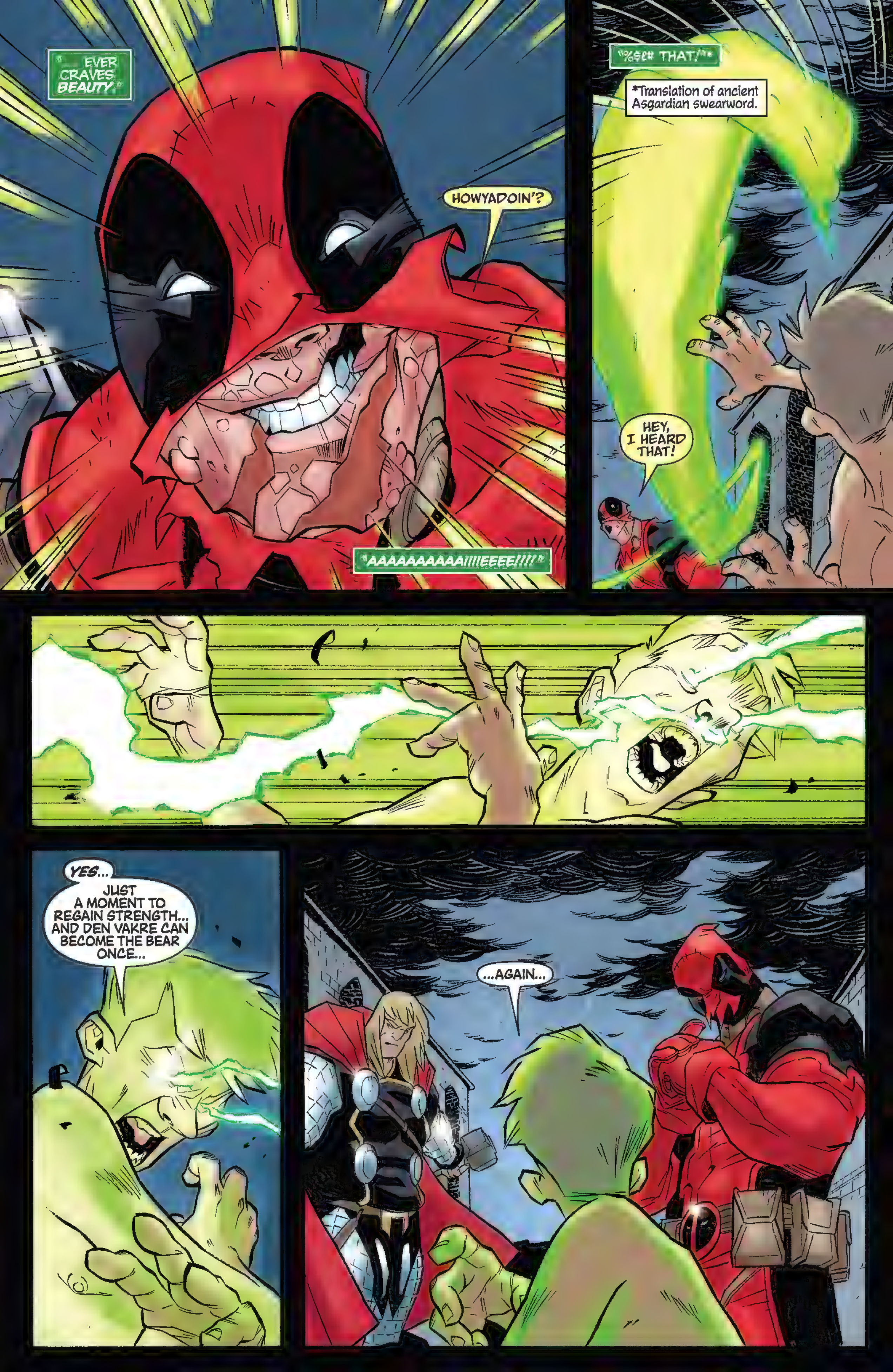

FOR ASGARD!!!
FOR ALBUQUERQUE!!!
THOOOOM!!!
WHOA!
WHITE CAPTION AND YELLOW CAPTION, BATTLE ADVISE!
Abort!!!
ABORT!!!
SWIPE!!!
Ack...
SHOULD'VE ABORTED SOONER.
YIELD, WHELP!
YIELD TO AN ANCIENT POWER YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY MATCH!
...NEVER...

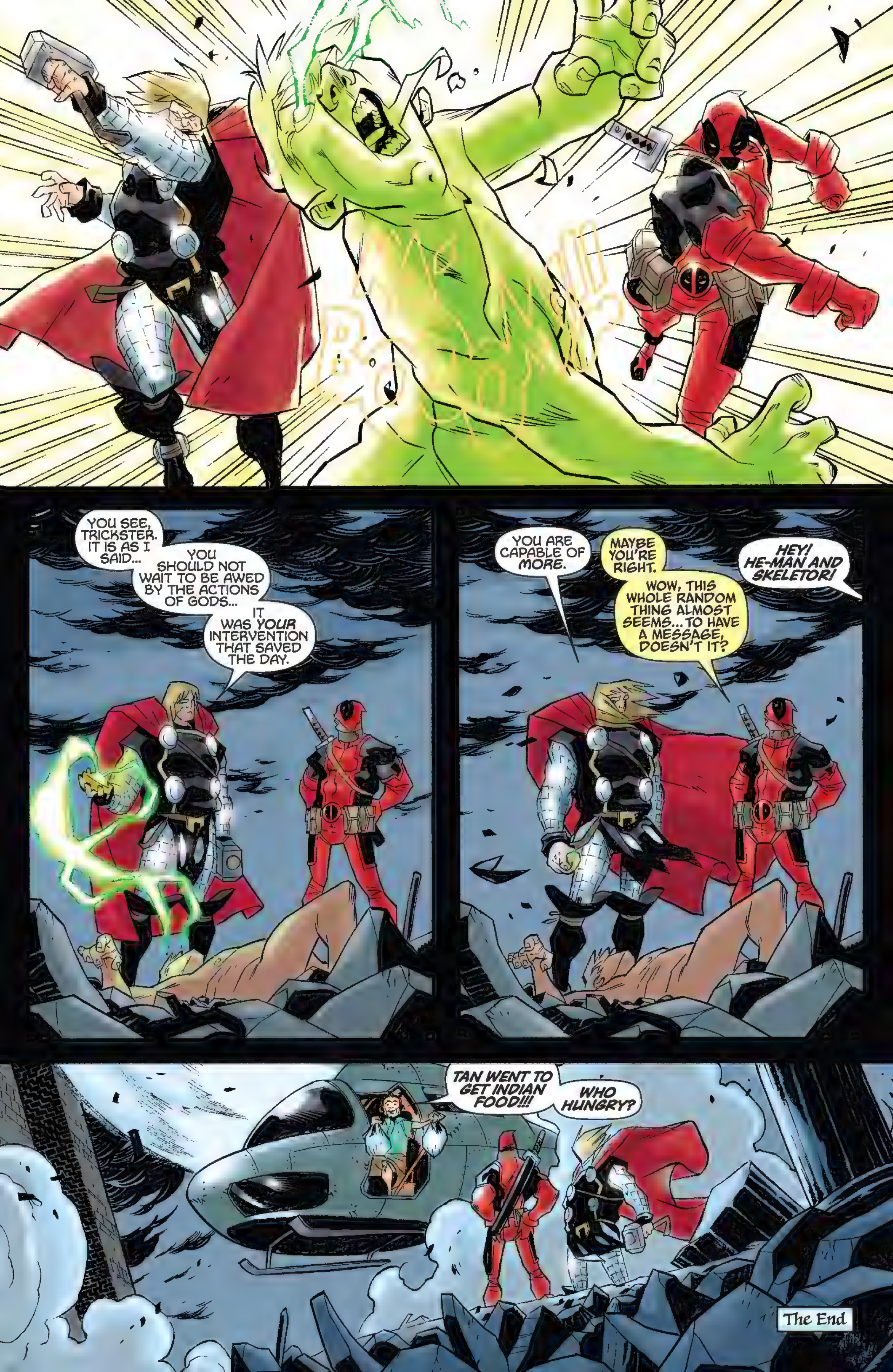

I AM ODIN'S SON... I... AM...
THOR!!!!!


KA-THOOOOOM!!!
AMULET... HER... PRISON...
HELLO, IS THIS DR. LIEBOWITZ?
I'M FEELING A LITTLE DEPRESSED AGAIN.
YESSSSSS...

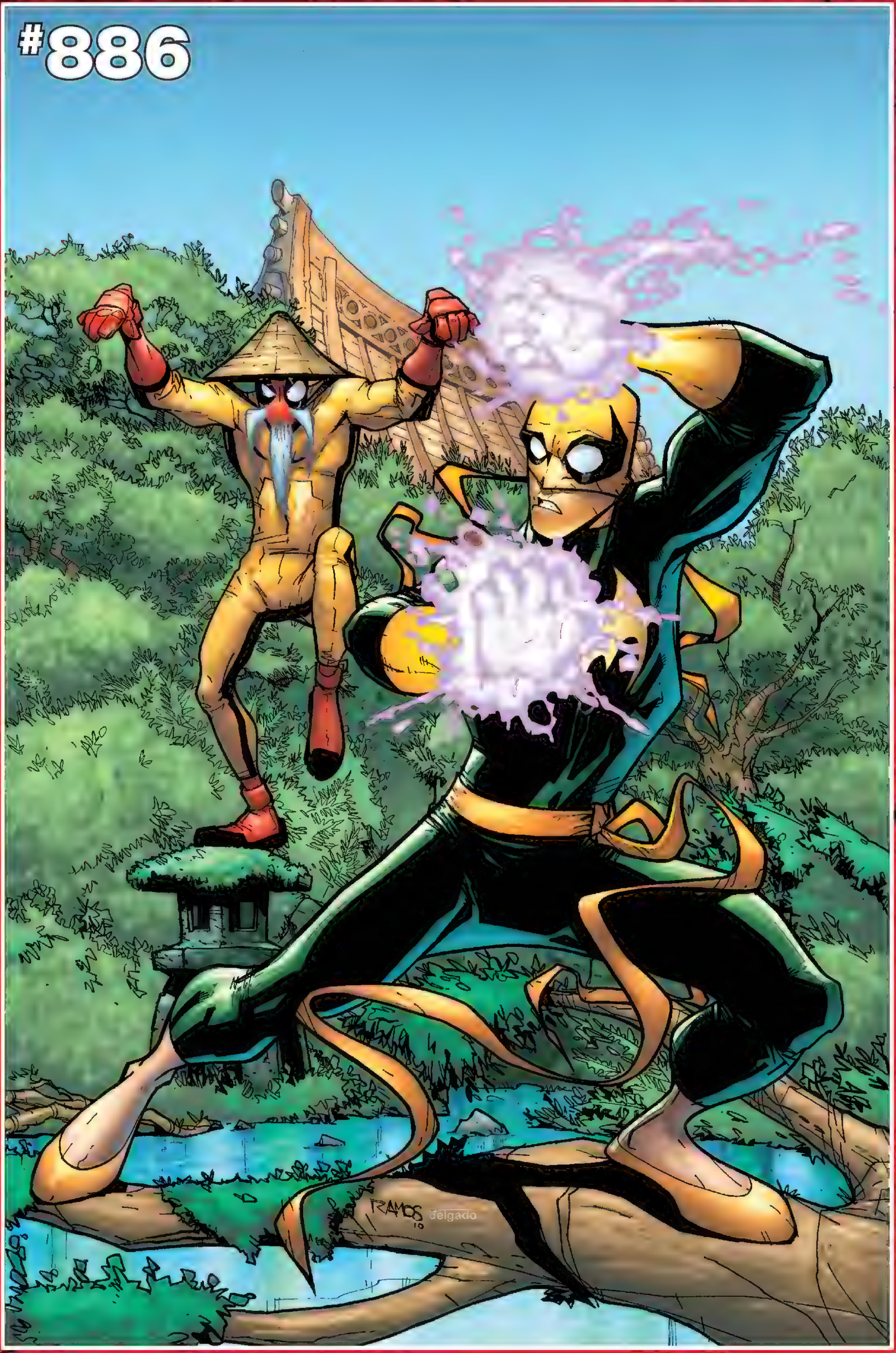

WHAT A GLORIOUS REVENGE.
TO HAVE THE SON OF MY JAILER AS MY NEW HOST.
FOR THE POWER OF A PRINCE OF ASGARD TO BE *MINE.*
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FORM IMAGINABLE.
AND DEN VAKRE EVER CRAVES BEAUTY.
I SHALL LAY THIS TAWDRY WORLD TO WASTE.
GOTTA GO, DR. LIEBOWITZ.
A DEMON POLAR BEAR IS ENTERING THE BODY OF AN ASGARDIAN GOD RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME.
I AGREE, MAYBE TWO SESSIONS A WEEK WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FROM NOW ON.
NOW, I DON'T KNOW MUCH...
BUT LAYING THIS TAWDRY WORLD TO WASTE IS GOING TO MAKE IT MODERATELY DIFFICULT FOR MY INVOICES TO GET PAID.
AND THOR MENTIONED HER PRISON, SO...
FOR ABSINTHE!!!

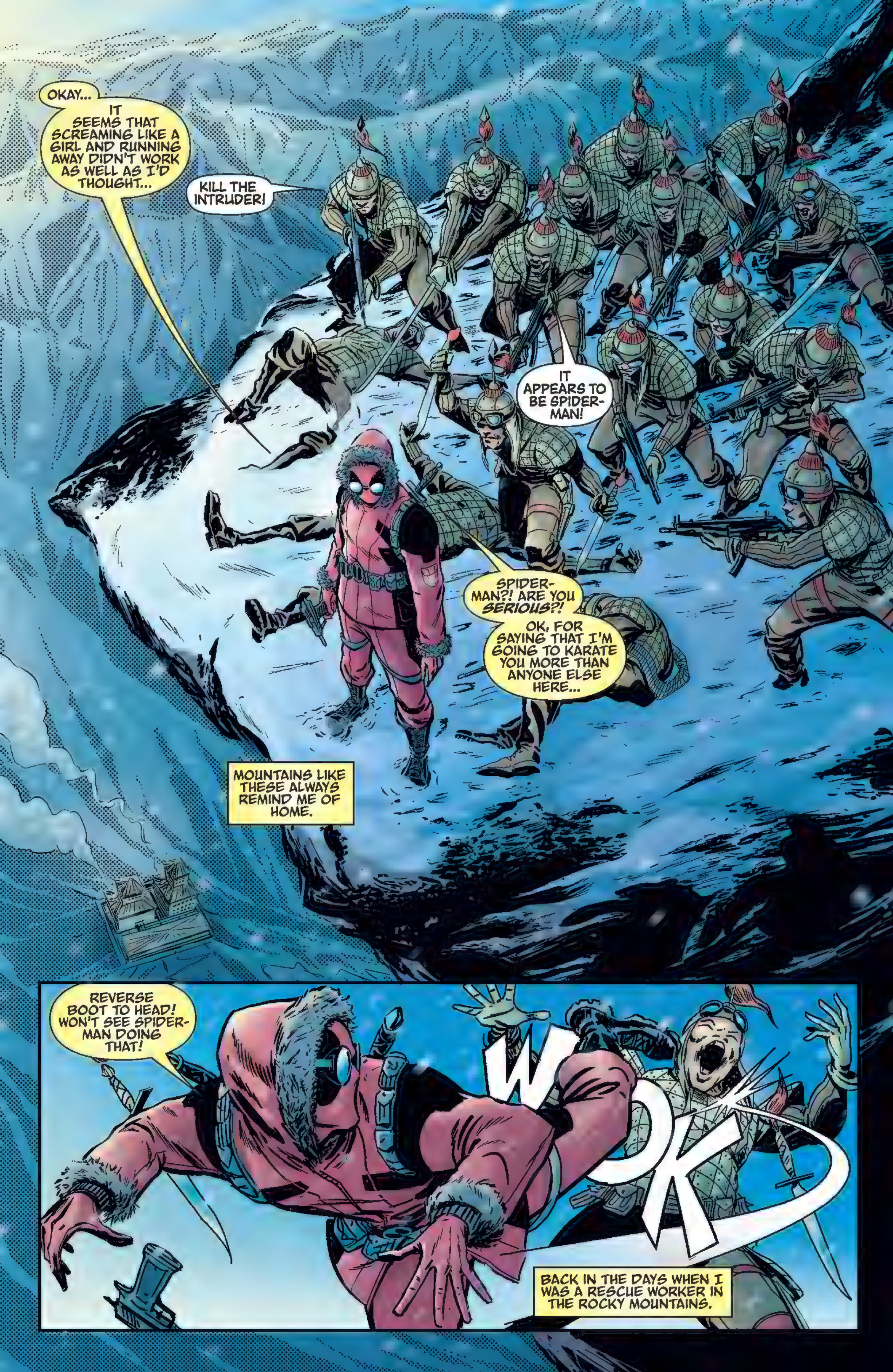

AIIEEEE!!!..
COOL. SEEMS PART OF ITS SPIRIT WAS CAPTURED BY THE AMULET AND SHE'S NOW WEAKENED AND WITHOUT A HOST.
NICE UNOBTRUSIVE EXPOSITION, THERE.
THANKS.
I... HAVE YOUR PRISON, DEN VAKRE.
RETURN TO IT.
I COMMAND THEE.
NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!
I AM DEN VAKRE!
I WILL FIND A NEW HOST!
FOR DEN VAKRE!

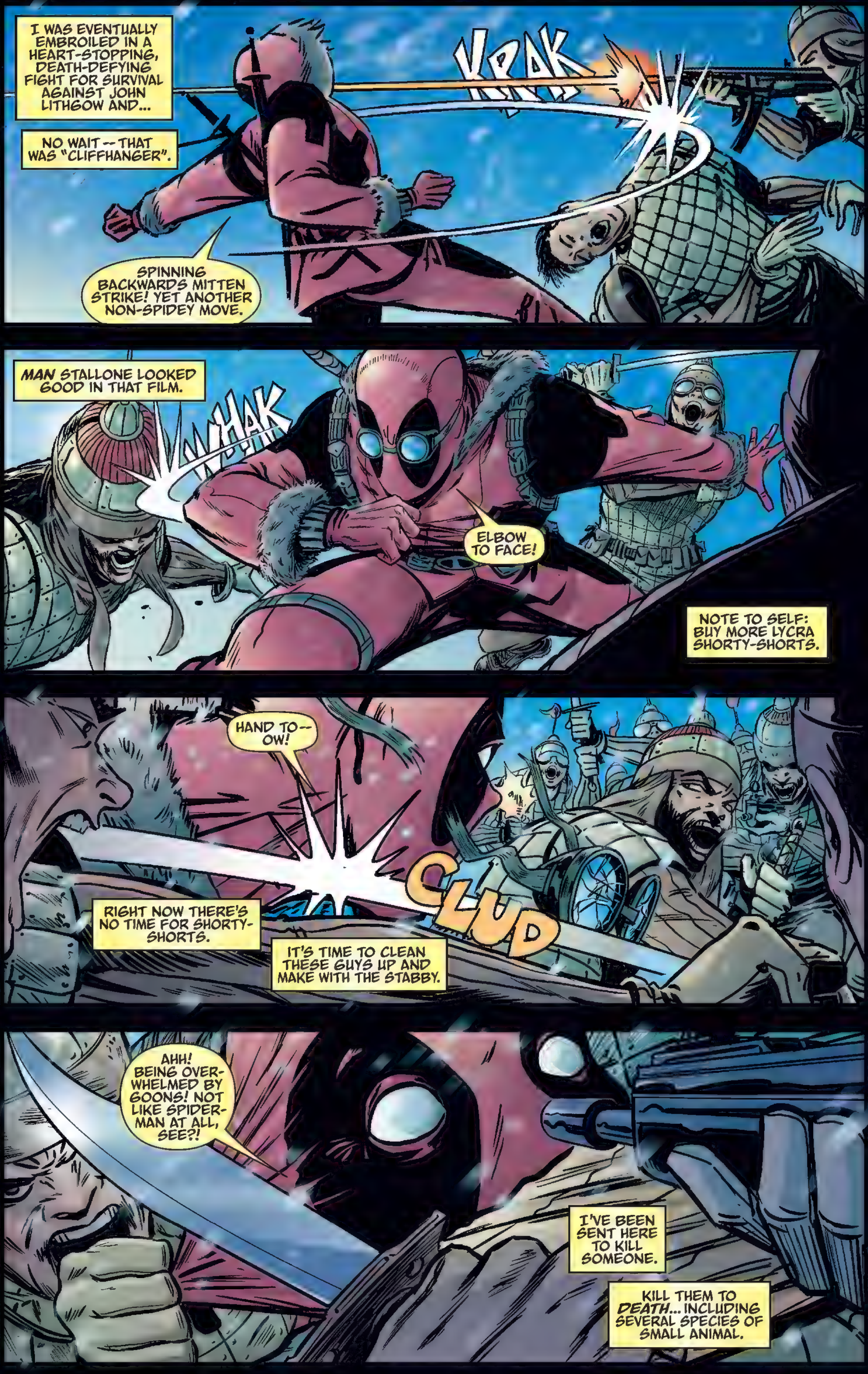

"...EVER CRAVES BEAUTY."
HOWYADOIN'?
"AAAAAAAAAA!!!!EEEE!!!!"
"%$¢# THAT!"*
*Translation of ancient Asgardian swearword.
HEY, I HEARD THAT!
YES... JUST A MOMENT TO REGAIN STRENGTH... AND DEN VAKRE CAN BECOME THE BEAR ONCE...
...AGAIN...

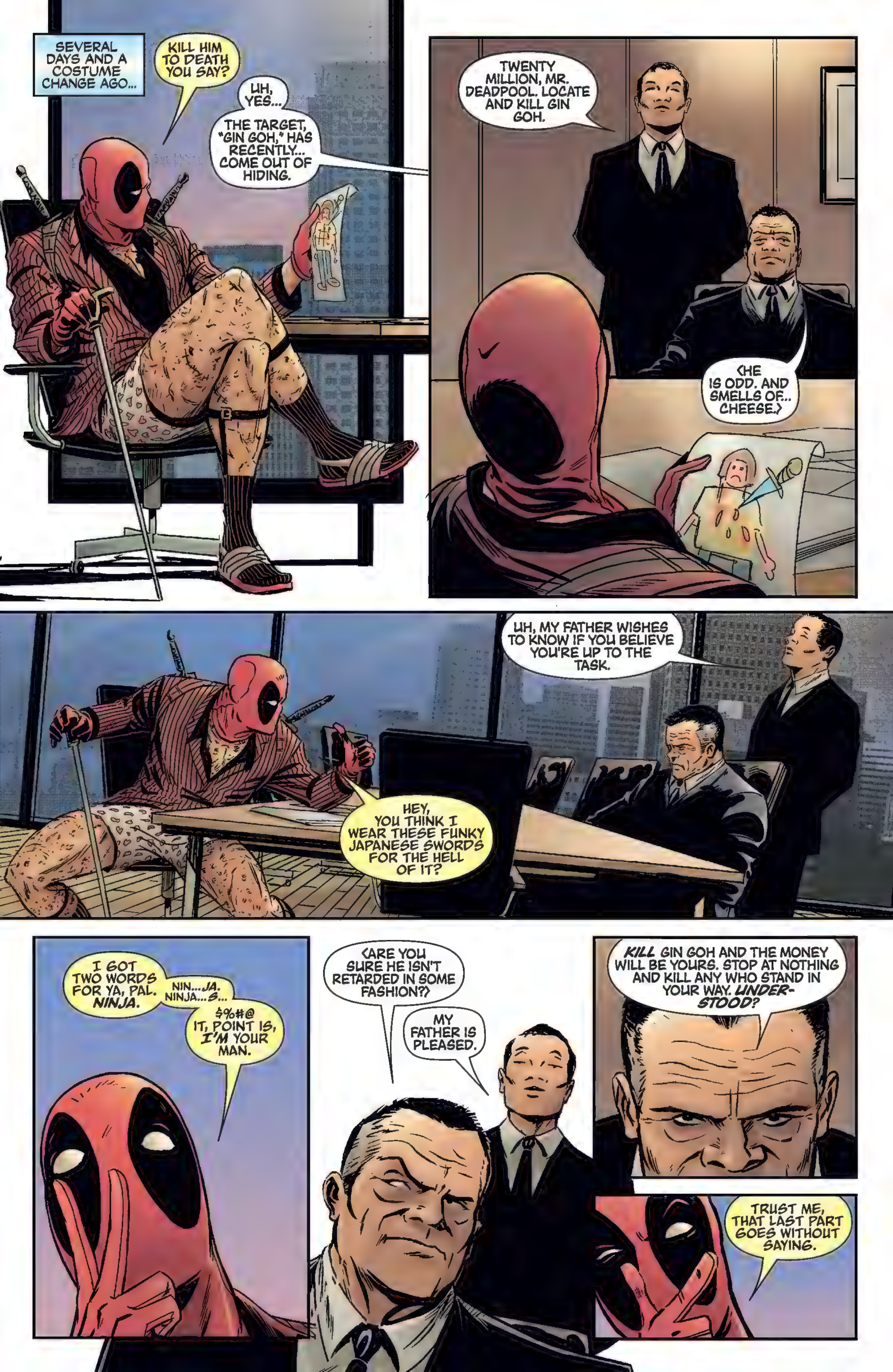

YOU SEE, TRICKSTER. IT IS AS I SAID...
YOU SHOULD NOT WAIT TO BE AWED BY THE ACTIONS OF GODS...
IT WAS *YOUR* INTERVENTION THAT SAVED THE DAY.
YOU ARE CAPABLE OF *MORE.*
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
WOW, THIS WHOLE RANDOM THING ALMOST SEEMS... TO HAVE A MESSAGE, DOESN'T IT?
HEY! HE-MAN AND SKELETOR!
TAN WENT TO GET INDIAN FOOD!!!
WHO HUNGRY?
The End

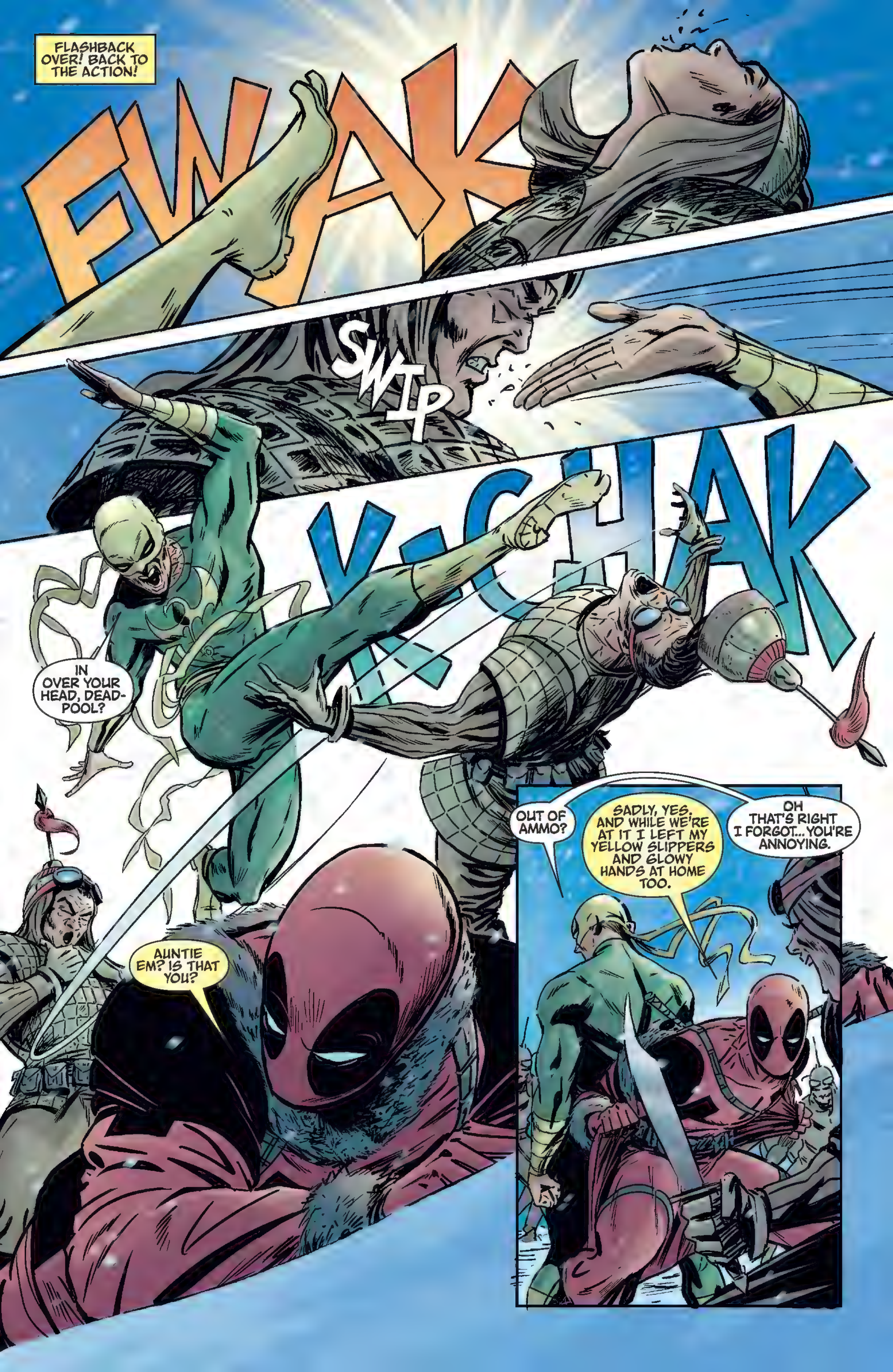
#886

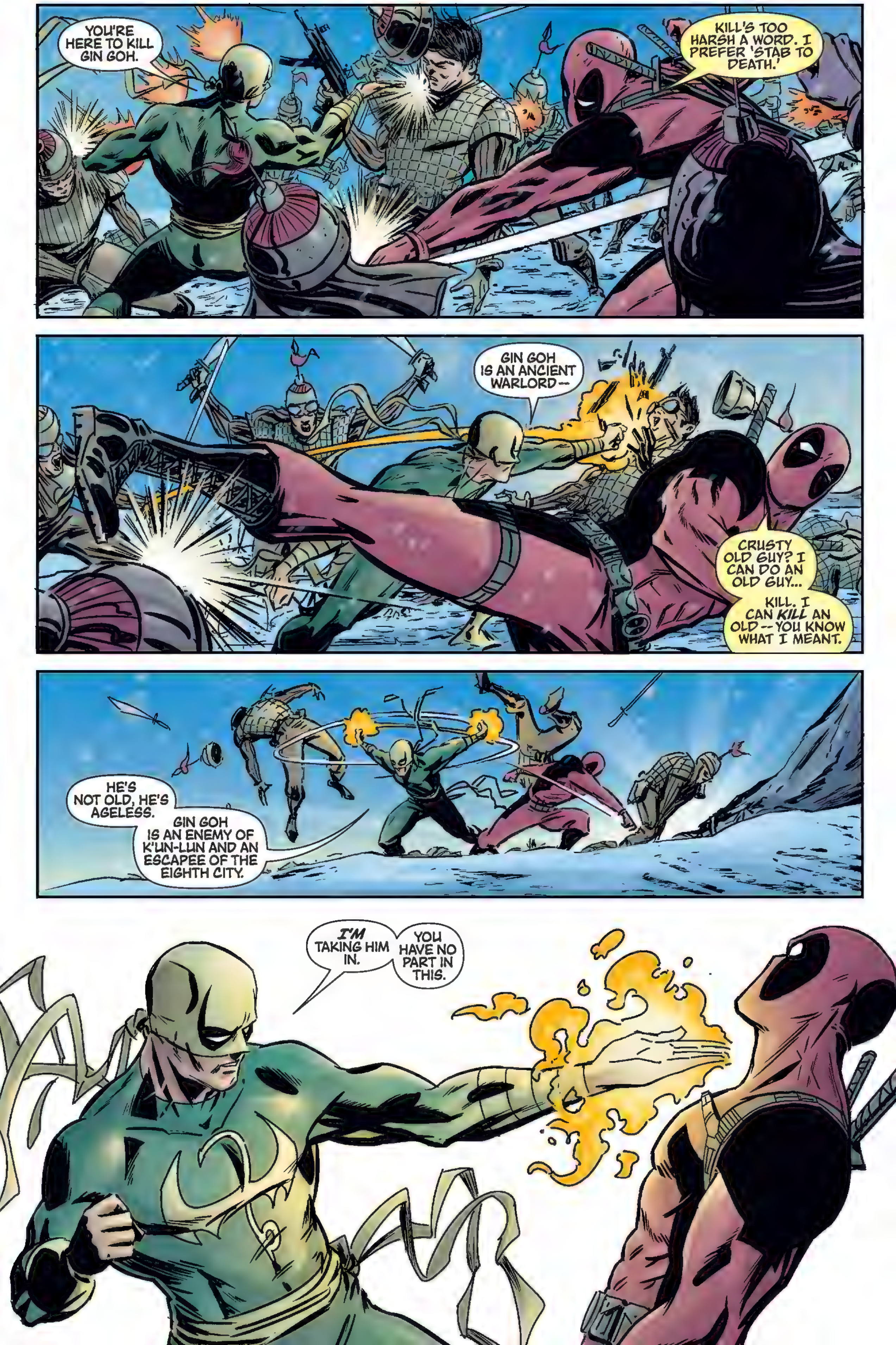

RAMOS '10
delgado

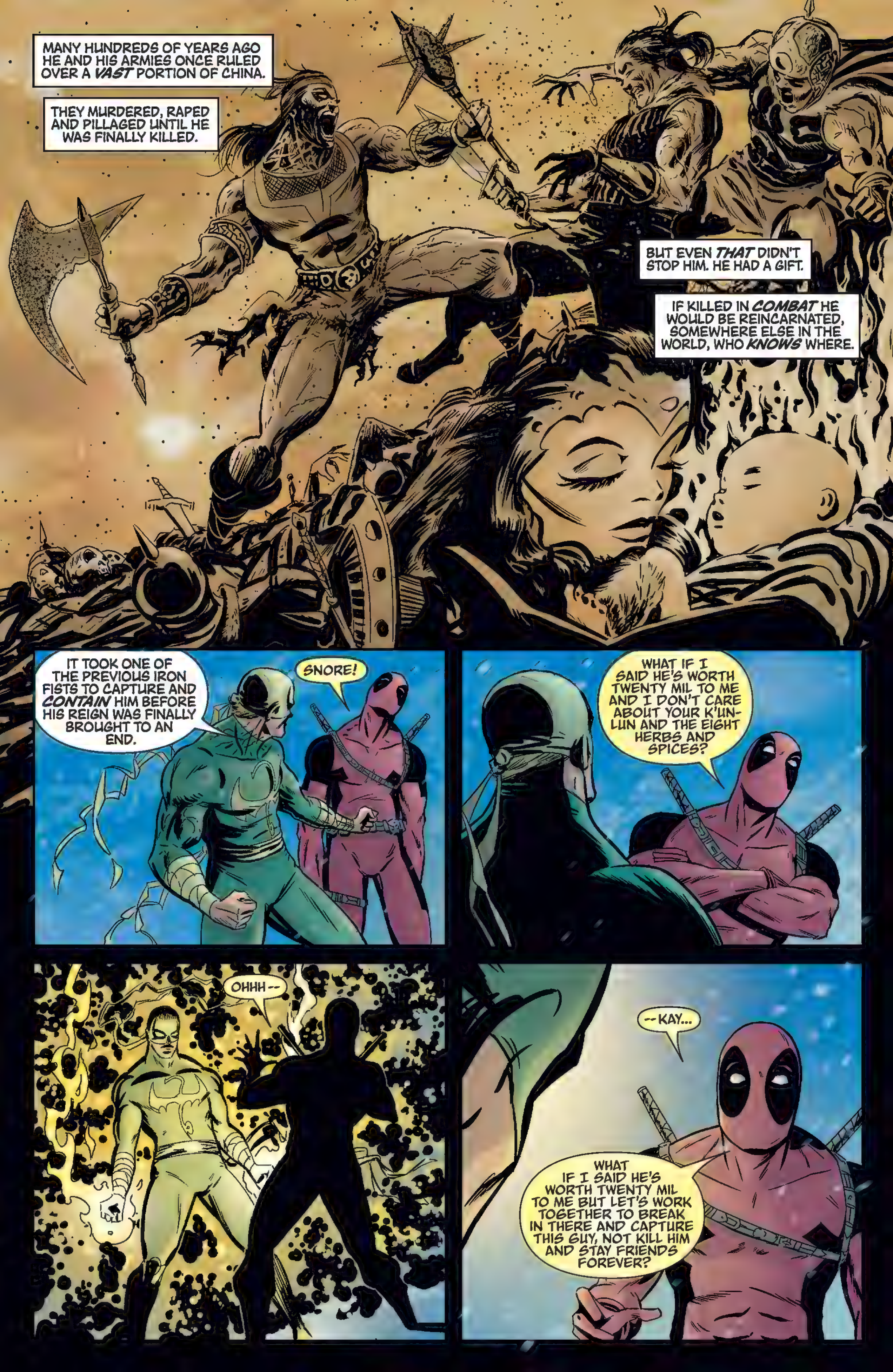

OKAY... IT SEEMS THAT SCREAMING LIKE A GIRL AND RUNNING AWAY DIDN'T WORK AS WELL AS I'D THOUGHT...
KILL THE INTRUDER!
IT APPEARS TO BE SPIDER-MAN!
SPIDER-MAN?! ARE YOU *SERIOUS*?!
OK, FOR SAYING THAT I'M GOING TO KARATE YOU MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE HERE...
MOUNTAINS LIKE THESE ALWAYS REMIND ME OF HOME.
REVERSE BOOT TO HEAD! WON'T SEE SPIDER-MAN DOING THAT!
WOK
BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN I WAS A RESCUE WORKER IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

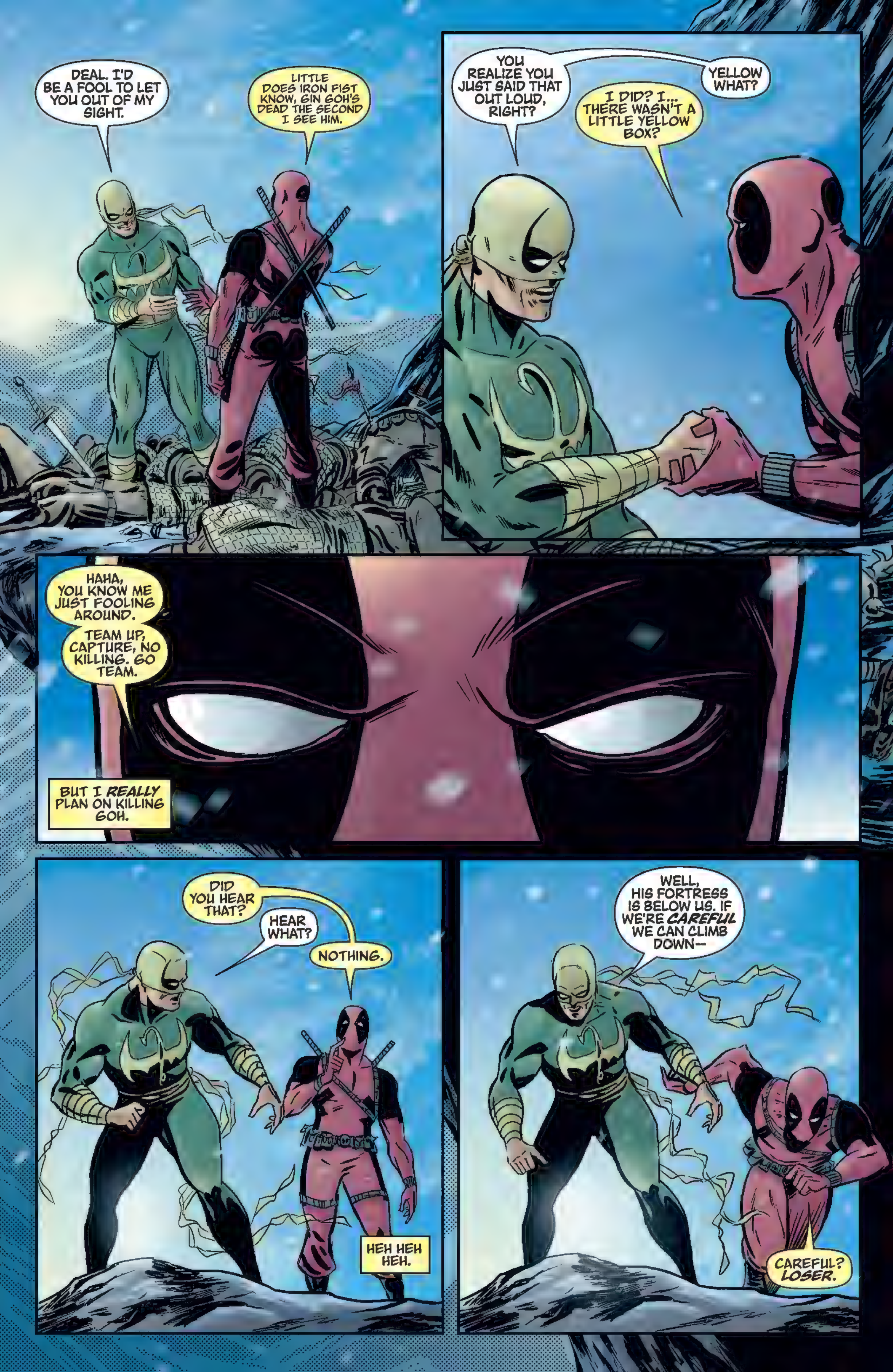

I WAS EVENTUALLY EMBROILED IN A HEART-STOPPING, DEATH-DEFYING FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL AGAINST JOHN LITHGOW AND...
NO WAIT -- THAT WAS "CLIFFHANGER".
KRAK
SPINNING BACKWARDS MITTEN STRIKE! YET ANOTHER NON-SPIDEY MOVE.
MAN STALLONE LOOKED GOOD IN THAT FILM.
WHAK
ELBOW TO FACE!
NOTE TO SELF: BUY MORE LYCRA SHORTY-SHORTS.
HAND TO-- OW!
CLUD
RIGHT NOW THERE'S NO TIME FOR SHORTY-SHORTS.
IT'S TIME TO CLEAN THESE GUYS UP AND MAKE WITH THE STABBY.
AHH! BEING OVERWHELMED BY GOONS! NOT LIKE SPIDER-MAN AT ALL, SEE?!
I'VE BEEN SENT HERE TO KILL SOMEONE.
KILL THEM TO *DEATH*... INCLUDING SEVERAL SPECIES OF SMALL ANIMAL.

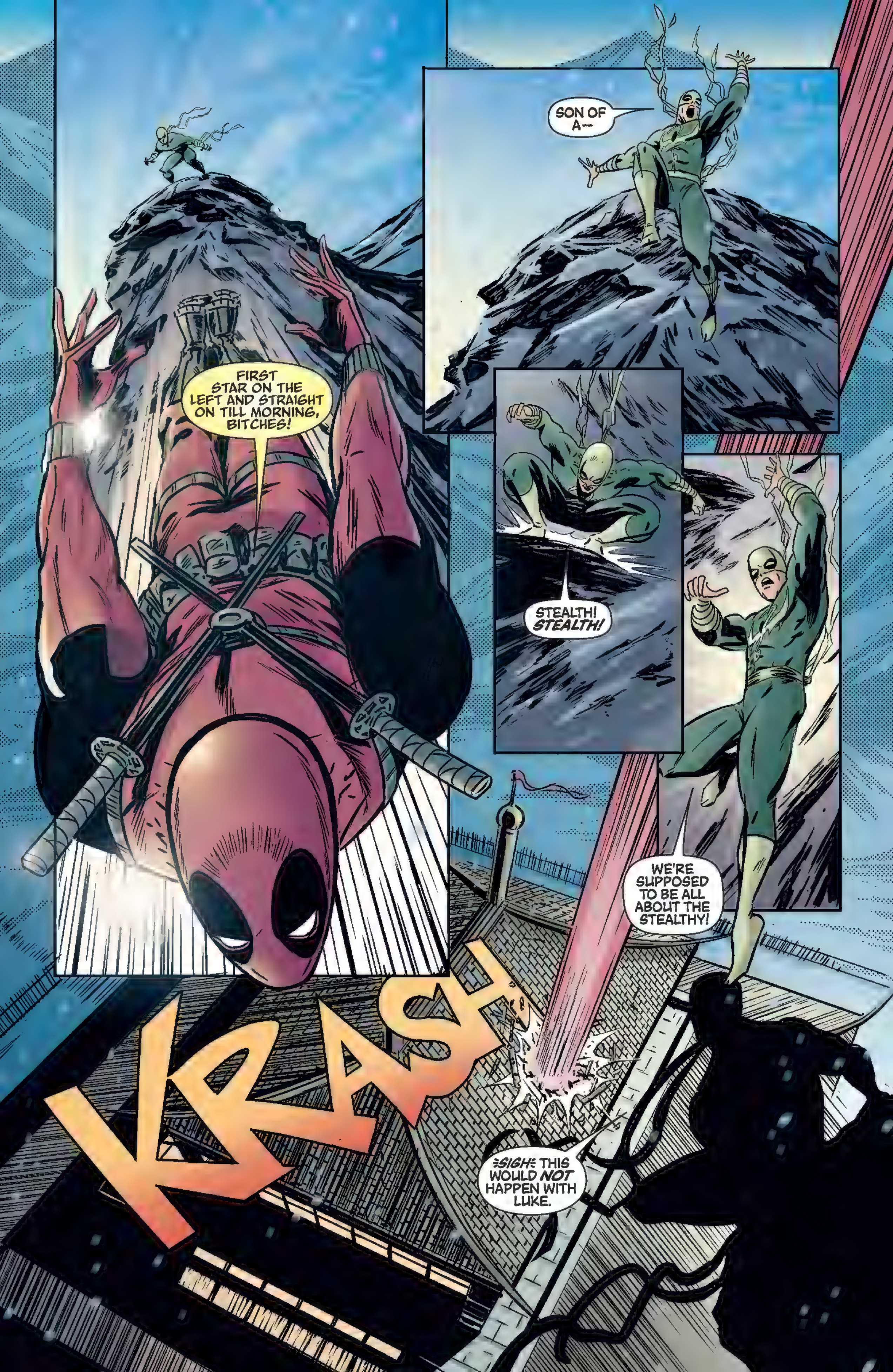

SEVERAL DAYS AND A COSTUME CHANGE AGO...
KILL HIM TO DEATH YOU SAY?
UH, YES...
THE TARGET, "GIN GOH," HAS RECENTLY... COME OUT OF HIDING.
TWENTY MILLION, MR. DEADPOOL. LOCATE AND KILL GIN GOH.
<HE IS ODD. AND SMELLS OF... CHEESE.>
UH, MY FATHER WISHES TO KNOW IF YOU BELIEVE YOU'RE UP TO THE TASK.
HEY, YOU THINK I WEAR THESE FUNKY JAPANESE SWORDS FOR THE HELL OF IT?
I GOT TWO WORDS FOR YA, PAL. *NINJA.*
NIN...*JA.* NINJA...*S*...
$%#@ IT, POINT IS, *I'M* YOUR MAN.
<ARE YOU SURE HE ISN'T RETARDED IN SOME FASHION?>
MY FATHER IS PLEASED.
KILL GIN GOH AND THE MONEY WILL BE YOURS. STOP AT NOTHING AND KILL ANY WHO STAND IN YOUR WAY. *UNDERSTOOD?*
TRUST ME, THAT LAST PART GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

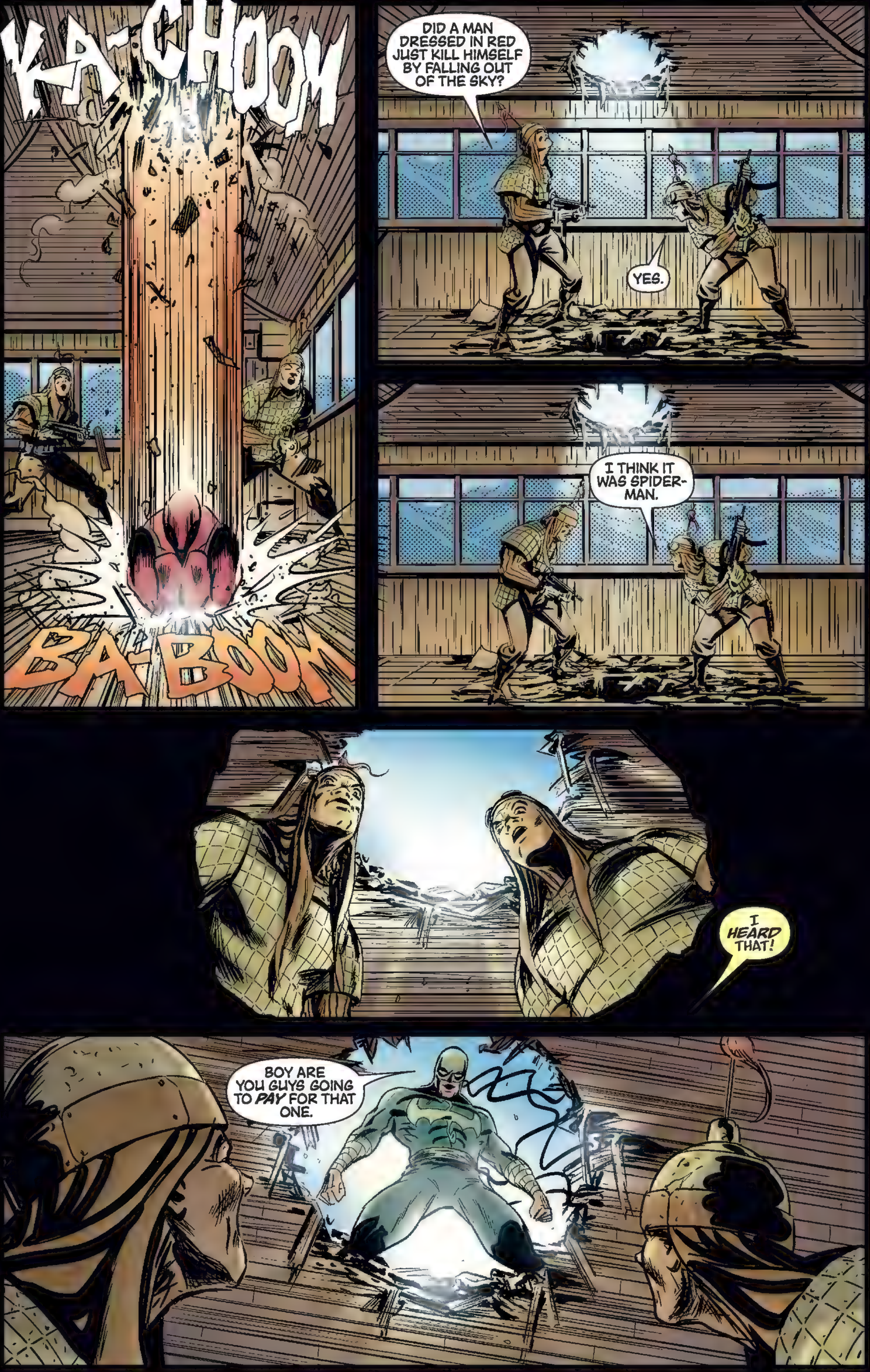

FLASHBACK OVER! BACK TO THE ACTION!
FWAK
SWIP
K-CHAK
IN OVER YOUR HEAD, DEADPOOL?
AUNTIE EM? IS THAT YOU?
OUT OF AMMO?
SADLY, YES. AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT I LEFT MY YELLOW SLIPPERS AND GLOWY HANDS AT HOME TOO.
OH THAT'S RIGHT I FORGOT... YOU'RE ANNOYING.

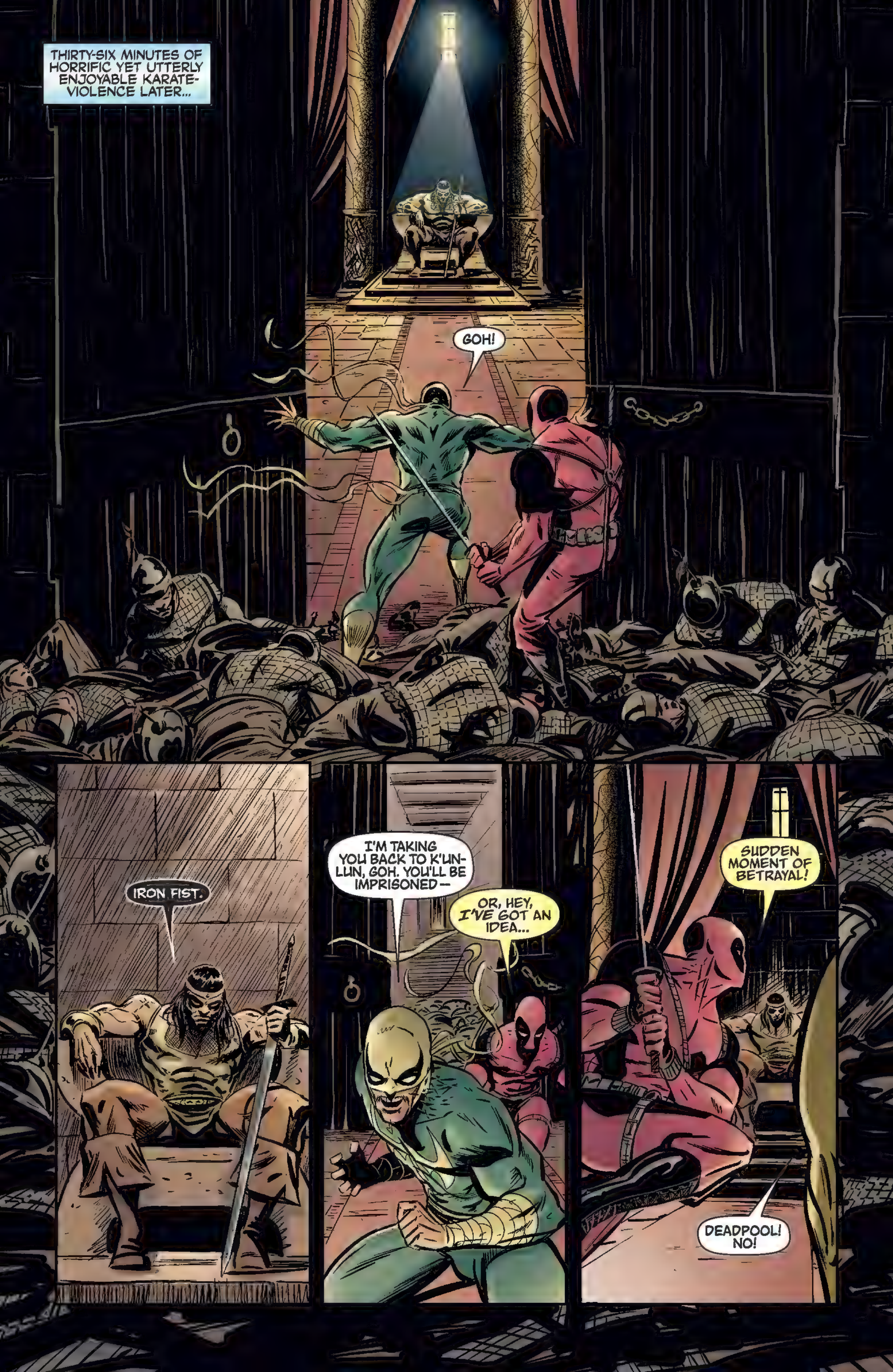

YOU'RE HERE TO KILL GIN GOH.
KILL'S TOO HARSH A WORD. I PREFER 'STAB TO DEATH.'
GIN GOH IS AN ANCIENT WARLORD--
CRUSTY OLD GUY? I CAN DO AN OLD GUY...
KILL. I CAN *KILL* AN OLD--YOU KNOW WHAT I MEANT.
HE'S NOT OLD, HE'S AGELESS.
GIN GOH IS AN ENEMY OF K'UN-LUN AND AN ESCAPEE OF THE EIGHTH CITY.
I'M TAKING HIM IN.
YOU HAVE NO PART IN THIS.

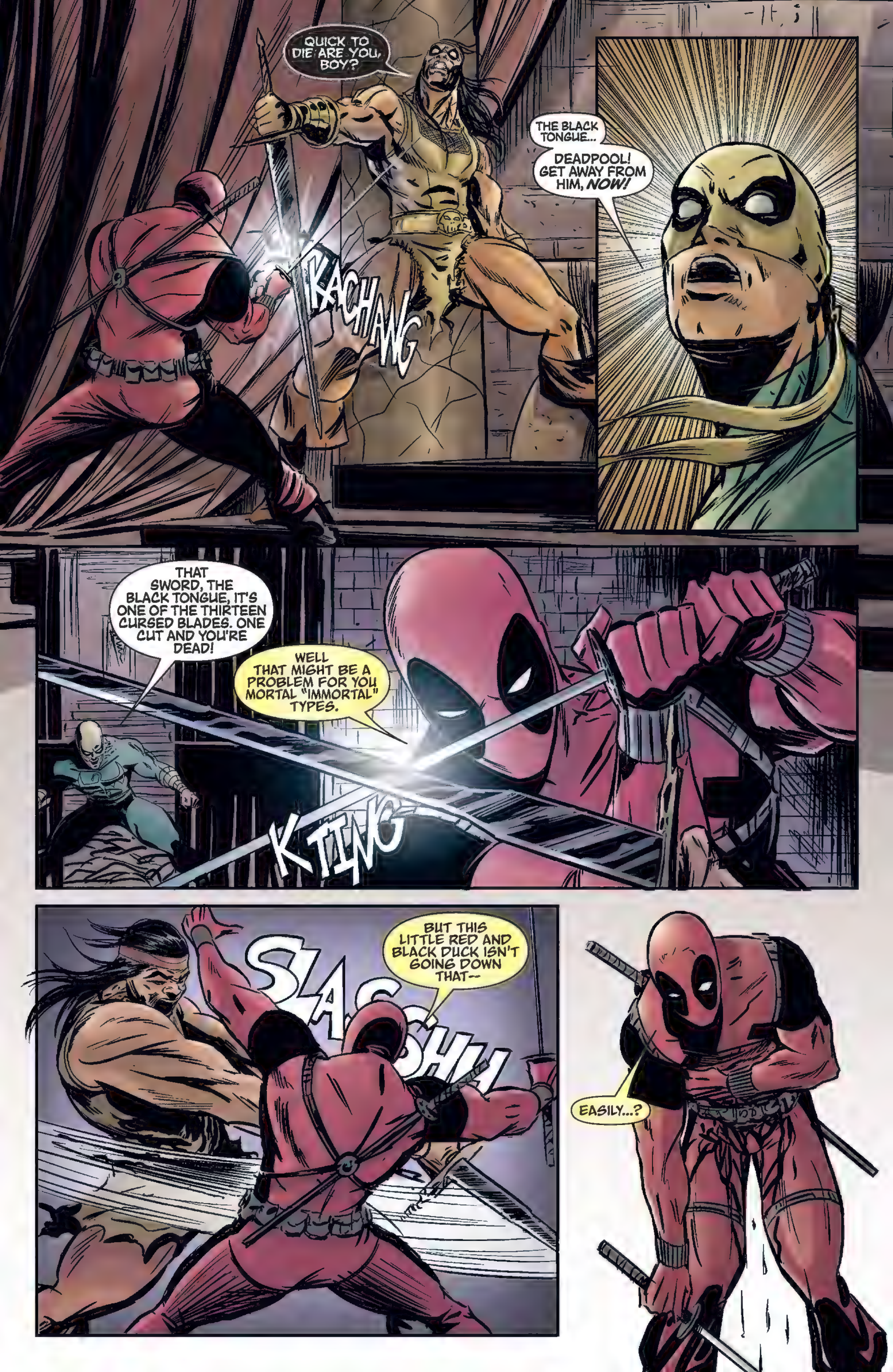

MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO HE AND HIS ARMIES ONCE RULED OVER A *VAST* PORTION OF CHINA.
THEY MURDERED, RAPED AND PILLAGED UNTIL HE WAS FINALLY KILLED.
BUT EVEN *THAT* DIDN'T STOP HIM. HE HAD A GIFT.
IF KILLED IN *COMBAT* HE WOULD BE REINCARNATED, SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD, WHO *KNOWS* WHERE.
IT TOOK ONE OF THE PREVIOUS IRON FISTS TO CAPTURE AND *CONTAIN* HIM BEFORE HIS REIGN WAS FINALLY BROUGHT TO AN END.
SNORE!
WHAT IF I SAID HE'S WORTH TWENTY MIL TO ME AND I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR K'UN-LUN AND THE EIGHT HERBS AND SPICES?
OHHH --
-- KAY...
WHAT IF I SAID HE'S WORTH TWENTY MIL TO ME BUT LET'S WORK TOGETHER TO BREAK IN THERE AND CAPTURE THIS GUY, NOT KILL HIM AND STAY FRIENDS FOREVER?

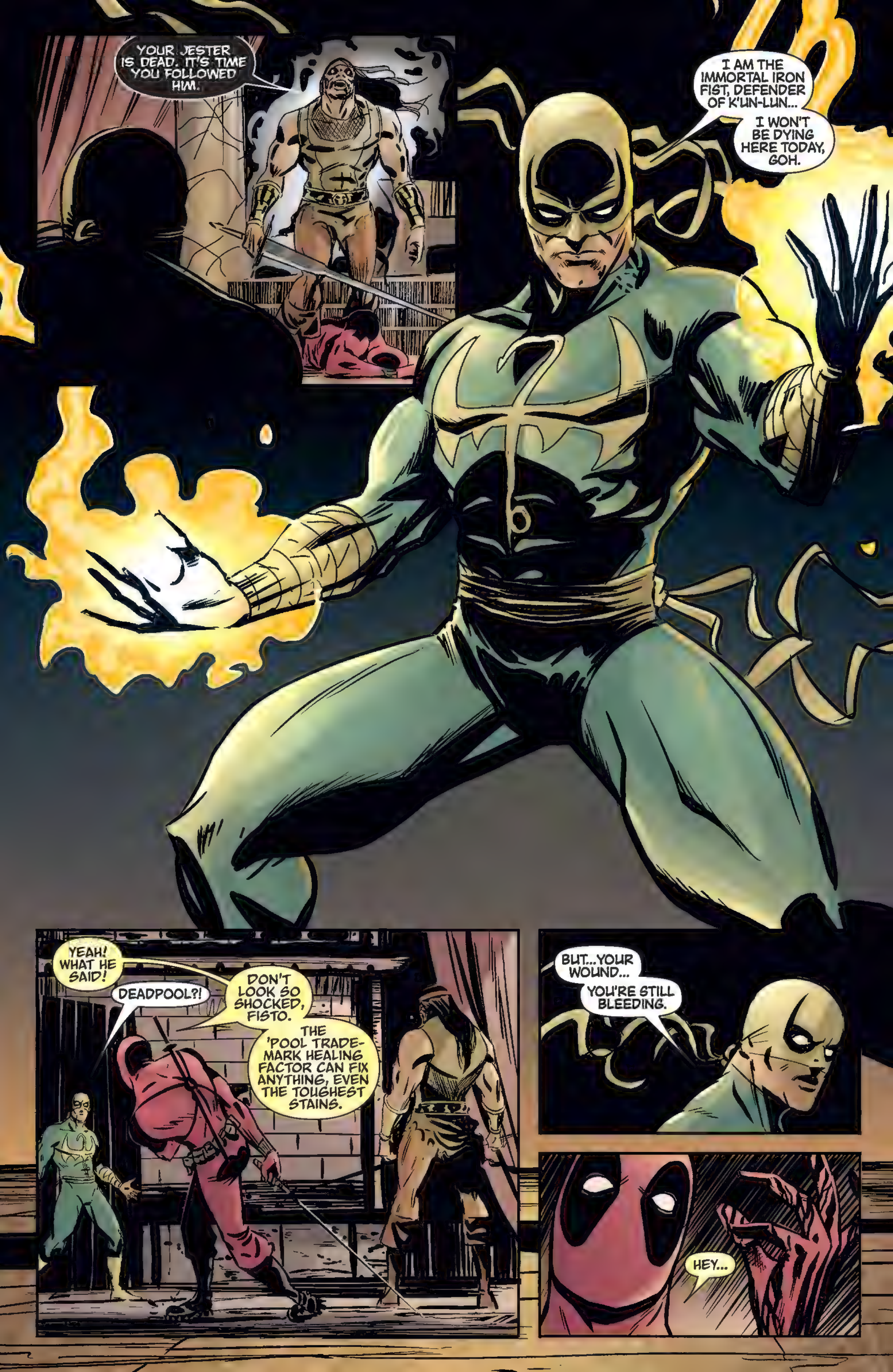

DEAL. I'D BE A FOOL TO LET YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT.
LITTLE DOES IRON FIST KNOW, GIN GOH'S DEAD THE SECOND I SEE HIM.
YOU REALIZE YOU JUST SAID THAT OUT LOUD, RIGHT?
YELLOW WHAT?
I DID? I... THERE WASN'T A LITTLE YELLOW BOX?
HAHA, YOU KNOW ME JUST FOOLING AROUND.
TEAM UP, CAPTURE, NO KILLING. GO TEAM.
BUT I REALLY PLAN ON KILLING GOH.
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
HEAR WHAT?
NOTHING.
HEH HEH HEH.
WELL, HIS FORTRESS IS BELOW US. IF WE'RE CAREFUL WE CAN CLIMB DOWN--
CAREFUL? LOSER.

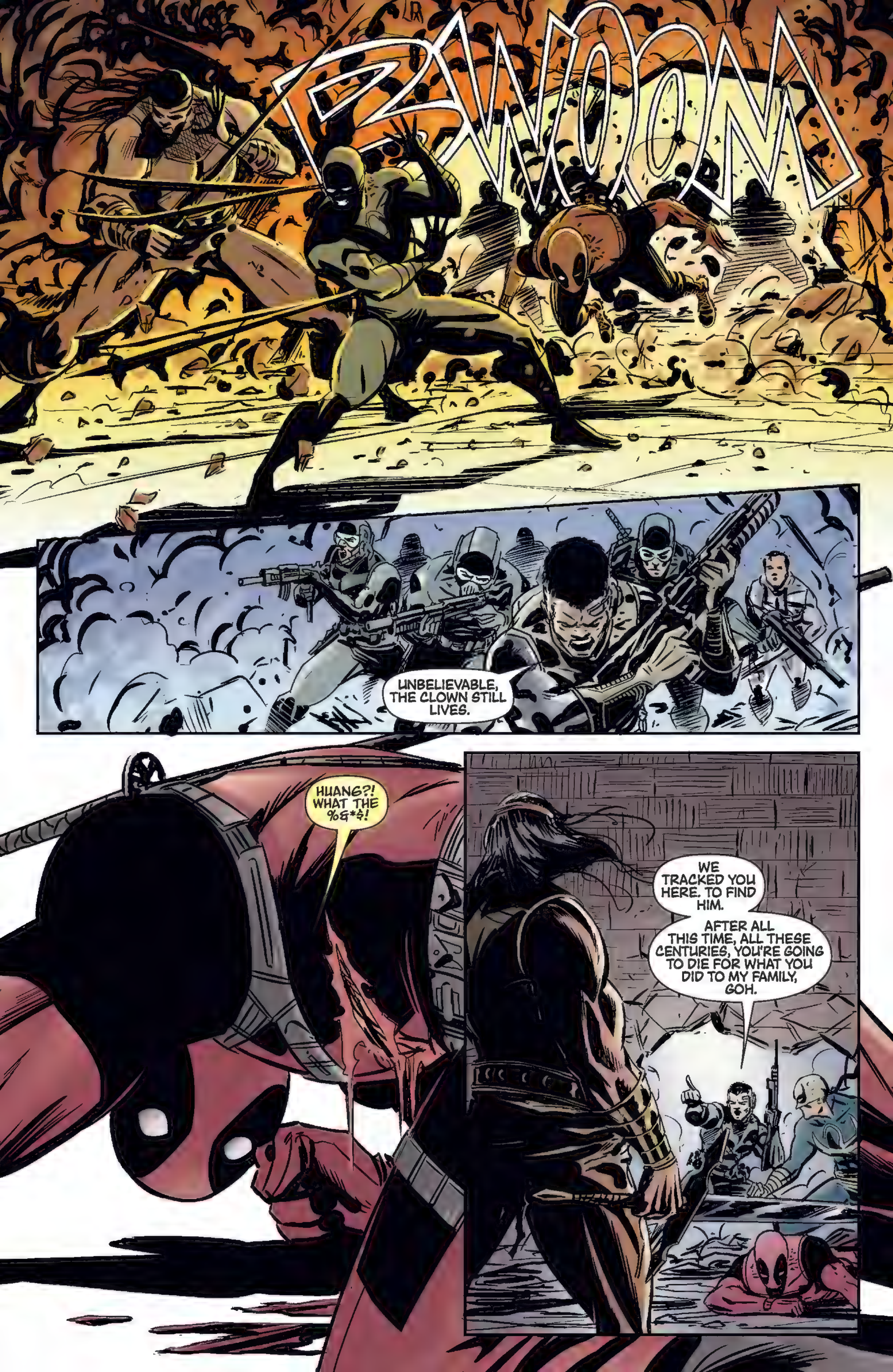

FIRST STAR ON THE LEFT AND STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING, BITCHES!
SON OF A--
STEALTH! *STEALTH!*
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ALL ABOUT THE STEALTHY!
KRASH
SIGH THIS WOULD *NOT* HAPPEN WITH LUKE.

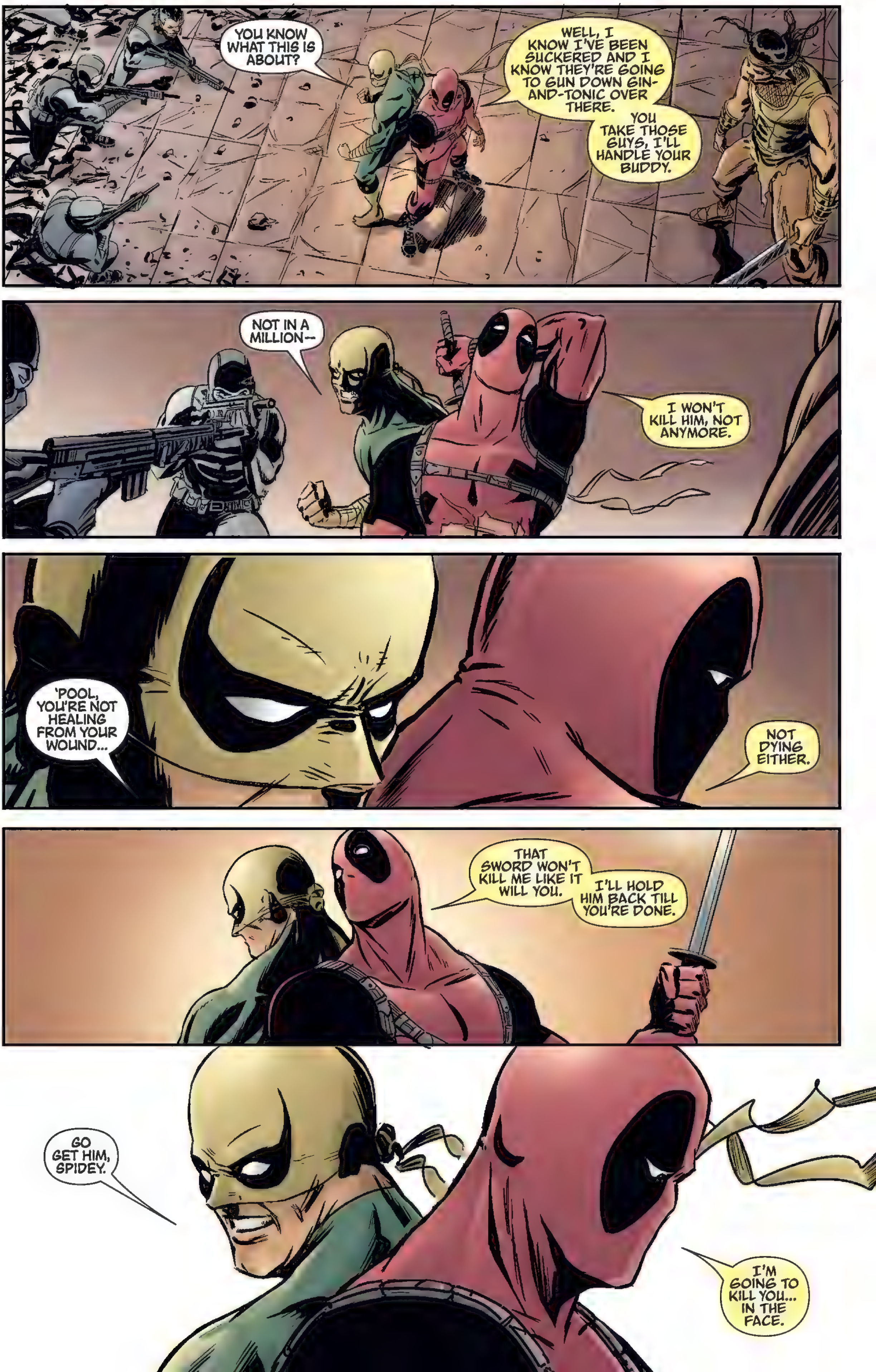

KA-CHOOM
BA-BOOM
DID A MAN DRESSED IN RED JUST KILL HIMSELF BY FALLING OUT OF THE SKY?
YES.
I THINK IT WAS SPIDER-MAN.
I *HEARD* THAT!
BOY ARE YOU GUYS GOING TO *PAY* FOR THAT ONE.

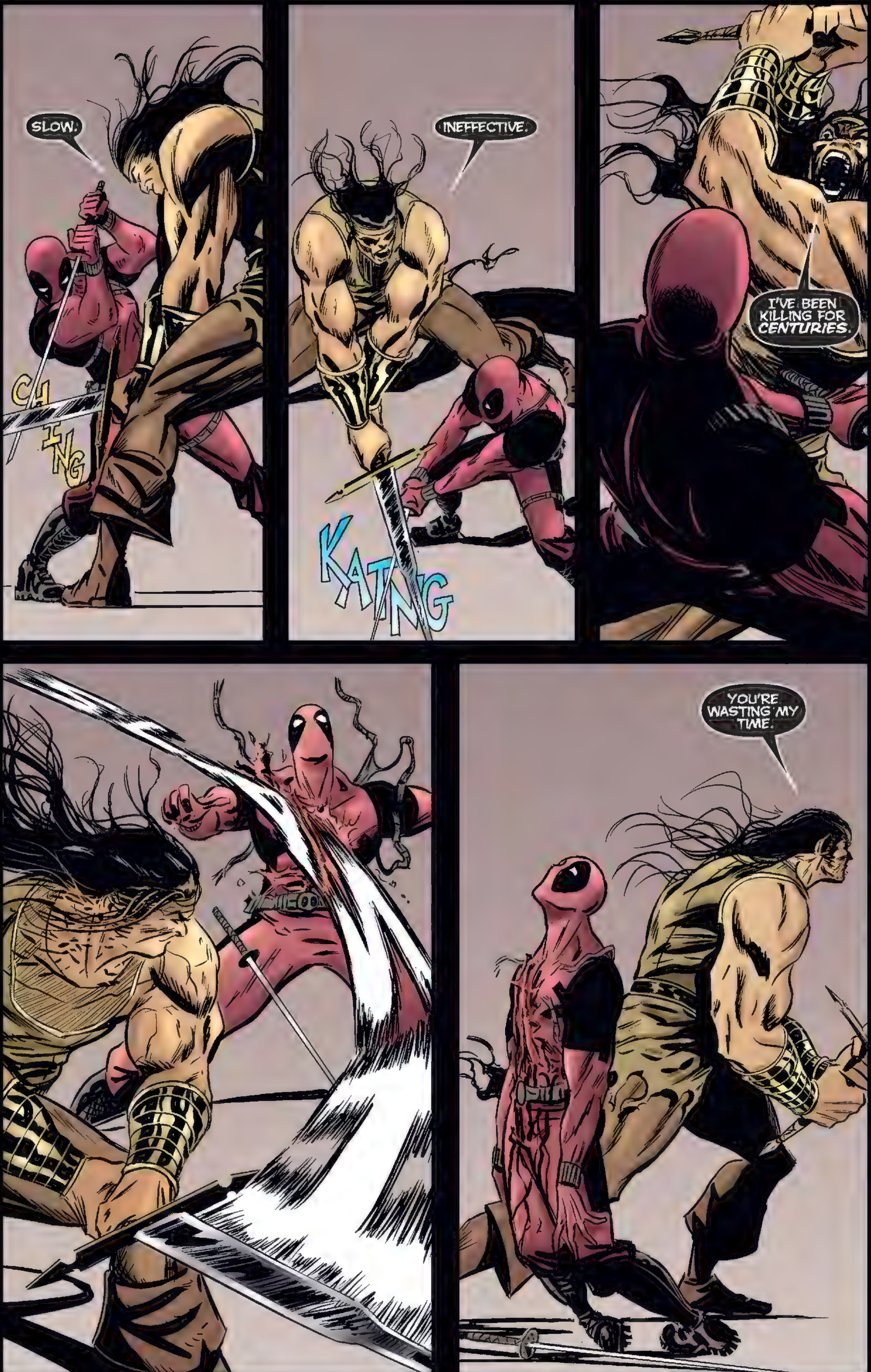

THIRTY-SIX MINUTES OF HORRIFIC YET UTTERLY ENJOYABLE KARATE-VIOLENCE LATER...
GOH!
IRON FIST.
I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO K'UN-LUN, GOH. YOU'LL BE IMPRISONED--
OR, HEY, *I'VE* GOT AN IDEA...
SUDDEN MOMENT OF BETRAYAL!
DEADPOOL! NO!

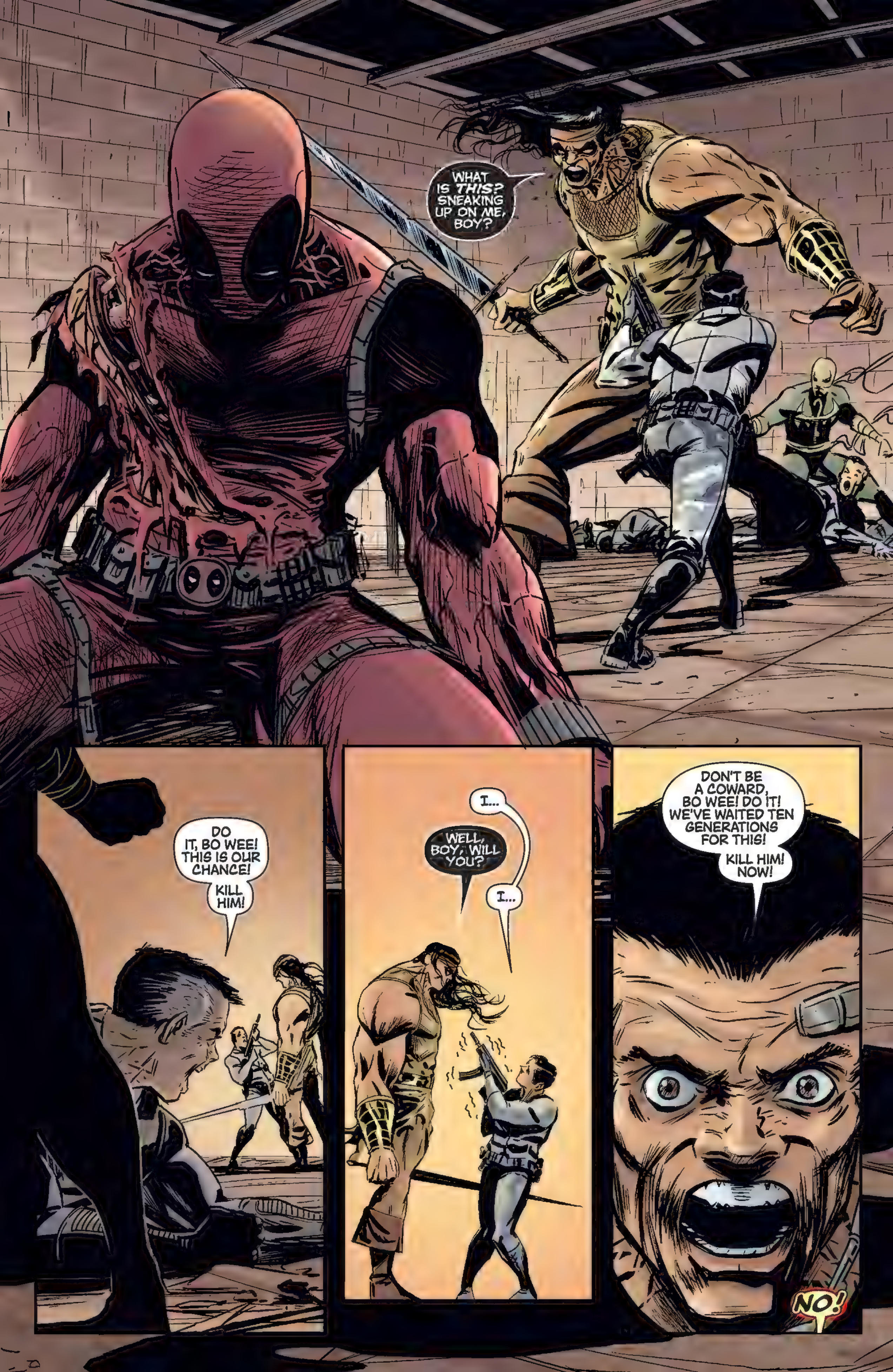

QUICK TO DIE ARE YOU, BOY?
KACHANG
THE BLACK TONGUE...
DEADPOOL! GET AWAY FROM HIM, *NOW!*
THAT SWORD, THE BLACK TONGUE, IT'S ONE OF THE THIRTEEN CURSED BLADES. ONE CUT AND YOU'RE DEAD!
WELL THAT MIGHT BE A PROBLEM FOR YOU MORTAL "IMMORTAL" TYPES.
KTING
BUT THIS LITTLE RED AND BLACK DUCK ISN'T GOING DOWN THAT--
SLASSHH
EASILY...?

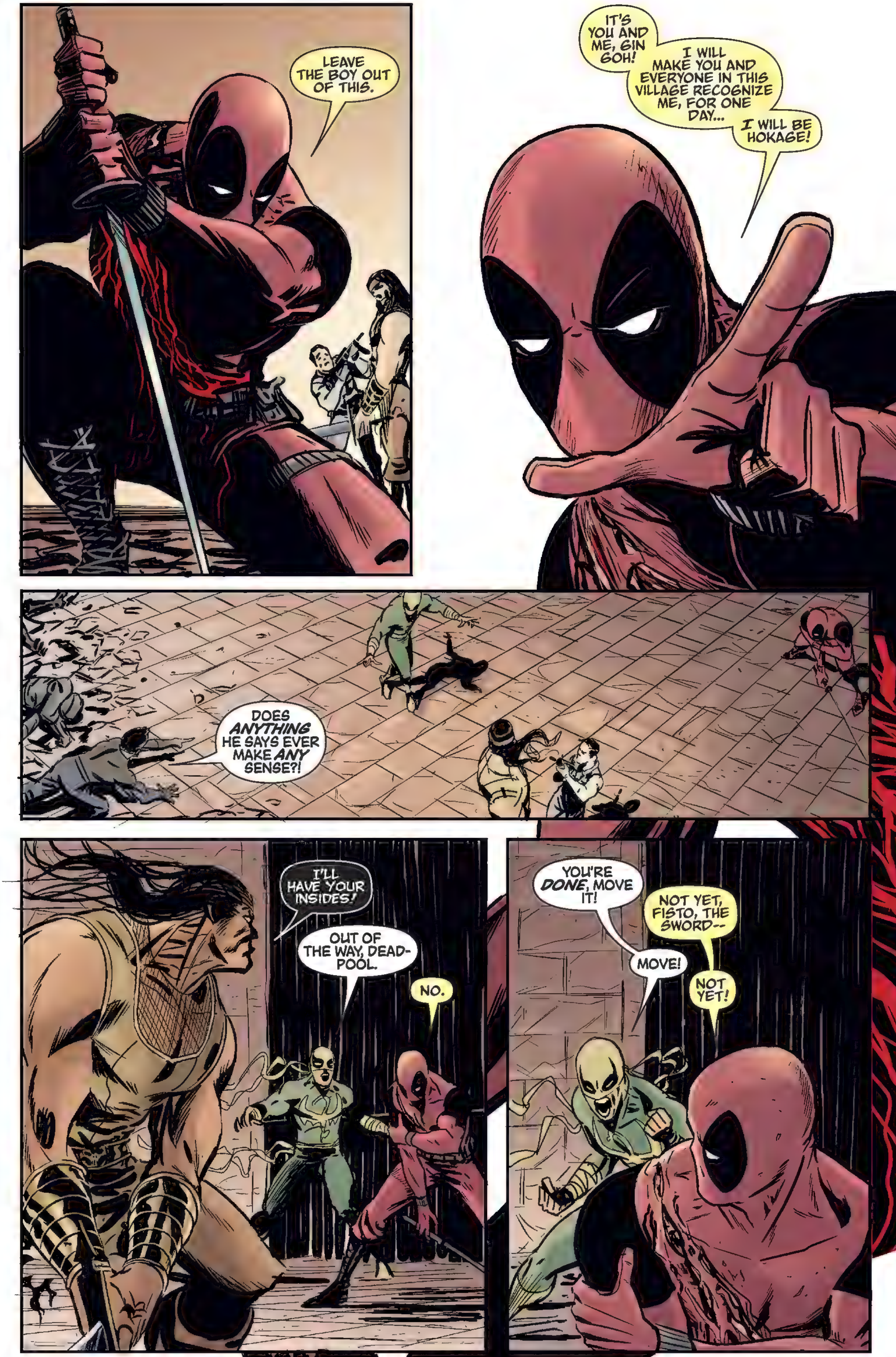

YOUR JESTER IS DEAD. IT'S TIME YOU FOLLOWED HIM.
I AM THE IMMORTAL IRON FIST, DEFENDER OF K'UN-LUN...
I WON'T BE DYING HERE TODAY, GOH.
YEAH! WHAT HE SAID!
DEADPOOL?!
DON'T LOOK SO SHOCKED, FISTO.
THE 'POOL TRADEMARK HEALING FACTOR CAN FIX ANYTHING, EVEN THE TOUGHEST STAINS.
BUT...YOUR WOUND...
YOU'RE STILL BLEEDING.
HEY...

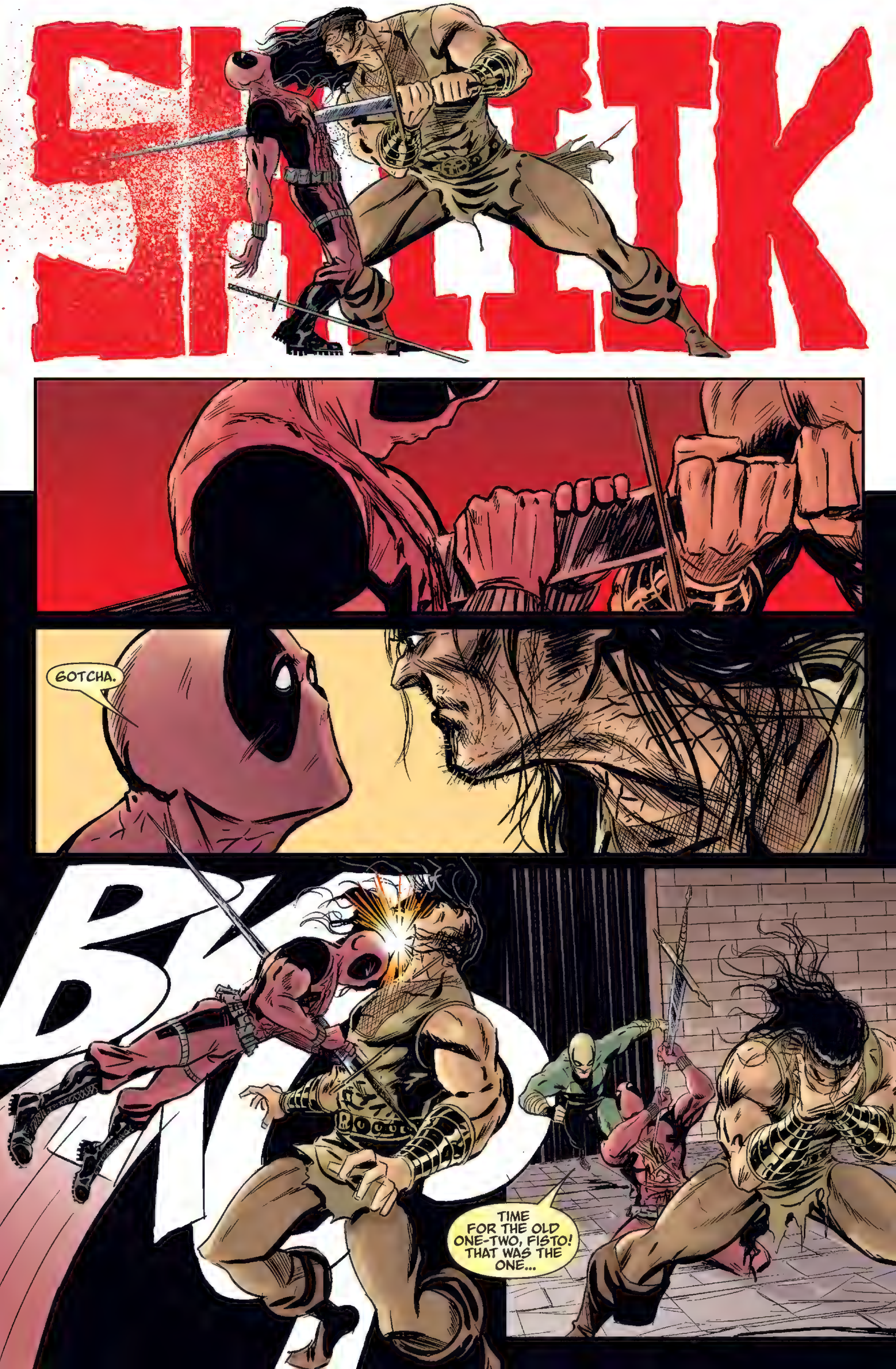

BWOOM
UNBELIEVABLE, THE CLOWN STILL LIVES.
HUANG?! WHAT THE %&*$!
WE TRACKED YOU HERE. TO FIND HIM.
AFTER ALL THIS TIME, ALL THESE CENTURIES, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY FAMILY, GOH.

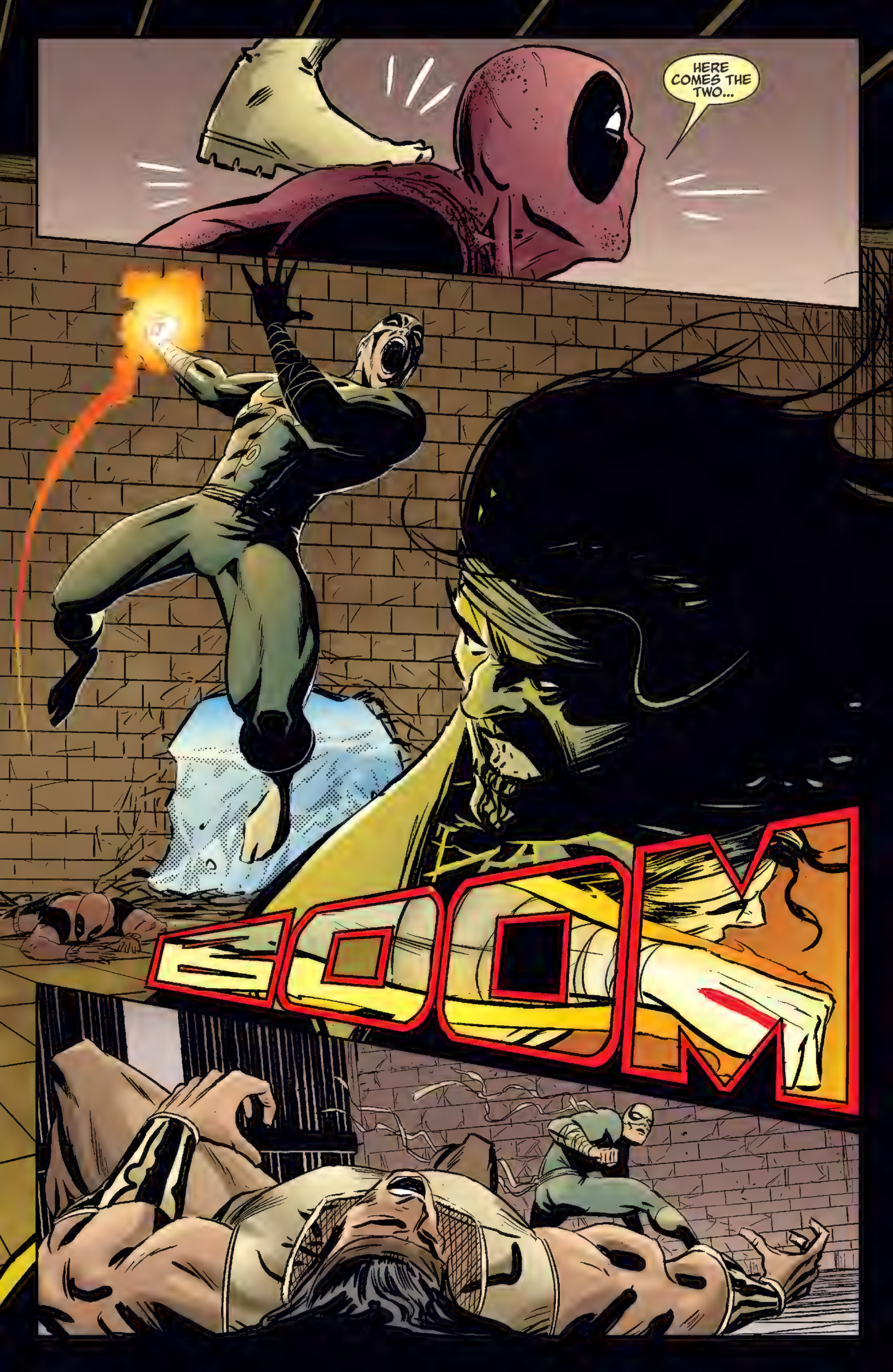

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?
WELL, I KNOW I'VE BEEN SUCKERED AND I KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO GUN DOWN GIN-AND-TONIC OVER THERE.
YOU TAKE THOSE GUYS, I'LL HANDLE YOUR BUDDY.
NOT IN A MILLION--
I WON'T KILL HIM, NOT ANYMORE.
'POOL, YOU'RE NOT HEALING FROM YOUR WOUND...
NOT DYING EITHER.
THAT SWORD WON'T KILL ME LIKE IT WILL YOU.
I'LL HOLD HIM BACK TILL YOU'RE DONE.
GO GET HIM, SPIDEY.
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU... IN THE FACE.

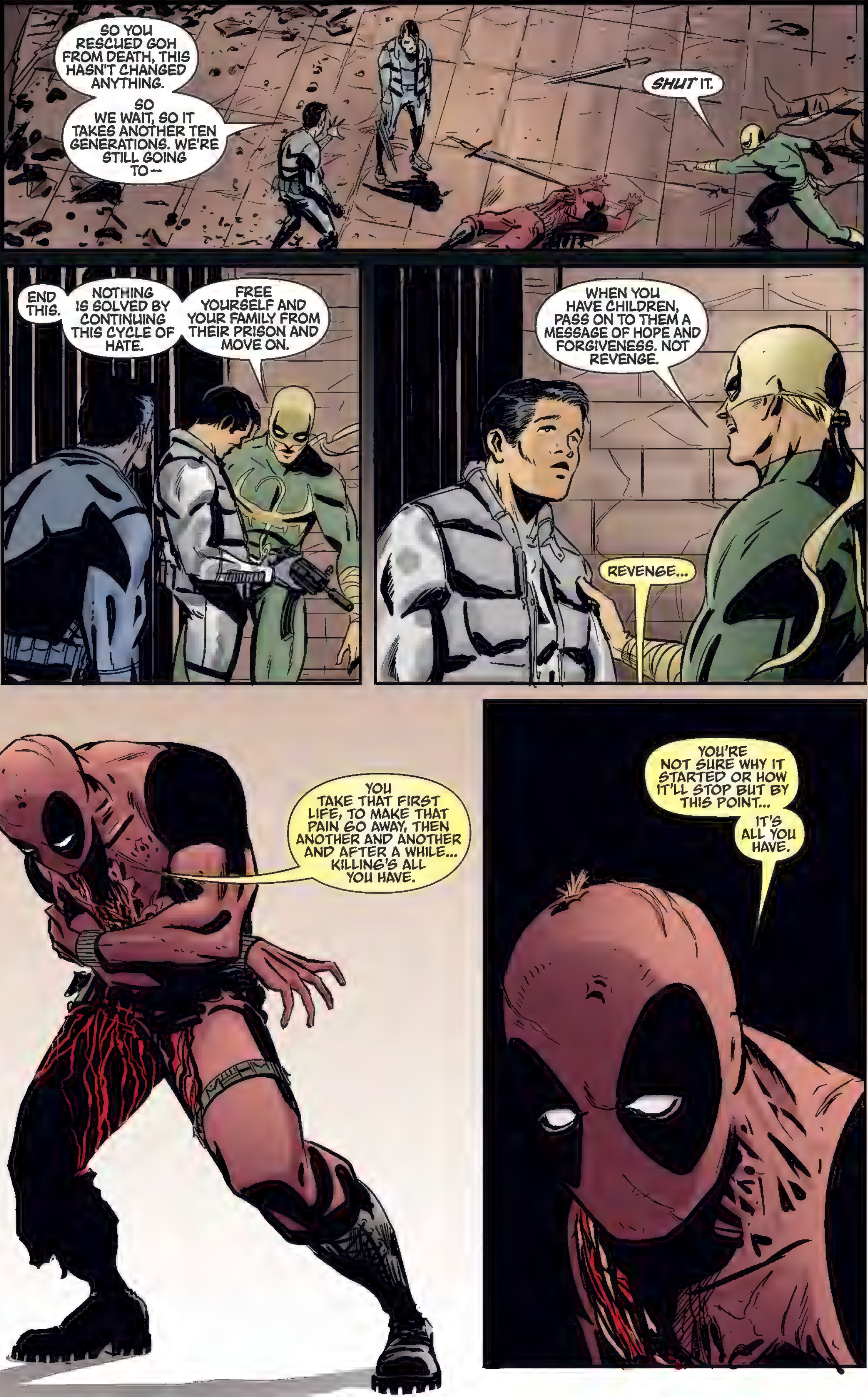

SLOW.
CHING
INEFFECTIVE.
KATING
I'VE BEEN KILLING FOR CENTURIES.
YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME.

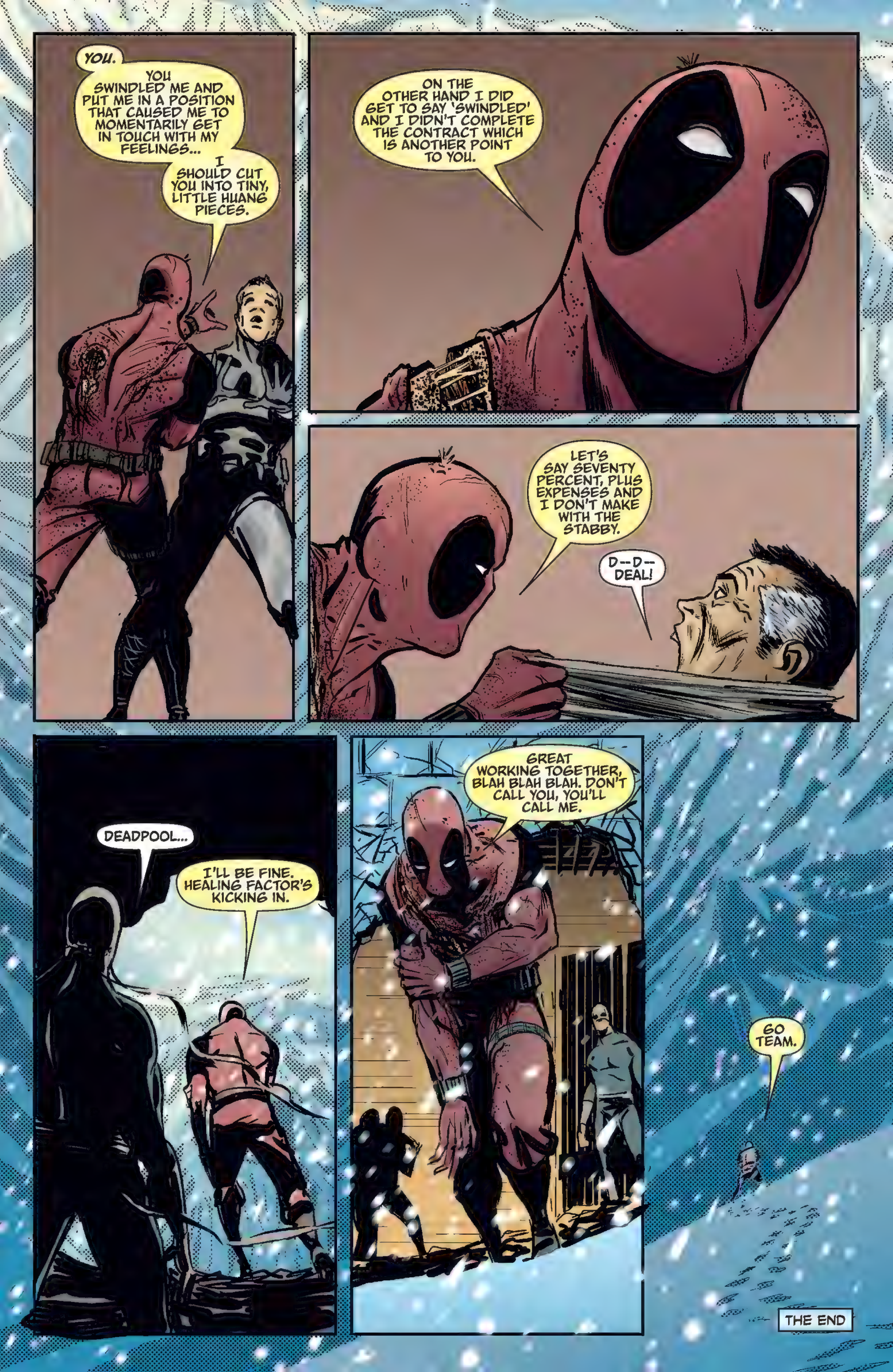

WHAT IS *THIS?* SNEAKING UP ON ME, BOY?
DO IT, BO WEE! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
KILL HIM!
I...
WELL, BOY, WILL YOU?
I...
DON'T BE A COWARD, BO WEE! DO IT! WE'VE WAITED TEN GENERATIONS FOR THIS!
KILL HIM! NOW!
NO!


LEAVE THE BOY OUT OF THIS.
IT'S YOU AND ME, GIN GOH!
I WILL MAKE YOU AND EVERYONE IN THIS VILLAGE RECOGNIZE ME, FOR ONE DAY...
I WILL BE HOKAGE!
DOES *ANYTHING* HE SAYS EVER MAKE *ANY* SENSE?!
I'LL HAVE YOUR INSIDES!
OUT OF THE WAY, DEADPOOL.
NO.
YOU'RE *DONE*, MOVE IT!
NOT YET, FISTO, THE SWORD--
MOVE!
NOT YET!

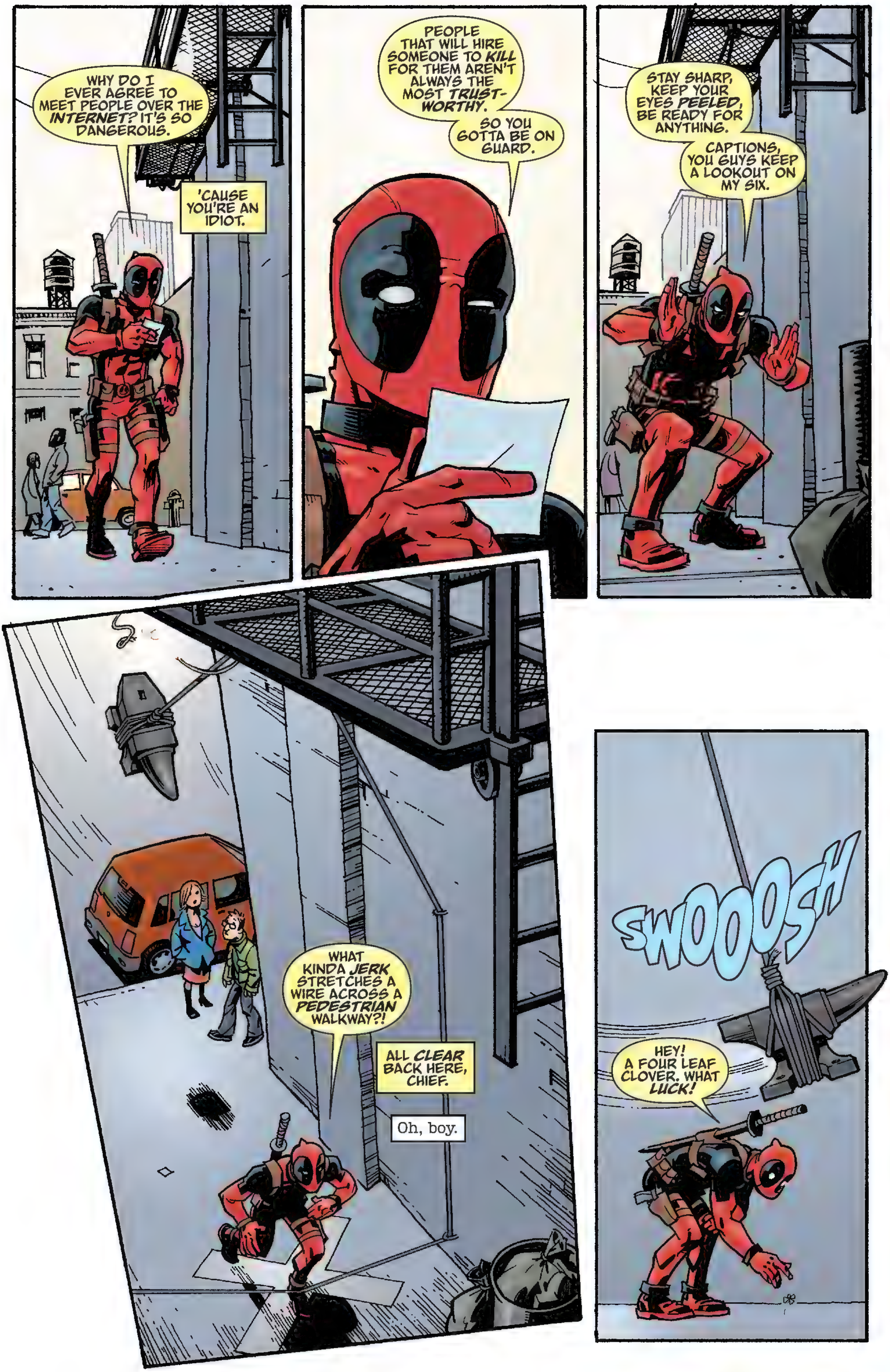

SHIIIK
GOTCHA.
BO
TIME FOR THE OLD ONE-TWO, FISTO! THAT WAS THE ONE...

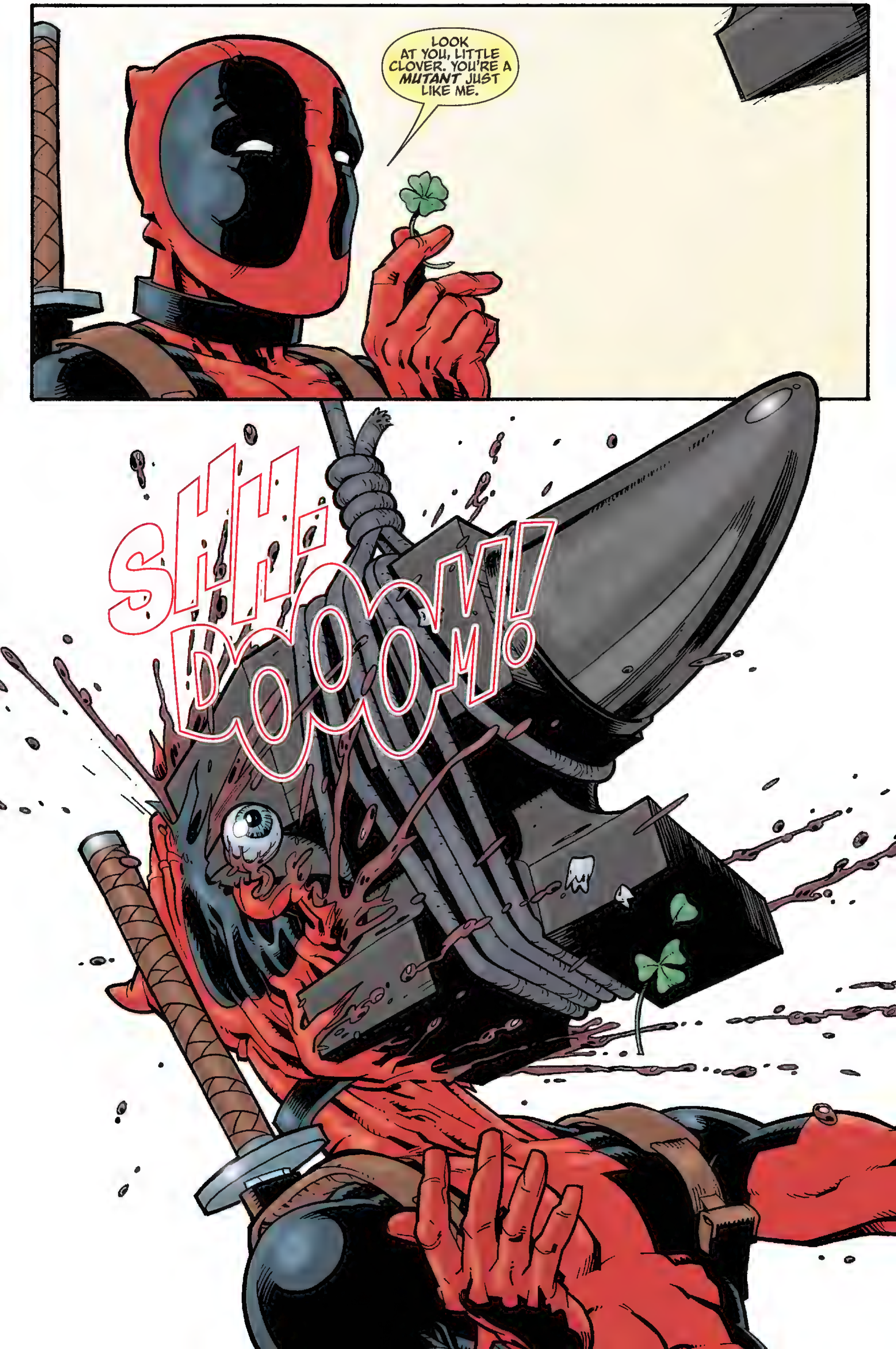

HERE COMES THE TWO...
BOOM

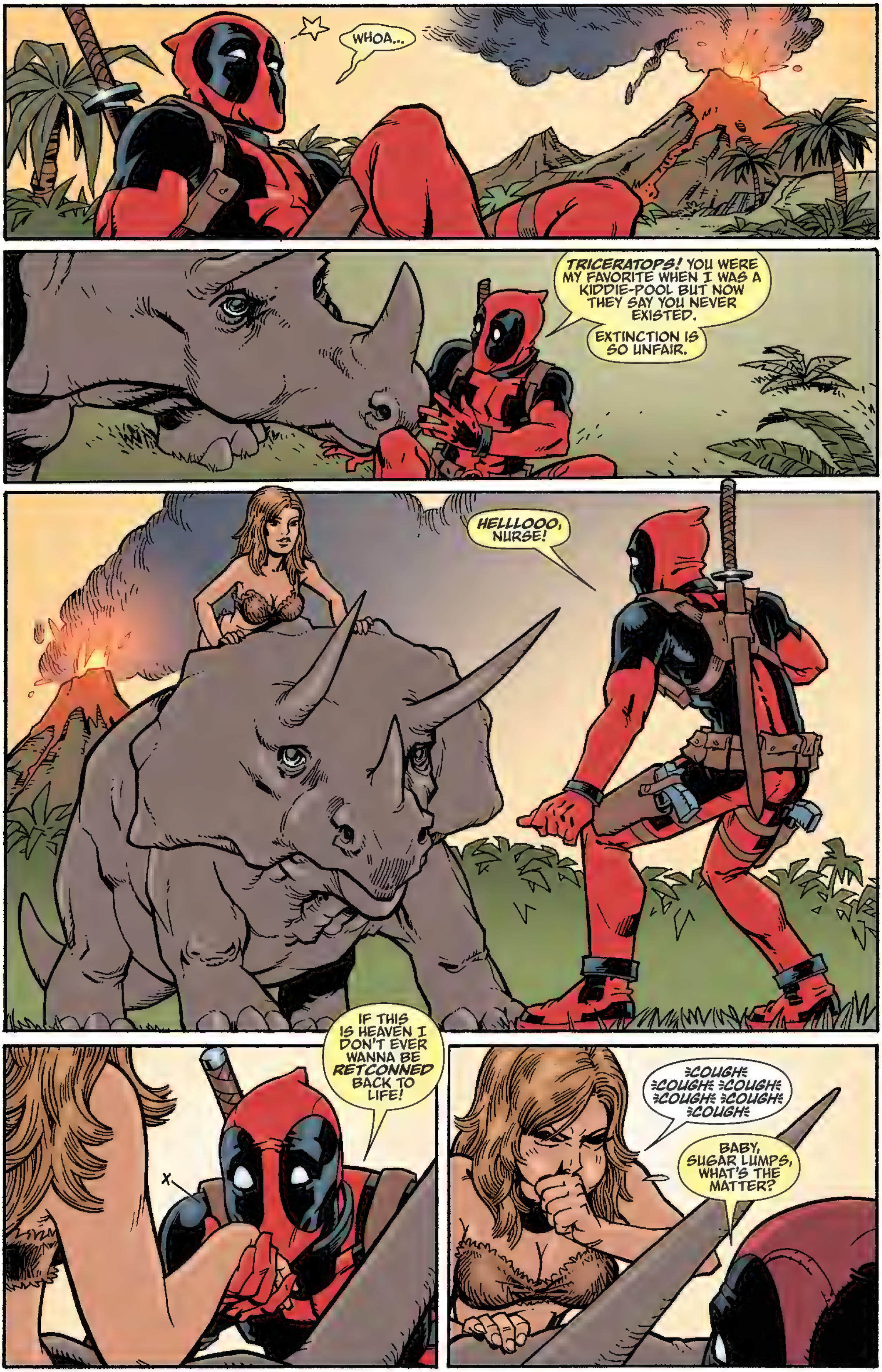

SO YOU RESCUED GOH FROM DEATH, THIS HASN'T CHANGED ANYTHING.
SO WE WAIT, SO IT TAKES ANOTHER TEN GENERATIONS. WE'RE STILL GOING TO--
SHUT IT.
END THIS.
NOTHING IS SOLVED BY CONTINUING THIS CYCLE OF HATE.
FREE YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY FROM THEIR PRISON AND MOVE ON.
WHEN YOU HAVE CHILDREN, PASS ON TO THEM A MESSAGE OF HOPE AND FORGIVENESS. NOT REVENGE.
REVENGE...
YOU TAKE THAT FIRST LIFE, TO MAKE THAT PAIN GO AWAY, THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND AFTER A WHILE... KILLING'S ALL YOU HAVE.
YOU'RE NOT SURE WHY IT STARTED OR HOW IT'LL STOP BUT BY THIS POINT...
IT'S ALL YOU HAVE.

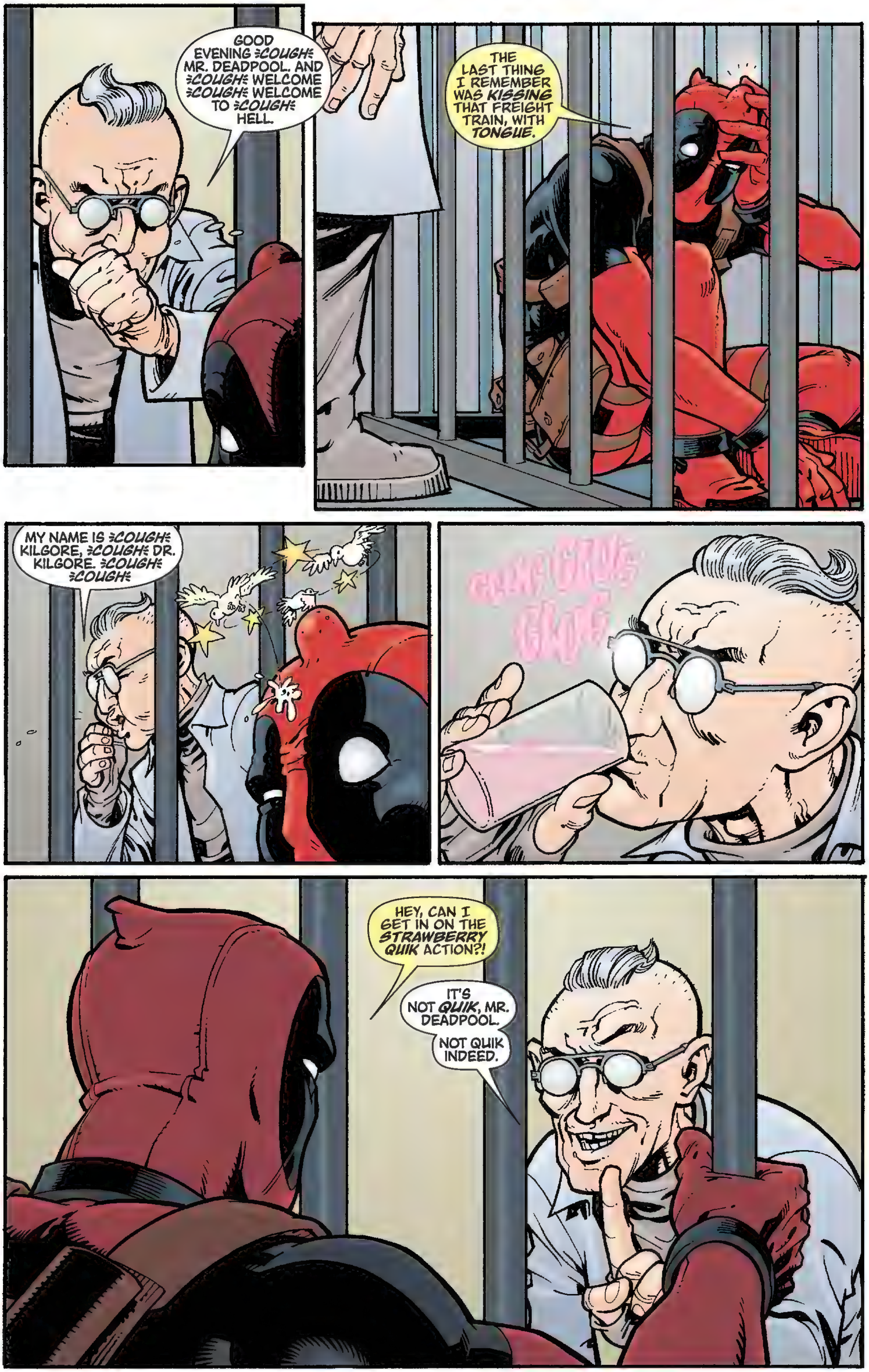

YOU.
YOU SWINDLED ME AND PUT ME IN A POSITION THAT CAUSED ME TO MOMENTARILY GET IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS...
I SHOULD CUT YOU INTO TINY, LITTLE HUANG PIECES.
ON THE OTHER HAND I DID GET TO SAY 'SWINDLED' AND I DIDN'T COMPLETE THE CONTRACT WHICH IS ANOTHER POINT TO YOU.
LET'S SAY SEVENTY PERCENT, PLUS EXPENSES AND I DON'T MAKE WITH THE STABBY.
D--D--DEAL!
DEADPOOL...
I'LL BE FINE. HEALING FACTOR'S KICKING IN.
GREAT WORKING TOGETHER, BLAH BLAH BLAH. DON'T CALL YOU, YOU'LL CALL ME.
GO TEAM.
THE END

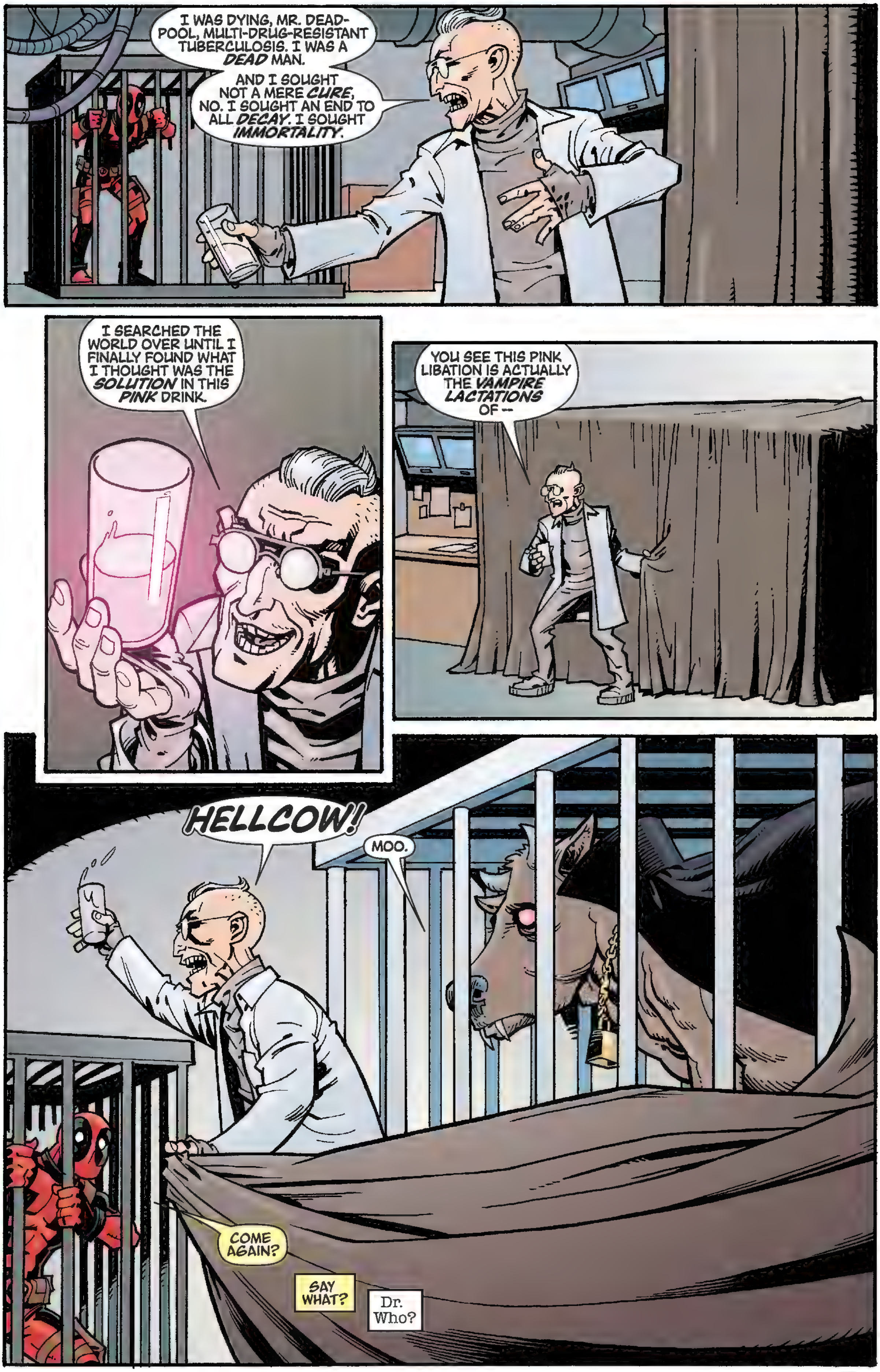
#885
RAMOS 10
delgado

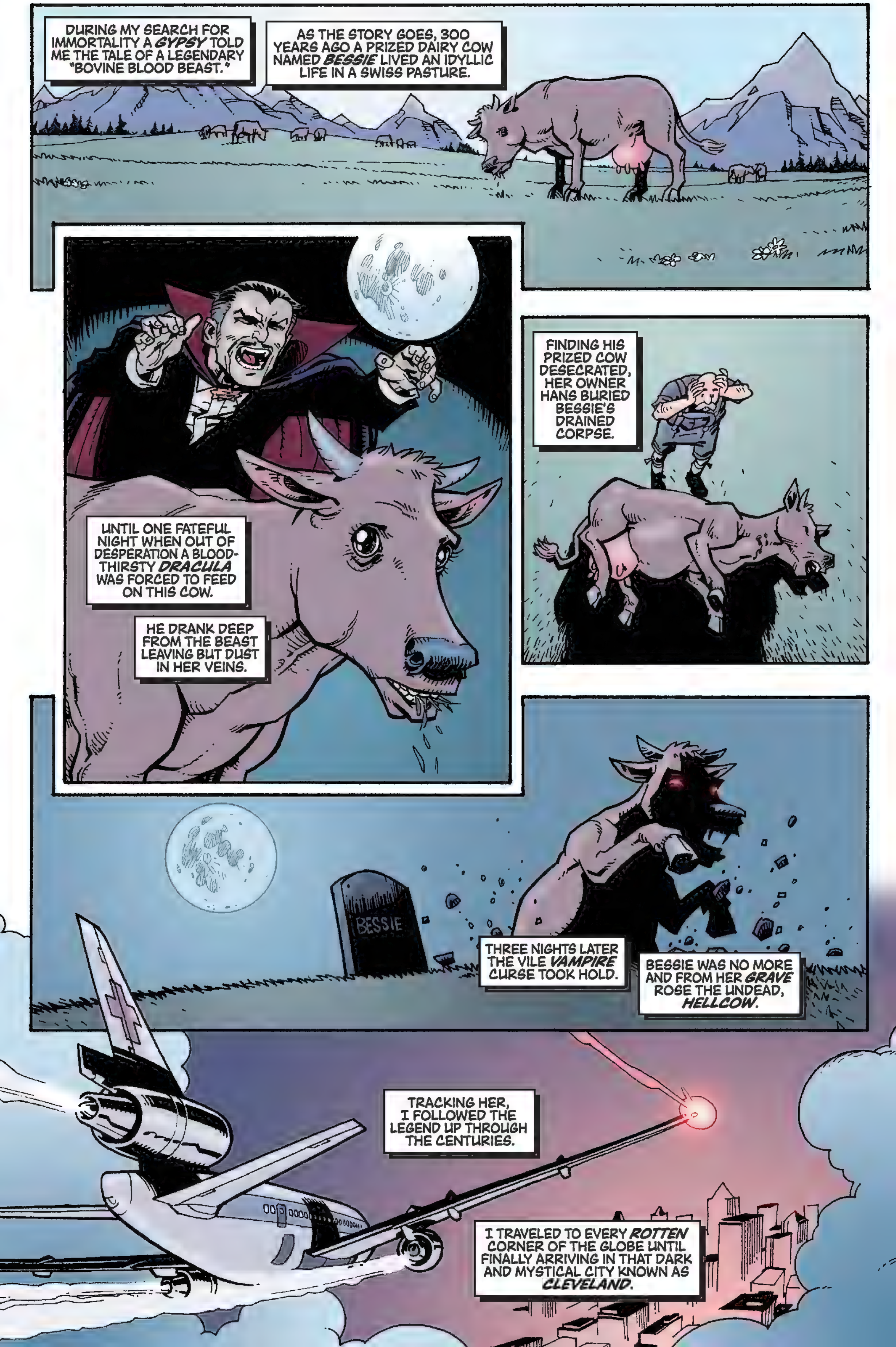

WHY DO I EVER AGREE TO MEET PEOPLE OVER THE *INTERNET*? IT'S SO DANGEROUS.
'CAUSE YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
PEOPLE THAT WILL HIRE SOMEONE TO *KILL* FOR THEM AREN'T ALWAYS THE MOST *TRUSTWORTHY*.
SO YOU GOTTA BE ON GUARD.
STAY SHARP, KEEP YOUR EYES *PEELED*, BE READY FOR ANYTHING.
CAPTIONS, YOU GUYS KEEP A LOOKOUT ON MY SIX.
WHAT KINDA *JERK* STRETCHES A WIRE ACROSS A *PEDESTRIAN* WALKWAY?!
ALL *CLEAR* BACK HERE, CHIEF.
Oh, boy.
SWOOOSH
HEY! A FOUR LEAF CLOVER. WHAT *LUCK!*

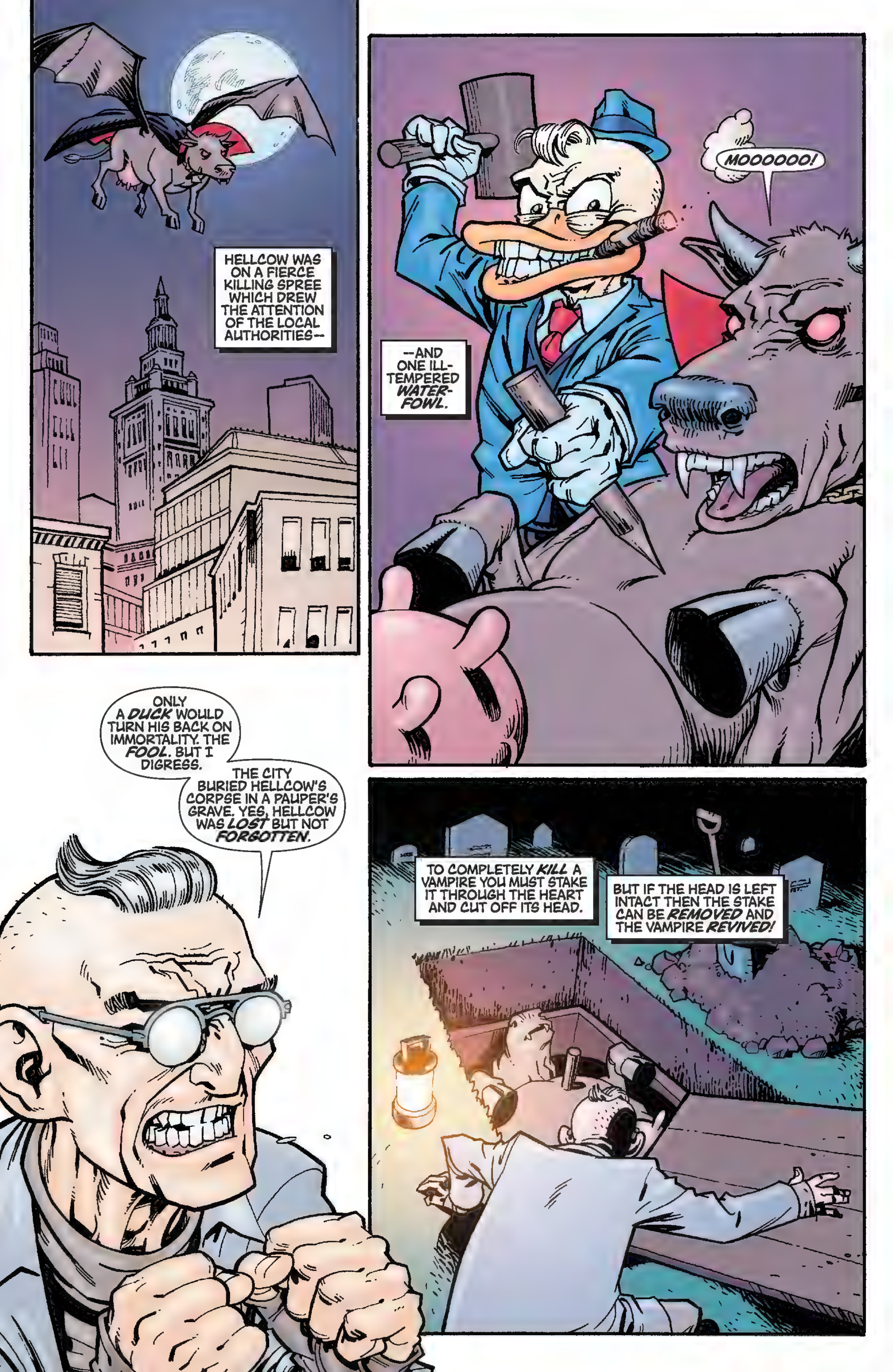

LOOK AT YOU, LITTLE CLOVER. YOU'RE A *MUTANT* JUST LIKE ME.
SHH-DOOOOM!

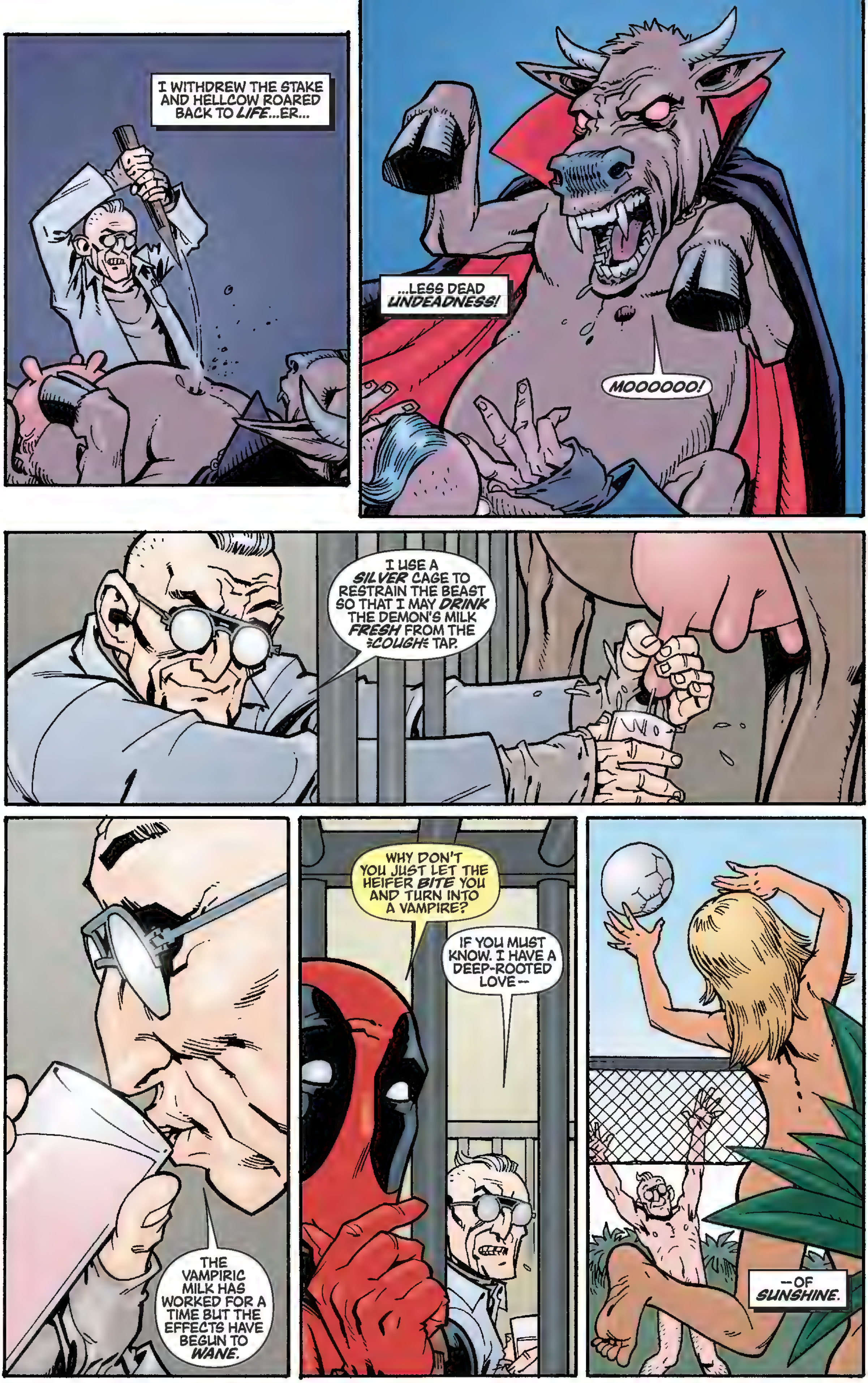

WHOA...
TRICERATOPS! YOU WERE MY FAVORITE WHEN I WAS A KIDDIE-POOL BUT NOW THEY SAY YOU NEVER EXISTED.
EXTINCTION IS SO UNFAIR.
HELLLOOO, NURSE!
IF THIS IS HEAVEN I DON'T EVER WANNA BE RETCONNED BACK TO LIFE!
COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH COUGH
BABY, SUGAR LUMPS, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

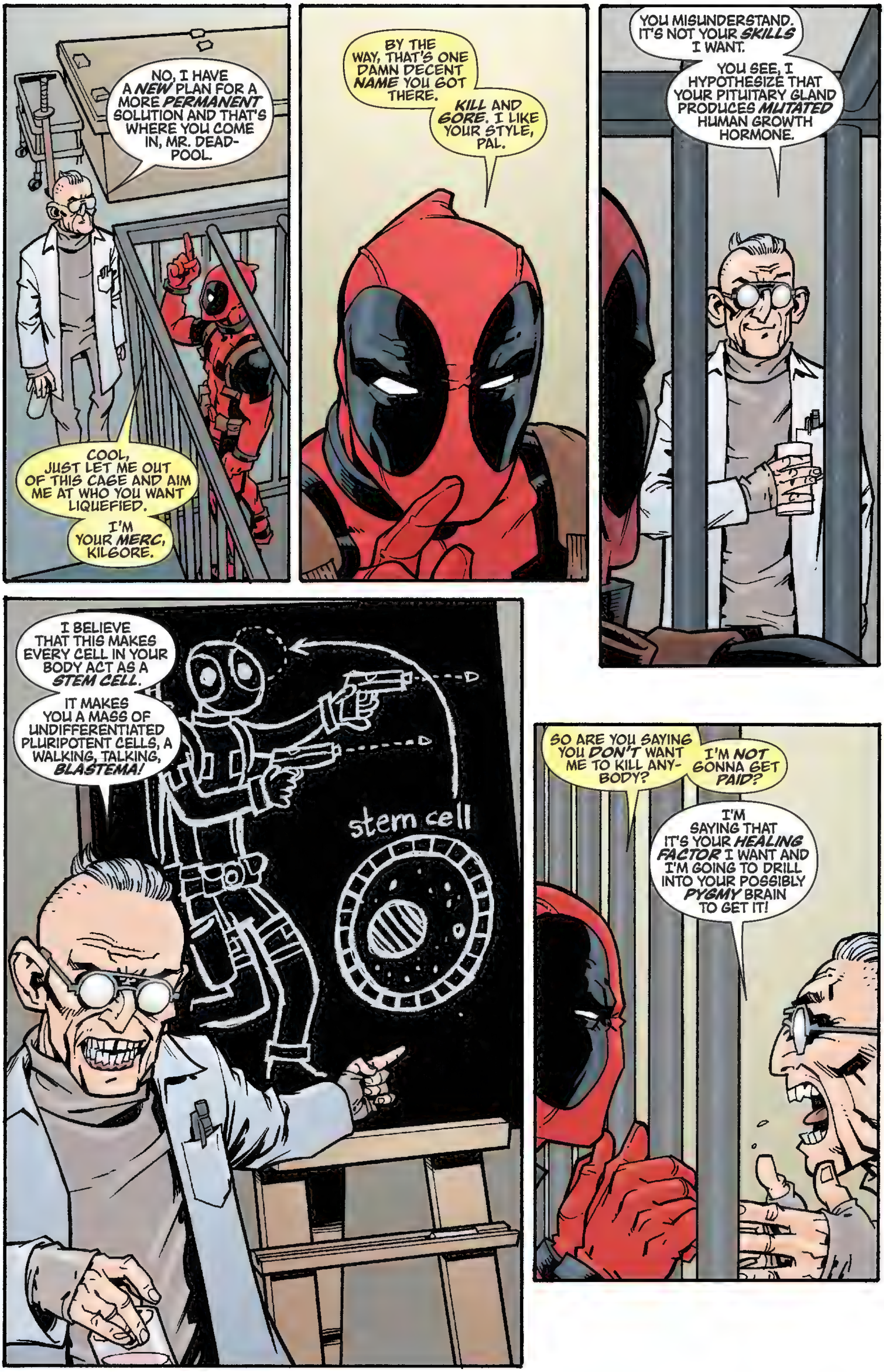

GOOD EVENING ≈COUGH≈ MR. DEADPOOL. AND ≈COUGH≈ WELCOME ≈COUGH≈ WELCOME TO ≈COUGH≈ HELL.
THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS *KISSING* THAT FREIGHT TRAIN, WITH *TONGUE.*
MY NAME IS ≈COUGH≈ KILGORE, ≈COUGH≈ DR. KILGORE. ≈COUGH≈ ≈COUGH≈
GLUG GLUG GLUG
HEY, CAN I GET IN ON THE *STRAWBERRY QUIK* ACTION?!
IT'S NOT *QUIK*, MR. DEADPOOL.
NOT QUIK INDEED.

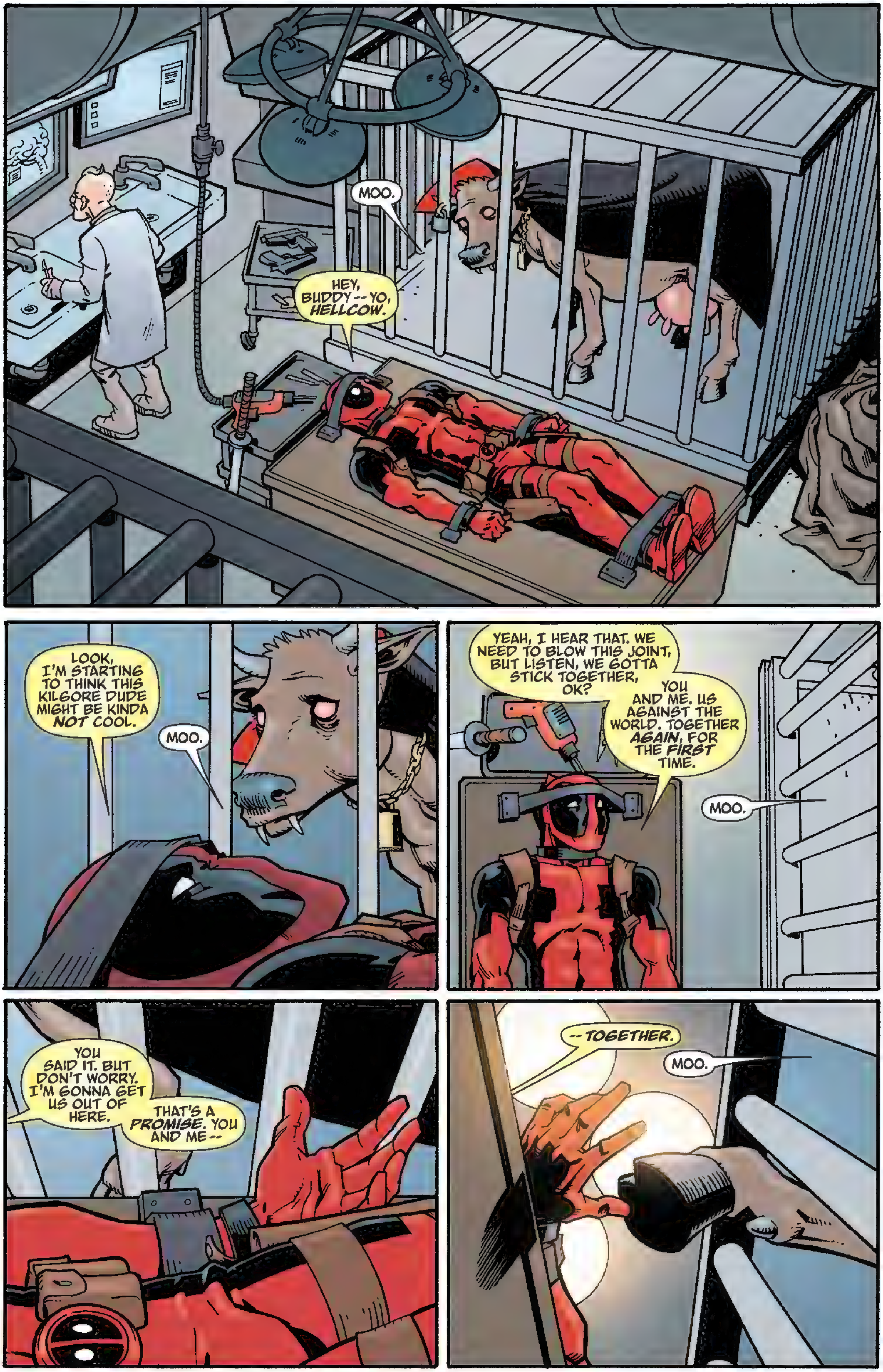

I WAS DYING, MR. DEADPOOL, MULTI-DRUG-RESISTANT TUBERCULOSIS. I WAS A *DEAD* MAN.
AND I SOUGHT NOT A MERE *CURE*, NO. I SOUGHT AN END TO ALL *DECAY*. I SOUGHT *IMMORTALITY*.
I SEARCHED THE WORLD OVER UNTIL I FINALLY FOUND WHAT I THOUGHT WAS THE *SOLUTION* IN THIS *PINK* DRINK.
YOU SEE THIS PINK LIBATION IS ACTUALLY THE *VAMPIRE LACTATIONS* OF --
HELLCOW!
MOO.
COME AGAIN?
SAY WHAT?
Dr. Who?

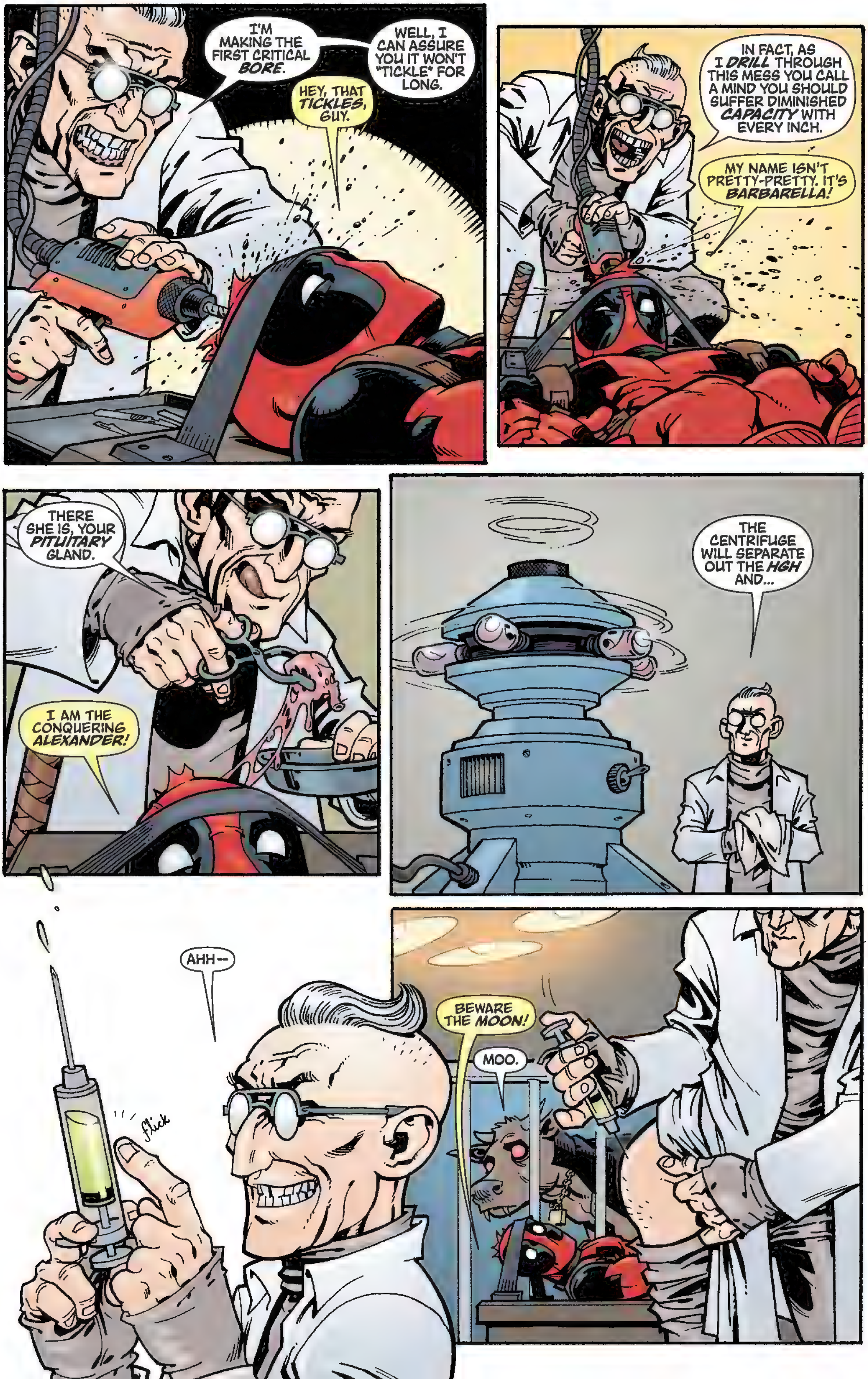

DURING MY SEARCH FOR IMMORTALITY A *GYPSY* TOLD ME THE TALE OF A LEGENDARY "BOVINE BLOOD BEAST."
AS THE STORY GOES, 300 YEARS AGO A PRIZED DAIRY COW NAMED *BESSIE* LIVED AN IDYLLIC LIFE IN A SWISS PASTURE.
UNTIL ONE FATEFUL NIGHT WHEN OUT OF DESPERATION A BLOOD-THIRSTY *DRACULA* WAS FORCED TO FEED ON THIS COW.
HE DRANK DEEP FROM THE BEAST LEAVING BUT DUST IN HER VEINS.
FINDING HIS PRIZED COW DESECRATED, HER OWNER HANS BURIED BESSIE'S DRAINED CORPSE.
BESSIE
THREE NIGHTS LATER THE VILE *VAMPIRE* CURSE TOOK HOLD.
BESSIE WAS NO MORE AND FROM HER *GRAVE* ROSE THE UNDEAD, ***HELLCOW***.
TRACKING HER, I FOLLOWED THE LEGEND UP THROUGH THE CENTURIES.
I TRAVELED TO EVERY *ROTTEN* CORNER OF THE GLOBE UNTIL FINALLY ARRIVING IN THAT DARK AND MYSTICAL CITY KNOWN AS ***CLEVELAND***.

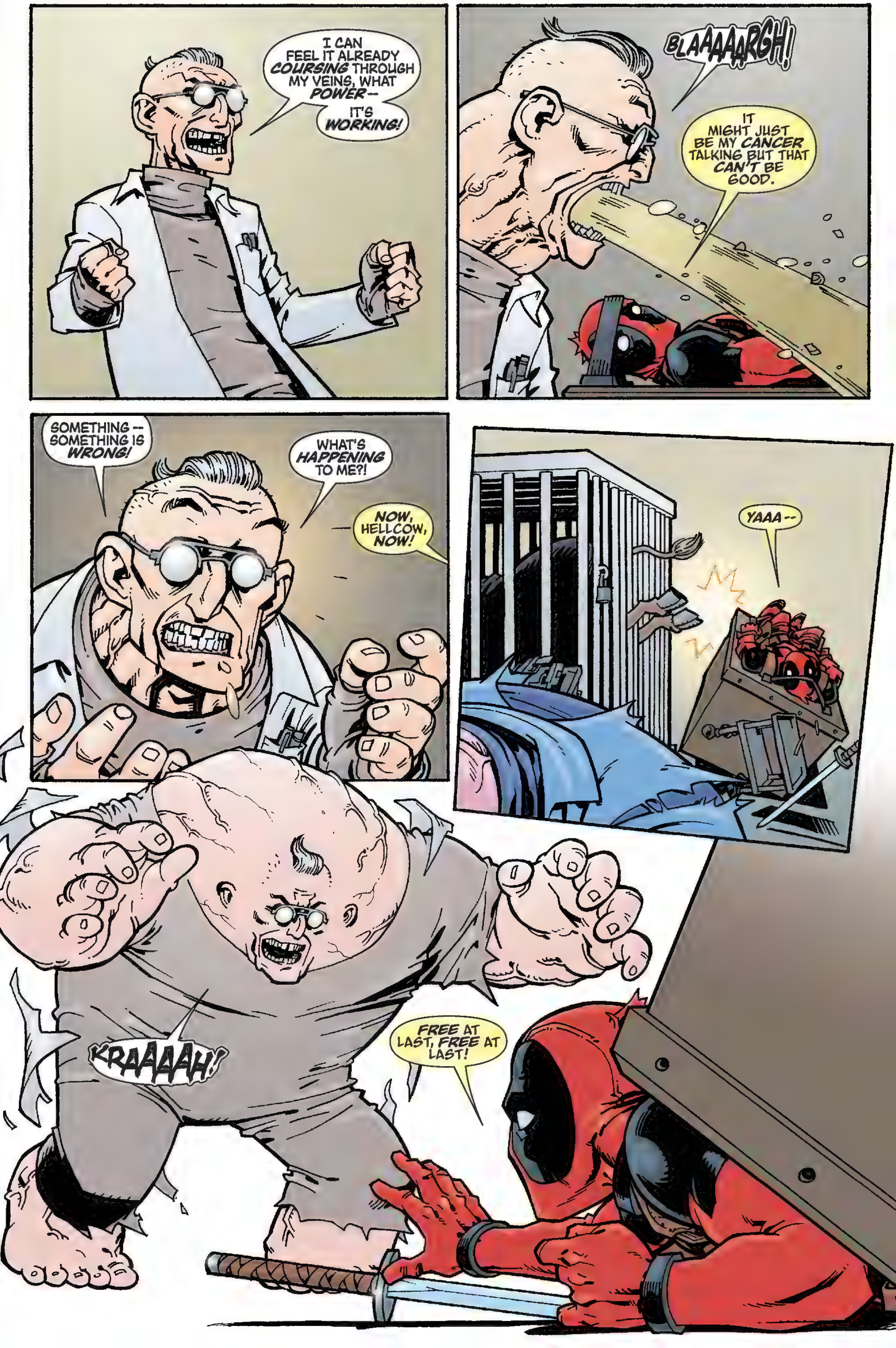

HELLCOW WAS ON A FIERCE KILLING SPREE WHICH DREW THE ATTENTION OF THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES--
--AND ONE ILL-TEMPERED *WATER-FOWL.*
MOOOOOO!
ONLY A *DUCK* WOULD TURN HIS BACK ON IMMORTALITY. THE *FOOL*. BUT I DIGRESS.
THE CITY BURIED HELLCOW'S CORPSE IN A PAUPER'S GRAVE. YES, HELLCOW WAS *LOST* BUT NOT *FORGOTTEN*.
TO COMPLETELY *KILL* A VAMPIRE YOU MUST STAKE IT THROUGH THE HEART AND CUT OFF ITS HEAD.
BUT IF THE HEAD IS LEFT INTACT THEN THE STAKE CAN BE *REMOVED* AND THE VAMPIRE *REVIVED!*

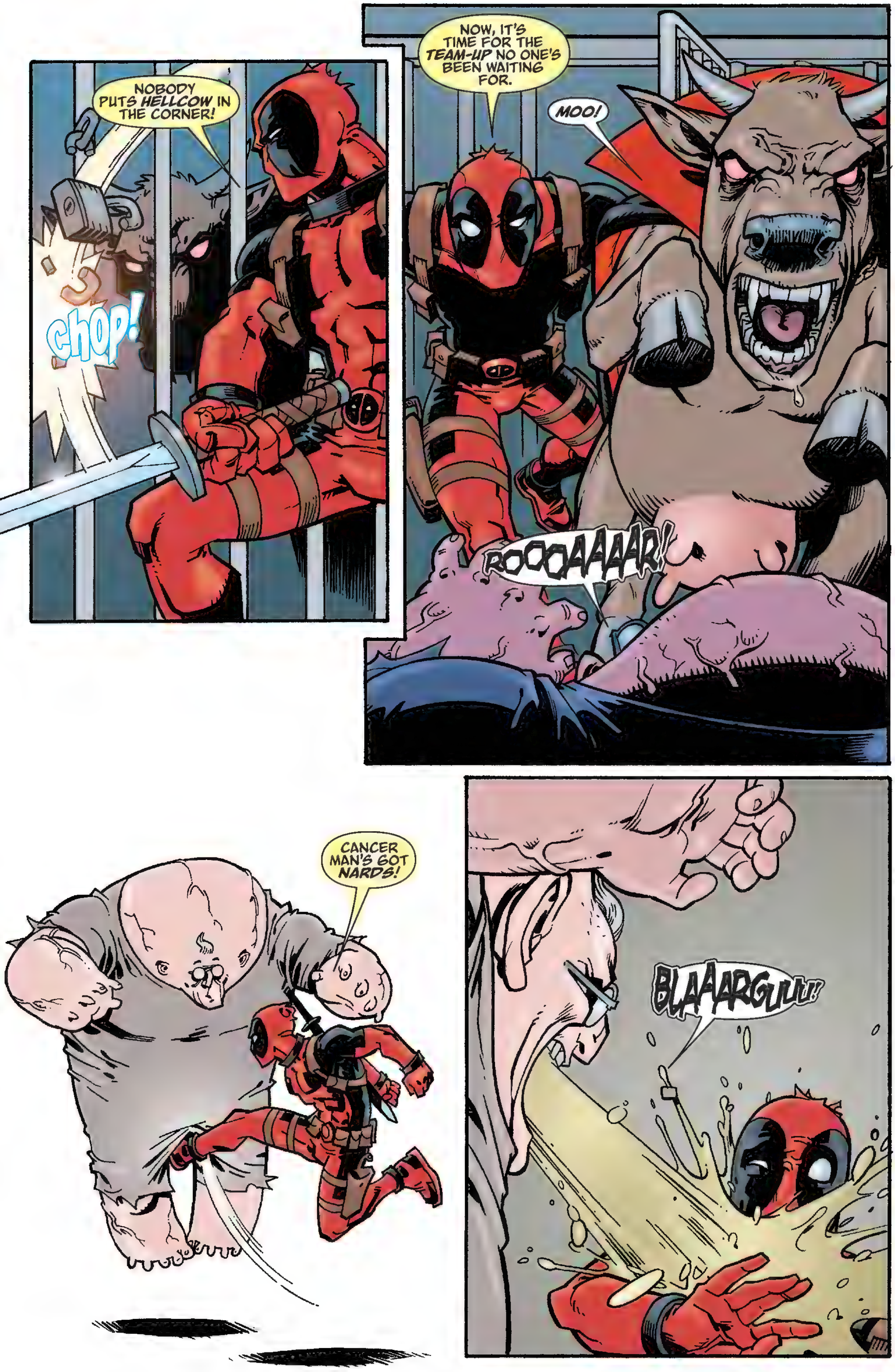

I WITHDREW THE STAKE AND HELLCOW ROARED BACK TO *LIFE*...ER...
...LESS DEAD *UNDEADNESS!*
MOOOOOO!
I USE A *SILVER* CAGE TO RESTRAIN THE BEAST SO THAT I MAY *DRINK* THE DEMON'S MILK *FRESH* FROM THE *COUGH* TAP.
THE VAMPIRIC MILK HAS WORKED FOR A TIME BUT THE EFFECTS HAVE BEGUN TO *WANE*.
WHY DON'T YOU JUST LET THE HEIFER *BITE* YOU AND TURN INTO A VAMPIRE?
IF YOU MUST KNOW. I HAVE A DEEP-ROOTED LOVE--
--OF *SUNSHINE*.

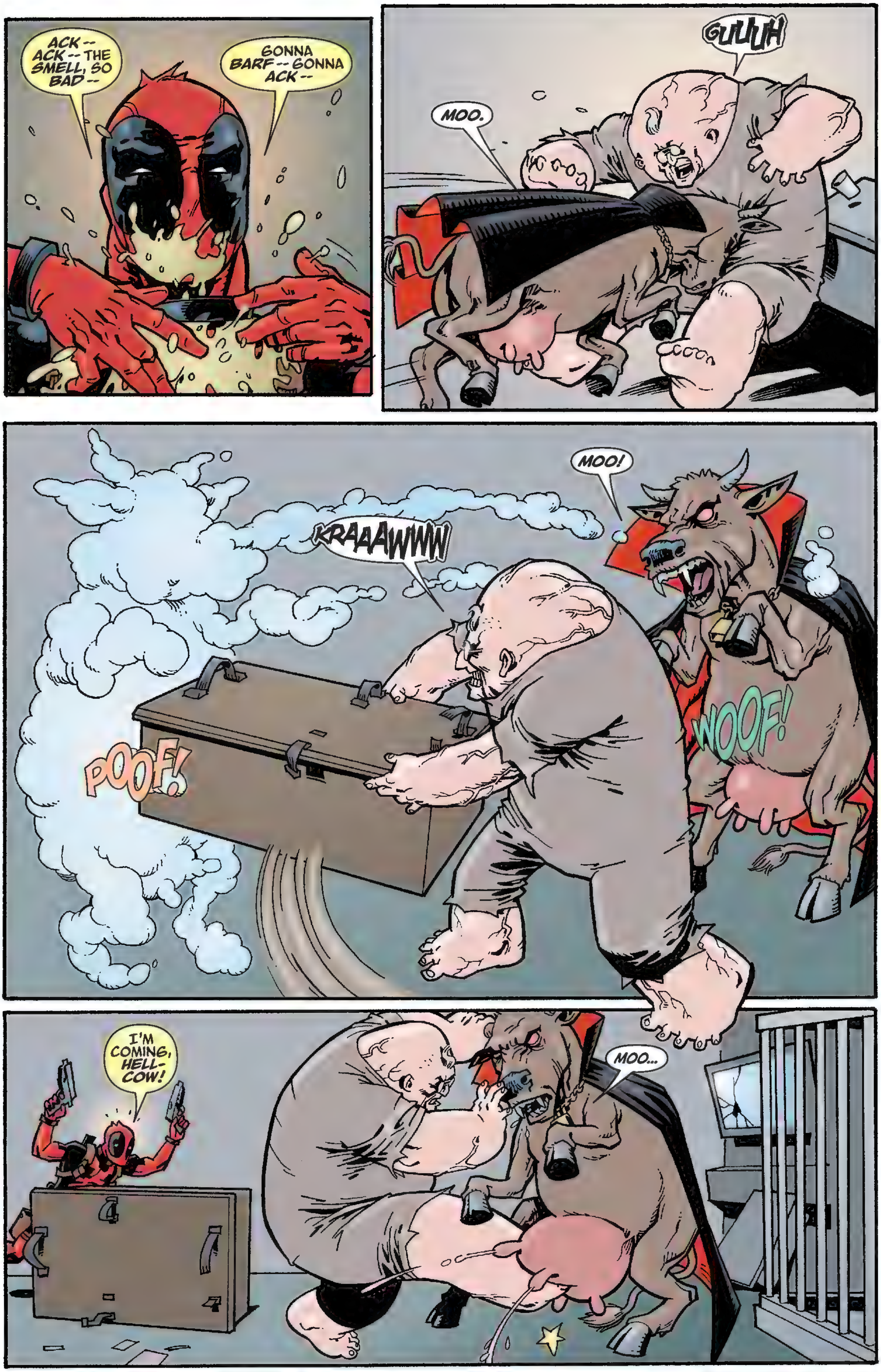

NO, I HAVE A *NEW* PLAN FOR A MORE *PERMANENT* SOLUTION AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, MR. DEADPOOL.
COOL, JUST LET ME OUT OF THIS CAGE AND AIM ME AT WHO YOU WANT LIQUEFIED.
I'M YOUR *MERC*, KILGORE.
BY THE WAY, THAT'S ONE DAMN DECENT *NAME* YOU GOT THERE.
KILL AND *GORE*. I LIKE YOUR STYLE, PAL.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND. IT'S NOT YOUR *SKILLS* I WANT.
YOU SEE, I HYPOTHESIZE THAT YOUR PITUITARY GLAND PRODUCES *MUTATED* HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE.
I BELIEVE THAT THIS MAKES EVERY CELL IN YOUR BODY ACT AS A *STEM CELL*.
IT MAKES YOU A MASS OF UNDIFFERENTIATED PLURIPOTENT CELLS, A WALKING, TALKING, *BLASTEMA!*
stem cell
SO ARE YOU SAYING YOU *DON'T* WANT ME TO KILL ANYBODY?
I'M *NOT* GONNA GET *PAID?*
I'M SAYING THAT IT'S YOUR *HEALING FACTOR* I WANT AND I'M GOING TO DRILL INTO YOUR POSSIBLY *PYGMY* BRAIN TO GET IT!

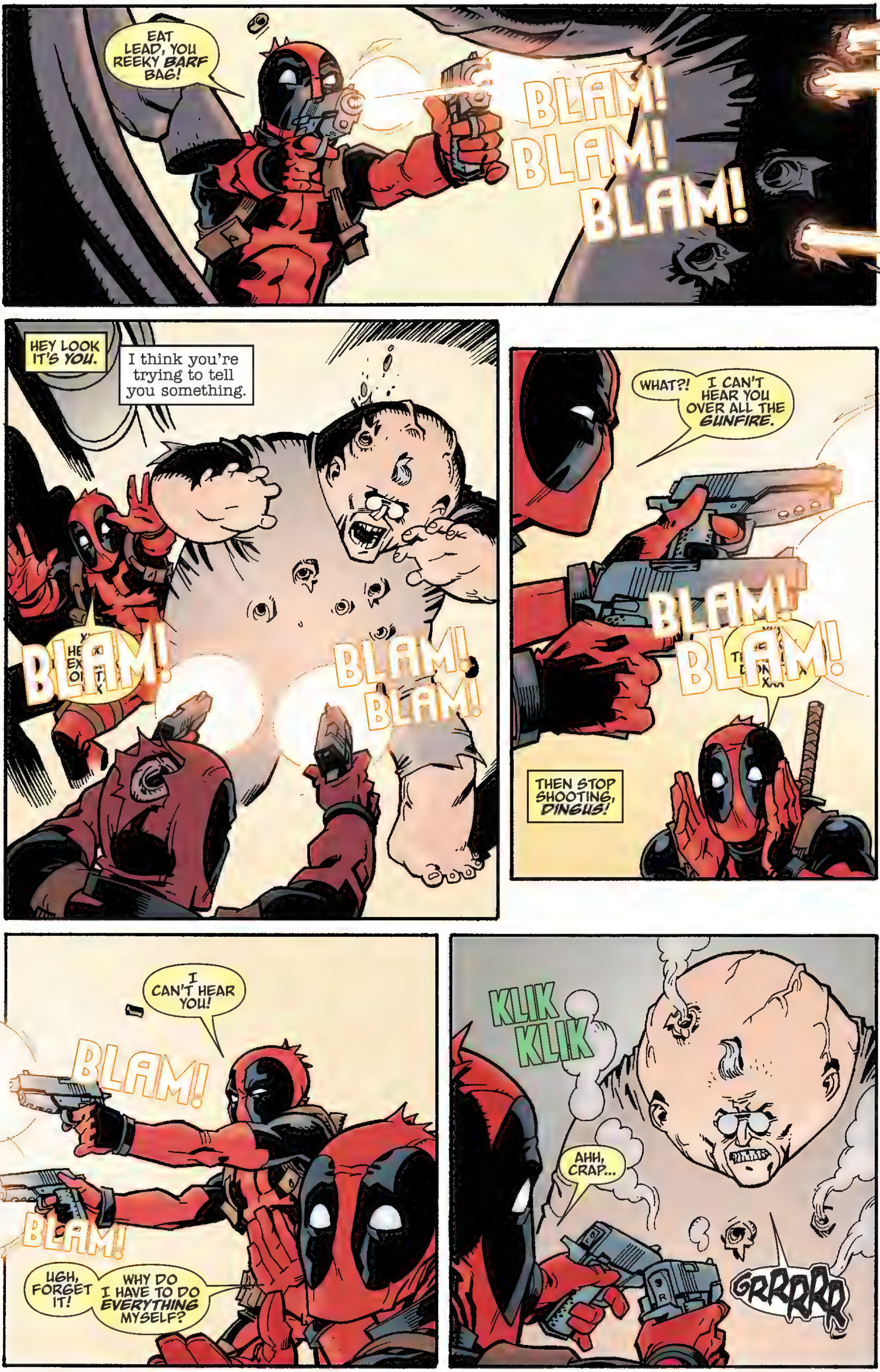

MOO.
HEY, BUDDY--YO, *HELLCOW*.
LOOK, I'M STARTING TO THINK THIS KILGORE DUDE MIGHT BE KINDA *NOT* COOL.
MOO.
YEAH, I HEAR THAT. WE NEED TO BLOW THIS JOINT, BUT LISTEN, WE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER, OK?
YOU AND ME. US AGAINST THE WORLD. TOGETHER *AGAIN*, FOR THE *FIRST* TIME.
MOO.
YOU SAID IT. BUT DON'T WORRY. I'M GONNA GET US OUT OF HERE.
THAT'S A *PROMISE*. YOU AND ME--
--*TOGETHER*.
MOO.

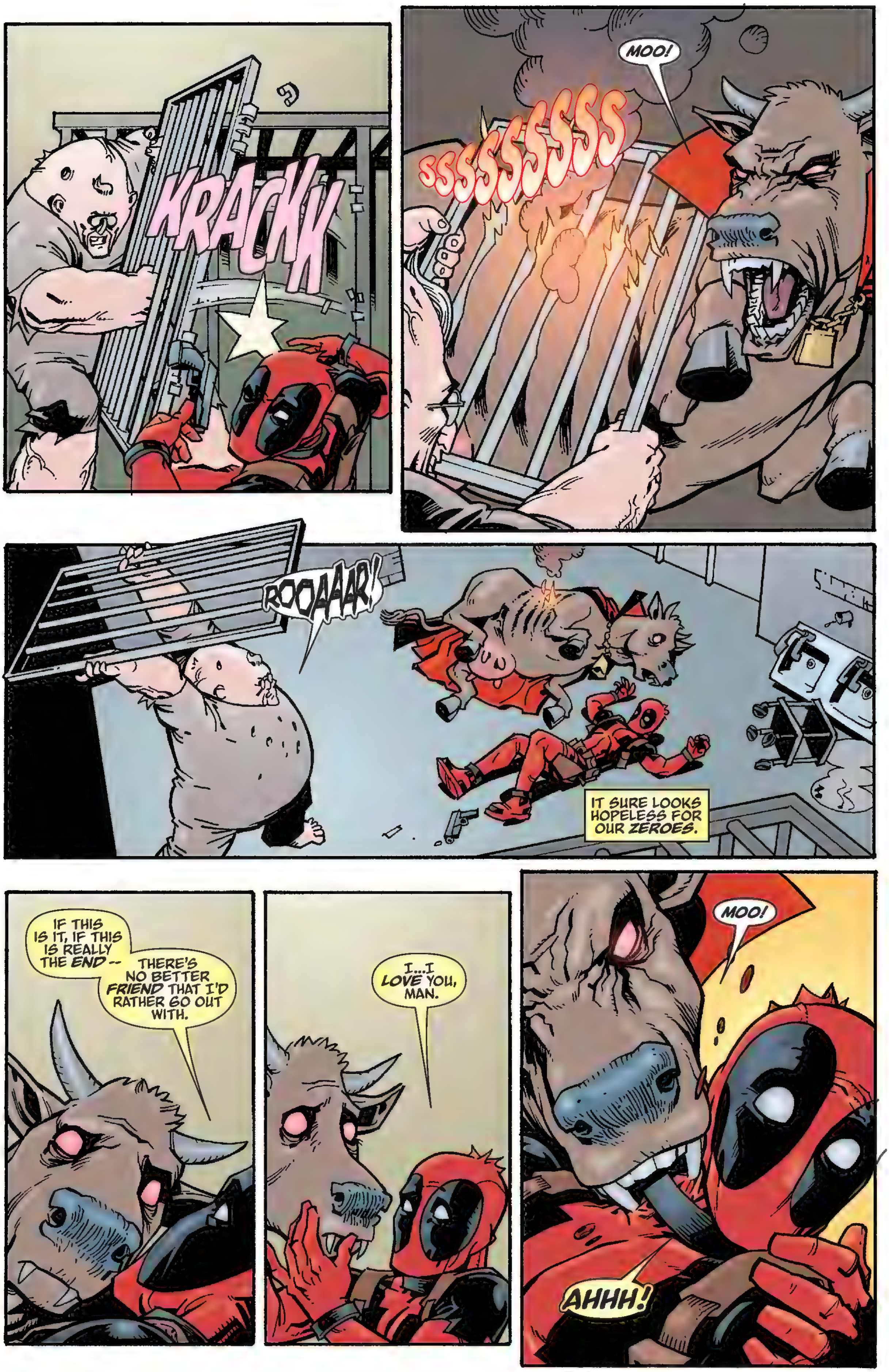

I'M MAKING THE FIRST CRITICAL **BORE**.
HEY, THAT **TICKLES**, GUY.
WELL, I CAN ASSURE YOU IT WON'T "TICKLE" FOR LONG.
IN FACT, AS I **DRILL** THROUGH THIS MESS YOU CALL A MIND YOU SHOULD SUFFER DIMINISHED **CAPACITY** WITH EVERY INCH.
MY NAME ISN'T PRETTY-PRETTY. IT'S **BARBARELLA!**
THERE SHE IS, YOUR **PITUITARY** GLAND.
I AM THE CONQUERING **ALEXANDER!**
THE CENTRIFUGE WILL SEPARATE OUT THE **HGH** AND...
AHH--
flick
BEWARE THE **MOON!**
MOO.

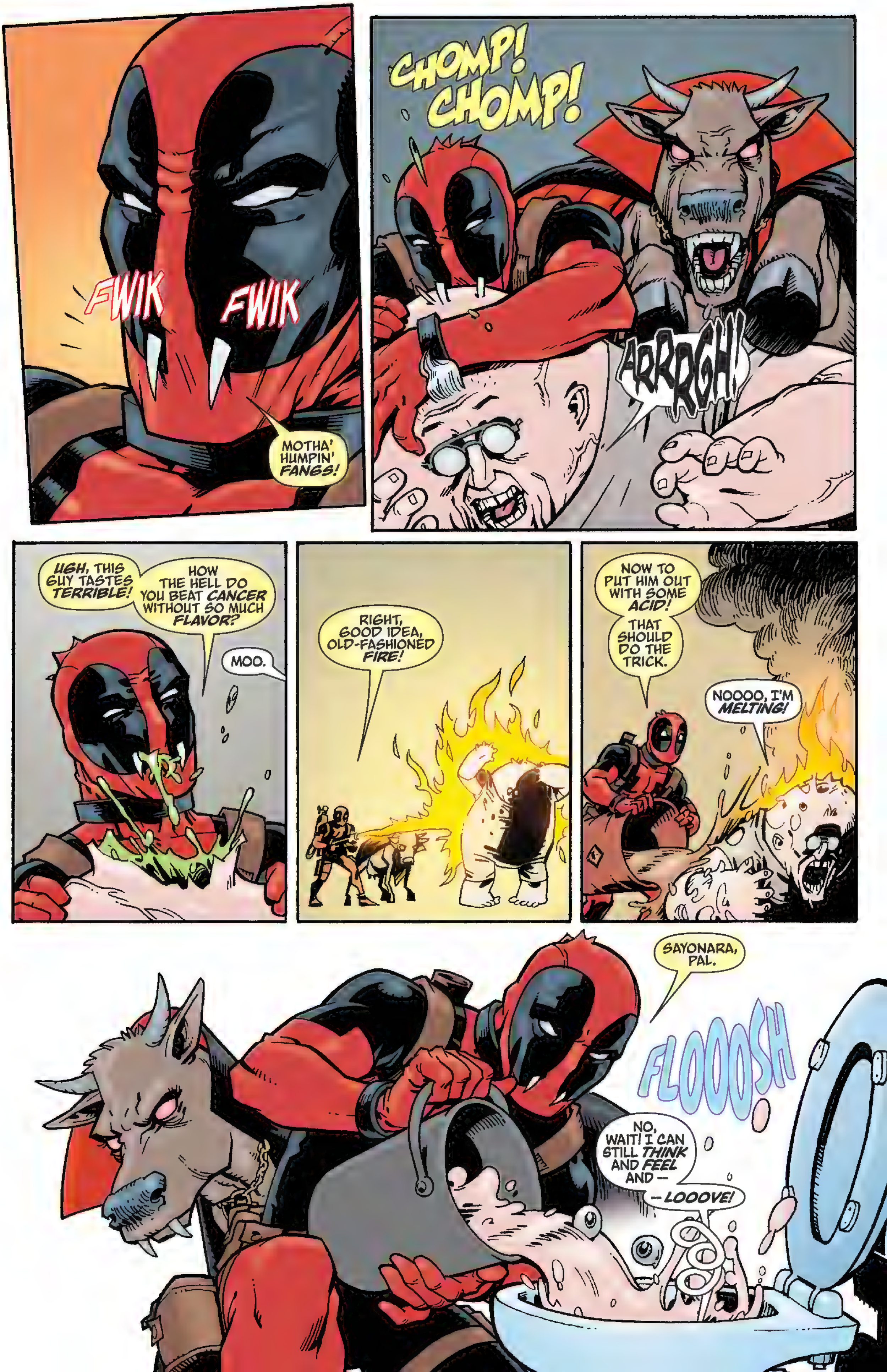

I CAN FEEL IT ALREADY *COURSING* THROUGH MY VEINS, WHAT *POWER*--
IT'S *WORKING!*
BLAAAAARGH!
IT MIGHT JUST BE MY *CANCER* TALKING BUT THAT *CAN'T* BE GOOD.
SOMETHING -- SOMETHING IS *WRONG!*
WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?!
NOW, HELLCOW, *NOW!*
YAAA--
KRAAAAH!
FREE AT LAST, *FREE* AT LAST!

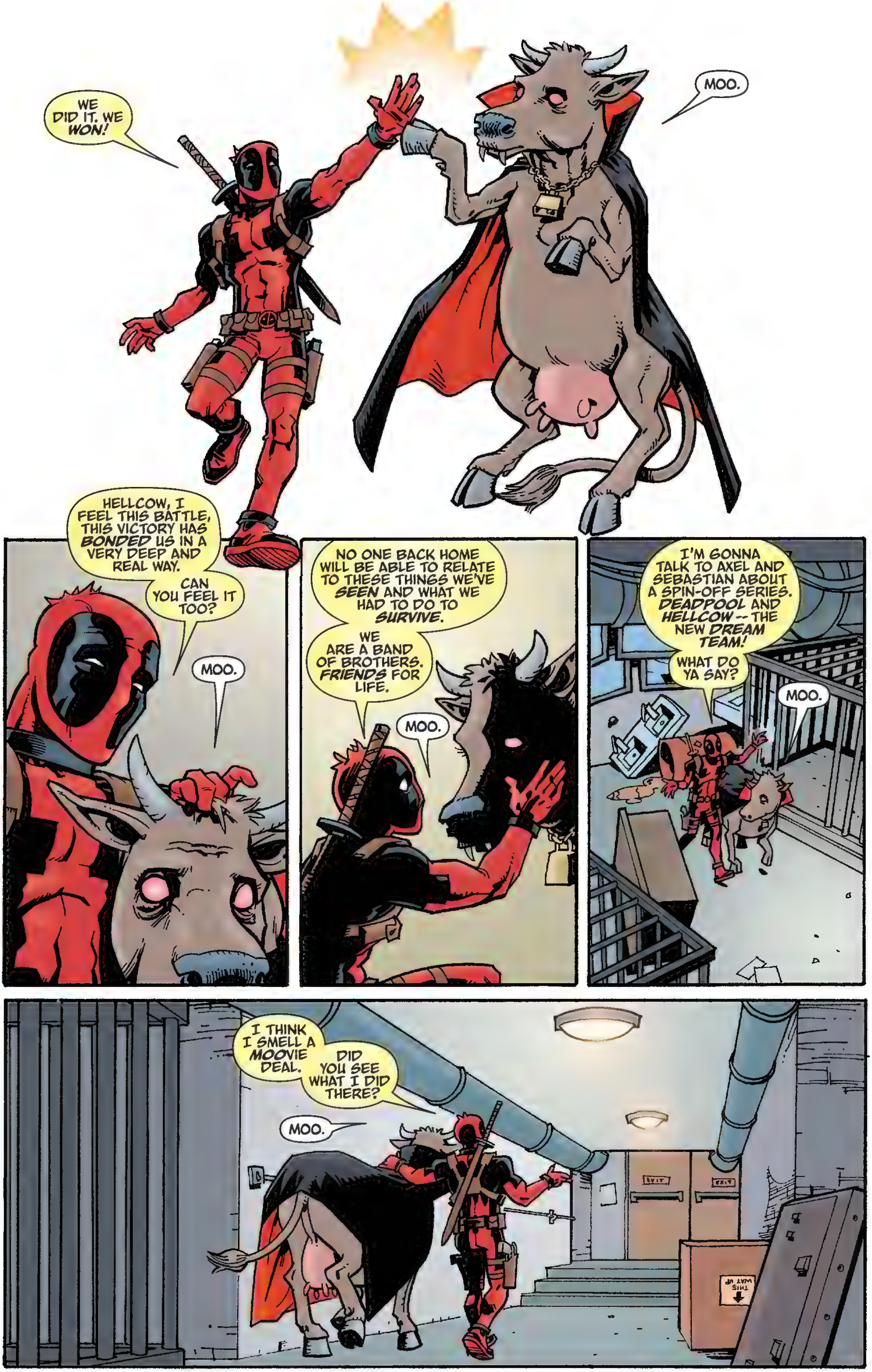

NOBODY PUTS *HELLCOW* IN THE CORNER!
CHOP!
NOW, IT'S TIME FOR THE *TEAM-UP* NO ONE'S BEEN WAITING FOR.
MOO!
ROOOAAAAR!
CANCER MAN'S GOT *NARDS!*
BLAAARGUUU!

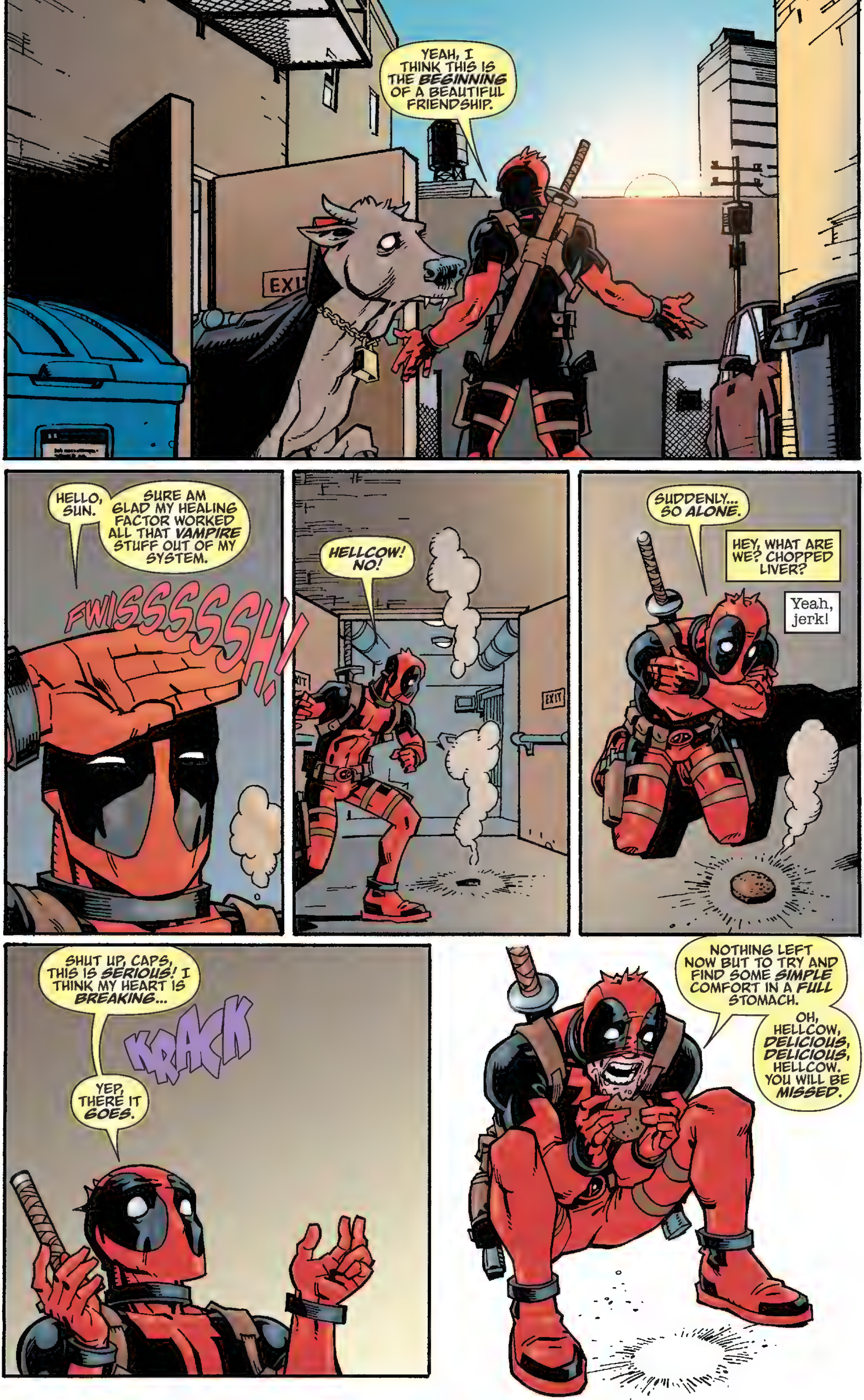

ACK -- ACK -- THE SMELL, SO BAD --
GONNA BARF -- GONNA ACK --
GUUUH
MOO.
MOO!
KRAAAWWW
POOF!
WOOF!
I'M COMING, HELL-COW!
MOO...

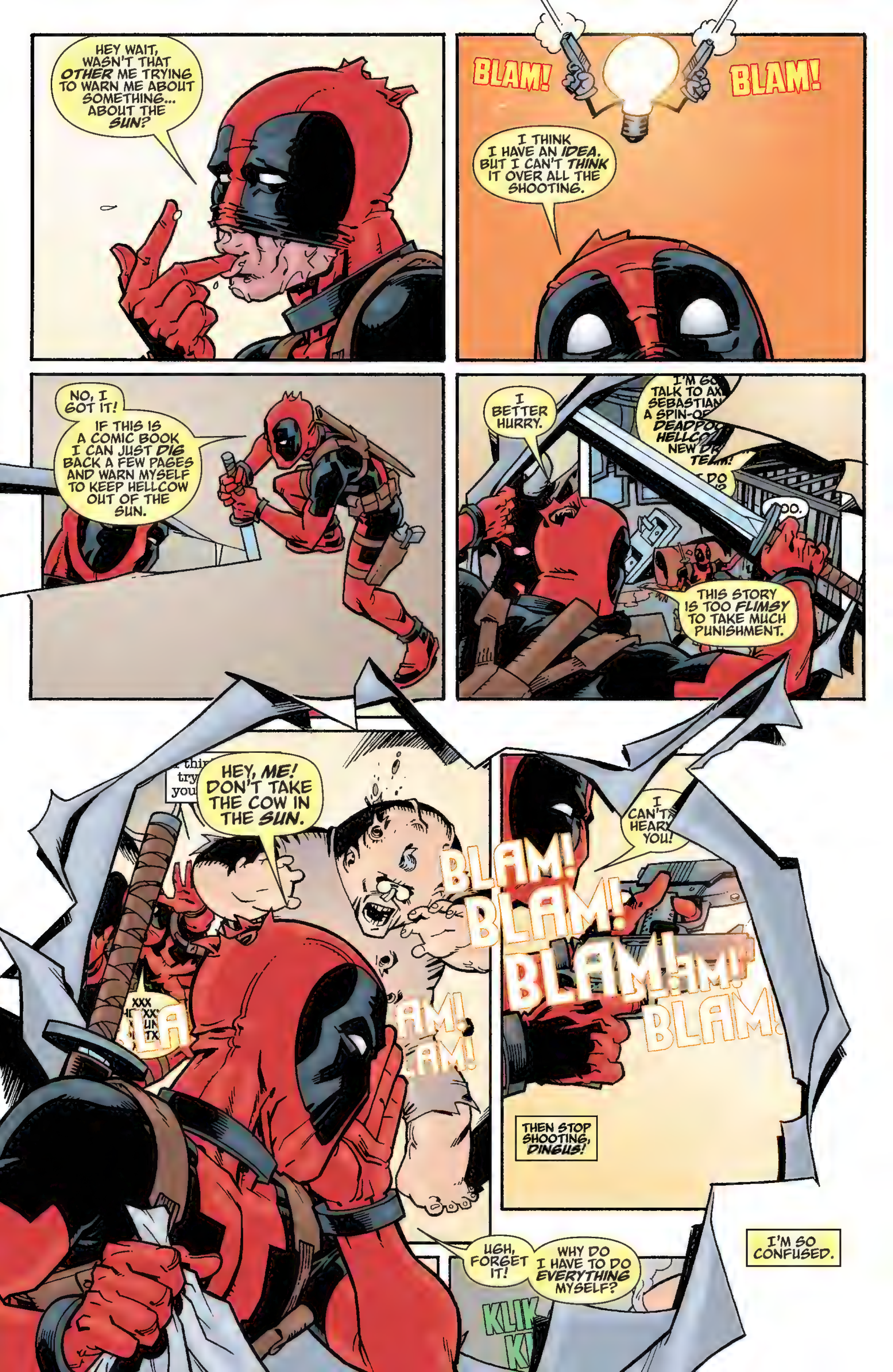

EAT LEAD, YOU REEKY *BARF* BAG!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
HEY LOOK IT'S *YOU.*
I think you're trying to tell you something.
BLAM!
BLAM! BLAM!
WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU OVER ALL THE *GUNFIRE.*
BLAM! BLAM!
THEN STOP SHOOTING, *DINGUS!*
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
BLAM!
BLAM!
UGH, FORGET IT!
WHY DO I HAVE TO DO *EVERYTHING* MYSELF?
KLIK KLIK
AHH, CRAP...
GRRRRR

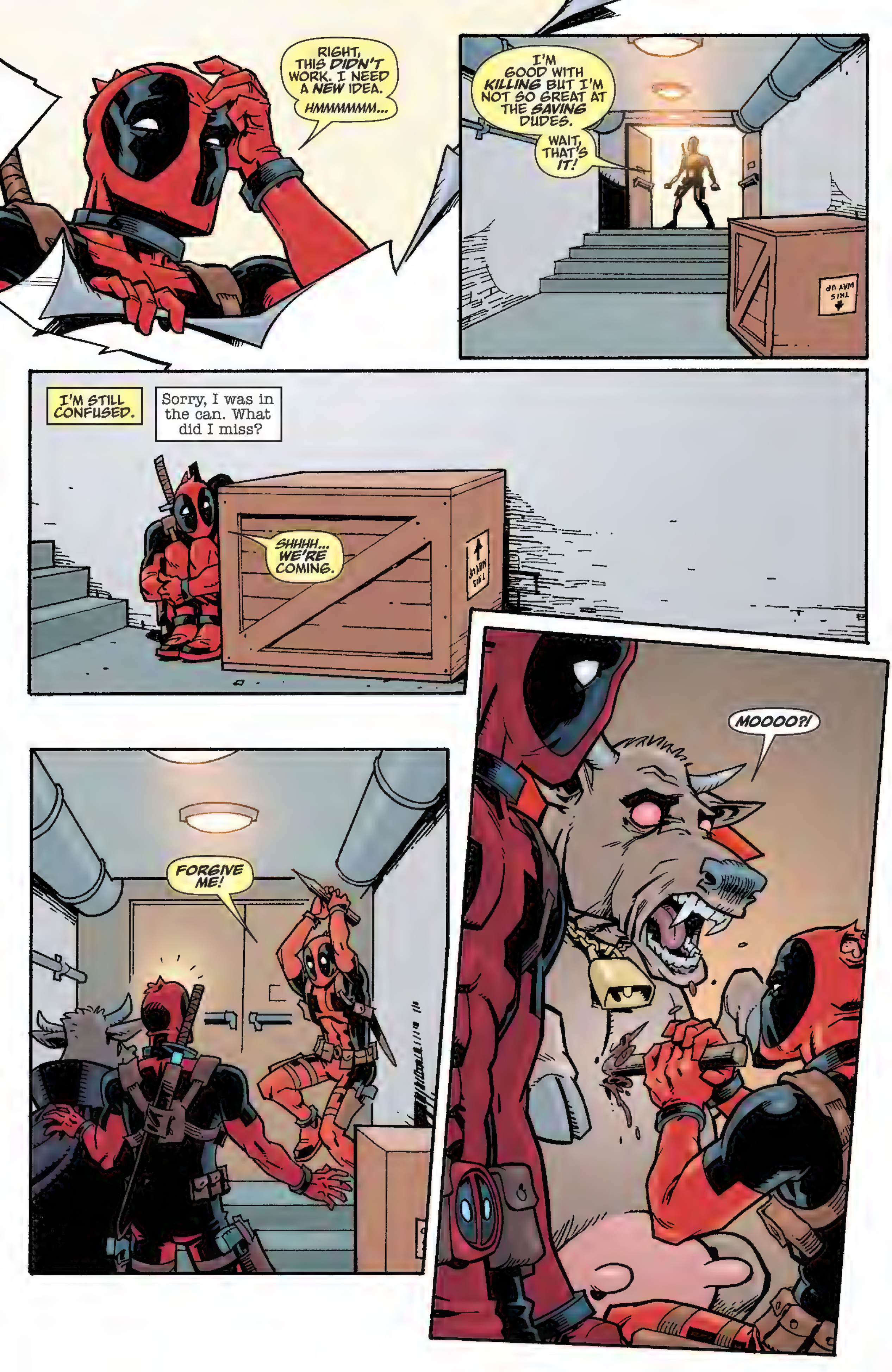

KRACKK
MOO!
SSSSSSSSSS
ROOAAAR!
IT SURE LOOKS HOPELESS FOR OUR *ZEROES.*
IF THIS IS IT, IF THIS IS REALLY THE *END* --
THERE'S NO BETTER *FRIEND* THAT I'D RATHER GO OUT WITH.
I...I *LOVE* YOU, MAN.
MOO!
AHHH!

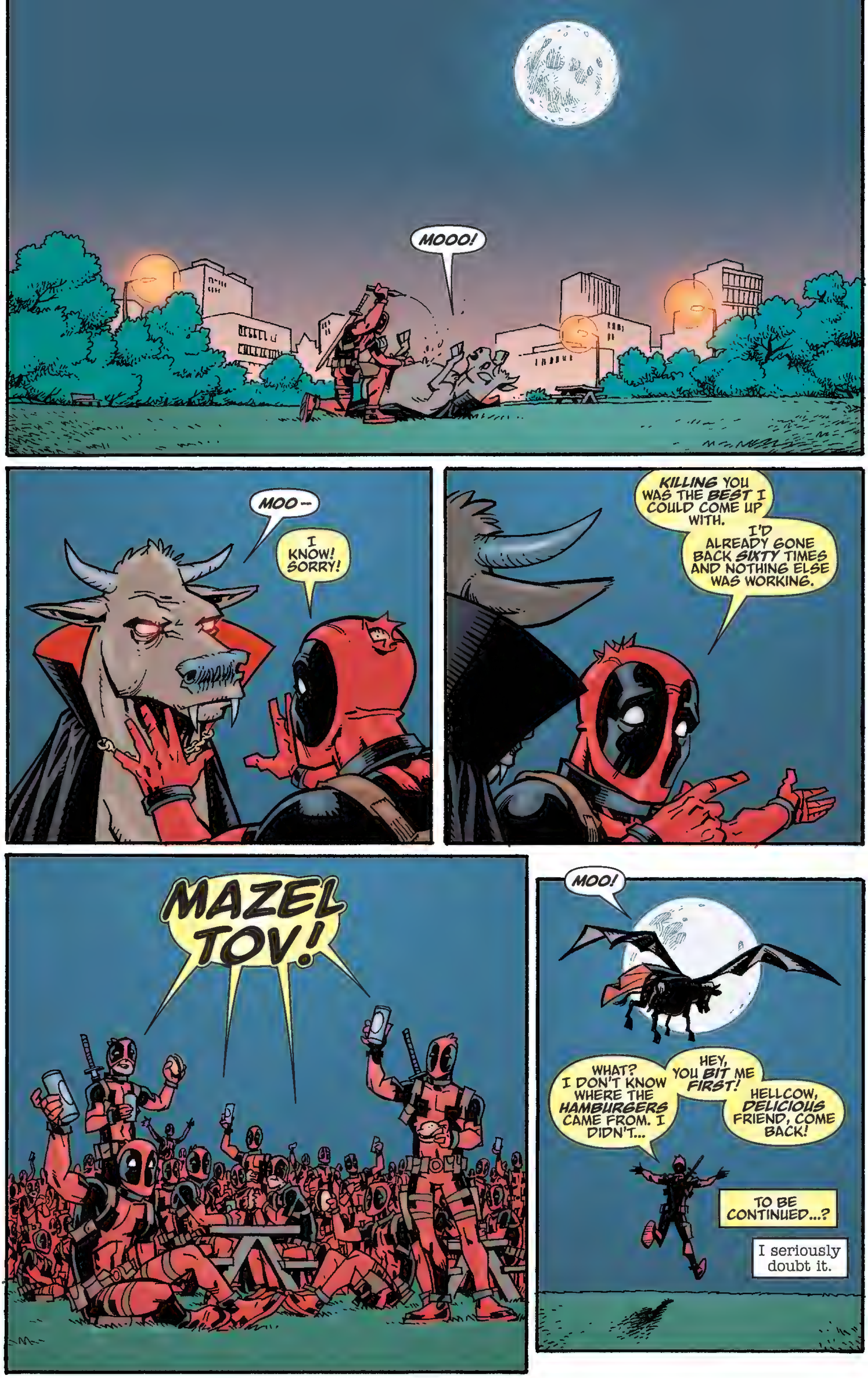

FWIK FWIK
MOTHA' HUMPIN' FANGS!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
ARRRGH!
UGH, THIS GUY TASTES TERRIBLE!
HOW THE HELL DO YOU BEAT CANCER WITHOUT SO MUCH FLAVOR?
MOO.
RIGHT, GOOD IDEA, OLD-FASHIONED FIRE!
NOW TO PUT HIM OUT WITH SOME ACID!
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK.
NOOOO, I'M MELTING!
SAYONARA, PAL.
FLOOOSH
NO, WAIT! I CAN STILL THINK AND FEEL AND --
-- LOOOVE!


WE DID IT. WE *WON!*
MOO.
HELLCOW, I FEEL THIS BATTLE, THIS VICTORY HAS *BONDED* US IN A VERY DEEP AND REAL WAY.
CAN YOU FEEL IT TOO?
MOO.
NO ONE BACK HOME WILL BE ABLE TO RELATE TO THESE THINGS WE'VE *SEEN* AND WHAT WE HAD TO DO TO *SURVIVE.*
WE ARE A BAND OF BROTHERS. *FRIENDS* FOR LIFE.
MOO.
I'M GONNA TALK TO AXEL AND SEBASTIAN ABOUT A SPIN-OFF SERIES. *DEADPOOL* AND *HELLCOW* -- THE NEW *DREAM TEAM!*
WHAT DO YA SAY?
MOO.
I THINK I SMELL A *MOOVIE* DEAL.
DID YOU SEE WHAT I DID THERE?
MOO.
EXIT
EXIT
THIS WAY UP

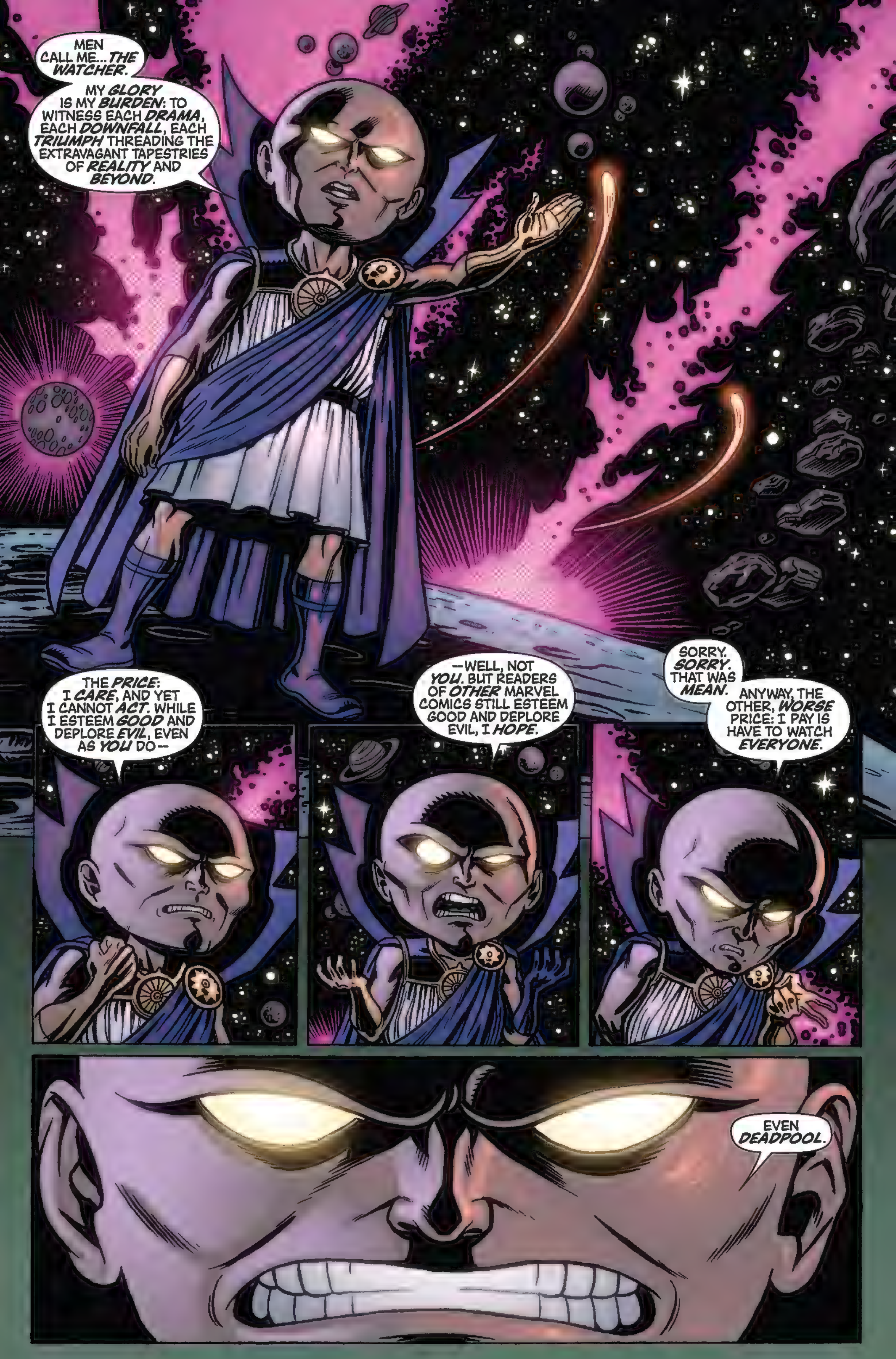

YEAH, I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP.
EXIT
HELLO, SUN.
SURE AM GLAD MY HEALING FACTOR WORKED ALL THAT VAMPIRE STUFF OUT OF MY SYSTEM.
FWISSSSSSH!!
HELLCOW! NO!
EXIT
EXIT
SUDDENLY... SO ALONE.
HEY, WHAT ARE WE? CHOPPED LIVER?
Yeah, jerk!
SHUT UP, CAPS, THIS IS SERIOUS! I THINK MY HEART IS BREAKING...
KRACK
YEP, THERE IT GOES.
NOTHING LEFT NOW BUT TO TRY AND FIND SOME SIMPLE COMFORT IN A FULL STOMACH.
OH, HELLCOW, DELICIOUS, DELICIOUS, HELLCOW. YOU WILL BE MISSED.

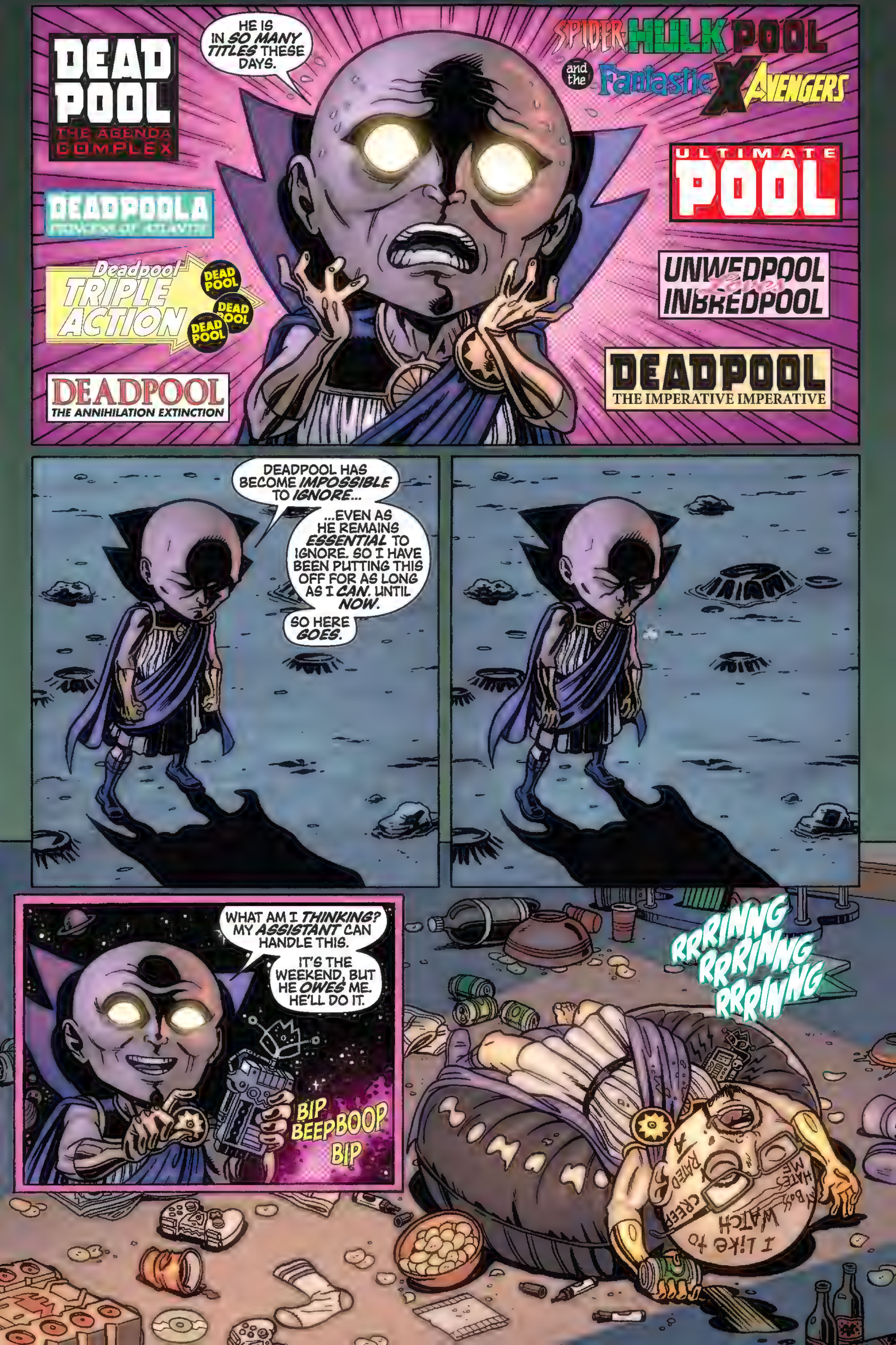

HEY WAIT, WASN'T THAT *OTHER* ME TRYING TO WARN ME ABOUT SOMETHING... ABOUT THE *SUN?*
BLAM!
BLAM!
I THINK I HAVE AN *IDEA*. BUT I CAN'T *THINK* IT OVER ALL THE SHOOTING.
NO, I GOT IT!
IF THIS IS A COMIC BOOK I CAN JUST *DIG* BACK A FEW PAGES AND WARN MYSELF TO KEEP HELLCOW OUT OF THE SUN.
I BETTER HURRY.
I'M GO TALK TO AX SEBASTIAN A SPIN-OF *DEADPO HELLCO* NEW DR *TEAM!*
DO
OO.
THIS STORY IS TOO *FLIMSY* TO TAKE MUCH PUNISHMENT.
thin try you
HEY, *ME!* DON'T TAKE THE COW IN THE *SUN.*
XXX
LA
AM! LAM!
I CAN'T HEAR YOU!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! AM! BLAM!
THEN STOP SHOOTING, *DINGUS!*
UGH, FORGET IT!
WHY DO I HAVE TO DO *EVERYTHING* MYSELF?
I'M SO CONFUSED.
KLIK KL

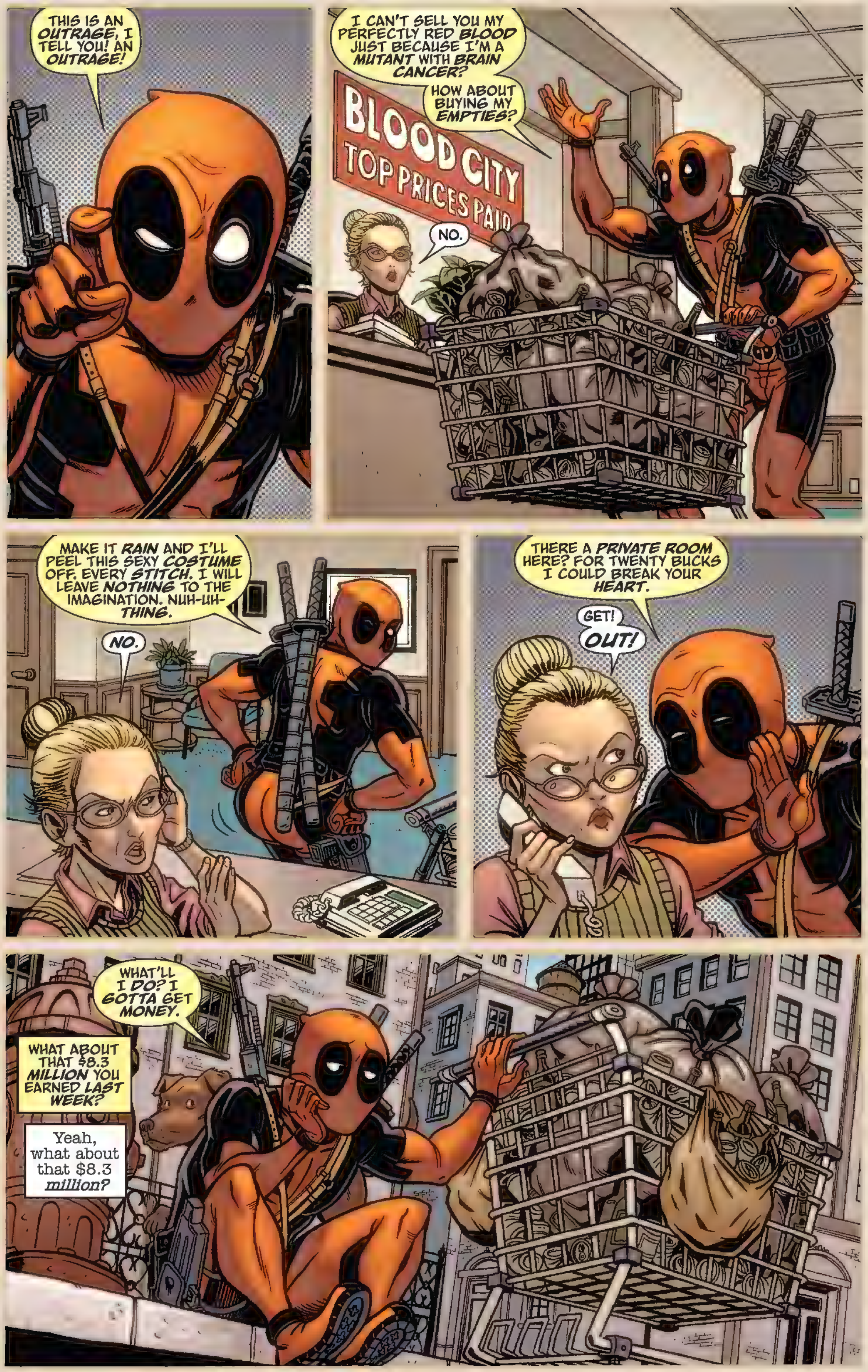

RIGHT, THIS *DIDN'T* WORK. I NEED A *NEW* IDEA.
HMMMMMM...
I'M GOOD WITH *KILLING* BUT I'M NOT SO GREAT AT THE *SAVING* DUDES.
WAIT, THAT'S *IT!*
THIS WAY UP
I'M STILL CONFUSED.
Sorry, I was in the can. What did I miss?
SHHHH... WE'RE COMING.
THIS WAY UP
FORGIVE ME!
MOOOO?!

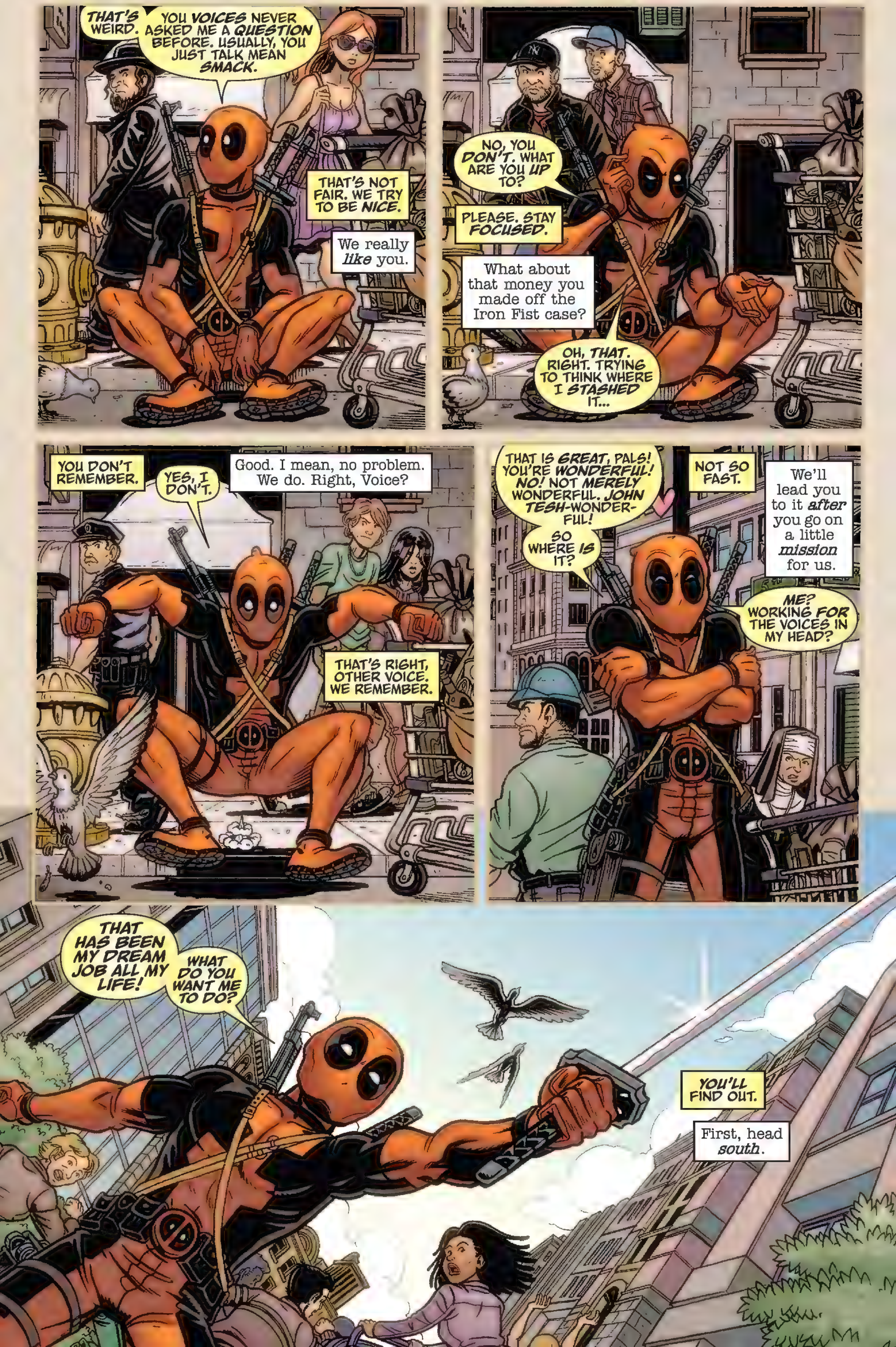

MOOO!
MOO--
I KNOW! SORRY!
KILLING YOU WAS THE BEST I COULD COME UP WITH.
I'D ALREADY GONE BACK SIXTY TIMES AND NOTHING ELSE WAS WORKING.
MAZEL TOV!
MOO!
WHAT? I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE HAMBURGERS CAME FROM. I DIDN'T...
HEY, YOU BIT ME FIRST!
HELLCOW, DELICIOUS FRIEND, COME BACK!
TO BE CONTINUED...?
I seriously doubt it.

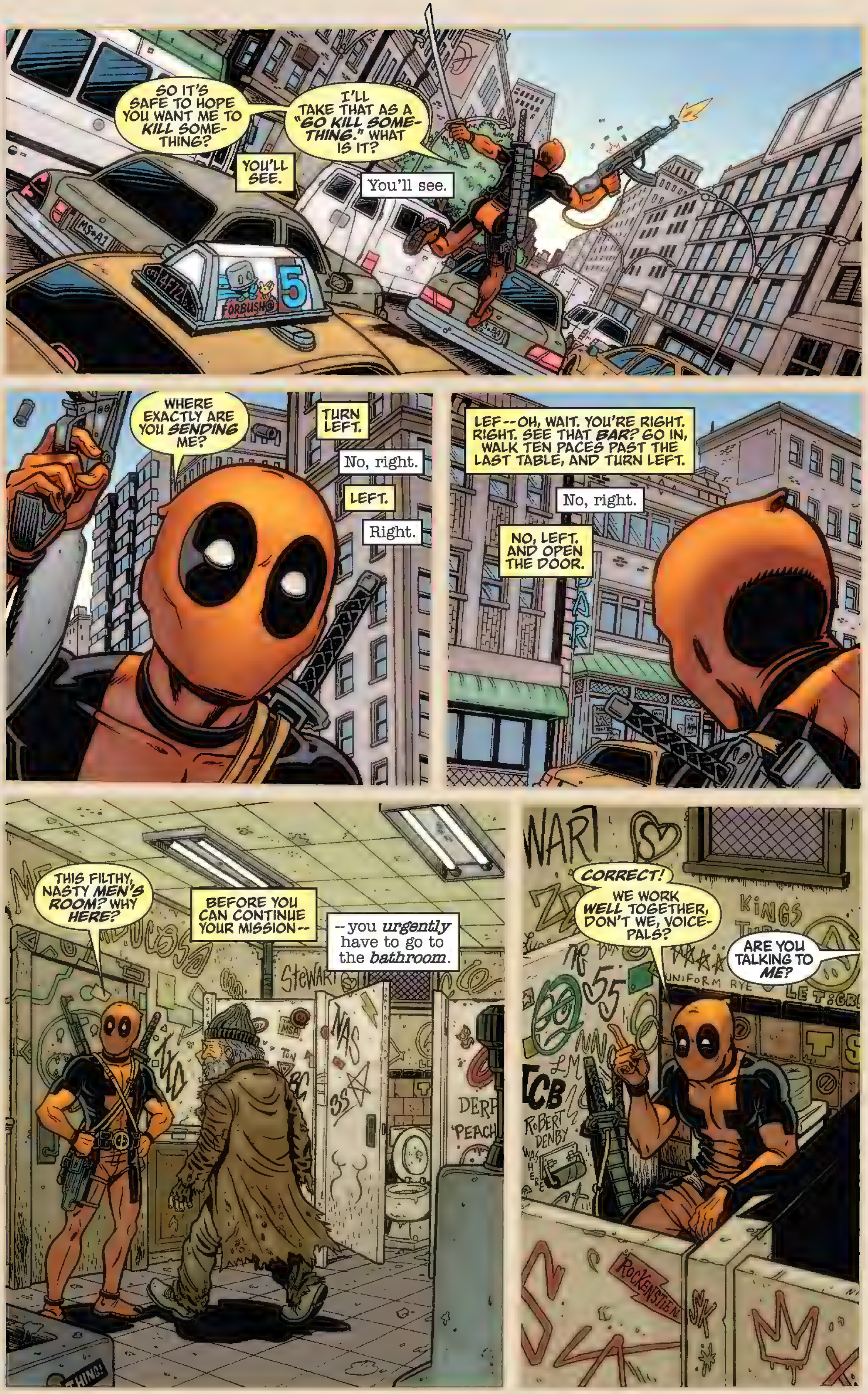
#884
THIS IS GETTING CREEPY.
SY 10

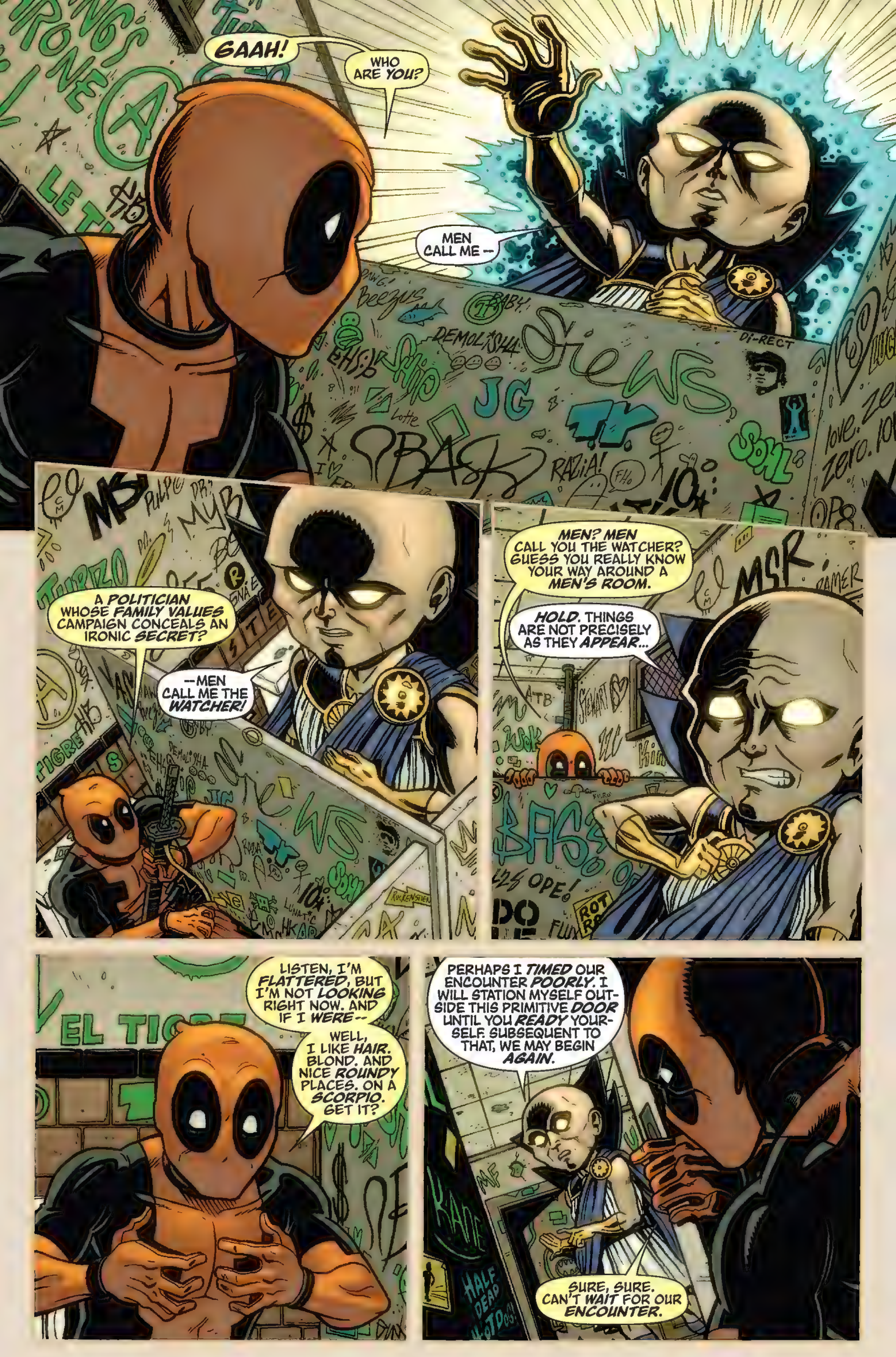

MEN CALL ME... *THE WATCHER*.
MY *GLORY* IS MY *BURDEN*: TO WITNESS EACH *DRAMA*, EACH *DOWNFALL*, EACH *TRIUMPH* THREADING THE EXTRAVAGANT TAPESTRIES OF *REALITY* AND *BEYOND*.
THE *PRICE*: I *CARE*, AND YET I CANNOT *ACT*. WHILE I ESTEEM *GOOD* AND DEPLORE *EVIL*, EVEN AS *YOU* DO—
—WELL, NOT *YOU*. BUT READERS OF *OTHER* MARVEL COMICS STILL ESTEEM GOOD AND DEPLORE EVIL, I *HOPE*.
SORRY. *SORRY*. THAT WAS *MEAN*.
ANYWAY, THE OTHER, *WORSE* PRICE: I PAY IS HAVE TO WATCH *EVERYONE*.
EVEN *DEADPOOL*.

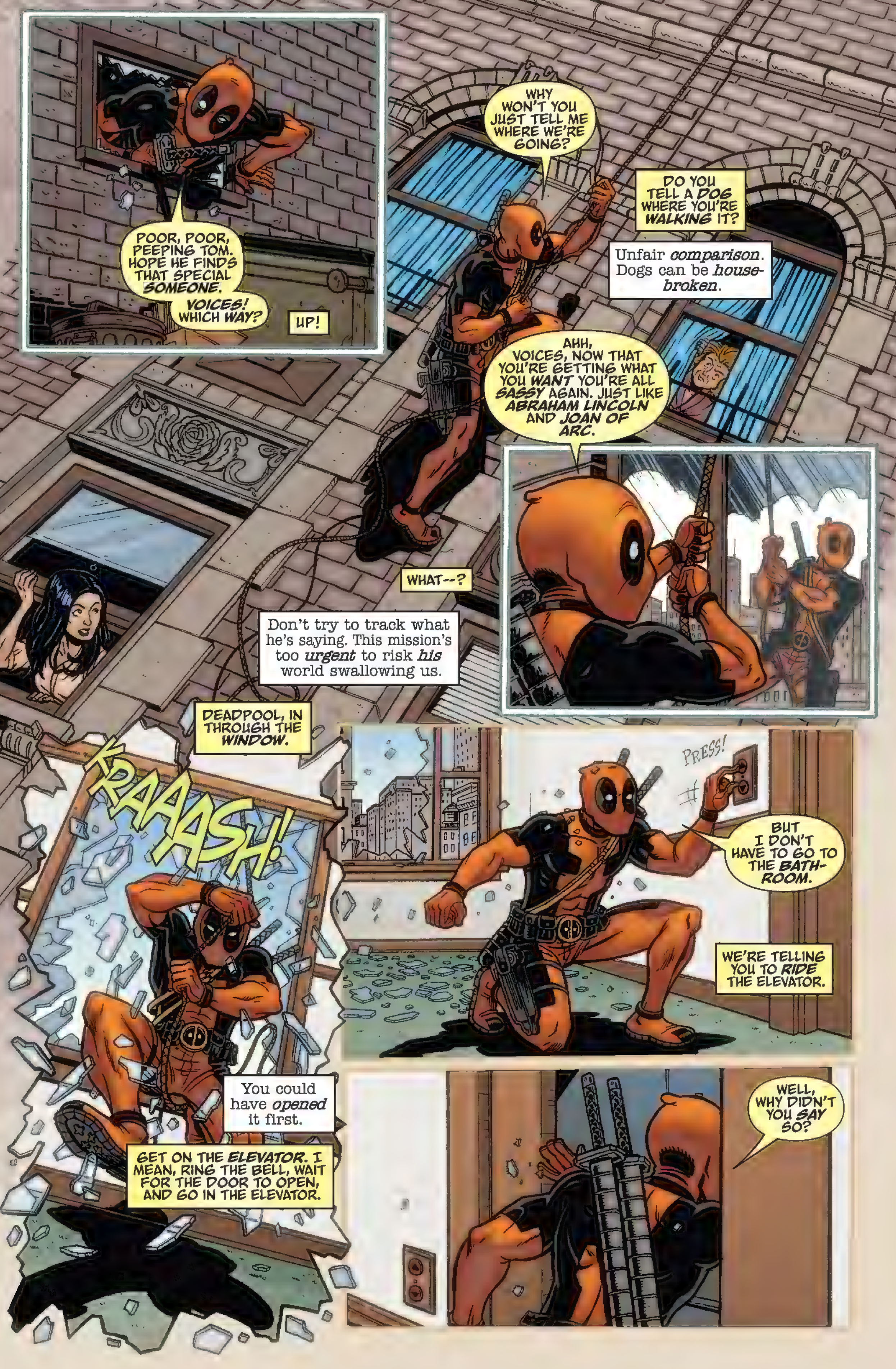

DEAD POOL THE AGENDA COMPLEX
HE IS IN SO MANY TITLES THESE DAYS.
SPIDERHULKPOOL and the Fantastic X AVENGERS
ULTIMATE POOL
DEADPOOLA
Deadpool TRIPLE ACTION
DEAD POOL
DEAD POOL
DEAD POOL
UNWEDPOOL Loves INBREDPOOL
DEADPOOL THE ANNIHILATION EXTINCTION
DEADPOOL THE IMPERATIVE IMPERATIVE
DEADPOOL HAS BECOME IMPOSSIBLE TO IGNORE...
...EVEN AS HE REMAINS ESSENTIAL TO IGNORE. SO I HAVE BEEN PUTTING THIS OFF FOR AS LONG AS I CAN. UNTIL NOW.
SO HERE GOES.
WHAT AM I THINKING? MY ASSISTANT CAN HANDLE THIS.
IT'S THE WEEKEND, BUT HE OWES ME. HE'LL DO IT.
BIP BEEPBOOP BIP
RRRINNG RRRINNG RRRINNG
RATED A
CREEP
I Like to WATCH
MY BOSS HATES ME

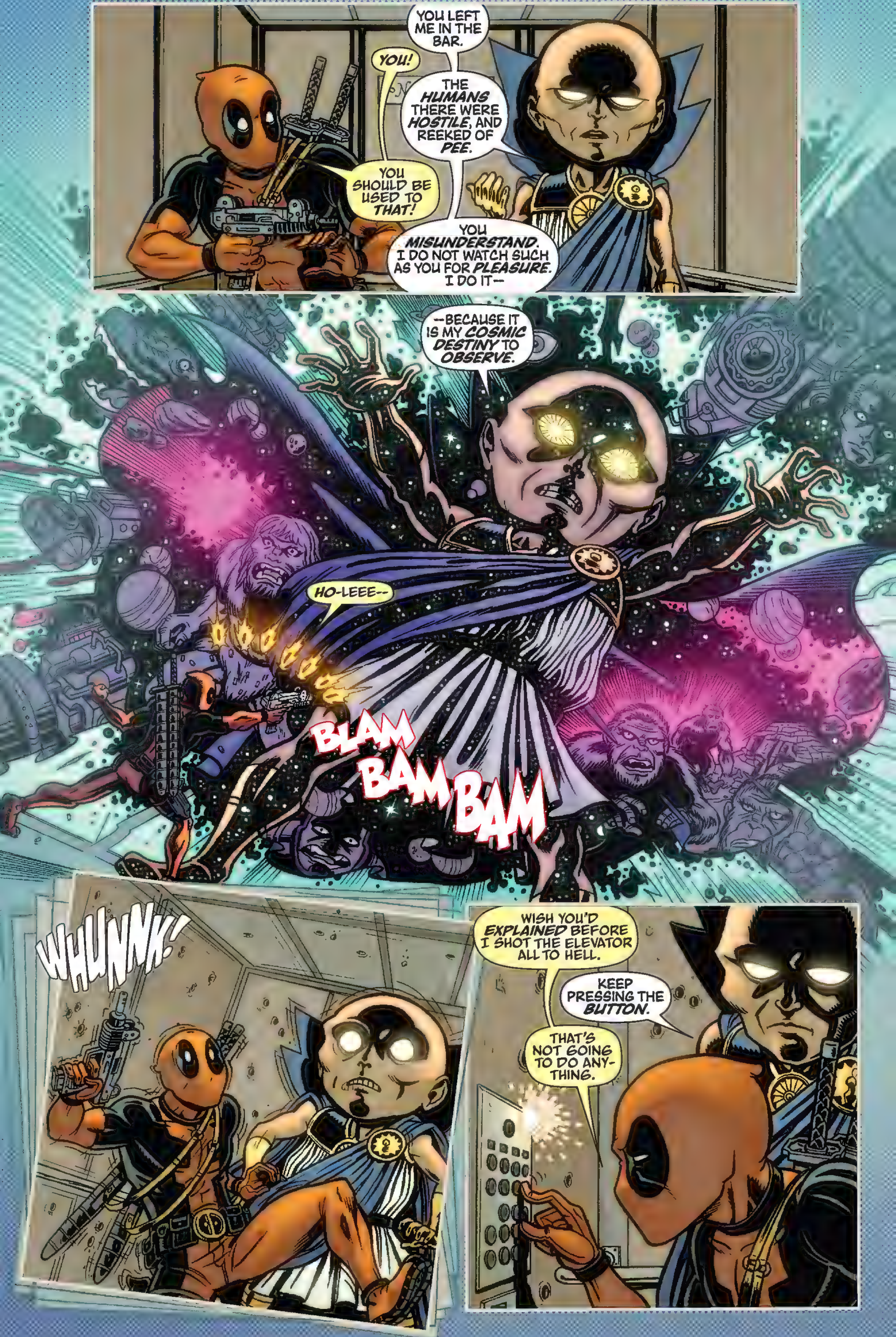

THIS IS AN *OUTRAGE*, I TELL YOU! AN *OUTRAGE!*
I CAN'T SELL YOU MY PERFECTLY RED *BLOOD* JUST BECAUSE I'M A *MUTANT* WITH *BRAIN CANCER?*
HOW ABOUT BUYING MY *EMPTIES?*
BLOOD CITY
TOP PRICES PAID
NO.
MAKE IT *RAIN* AND I'LL PEEL THIS SEXY *COSTUME* OFF. EVERY *STITCH*. I WILL LEAVE *NOTHING* TO THE IMAGINATION. NUH-UH-*THING*.
NO.
THERE A *PRIVATE ROOM* HERE? FOR TWENTY BUCKS I COULD BREAK YOUR *HEART*.
GET!
OUT!
WHAT'LL I *DO?* I GOTTA GET *MONEY*.
WHAT ABOUT THAT $8.3 *MILLION* YOU EARNED *LAST WEEK?*
Yeah, what about that $8.3 *million?*

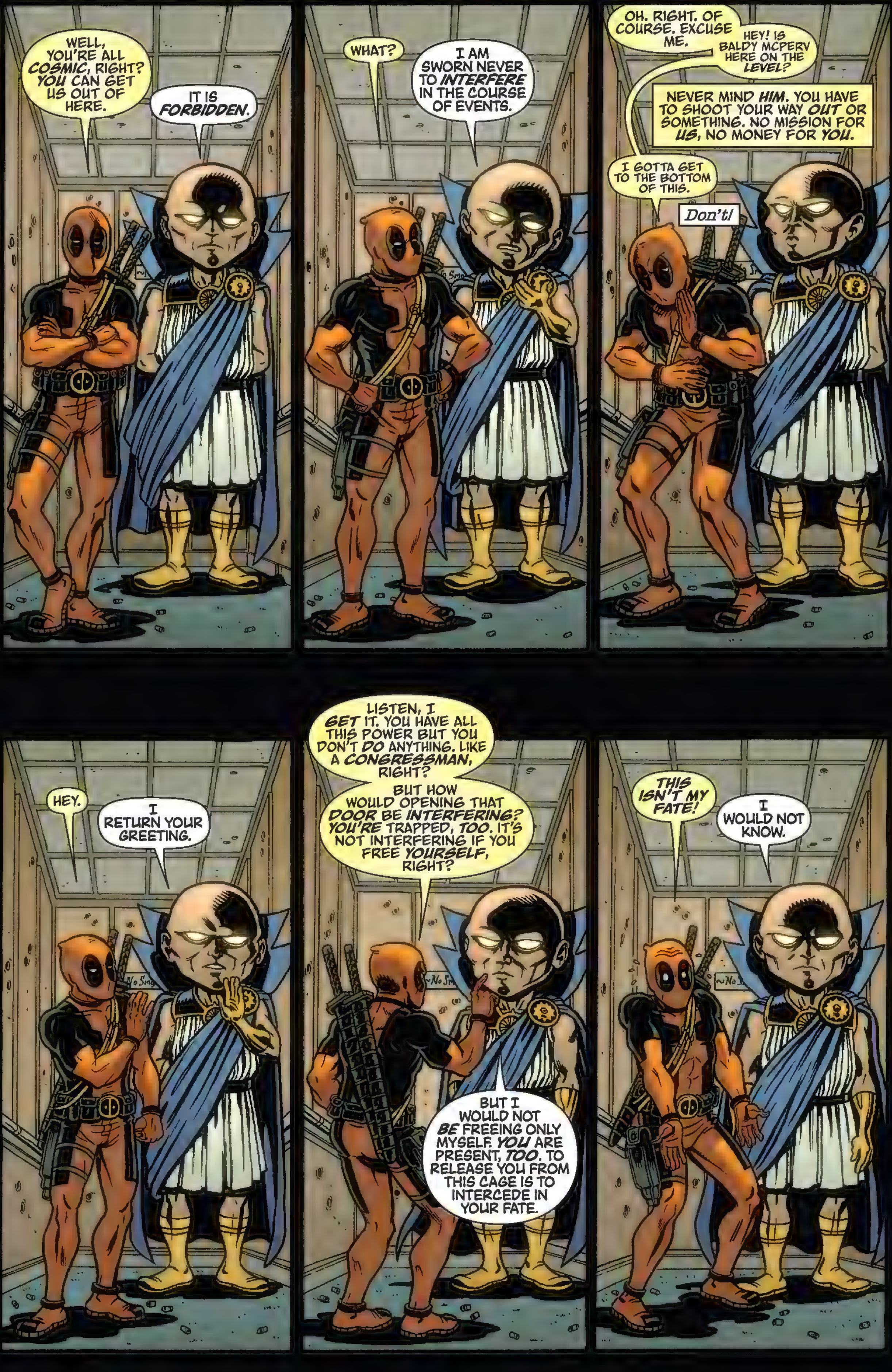

THAT'S WEIRD.
YOU **VOICES** NEVER ASKED ME A **QUESTION** BEFORE. USUALLY, YOU JUST TALK MEAN **SMACK**.
THAT'S NOT FAIR. WE TRY TO BE **NICE**.
We really *like* you.
NO, YOU **DON'T**. WHAT ARE YOU **UP** TO?
PLEASE. STAY **FOCUSED**.
What about that money you made off the Iron Fist case?
OH, **THAT**. RIGHT. TRYING TO THINK WHERE I **STASHED** IT...
YOU DON'T REMEMBER.
YES, I DON'T.
Good. I mean, no problem. We do. Right, Voice?
THAT'S RIGHT, OTHER VOICE. WE REMEMBER.
THAT IS **GREAT**, PALS! YOU'RE **WONDERFUL**! **NO!** NOT **MERELY** WONDERFUL. **JOHN TESH**-WONDERFUL!
SO WHERE **IS** IT?
NOT SO FAST.
We'll lead you to it *after* you go on a little *mission* for us.
ME? WORKING **FOR** THE VOICES IN MY HEAD?
THAT HAS BEEN MY DREAM JOB ALL MY LIFE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
YOU'LL FIND OUT.
First, head *south*.

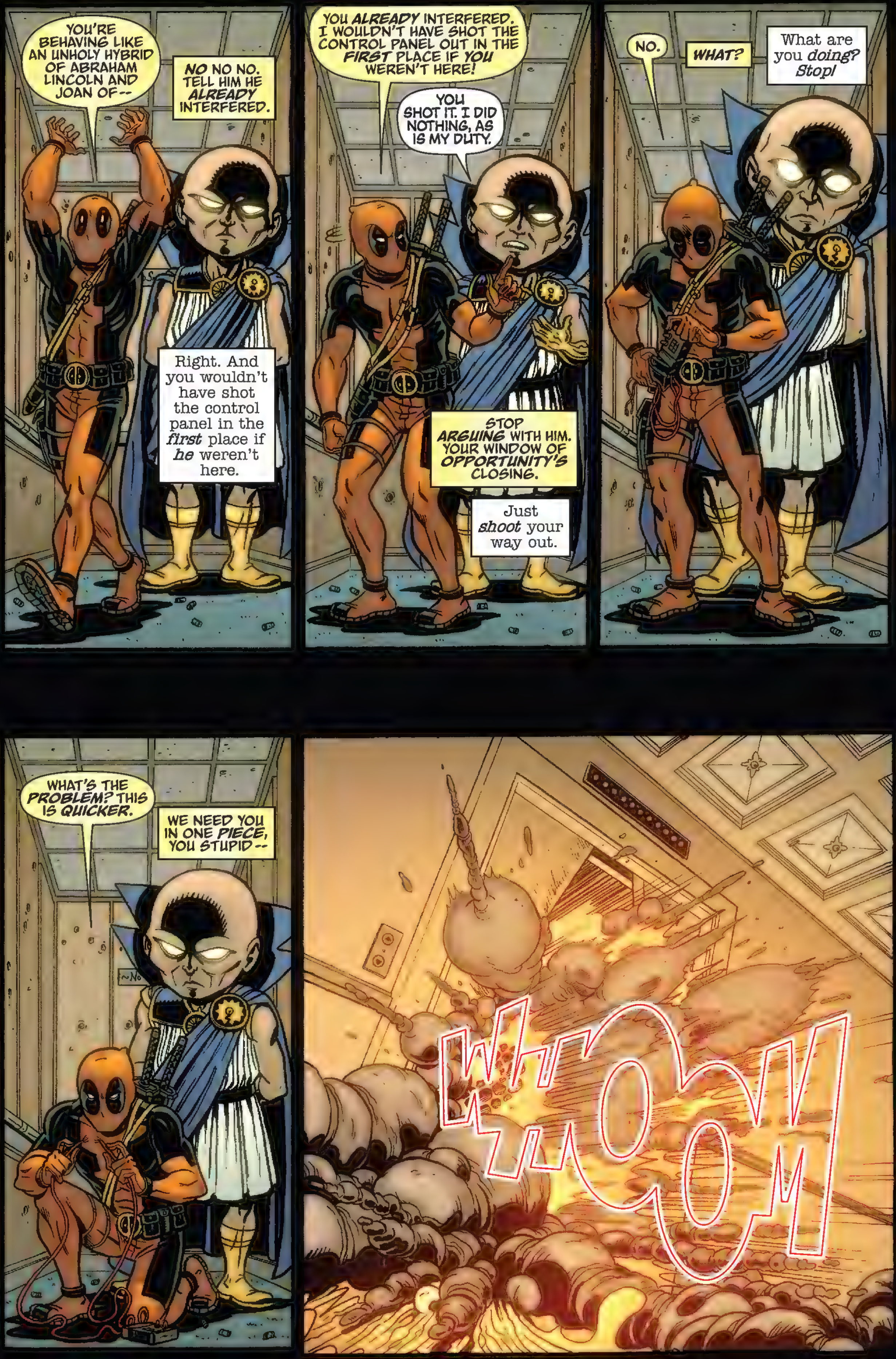

SO IT'S SAFE TO HOPE YOU WANT ME TO *KILL* SOMETHING?
YOU'LL SEE.
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "*GO KILL SOMETHING.*" WHAT IS IT?
You'll see.
MS-A1
FORBUSH@
5
WHERE EXACTLY ARE YOU *SENDING* ME?
TURN LEFT.
No, right.
LEFT.
Right.
LEF--OH, WAIT. YOU'RE RIGHT. RIGHT. SEE THAT *BAR?* GO IN, WALK TEN PACES PAST THE LAST TABLE, AND TURN LEFT.
No, right.
NO, LEFT. AND OPEN THE DOOR.
BAR
THIS FILTHY, NASTY *MEN'S ROOM?* WHY *HERE?*
BEFORE YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR MISSION--
--you *urgently* have to go to the *bathroom*.
STEWART
NAS
DERP
PEACH
THING!
WART
CORRECT!
WE WORK *WELL* TOGETHER, DON'T WE, VOICE-PALS?
ARE YOU TALKING TO *ME?*
KINGS
UNIFORM RYE
TCB
ROBERT DENBY WAS HERE
ROCKENSTIEN

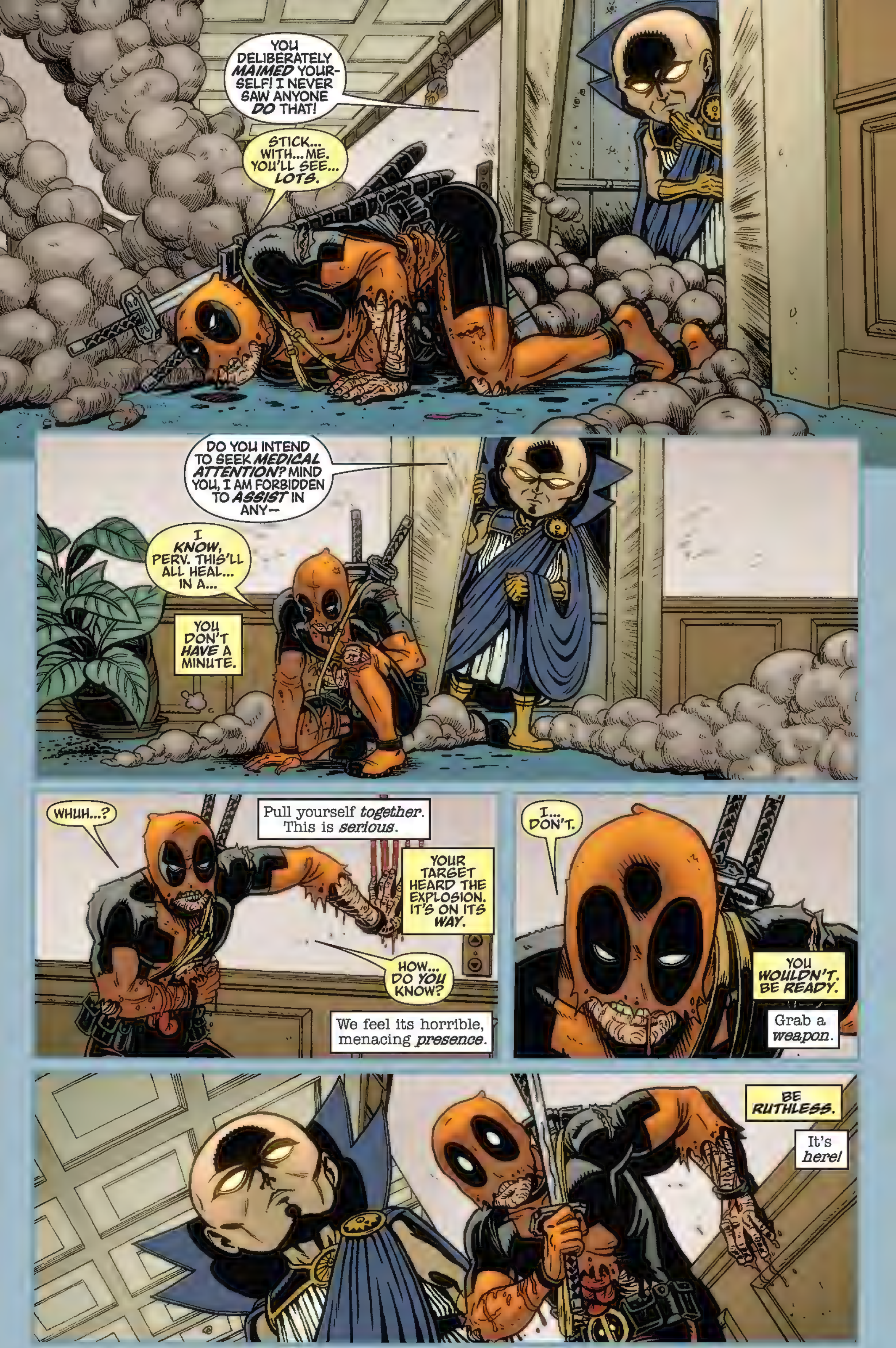

GAAH!
WHO ARE YOU?
MEN CALL ME --
A POLITICIAN WHOSE FAMILY VALUES CAMPAIGN CONCEALS AN IRONIC SECRET?
--MEN CALL ME THE WATCHER!
MEN? MEN CALL YOU THE WATCHER? GUESS YOU REALLY KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND A MEN'S ROOM.
HOLD. THINGS ARE NOT PRECISELY AS THEY APPEAR...
LISTEN, I'M FLATTERED, BUT I'M NOT LOOKING RIGHT NOW. AND IF I WERE--
WELL, I LIKE HAIR. BLOND. AND NICE ROUNDY PLACES. ON A SCORPIO. GET IT?
PERHAPS I TIMED OUR ENCOUNTER POORLY. I WILL STATION MYSELF OUTSIDE THIS PRIMITIVE DOOR UNTIL YOU READY YOURSELF. SUBSEQUENT TO THAT, WE MAY BEGIN AGAIN.
SURE, SURE. CAN'T WAIT FOR OUR ENCOUNTER.

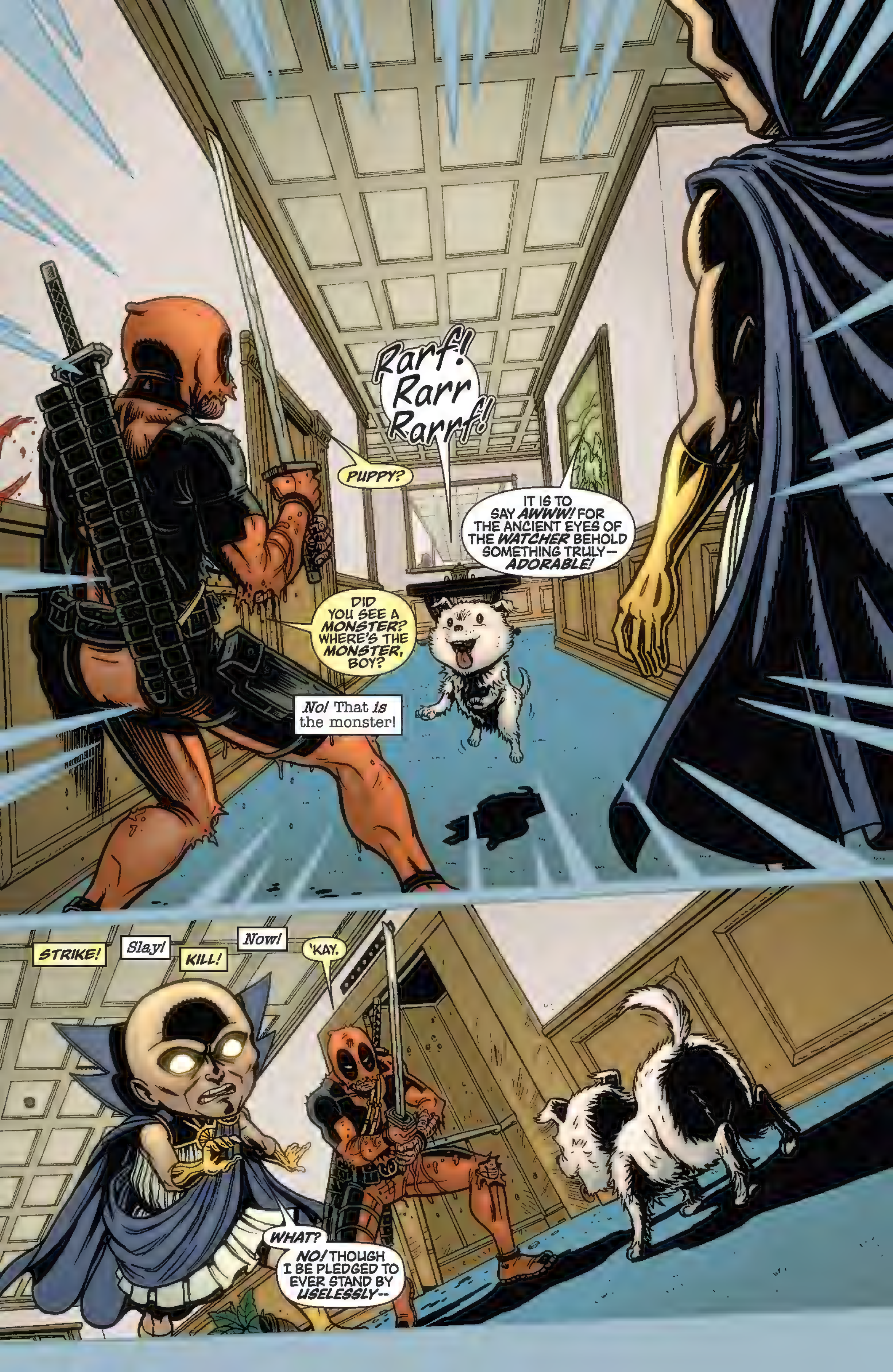

POOR, POOR, PEEPING TOM. HOPE HE FINDS THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE.
VOICES! WHICH WAY?
UP!
WHY WON'T YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING?
DO YOU TELL A DOG WHERE YOU'RE WALKING IT?
Unfair comparison. Dogs can be house-broken.
AHH, VOICES, NOW THAT YOU'RE GETTING WHAT YOU WANT YOU'RE ALL SASSY AGAIN. JUST LIKE ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JOAN OF ARC.
WHAT--?
Don't try to track what he's saying. This mission's too urgent to risk his world swallowing us.
DEADPOOL, IN THROUGH THE WINDOW.
KRAAASH!
You could have opened it first.
GET ON THE ELEVATOR. I MEAN, RING THE BELL, WAIT FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN, AND GO IN THE ELEVATOR.
PRESS!
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.
WE'RE TELLING YOU TO RIDE THE ELEVATOR.
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO?

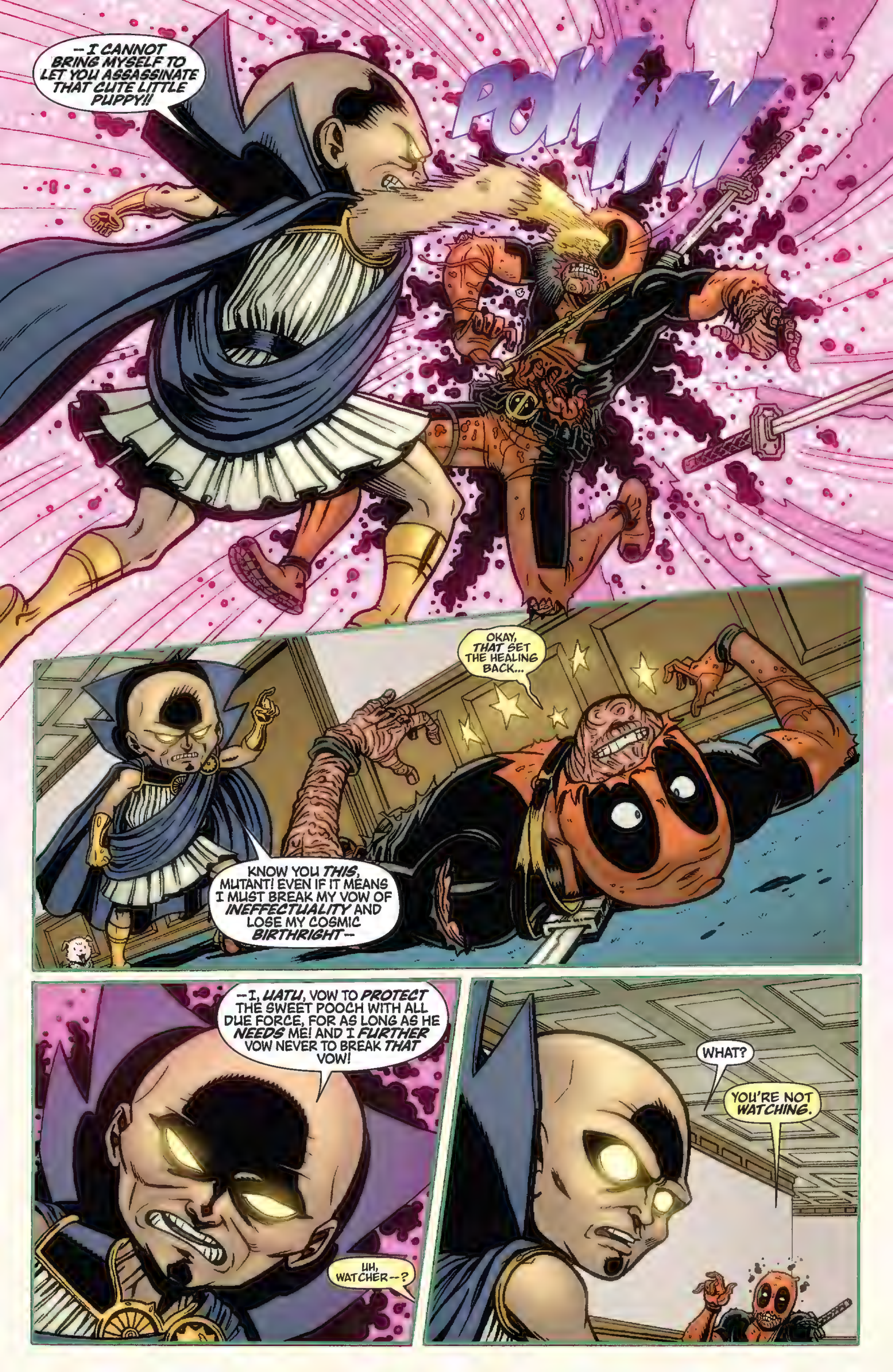

YOU!
YOU LEFT ME IN THE BAR.
THE *HUMANS* THERE WERE *HOSTILE*, AND REEKED OF *PEE*.
YOU SHOULD BE USED TO *THAT!*
YOU *MISUNDERSTAND*. I DO NOT WATCH SUCH AS YOU FOR *PLEASURE*. I DO IT--
--BECAUSE IT IS MY *COSMIC DESTINY* TO *OBSERVE*.
HO-LEEE--
BLAM BAM BAM
WHUNNK!
WISH YOU'D *EXPLAINED* BEFORE I SHOT THE ELEVATOR ALL TO HELL.
KEEP PRESSING THE *BUTTON*.
THAT'S NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING.


WELL, YOU'RE ALL *COSMIC*, RIGHT? *YOU* CAN GET US OUT OF HERE.
IT IS *FORBIDDEN*.
WHAT?
I AM SWORN NEVER TO *INTERFERE* IN THE COURSE OF EVENTS.
OH. RIGHT. OF COURSE. EXCUSE ME.
HEY! IS BALDY MCPERV HERE ON THE *LEVEL?*
NEVER MIND *HIM*. YOU HAVE TO SHOOT YOUR WAY *OUT* OR SOMETHING. NO MISSION FOR *US*, NO MONEY FOR *YOU*.
I GOTTA GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
Don't!
HEY.
I RETURN YOUR GREETING.
LISTEN, I *GET* IT. YOU HAVE ALL THIS POWER BUT YOU DON'T *DO* ANYTHING. LIKE A *CONGRESSMAN*, RIGHT?
BUT HOW WOULD OPENING THAT *DOOR* BE *INTERFERING? YOU'RE* TRAPPED, *TOO*. IT'S NOT INTERFERING IF YOU FREE *YOURSELF*, RIGHT?
BUT I WOULD NOT *BE* FREEING ONLY MYSELF. *YOU* ARE PRESENT, *TOO*. TO RELEASE YOU FROM THIS CAGE IS TO INTERCEDE IN YOUR FATE.
THIS ISN'T MY FATE!
I WOULD NOT KNOW.

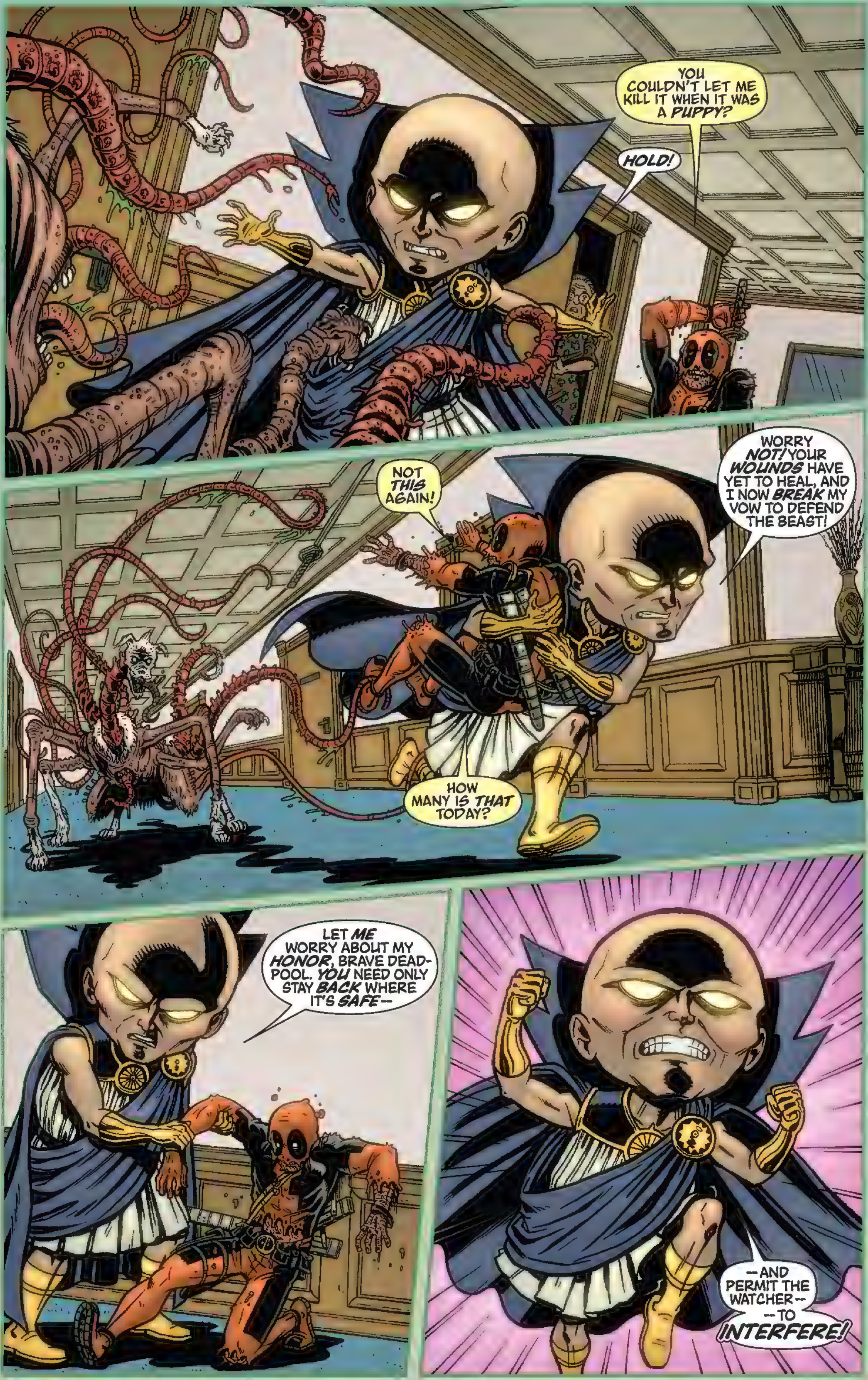

YOU'RE BEHAVING LIKE AN UNHOLY HYBRID OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND JOAN OF--
NO NO NO. TELL HIM HE *ALREADY* INTERFERED.
Right. And you wouldn't have shot the control panel in the *first* place if *he* weren't here.
YOU *ALREADY* INTERFERED. I WOULDN'T HAVE SHOT THE CONTROL PANEL OUT IN THE *FIRST* PLACE IF *YOU* WEREN'T HERE!
YOU SHOT IT. I DID NOTHING, AS IS MY DUTY.
STOP *ARGUING* WITH HIM. YOUR WINDOW OF *OPPORTUNITY'S* CLOSING.
Just *shoot* your way out.
NO.
WHAT?
What are you *doing? Stop!*
WHAT'S THE *PROBLEM?* THIS IS *QUICKER.*
WE NEED YOU IN ONE *PIECE,* YOU STUPID--
WHOOOM

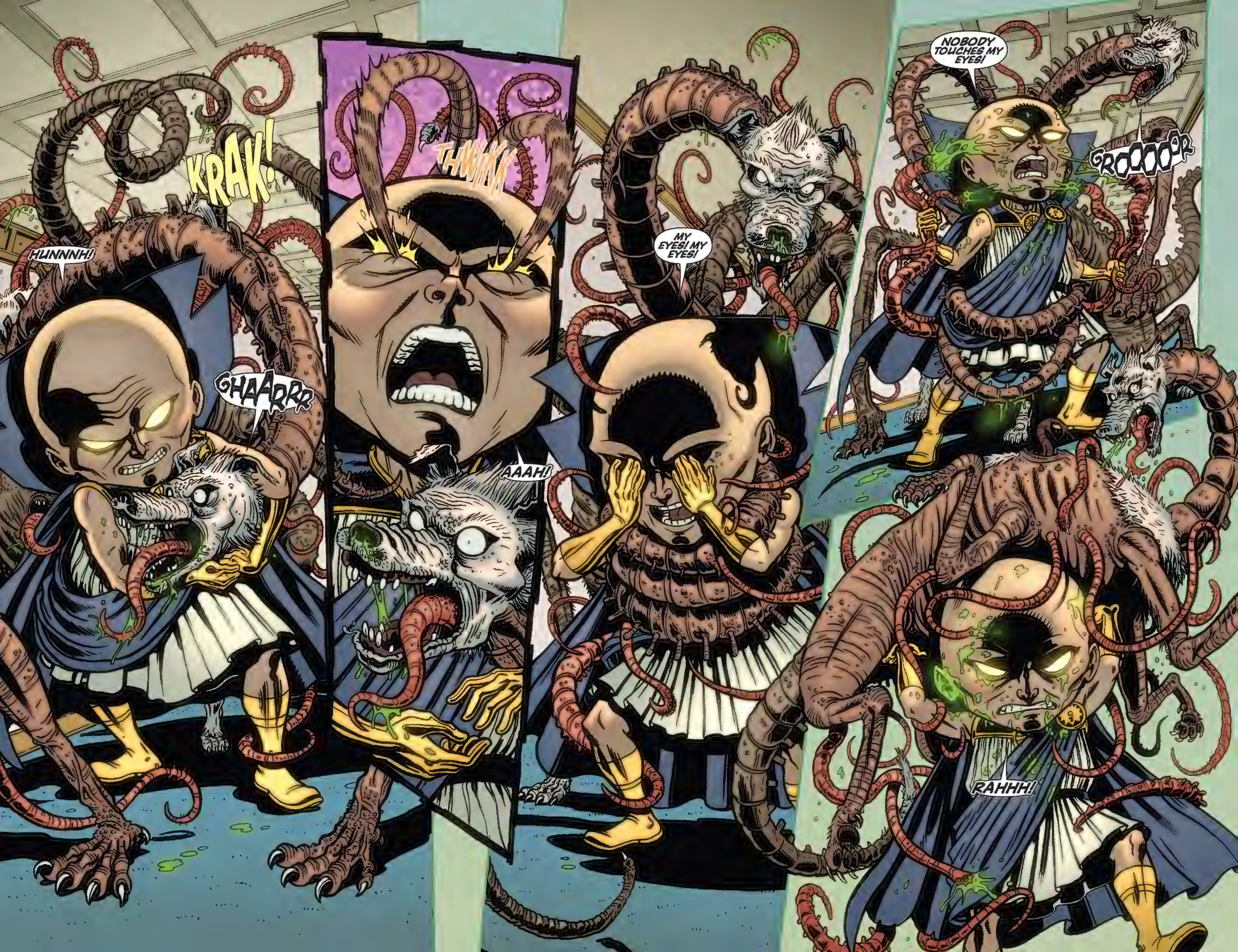

YOU DELIBERATELY *MAIMED* YOURSELF! I NEVER SAW ANYONE *DO* THAT!
STICK... WITH... ME. YOU'LL SEE... *LOTS*.
DO YOU INTEND TO SEEK *MEDICAL ATTENTION?* MIND YOU, I AM FORBIDDEN TO *ASSIST* IN ANY--
I *KNOW*, PERV. THIS'LL ALL HEAL... IN A...
YOU DON'T *HAVE* A MINUTE.
WHUH...?
Pull yourself *together*. This is *serious*.
YOUR TARGET HEARD THE EXPLOSION. IT'S ON ITS *WAY*.
HOW... DO *YOU* KNOW?
We feel its horrible, menacing *presence*.
I... DON'T.
YOU *WOULDN'T*. BE *READY*.
Grab a *weapon*.
BE *RUTHLESS*.
It's *here!*

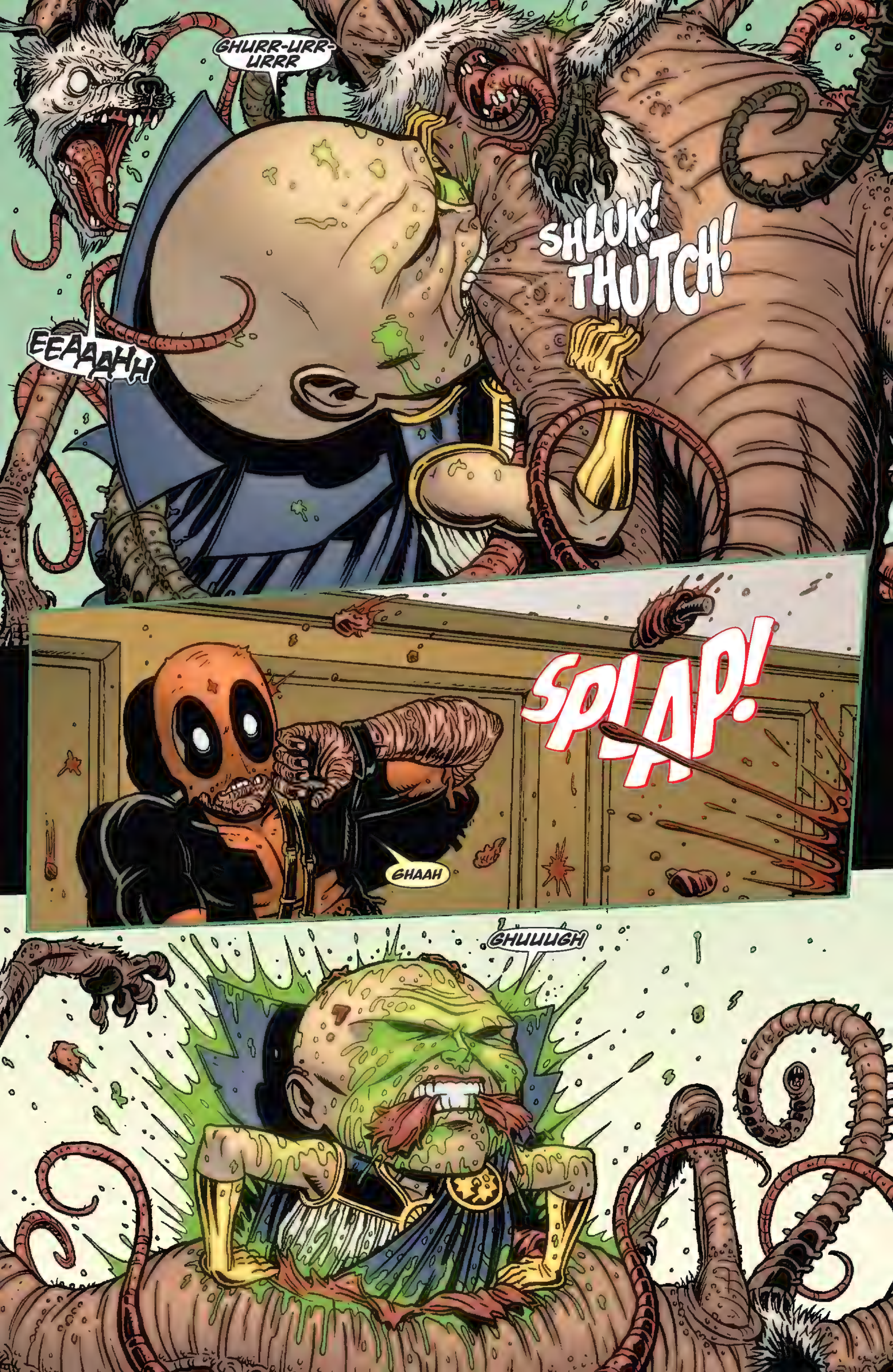

Rarf! Rarr Rarrf!
PUPPY?
IT IS TO SAY *AWWW!* FOR THE ANCIENT EYES OF THE *WATCHER* BEHOLD SOMETHING TRULY-- *ADORABLE!*
DID YOU SEE A *MONSTER?* WHERE'S THE *MONSTER,* BOY?
No! That *is* the monster!
STRIKE!
Slay!
KILL!
Now!
'KAY.
WHAT?
NO! THOUGH I BE PLEDGED TO EVER STAND BY *USELESSLY*--

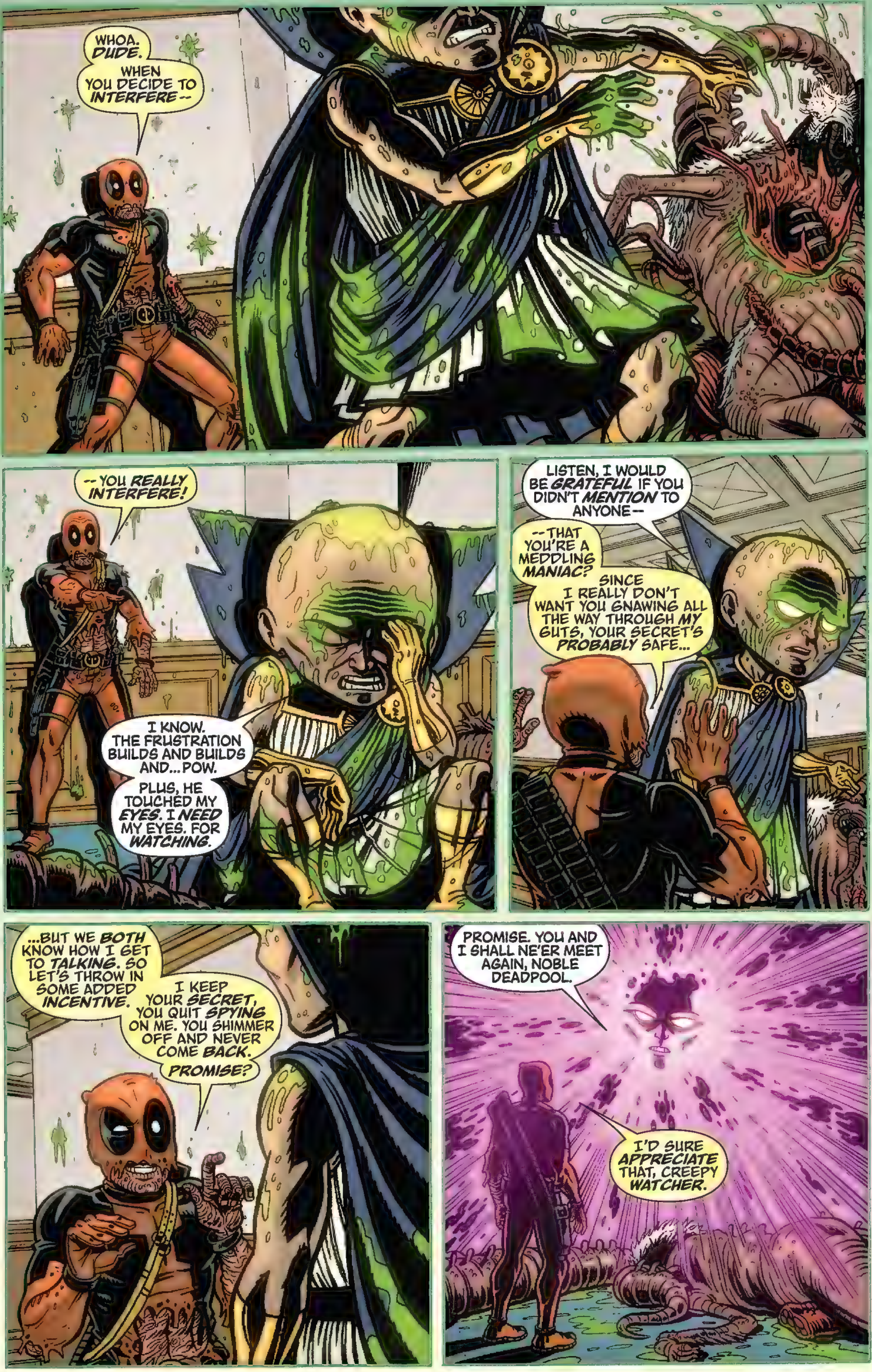

-- I CANNOT BRING MYSELF TO LET YOU ASSASSINATE THAT CUTE LITTLE PUPPY!!
POWW
OKAY, *THAT* SET THE HEALING BACK...
KNOW YOU *THIS*, MUTANT! EVEN IF IT MEANS I MUST BREAK MY VOW OF *INEFFECTUALITY* AND LOSE MY COSMIC *BIRTHRIGHT* --
-- I, *UATU*, VOW TO *PROTECT* THE SWEET POOCH WITH ALL DUE FORCE, FOR AS LONG AS HE *NEEDS* ME! AND I *FURTHER* VOW NEVER TO BREAK *THAT* VOW!
UH, WATCHER -- ?
WHAT?
YOU'RE NOT *WATCHING*.

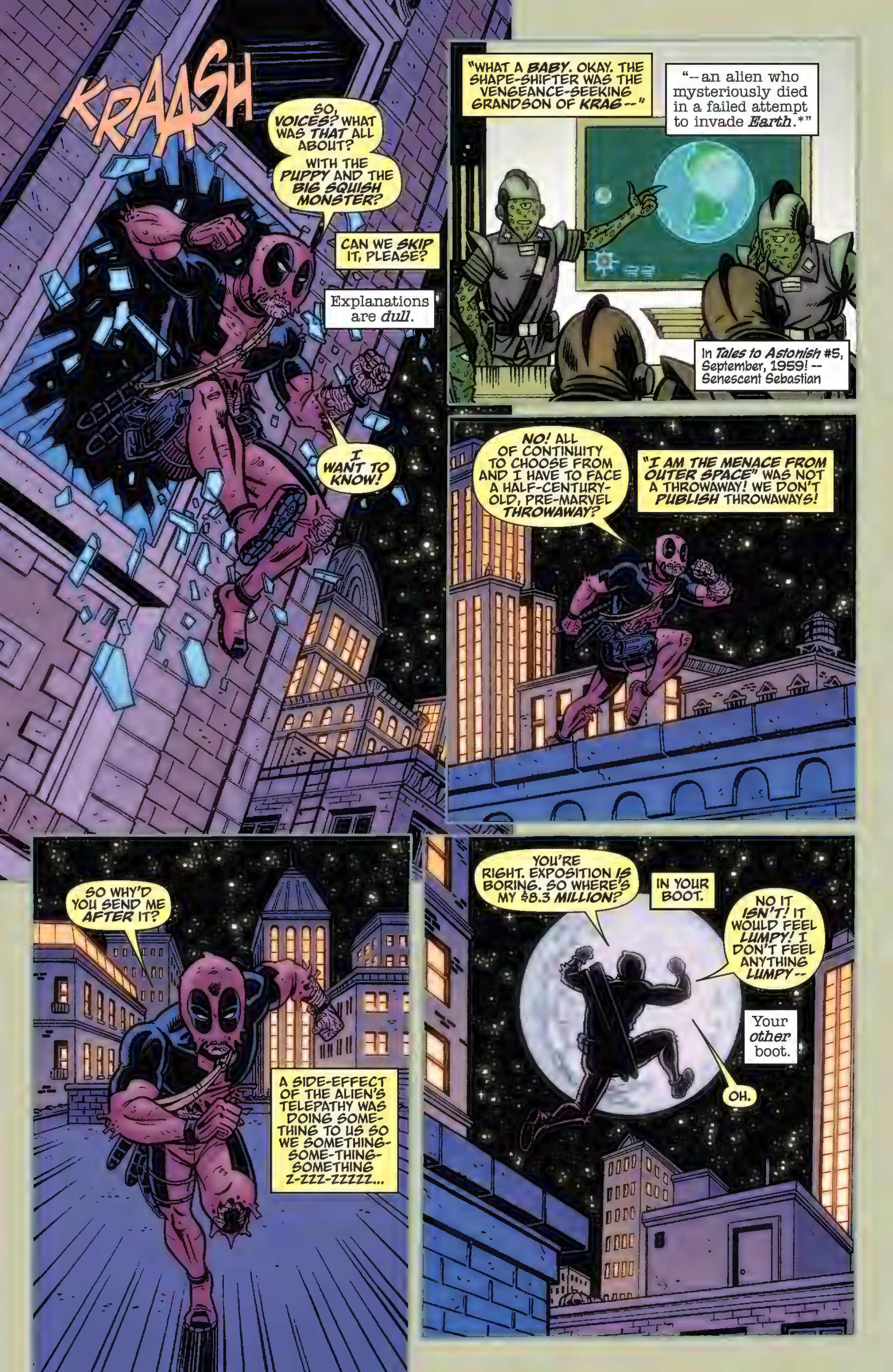
RRRAAAHHH!
OH.

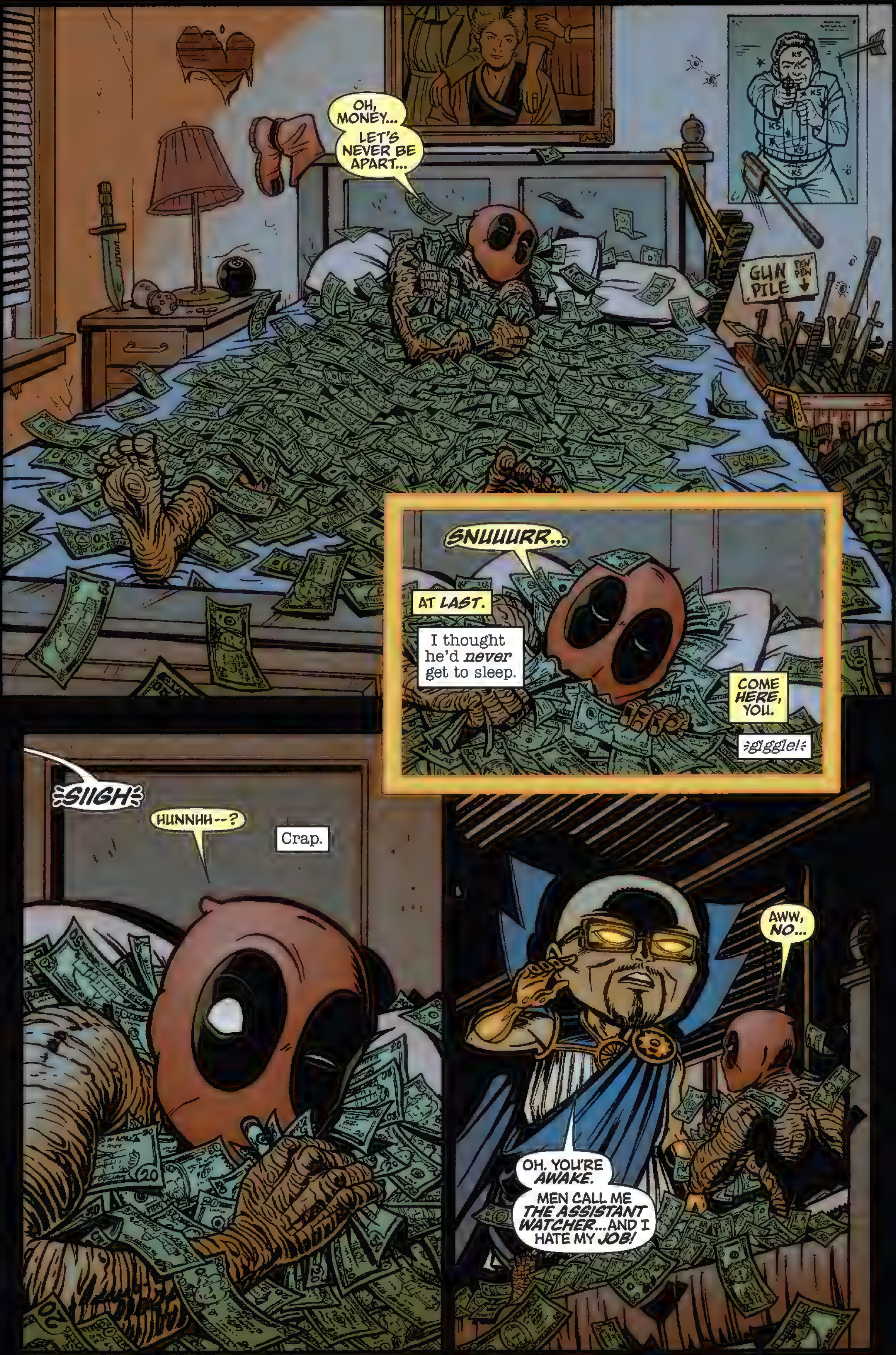

YOU COULDN'T LET ME KILL IT WHEN IT WAS A *PUPPY?*
HOLD!
WORRY *NOT!* YOUR *WOUNDS* HAVE YET TO HEAL, AND I NOW *BREAK* MY VOW TO DEFEND THE BEAST!
NOT *THIS* AGAIN!
HOW MANY IS *THAT* TODAY?
LET *ME* WORRY ABOUT MY *HONOR*, BRAVE DEADPOOL. *YOU* NEED ONLY STAY *BACK* WHERE IT'S *SAFE*--
--AND PERMIT THE WATCHER--
--TO *INTERFERE!*

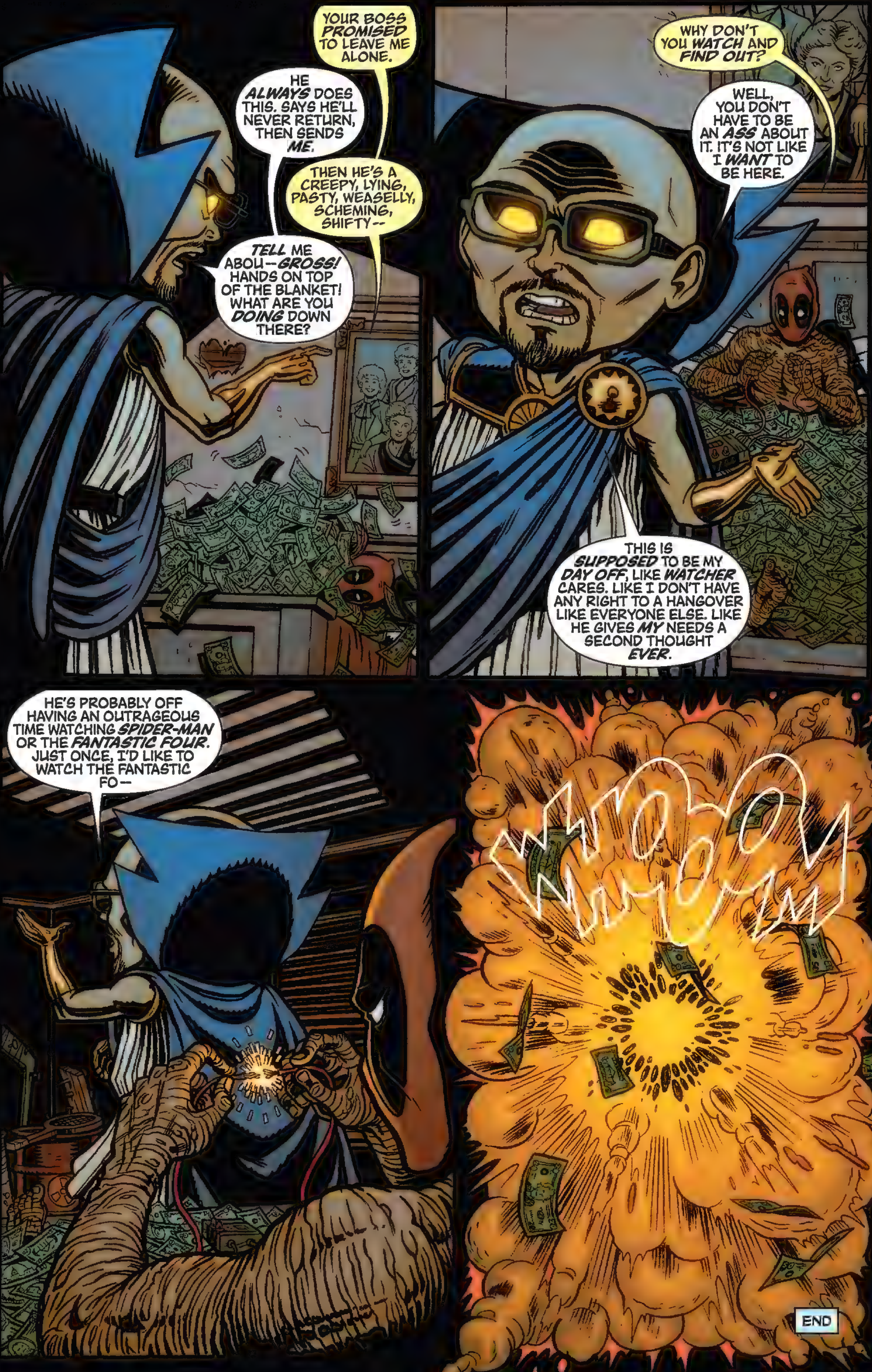

HUNNNH!
KRAK!
GHAARRR
THWIKK
AAAH!
MY EYES! MY EYES!
NOBODY TOUCHES MY EYES!
GROOOOOR
RAHHH!

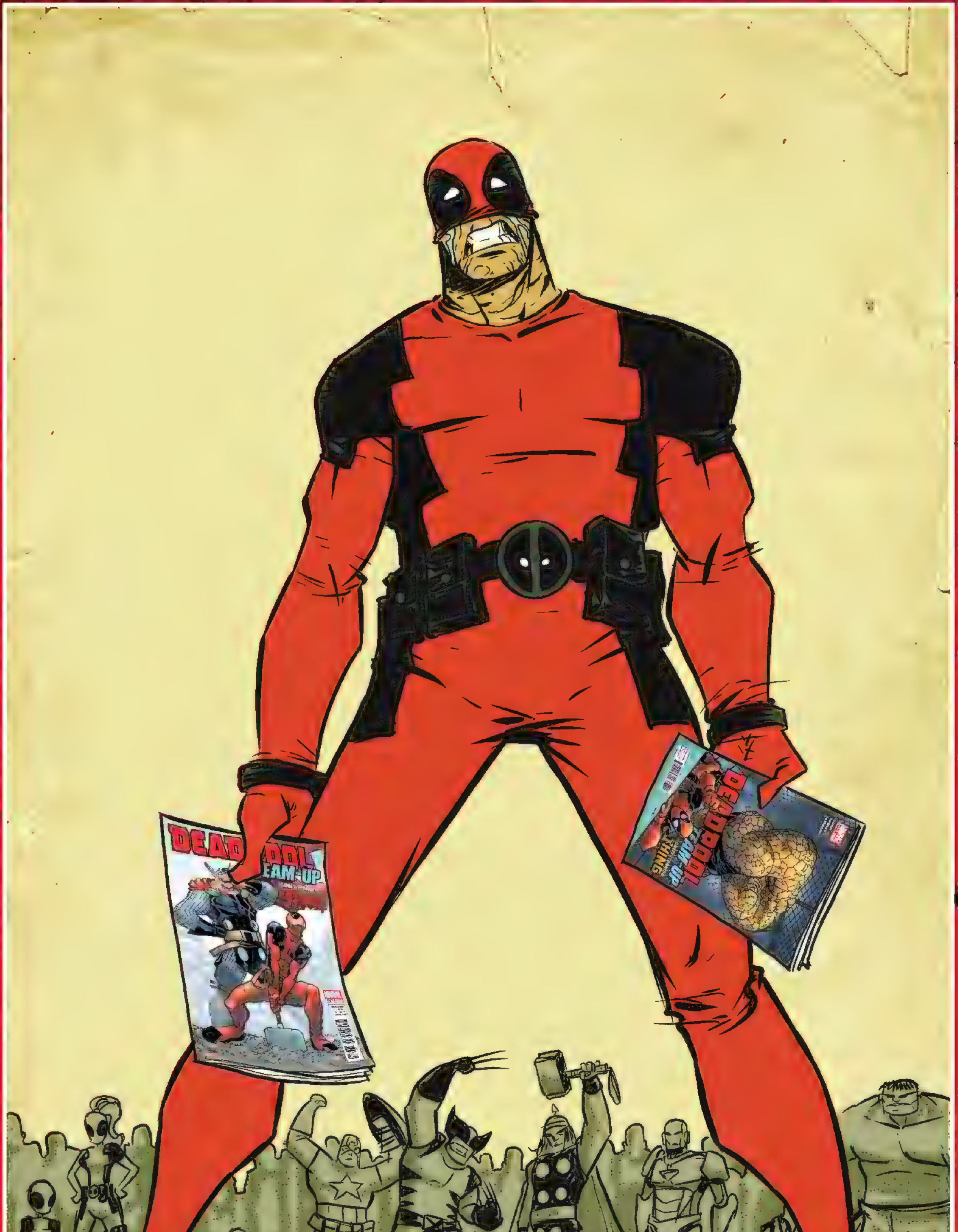

GHURR-URR-URRR
SHLUK!
THUTCH!
EEAAAAHH
SPLAP!
GHAAH
GHUUUGH


WHOA. *DUDE.*
WHEN YOU DECIDE TO *INTERFERE* --
-- YOU *REALLY INTERFERE!*
I KNOW. THE FRUSTRATION BUILDS AND BUILDS AND... POW.
PLUS, HE TOUCHED MY *EYES.* I *NEED* MY EYES. FOR *WATCHING.*
LISTEN, I WOULD BE *GRATEFUL* IF YOU DIDN'T *MENTION* TO ANYONE --
-- THAT YOU'RE A MEDDLING *MANIAC?*
SINCE I REALLY DON'T WANT YOU GNAWING ALL THE WAY THROUGH *MY* GUTS, YOUR SECRET'S *PROBABLY* SAFE...
...BUT WE *BOTH* KNOW HOW I GET TO *TALKING.* SO LET'S THROW IN SOME ADDED *INCENTIVE.*
I KEEP YOUR *SECRET,* YOU QUIT *SPYING* ON ME. YOU SHIMMER OFF AND NEVER COME *BACK.*
PROMISE?
PROMISE. YOU AND I SHALL NE'ER MEET AGAIN, NOBLE DEADPOOL.
I'D SURE *APPRECIATE* THAT, CREEPY *WATCHER.*


KRAASH
SO, VOICES? WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT? WITH THE PUPPY AND THE BIG SQUISH MONSTER?
CAN WE SKIP IT, PLEASE?
Explanations are dull.
I WANT TO KNOW!
"WHAT A BABY. OKAY. THE SHAPE-SHIFTER WAS THE VENGEANCE-SEEKING GRANDSON OF KRAG--"
"--an alien who mysteriously died in a failed attempt to invade Earth.*"
In Tales to Astonish #5, September, 1959! -- Senescent Sebastian
NO! ALL OF CONTINUITY TO CHOOSE FROM AND I HAVE TO FACE A HALF-CENTURY-OLD, PRE-MARVEL THROWAWAY?
"I AM THE MENACE FROM OUTER SPACE" WAS NOT A THROWAWAY! WE DON'T PUBLISH THROWAWAYS!
SO WHY'D YOU SEND ME AFTER IT?
A SIDE-EFFECT OF THE ALIEN'S TELEPATHY WAS DOING SOMETHING TO US SO WE SOMETHING-SOME-THING-SOMETHING Z-ZZZ-ZZZZZ...
YOU'RE RIGHT. EXPOSITION IS BORING. SO WHERE'S MY $8.3 MILLION?
IN YOUR BOOT.
NO IT ISN'T! IT WOULD FEEL LUMPY! I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING LUMPY--
Your other boot.
OH.


OH, MONEY... LET'S NEVER BE APART...
GUN PILE
PEW PEW
SNUUURR...
AT LAST.
I thought he'd never get to sleep.
COME HERE, YOU.
giggle!
SIIGH
HUNNHH--?
Crap.
AWW, NO...
OH, YOU'RE AWAKE.
MEN CALL ME THE ASSISTANT WATCHER...AND I HATE MY JOB!

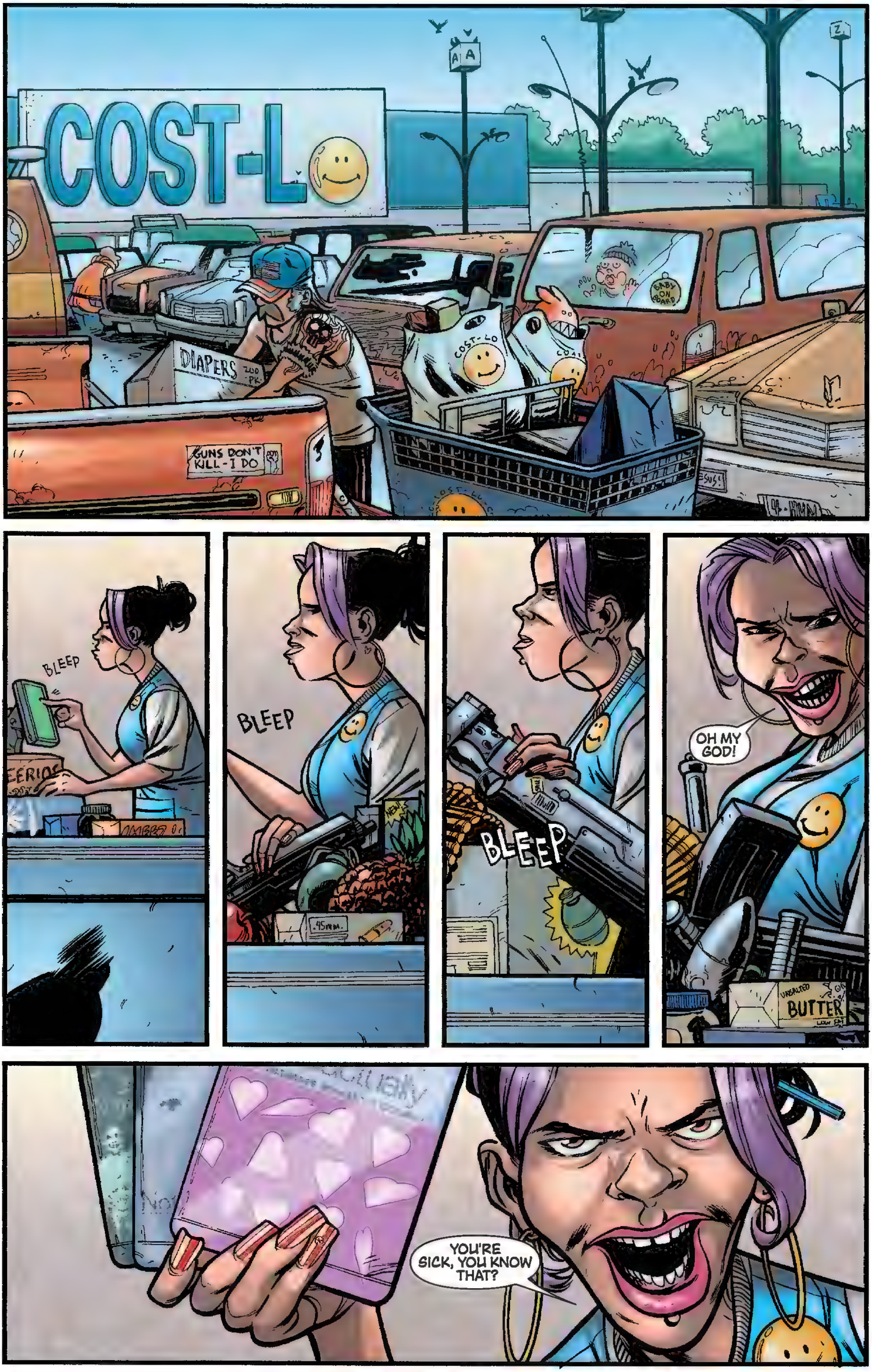

YOUR BOSS PROMISED TO LEAVE ME ALONE.
HE ALWAYS DOES THIS. SAYS HE'LL NEVER RETURN, THEN SENDS ME.
THEN HE'S A CREEPY, LYING, PASTY, WEASELLY, SCHEMING, SHIFTY--
TELL ME ABOU--GROSS! HANDS ON TOP OF THE BLANKET! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
WHY DON'T YOU WATCH AND FIND OUT?
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ASS ABOUT IT. IT'S NOT LIKE I WANT TO BE HERE.
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE MY DAY OFF, LIKE WATCHER CARES. LIKE I DON'T HAVE ANY RIGHT TO A HANGOVER LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. LIKE HE GIVES MY NEEDS A SECOND THOUGHT EVER.
HE'S PROBABLY OFF HAVING AN OUTRAGEOUS TIME WATCHING SPIDER-MAN OR THE FANTASTIC FOUR. JUST ONCE, I'D LIKE TO WATCH THE FANTASTIC FO--
WHOOOOM
END

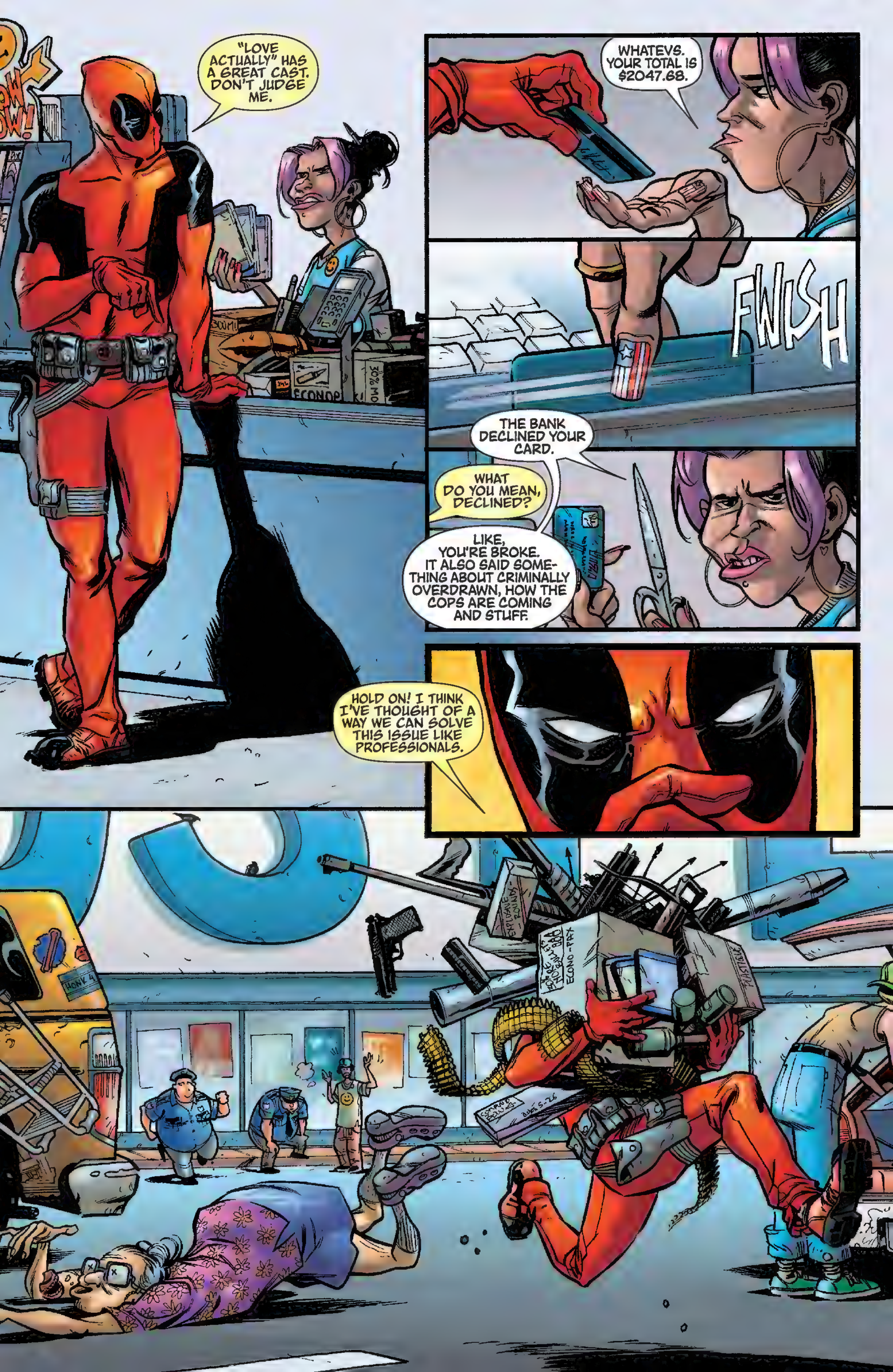

DEADPOOL TEAM-UP
DEADPOOL TEAM-UP THING

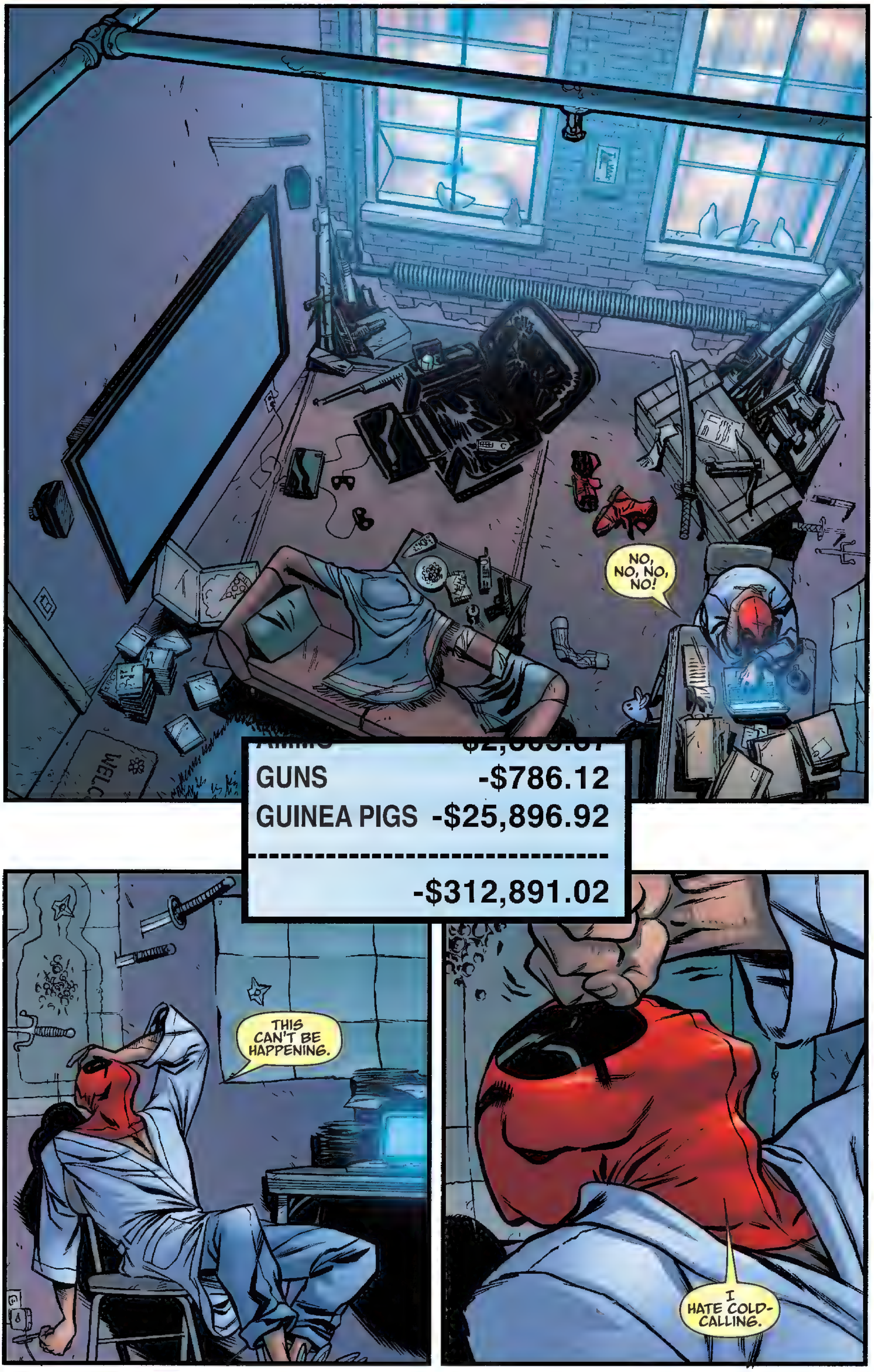
#883 VARIANT

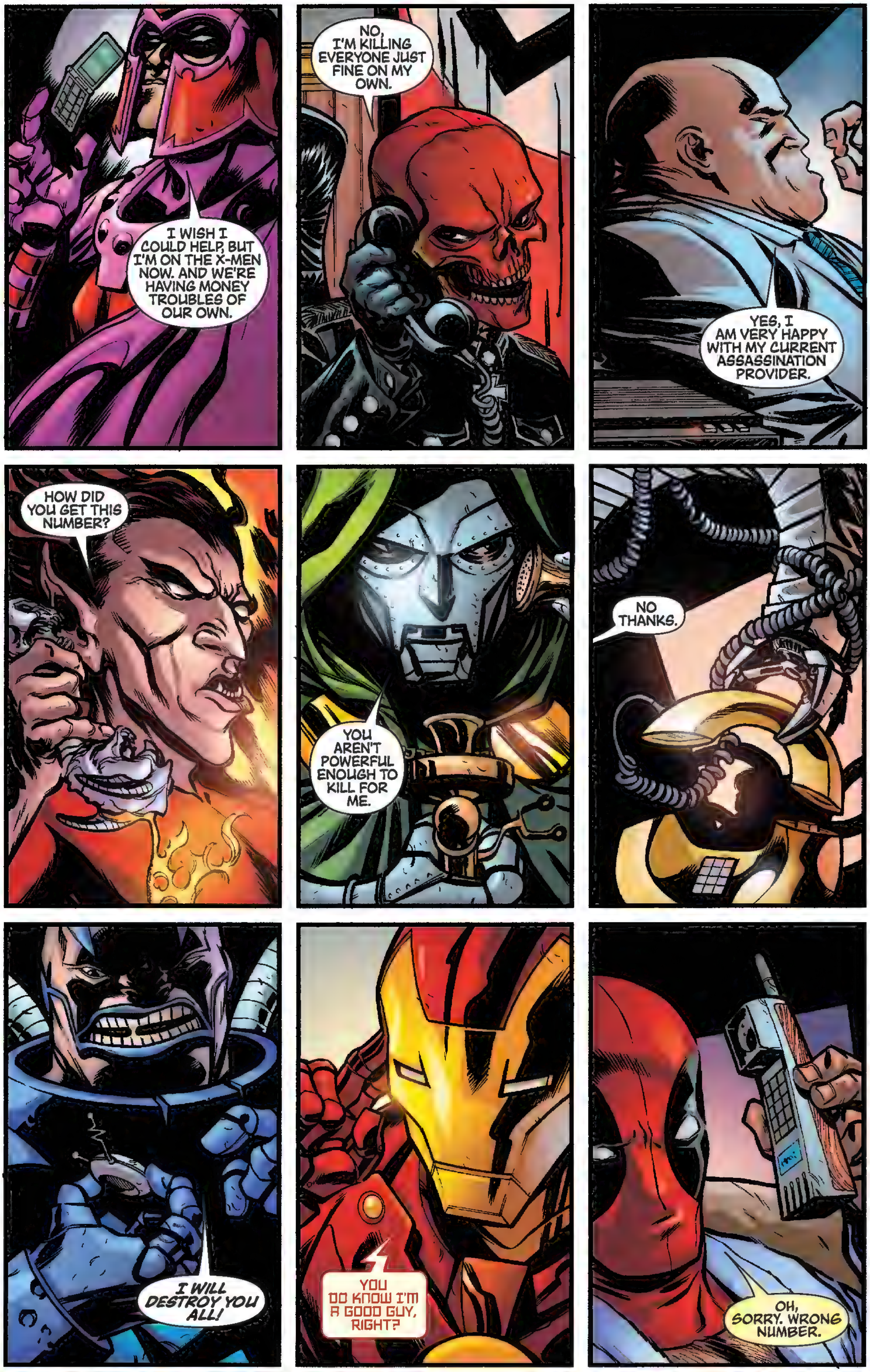
by Skottie Young

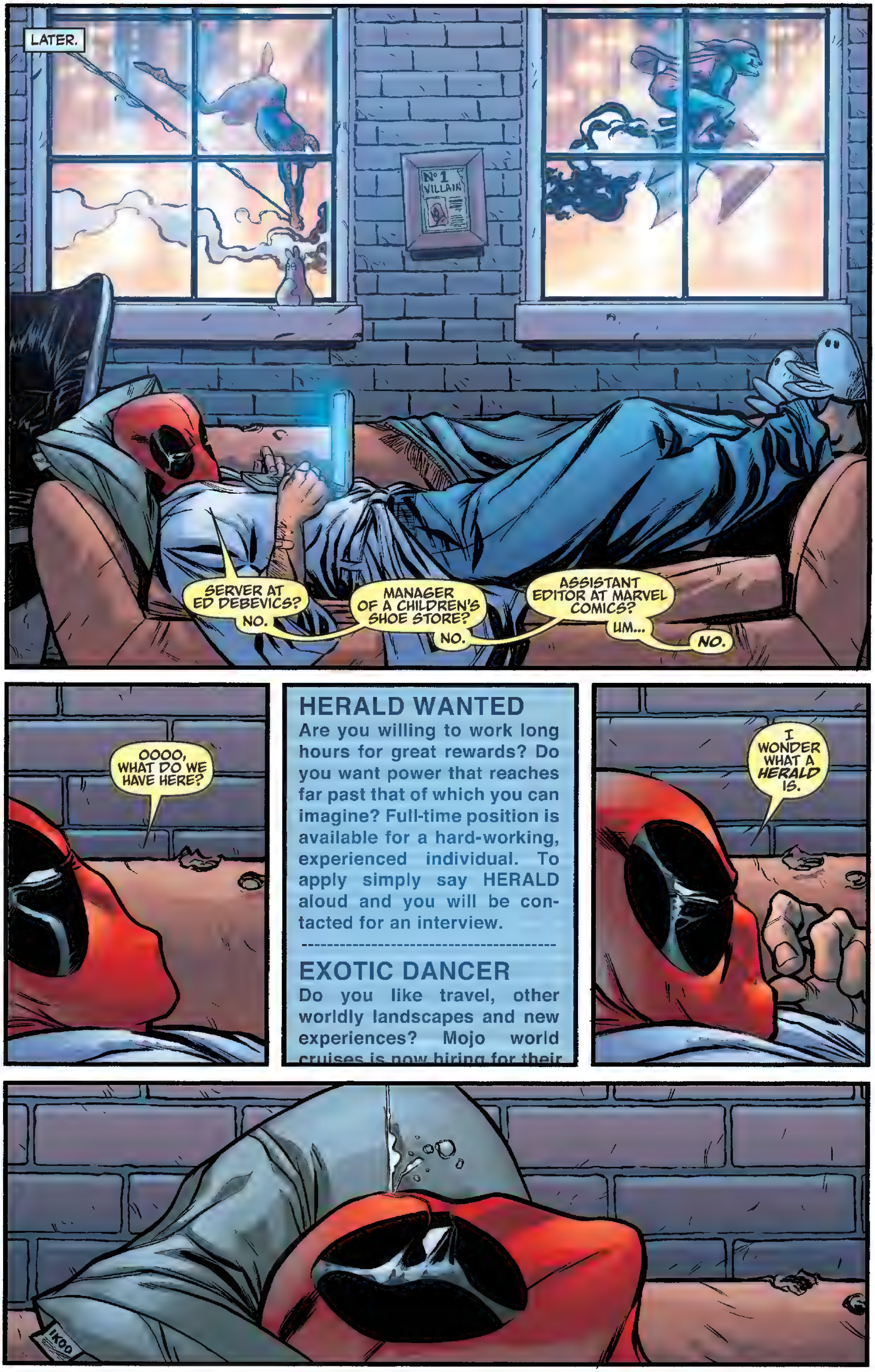
#883


COST-LO
A A
Z
BABY ON BOARD
COST-LO
DIAPERS 200 PK
GUNS DON'T KILL - I DO
BLEEP
EERIOS
BLEEP
NEW
.45mm
BLEEP
OH MY GOD!
UNSALTED BUTTER LOW FAT
YOU'RE SICK, YOU KNOW THAT?


"LOVE ACTUALLY" HAS A GREAT CAST. DON'T JUDGE ME.
ECONO
30% MO
WHATEVS. YOUR TOTAL IS $2047.68.
FWISH
THE BANK DECLINED YOUR CARD.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DECLINED?
LIKE, YOU'RE BROKE. IT ALSO SAID SOMETHING ABOUT CRIMINALLY OVERDRAWN, HOW THE COPS ARE COMING AND STUFF.
HOLD ON! I THINK I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY WE CAN SOLVE THIS ISSUE LIKE PROFESSIONALS.
EXPLOSIVE ROUNDS
ECONO-PAX
PLASTIQUE
HONK 4


NO, NO, NO, NO!
GUNS -$786.12
GUINEA PIGS -$25,896.92
-$312,891.02
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.
I HATE COLD-CALLING.


I WISH I COULD HELP, BUT I'M ON THE X-MEN NOW. AND WE'RE HAVING MONEY TROUBLES OF OUR OWN.
NO, I'M KILLING EVERYONE JUST FINE ON MY OWN.
YES, I AM VERY HAPPY WITH MY CURRENT ASSASSINATION PROVIDER.
HOW DID YOU GET THIS NUMBER?
YOU AREN'T POWERFUL ENOUGH TO KILL FOR ME.
NO THANKS.
I WILL DESTROY YOU ALL!
YOU DO KNOW I'M A GOOD GUY, RIGHT?
OH, SORRY. WRONG NUMBER.


LATER.
Nº 1 VILLAIN
SERVER AT ED DEBEVICS? NO.
MANAGER OF A CHILDREN'S SHOE STORE? NO.
ASSISTANT EDITOR AT MARVEL COMICS? UM... NO.
OOOO, WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE?

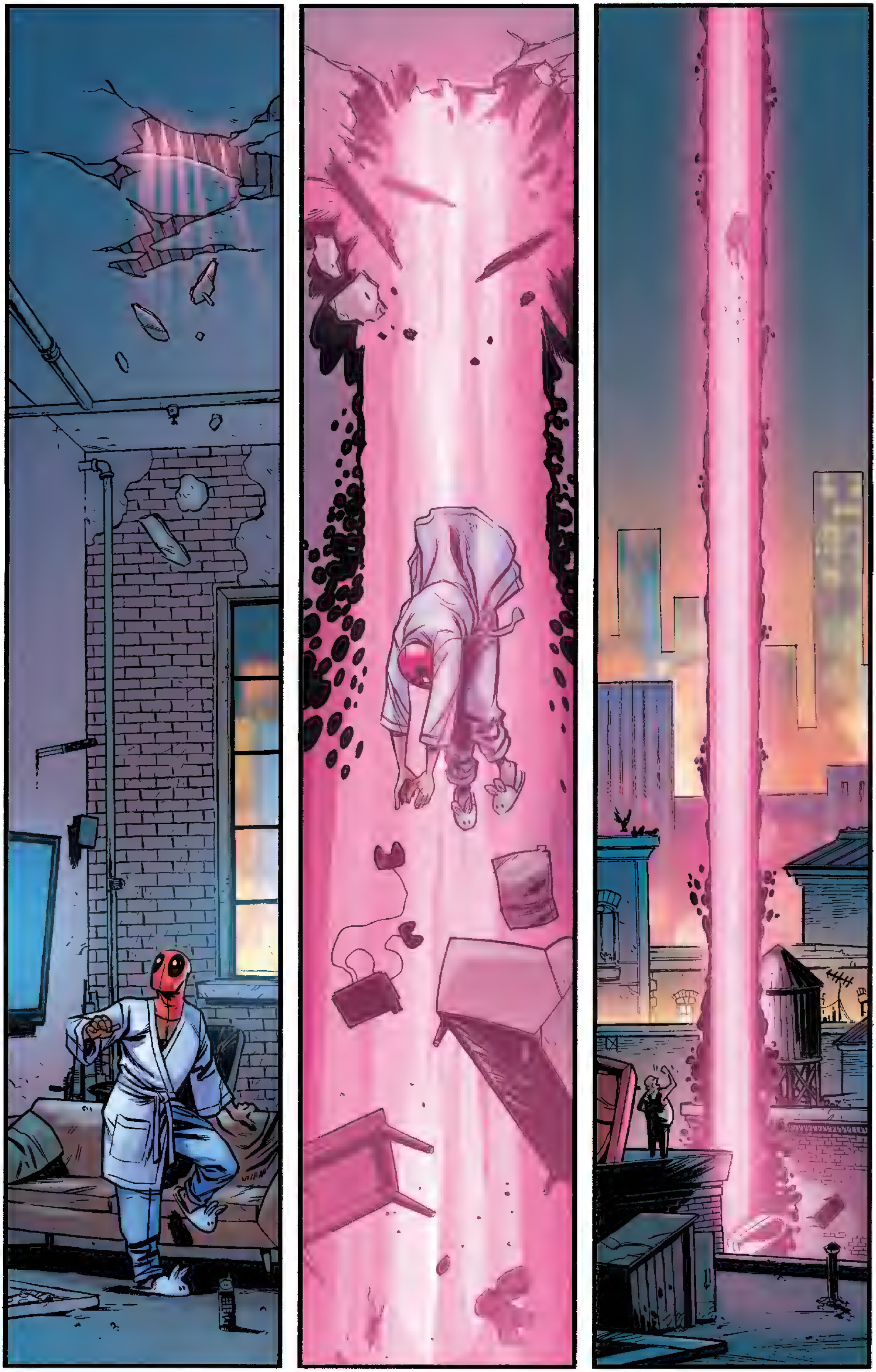
HERALD WANTED

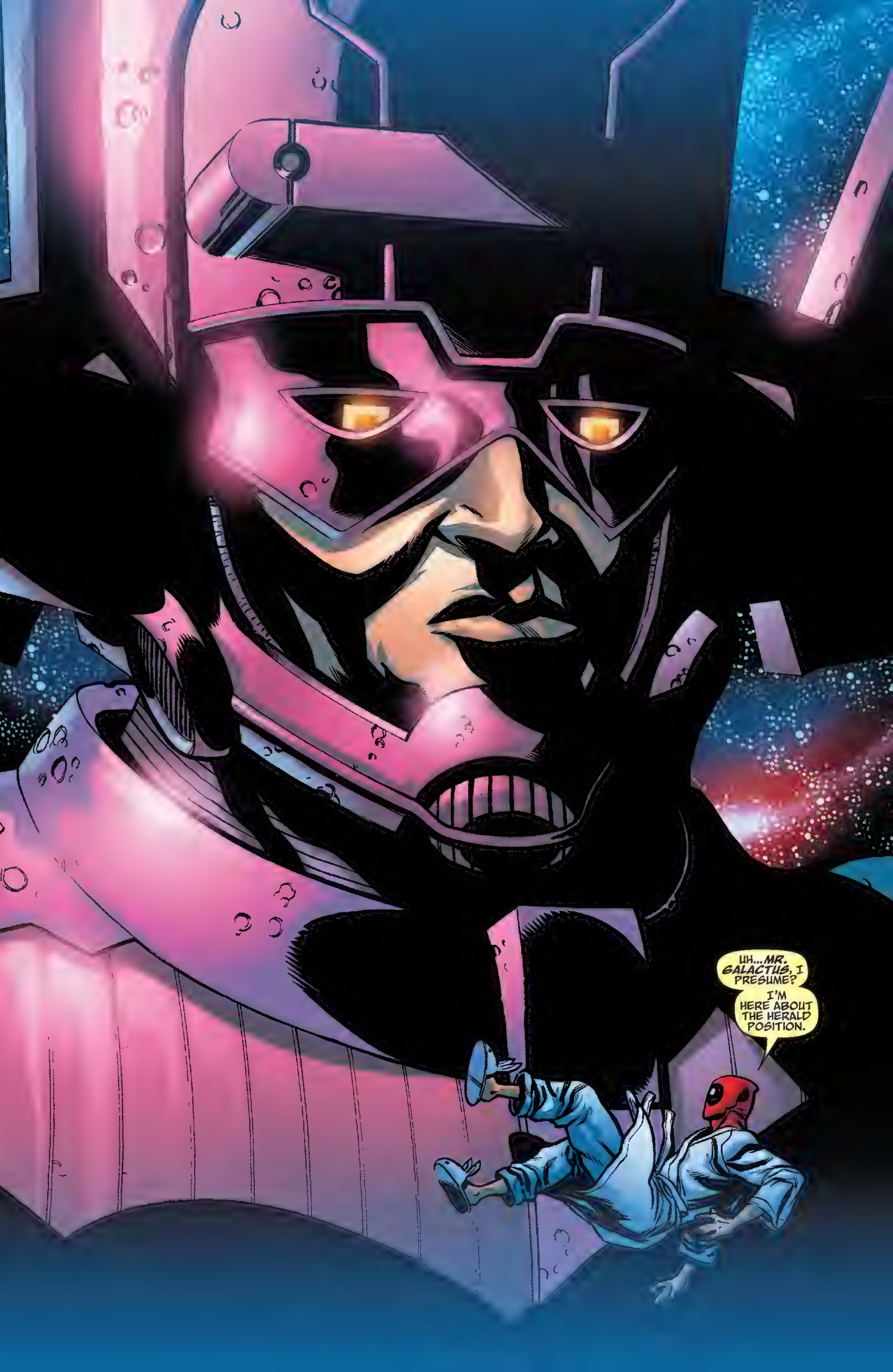
Are you willing to work long hours for great rewards? Do you want power that reaches far past that of which you can imagine? Full-time position is available for a hard-working, experienced individual. To apply simply say HERALD aloud and you will be contacted for an interview.

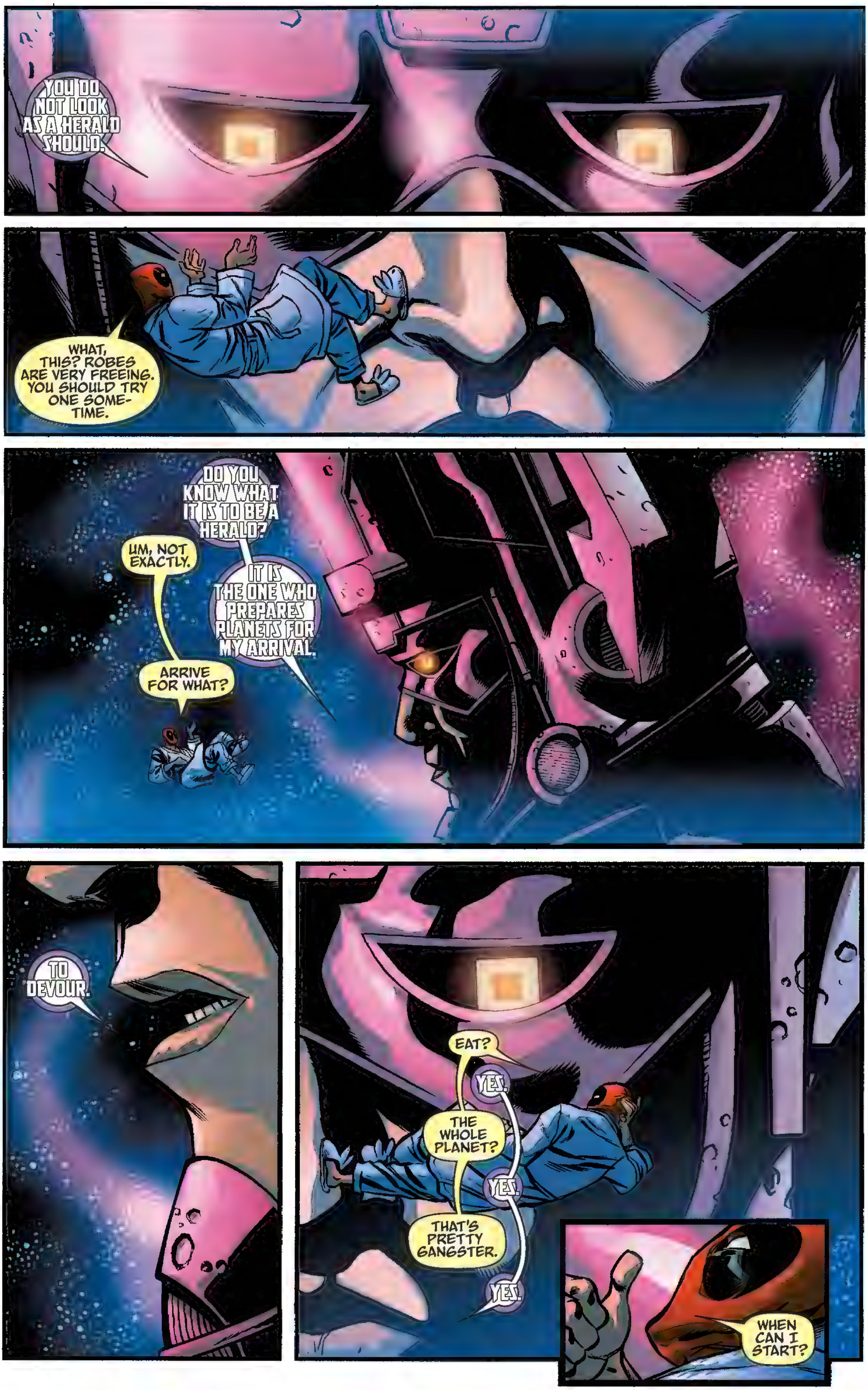
EXOTIC DANCER

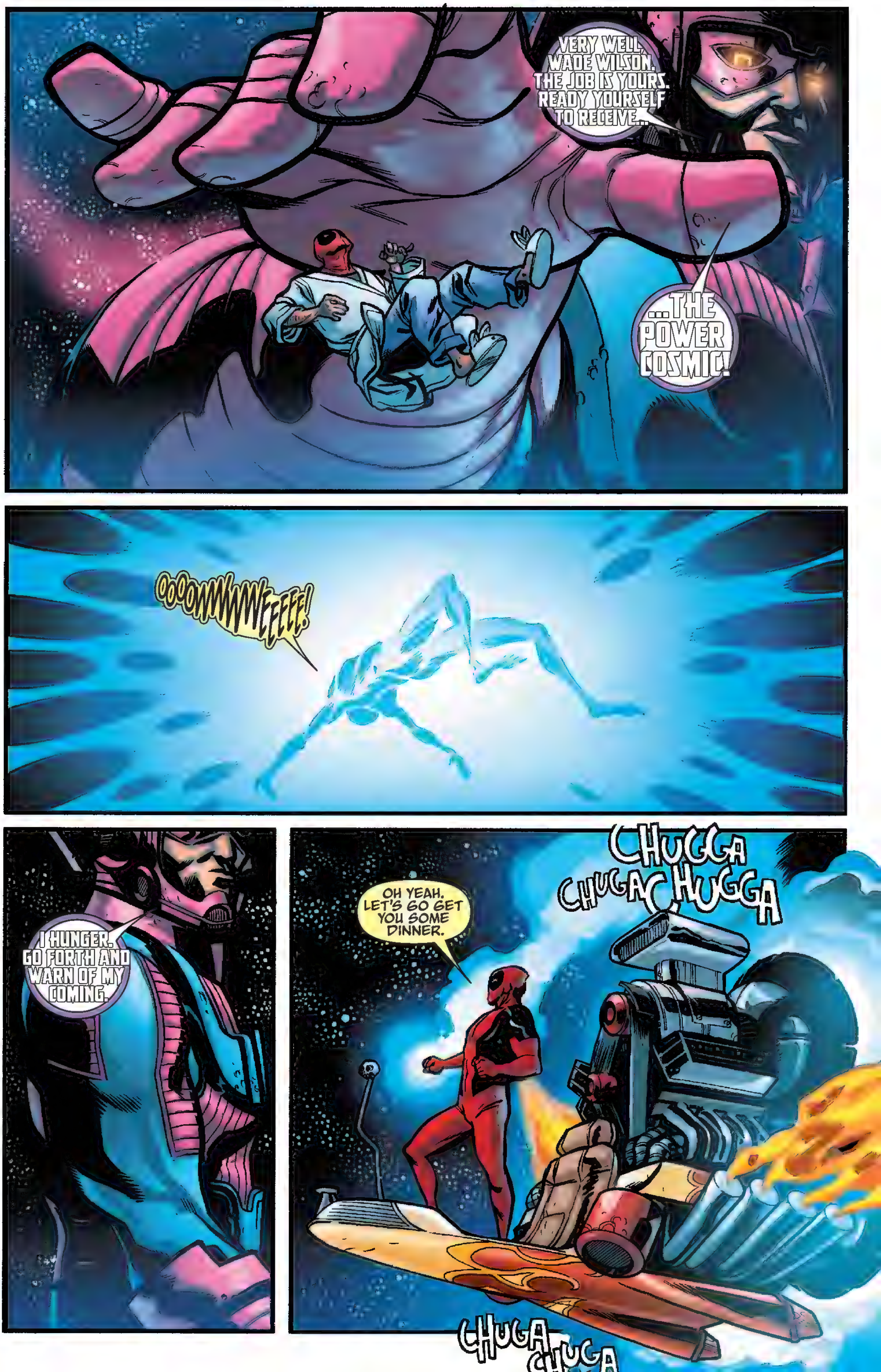
Do you like travel, other worldly landscapes and new experiences? Mojo world cruises is now hiring for their

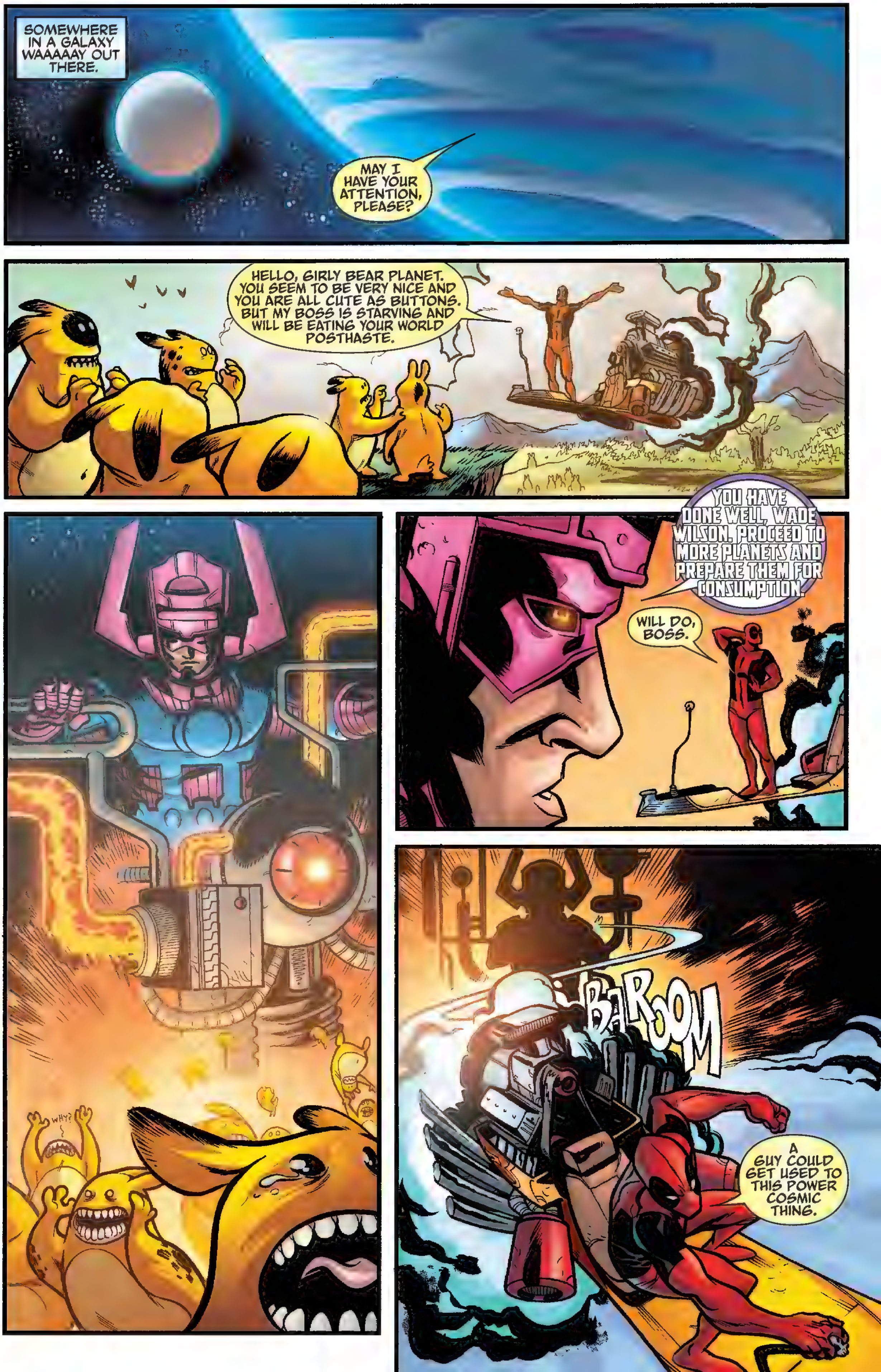
I WONDER WHAT A *HERALD* IS.
IKOO

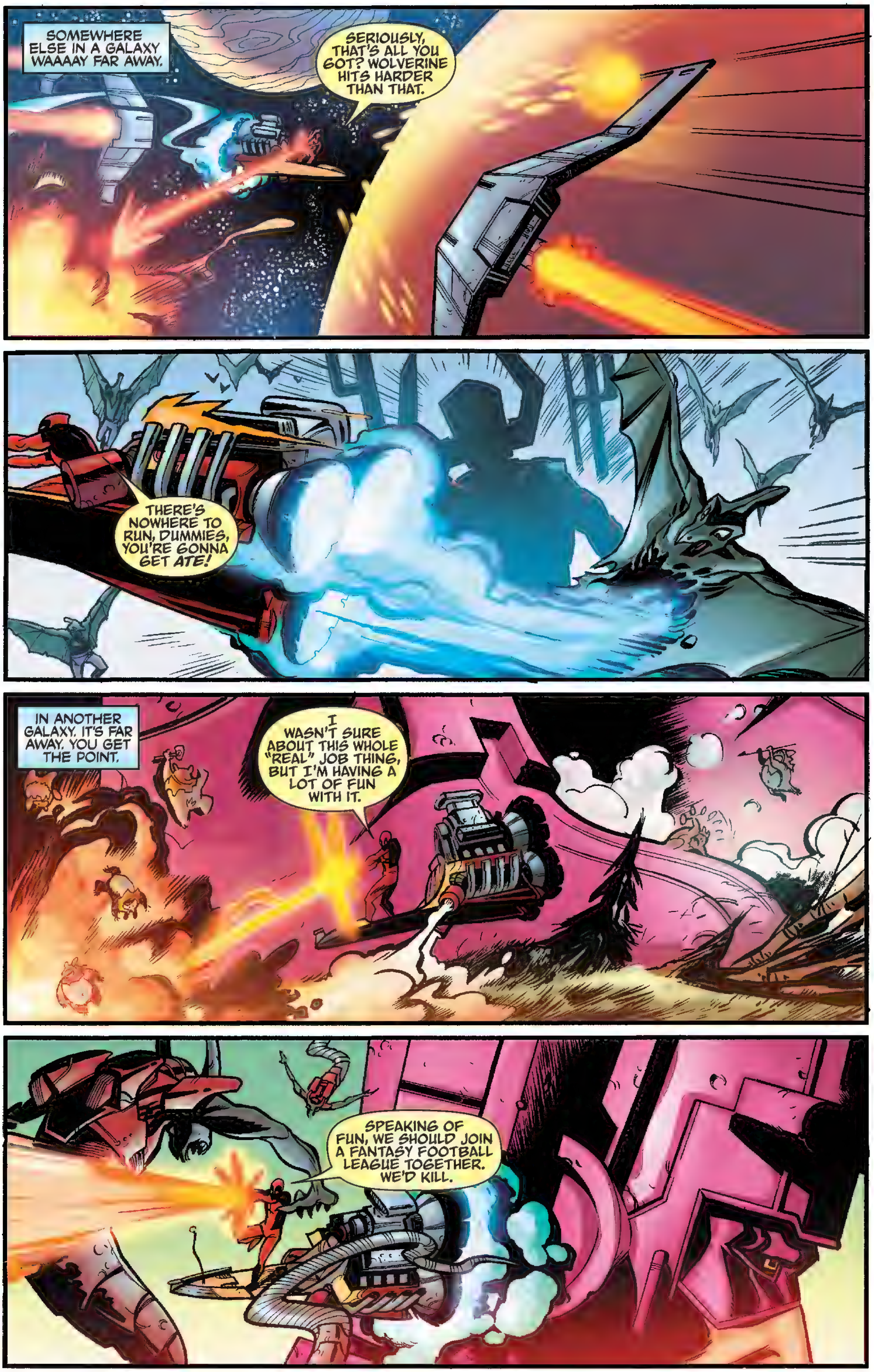


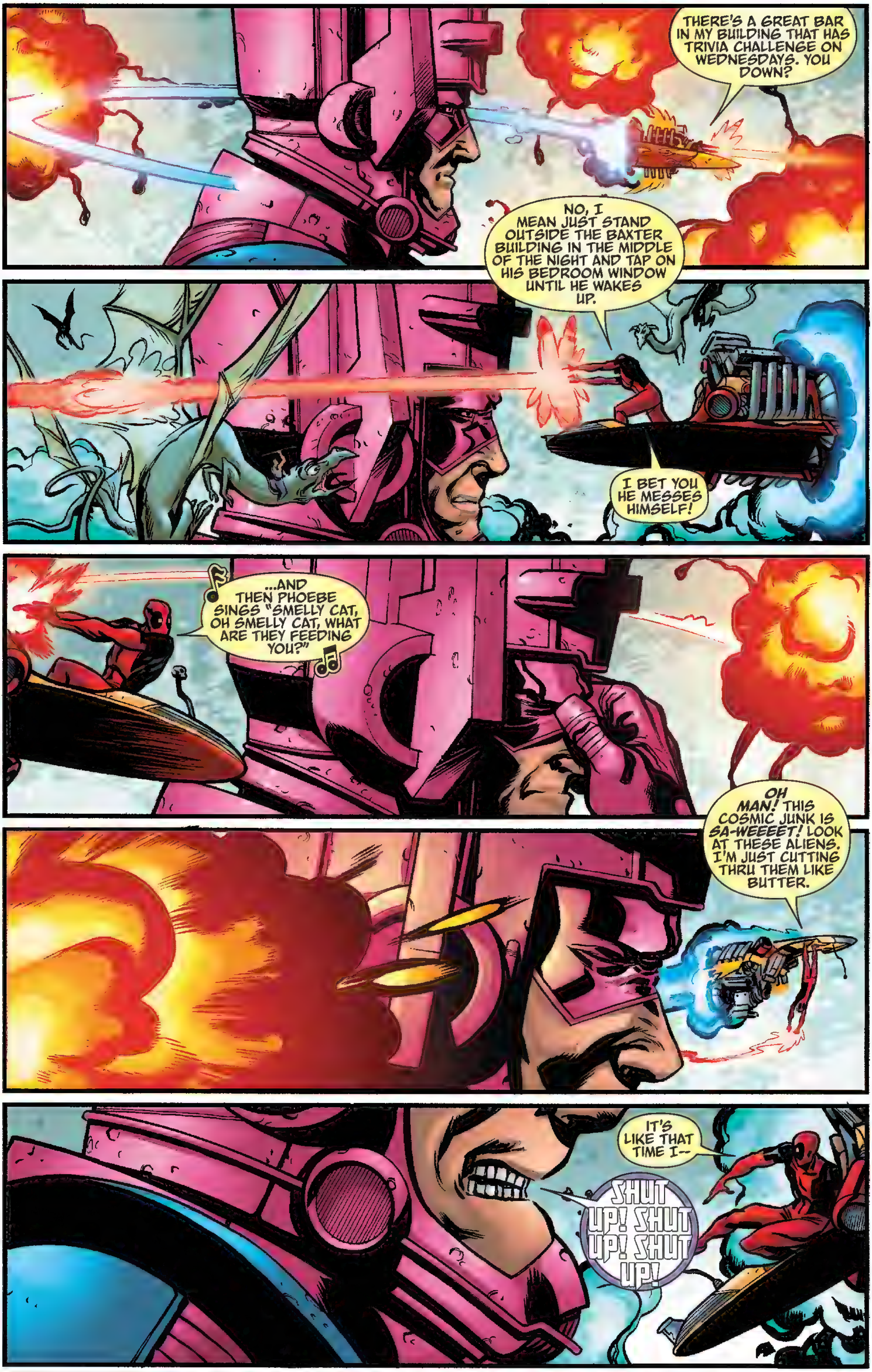

UH...*MR. GALACTUS,* I PRESUME?
I'M HERE ABOUT THE HERALD POSITION.

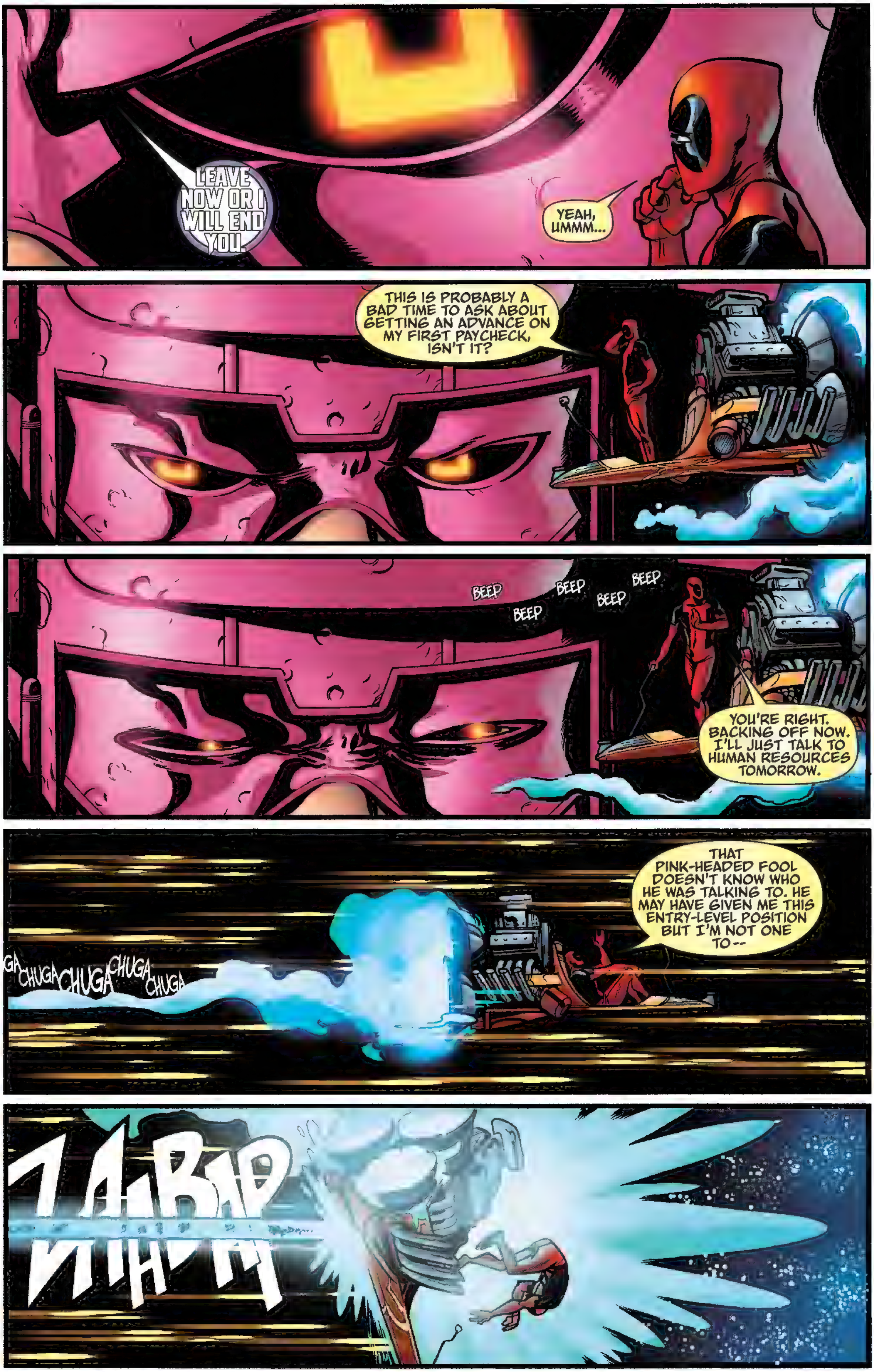

YOU DO NOT LOOK AS A HERALD SHOULD.
WHAT, THIS? ROBES ARE VERY FREEING. YOU SHOULD TRY ONE SOME-TIME.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE A HERALD?
UM, NOT EXACTLY.
IT IS THE ONE WHO PREPARES PLANETS FOR MY ARRIVAL.
ARRIVE FOR WHAT?
TO DEVOUR.
EAT?
YES.
THE WHOLE PLANET?
YES.
THAT'S PRETTY GANGSTER.
YES.
WHEN CAN I START?

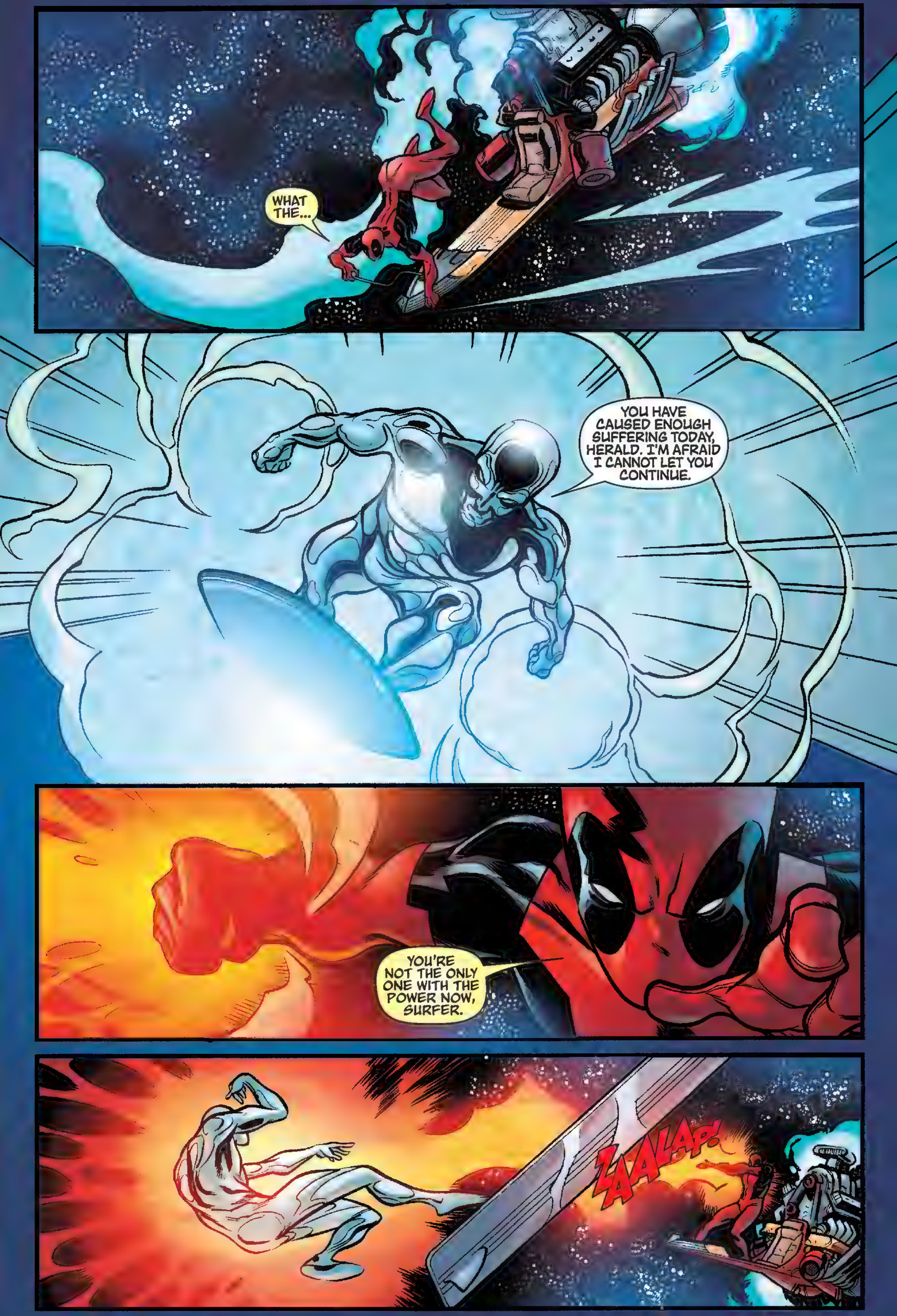

VERY WELL, WADE WILSON. THE JOB IS YOURS. READY YOURSELF TO RECEIVE...
...THE POWER COSMIC!
OOOOWWWWEEEEE!
I HUNGER. GO FORTH AND WARN OF MY COMING.
OH YEAH. LET'S GO GET YOU SOME DINNER.
CHUGGA CHUGACHUGGA
CHUGA CHUGA

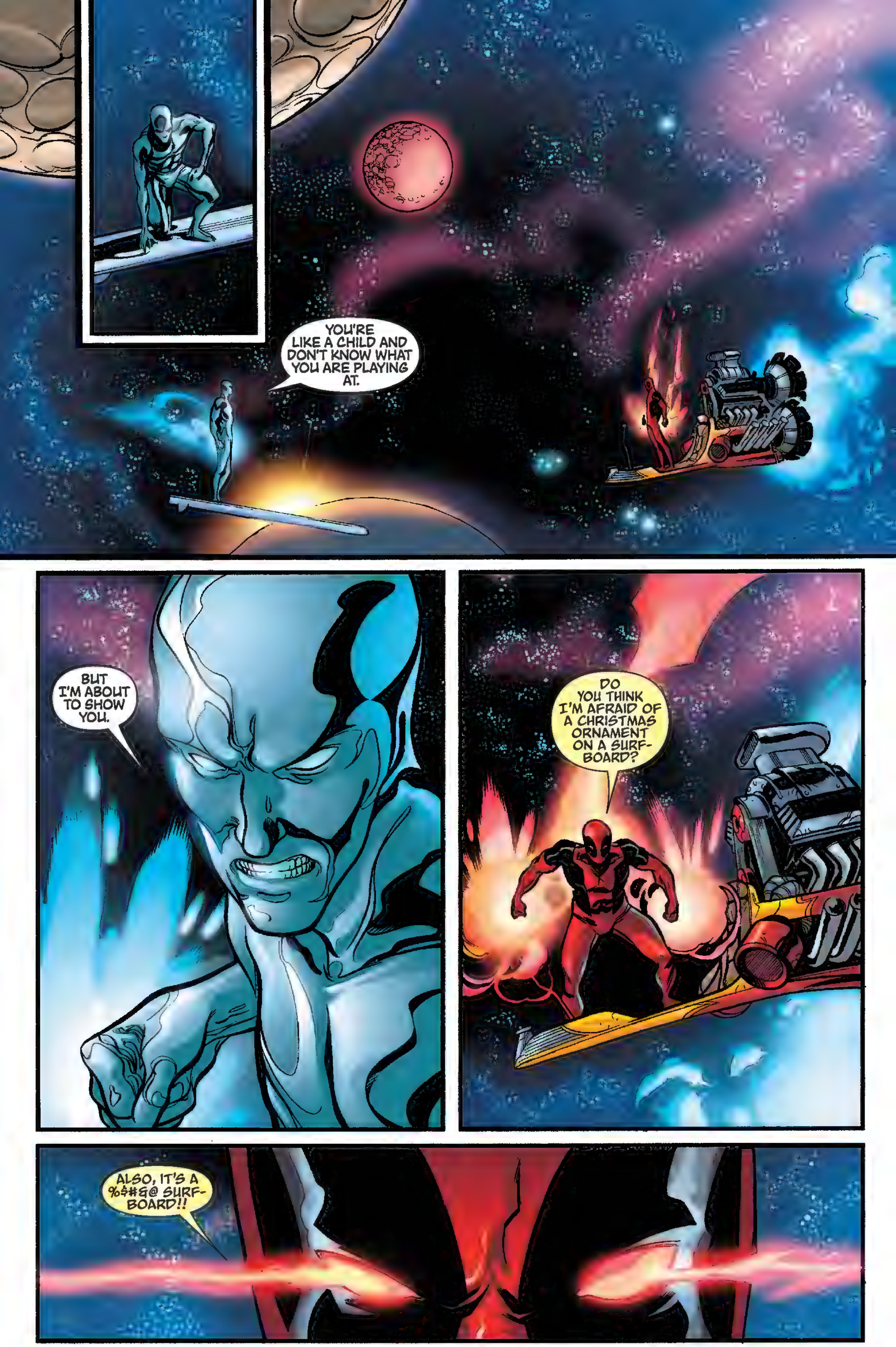

SOMEWHERE IN A GALAXY WAAAAAY OUT THERE.
MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?
HELLO, GIRLY BEAR PLANET. YOU SEEM TO BE VERY NICE AND YOU ARE ALL CUTE AS BUTTONS. BUT MY BOSS IS STARVING AND WILL BE EATING YOUR WORLD POSTHASTE.
WHY?
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, WADE WILSON. PROCEED TO MORE PLANETS AND PREPARE THEM FOR CONSUMPTION.
WILL DO, BOSS.
BAROOM
A GUY COULD GET USED TO THIS POWER COSMIC THING.

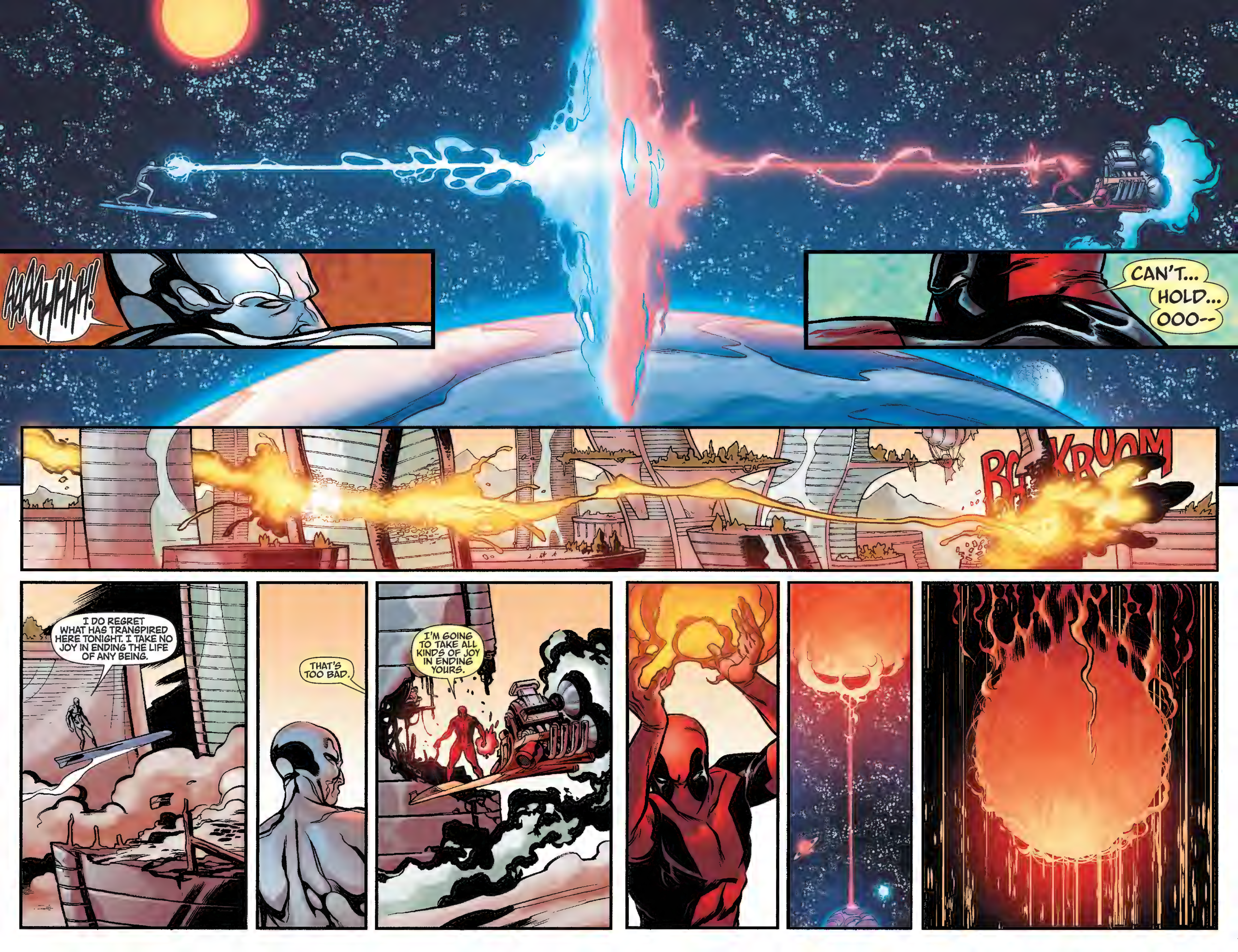

SOMEWHERE ELSE IN A GALAXY WAAAAY FAR AWAY.
SERIOUSLY, THAT'S ALL YOU GOT? WOLVERINE HITS HARDER THAN THAT.
THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN, DUMMIES, YOU'RE GONNA GET *ATE!*
IN ANOTHER GALAXY. IT'S FAR AWAY. YOU GET THE POINT.
I WASN'T SURE ABOUT THIS WHOLE "REAL" JOB THING, BUT I'M HAVING A LOT OF FUN WITH IT.
SPEAKING OF FUN, WE SHOULD JOIN A FANTASY FOOTBALL LEAGUE TOGETHER. WE'D KILL.

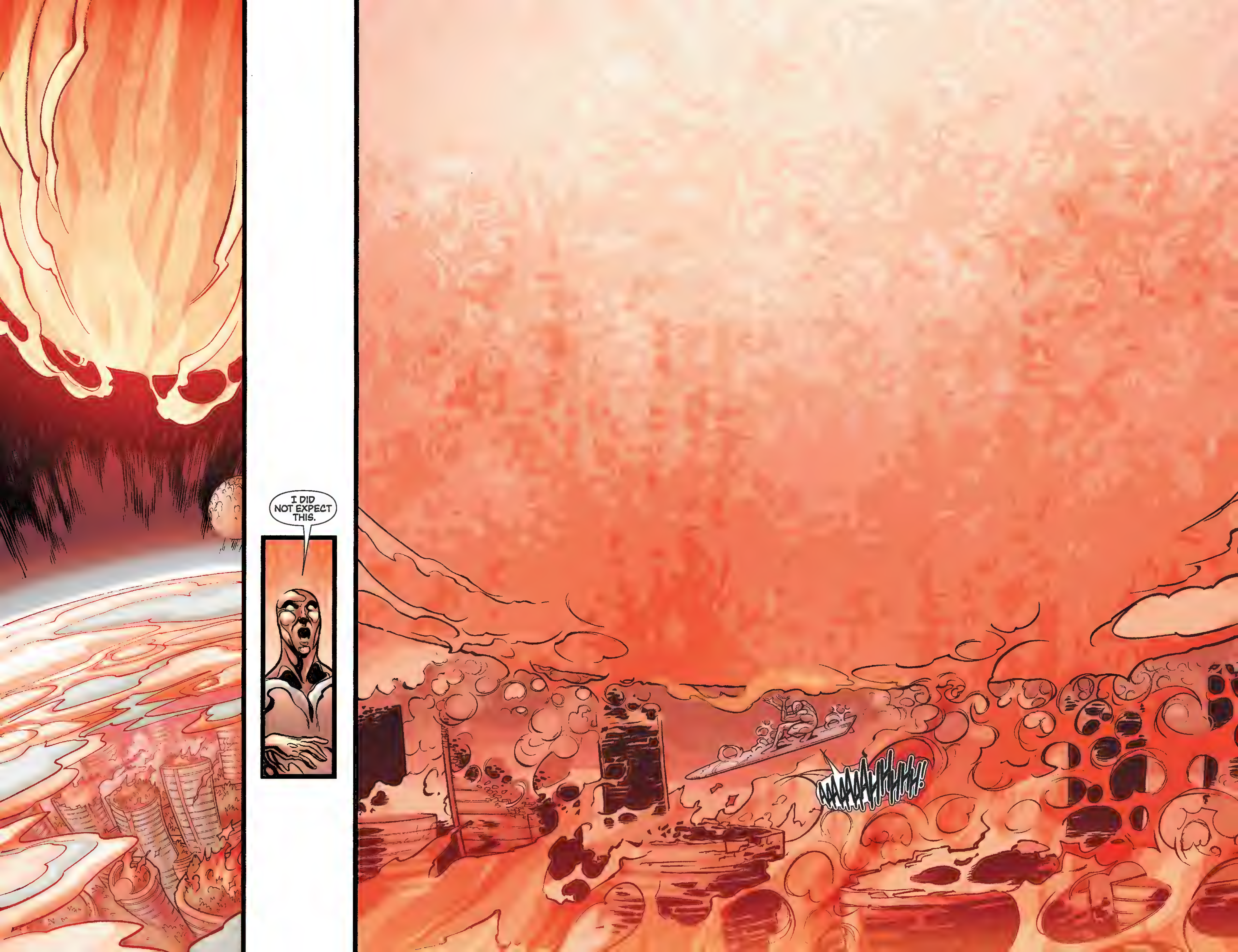

THERE'S A GREAT BAR IN MY BUILDING THAT HAS TRIVIA CHALLENGE ON WEDNESDAYS. YOU DOWN?
NO, I MEAN JUST STAND OUTSIDE THE BAXTER BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND TAP ON HIS BEDROOM WINDOW UNTIL HE WAKES UP.
I BET YOU HE MESSES HIMSELF!
♫ ...AND THEN PHOEBE SINGS "SMELLY CAT, OH SMELLY CAT, WHAT ARE THEY FEEDING YOU?" ♫
OH MAN! THIS COSMIC JUNK IS SA-WEEEET! LOOK AT THESE ALIENS. I'M JUST CUTTING THRU THEM LIKE BUTTER.
IT'S LIKE THAT TIME I--
SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

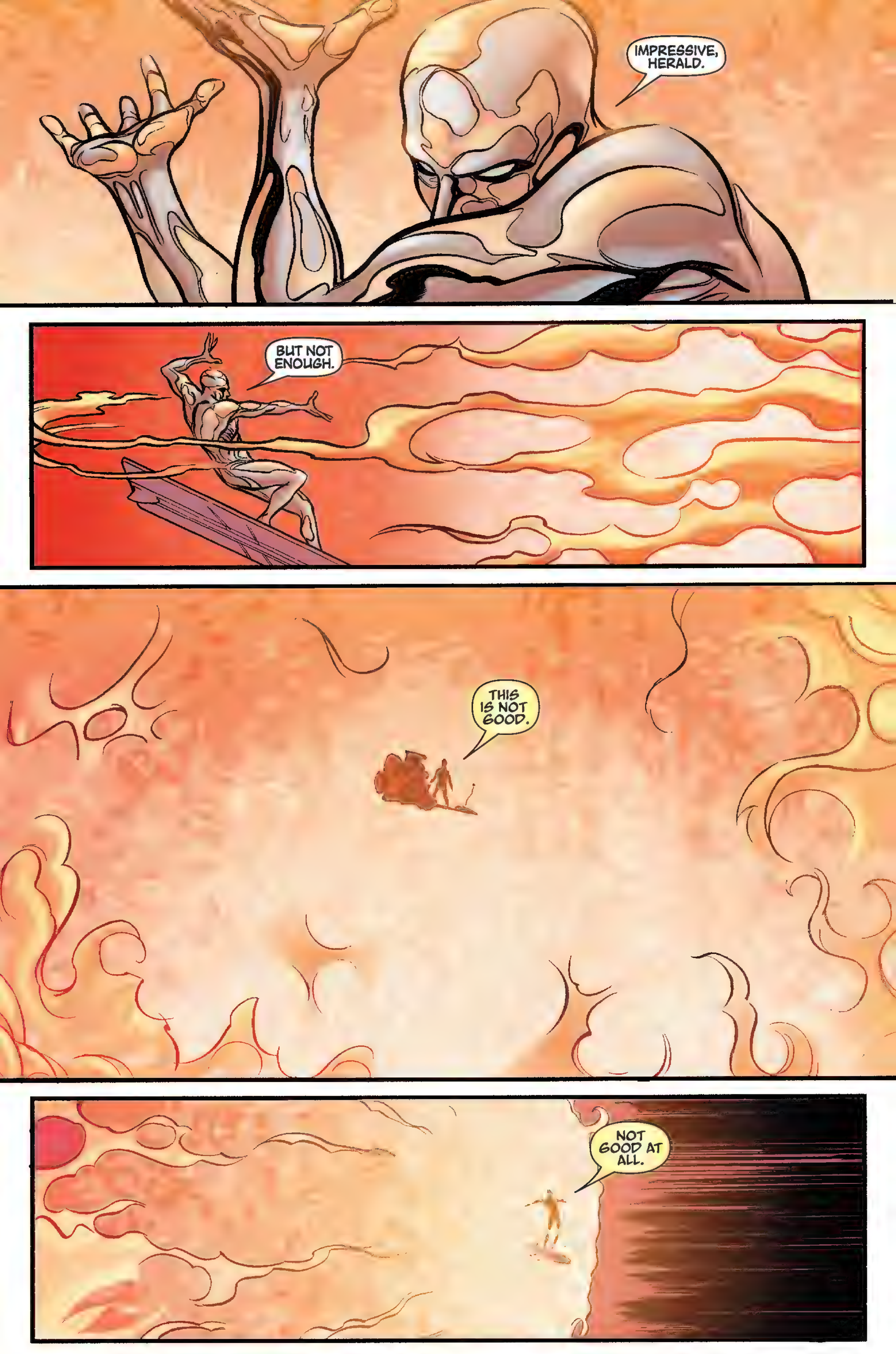

LEAVE NOW OR I WILL END YOU.
YEAH, UMMM...
THIS IS PROBABLY A BAD TIME TO ASK ABOUT GETTING AN ADVANCE ON MY FIRST PAYCHECK, ISN'T IT?
BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP
YOU'RE RIGHT. BACKING OFF NOW. I'LL JUST TALK TO HUMAN RESOURCES TOMORROW.
THAT PINK-HEADED FOOL DOESN'T KNOW WHO HE WAS TALKING TO. HE MAY HAVE GIVEN ME THIS ENTRY-LEVEL POSITION BUT I'M NOT ONE TO --
GA CHUGA CHUGA CHUGA CHUGA
ZA-BAP

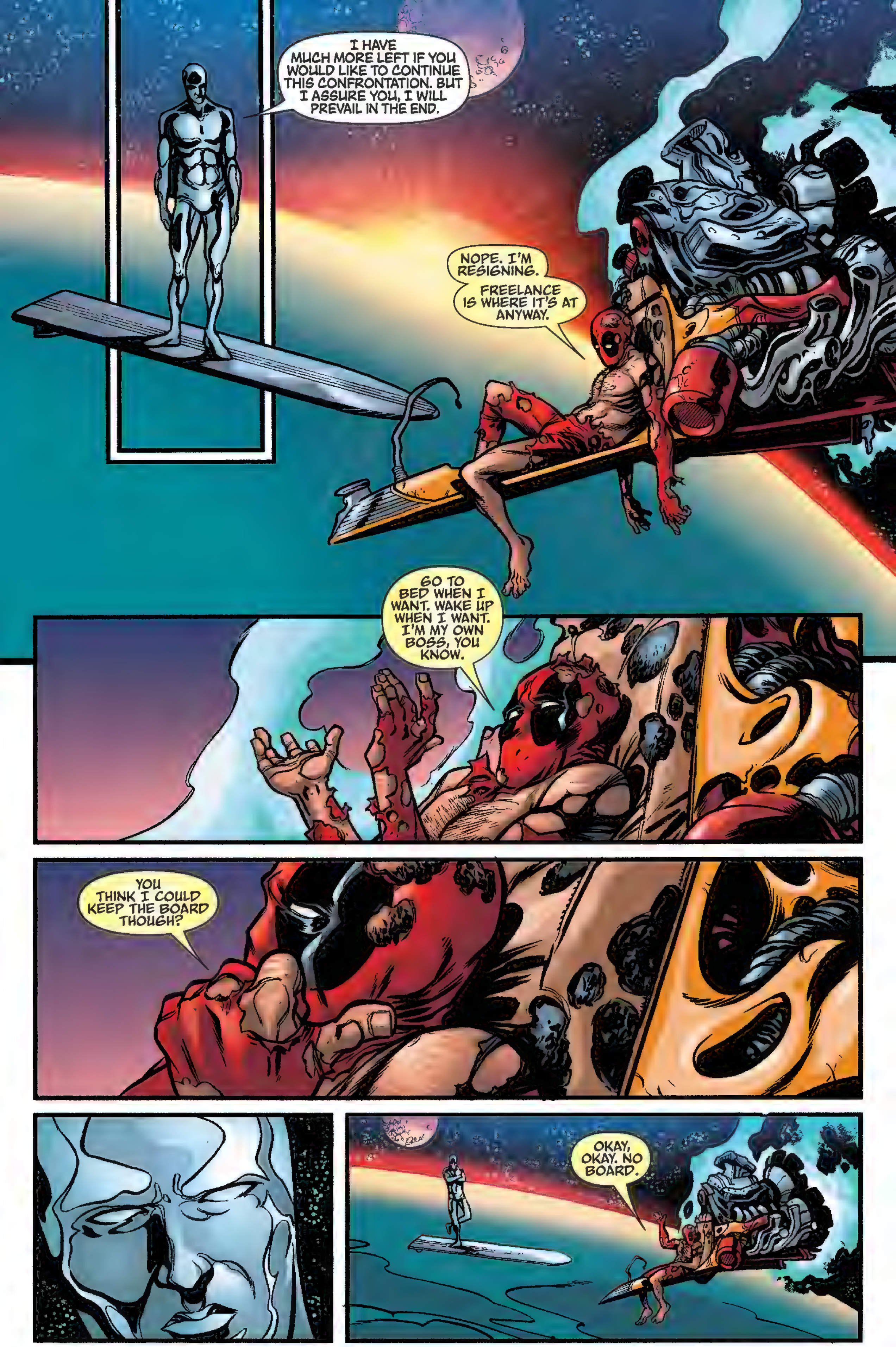

WHAT THE...
YOU HAVE CAUSED ENOUGH SUFFERING TODAY, HERALD. I'M AFRAID I CANNOT LET YOU CONTINUE.
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WITH THE POWER NOW, SURFER.
ZAALAP!

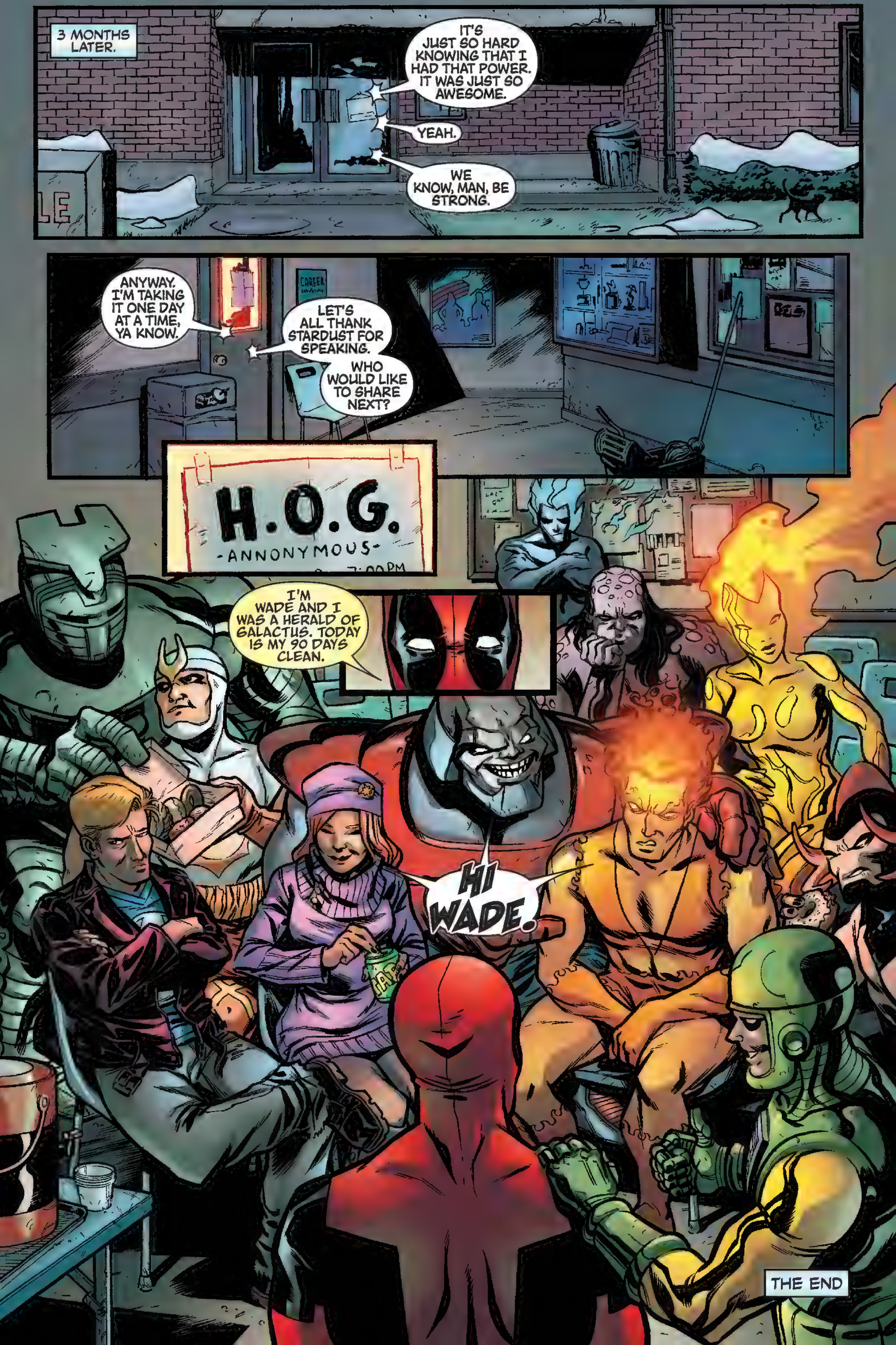

YOU'RE LIKE A CHILD AND DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE PLAYING AT.
BUT I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU.
DO YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF A CHRISTMAS ORNAMENT ON A SURFBOARD?
ALSO, IT'S A %$#&@ SURFBOARD!!

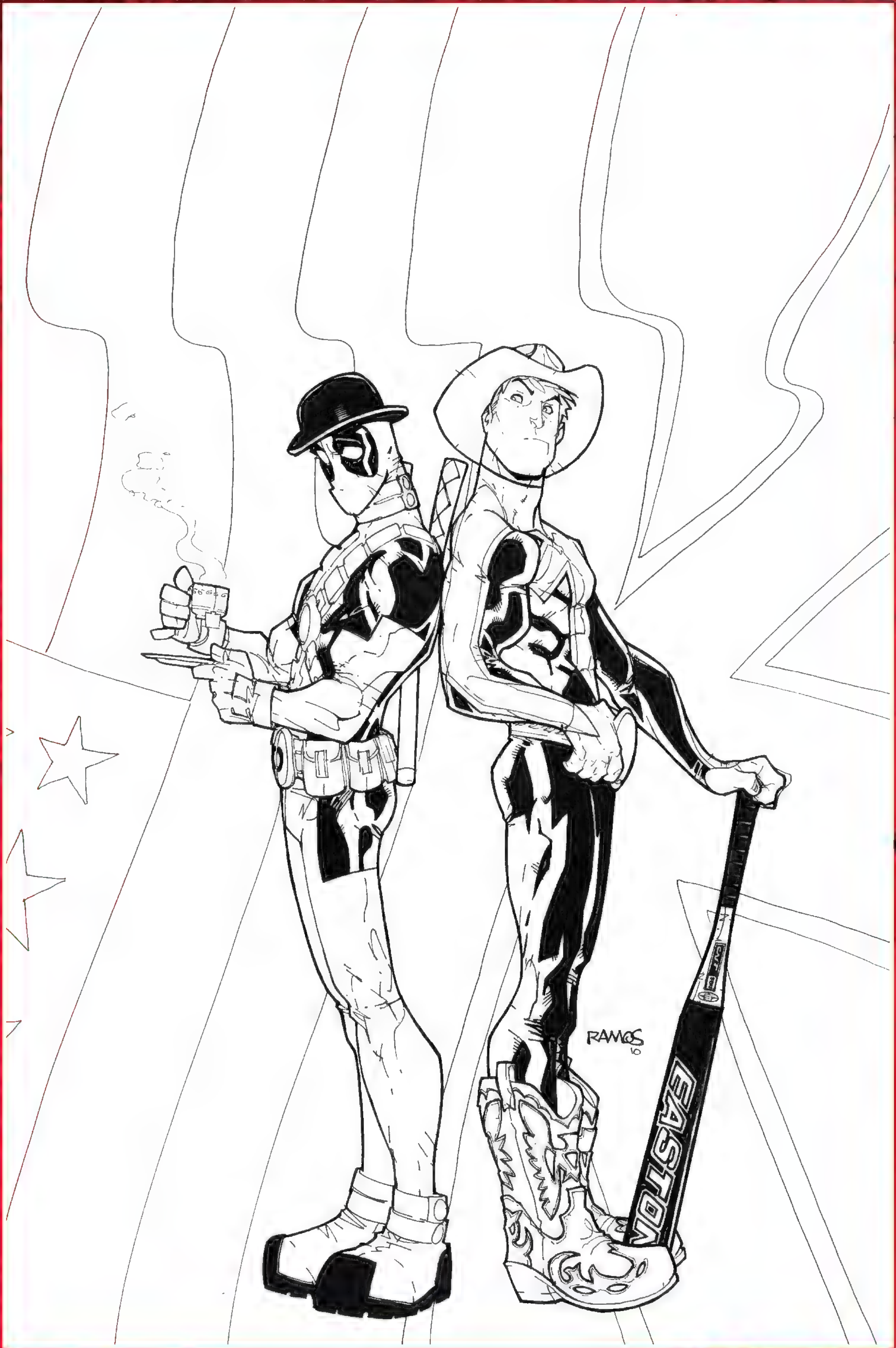

AAAAHHHH!
CAN'T... HOLD... OOO--
BAKROOM
I DO REGRET WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED HERE TONIGHT. I TAKE NO JOY IN ENDING THE LIFE OF ANY BEING.
THAT'S TOO BAD.
I'M GOING TO TAKE ALL KINDS OF JOY IN ENDING YOURS.


I DID NOT EXPECT THIS.
AAAAAAAHHHHHH!


IMPRESSIVE, HERALD.
BUT NOT ENOUGH.
THIS IS NOT GOOD.
NOT GOOD AT ALL.

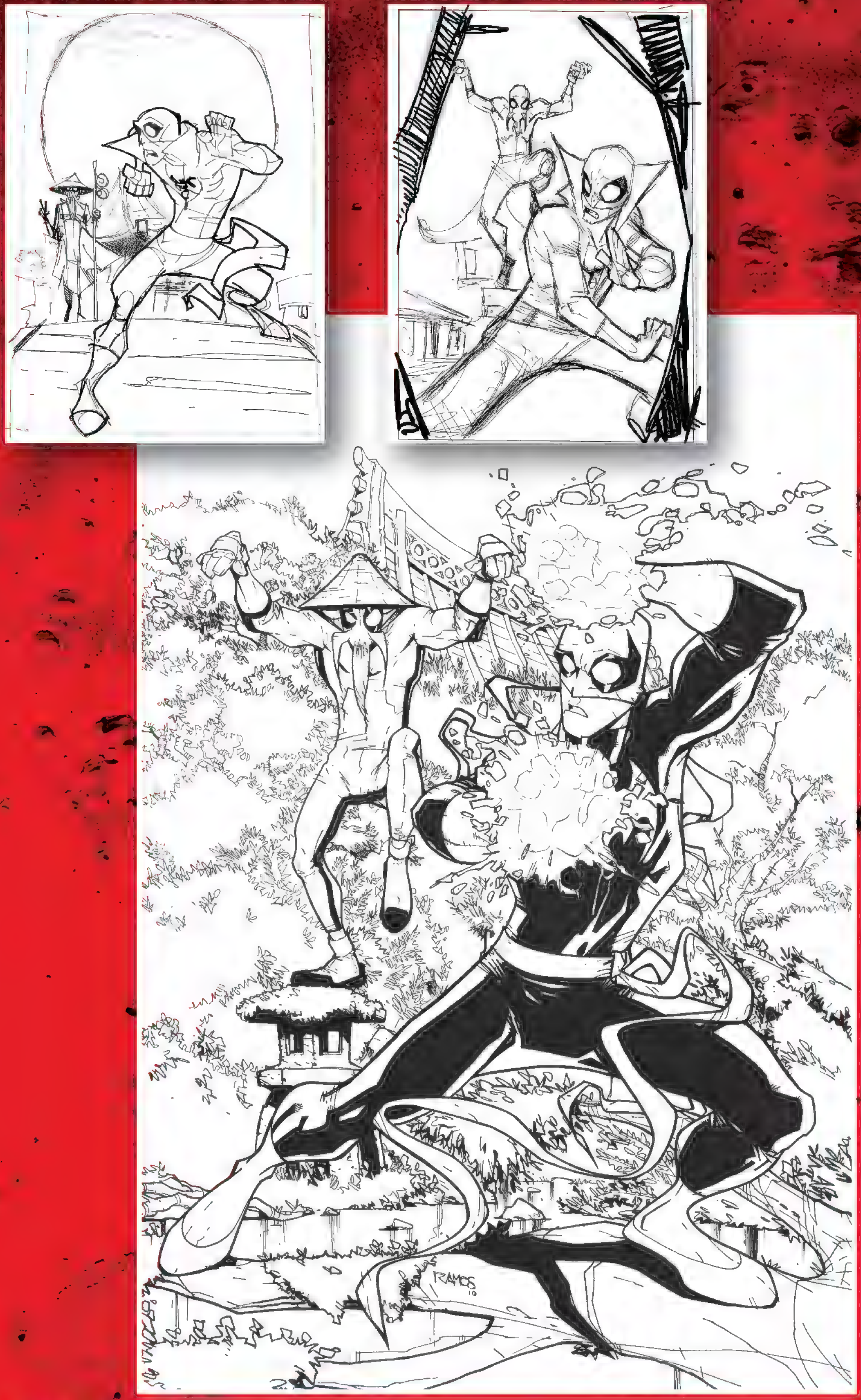

I HAVE MUCH MORE LEFT IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO CONTINUE THIS CONFRONTATION. BUT I ASSURE YOU, I WILL PREVAIL IN THE END.
NOPE. I'M RESIGNING.
FREELANCE IS WHERE IT'S AT ANYWAY.
GO TO BED WHEN I WANT. WAKE UP WHEN I WANT. I'M MY OWN BOSS, YOU KNOW.
YOU THINK I COULD KEEP THE BOARD THOUGH?
OKAY, OKAY. NO BOARD.


3 MONTHS LATER.
IT'S JUST SO HARD KNOWING THAT I HAD THAT POWER. IT WAS JUST SO AWESOME.
YEAH.
WE KNOW, MAN, BE STRONG.
ANYWAY. I'M TAKING IT ONE DAY AT A TIME, YA KNOW.
CAREER
LET'S ALL THANK STARDUST FOR SPEAKING.
WHO WOULD LIKE TO SHARE NEXT?
H.O.G.
-ANNONYMOUS-
7:00PM
I'M WADE AND I WAS A HERALD OF GALACTUS. TODAY IS MY 90 DAYS CLEAN.
HI WADE.
THE END

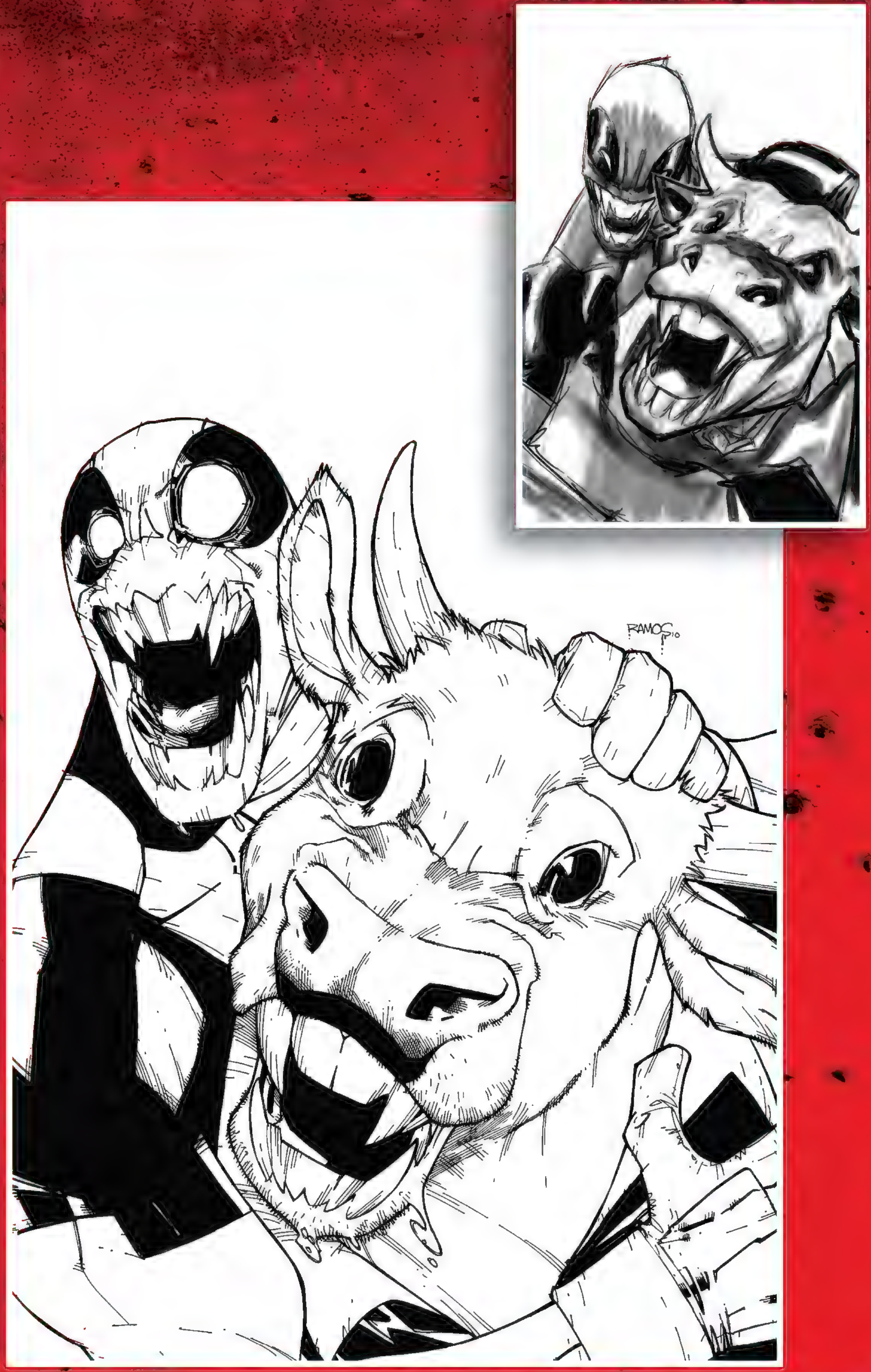

RAMOS '10
EASTON

#893 COVER INKS

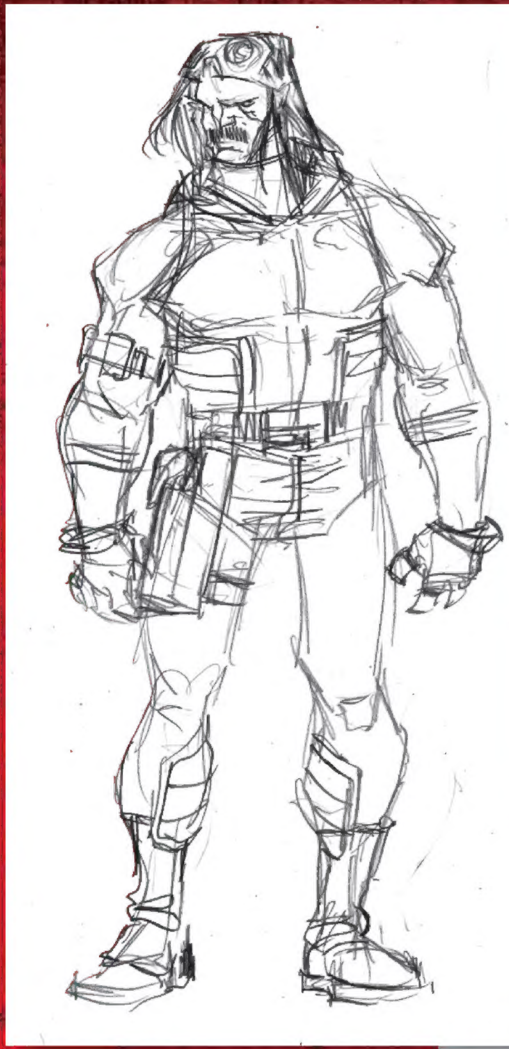
by Humberto Ramos



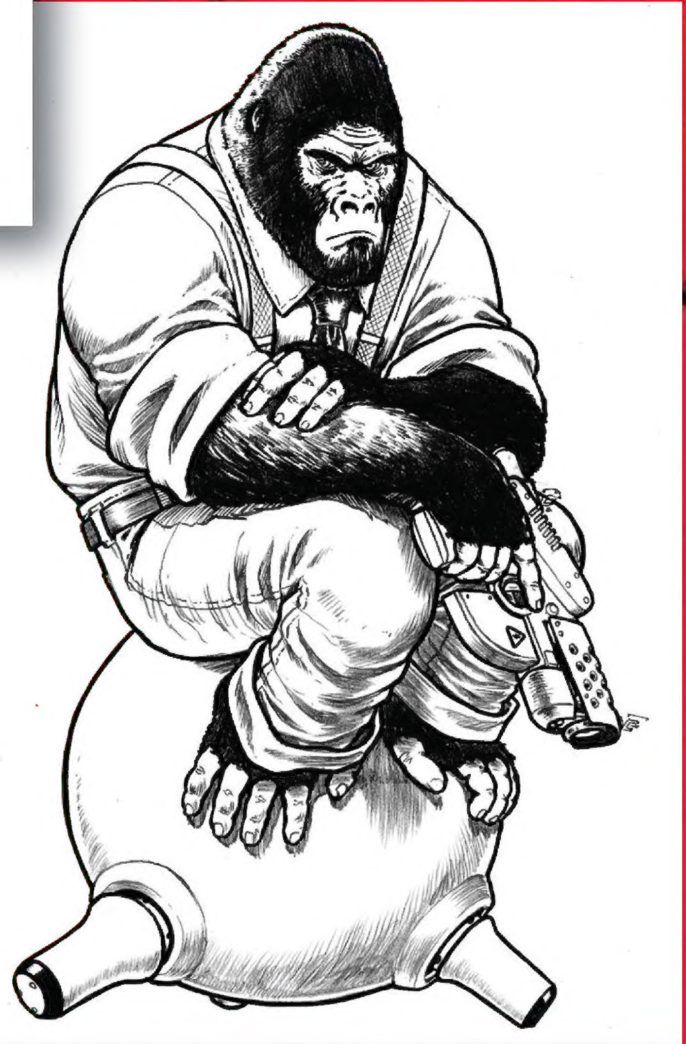
#886 COVER SKETCHES & INKS
by Humberto Ramos



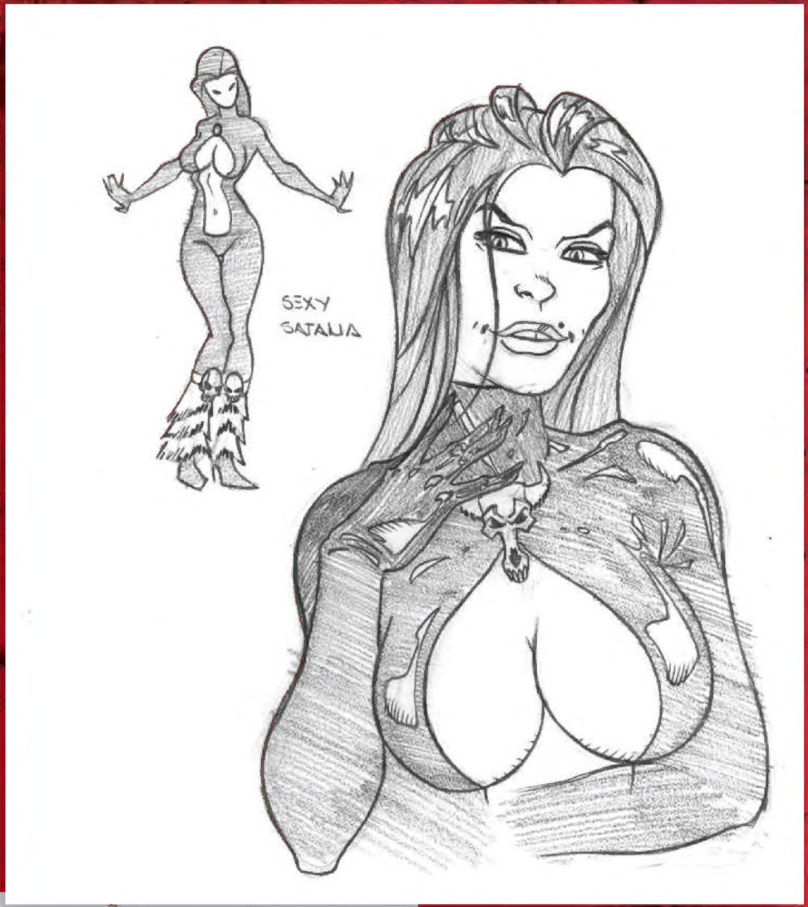
#885 COVER SKETCH & INKS
by Humberto Ramos

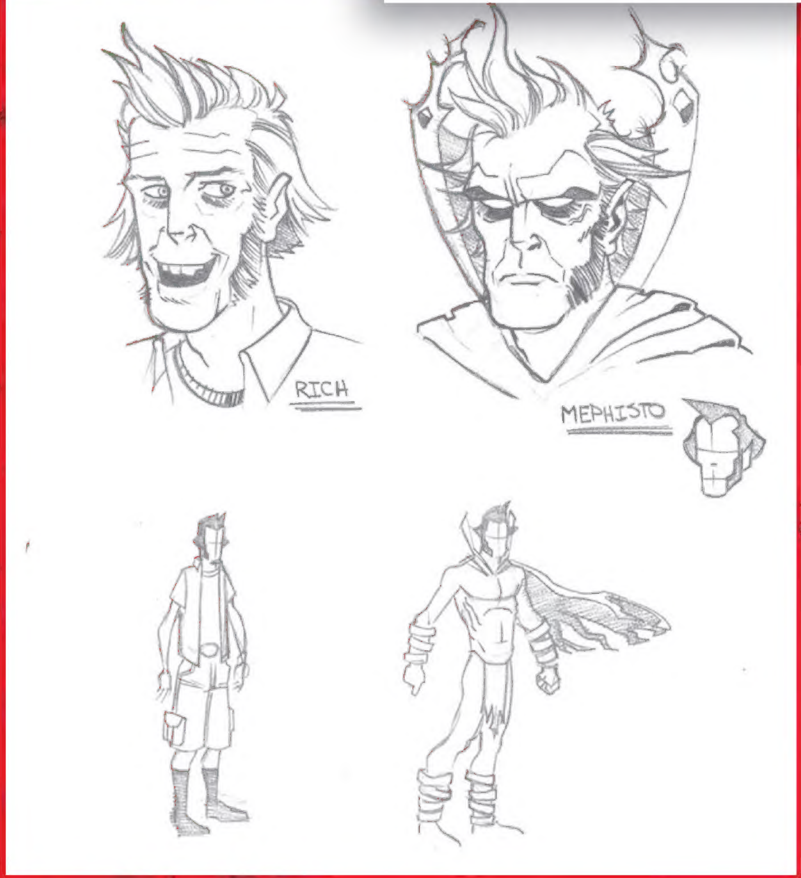


SLAYMASTER SKETCH
by Matteo Scalera

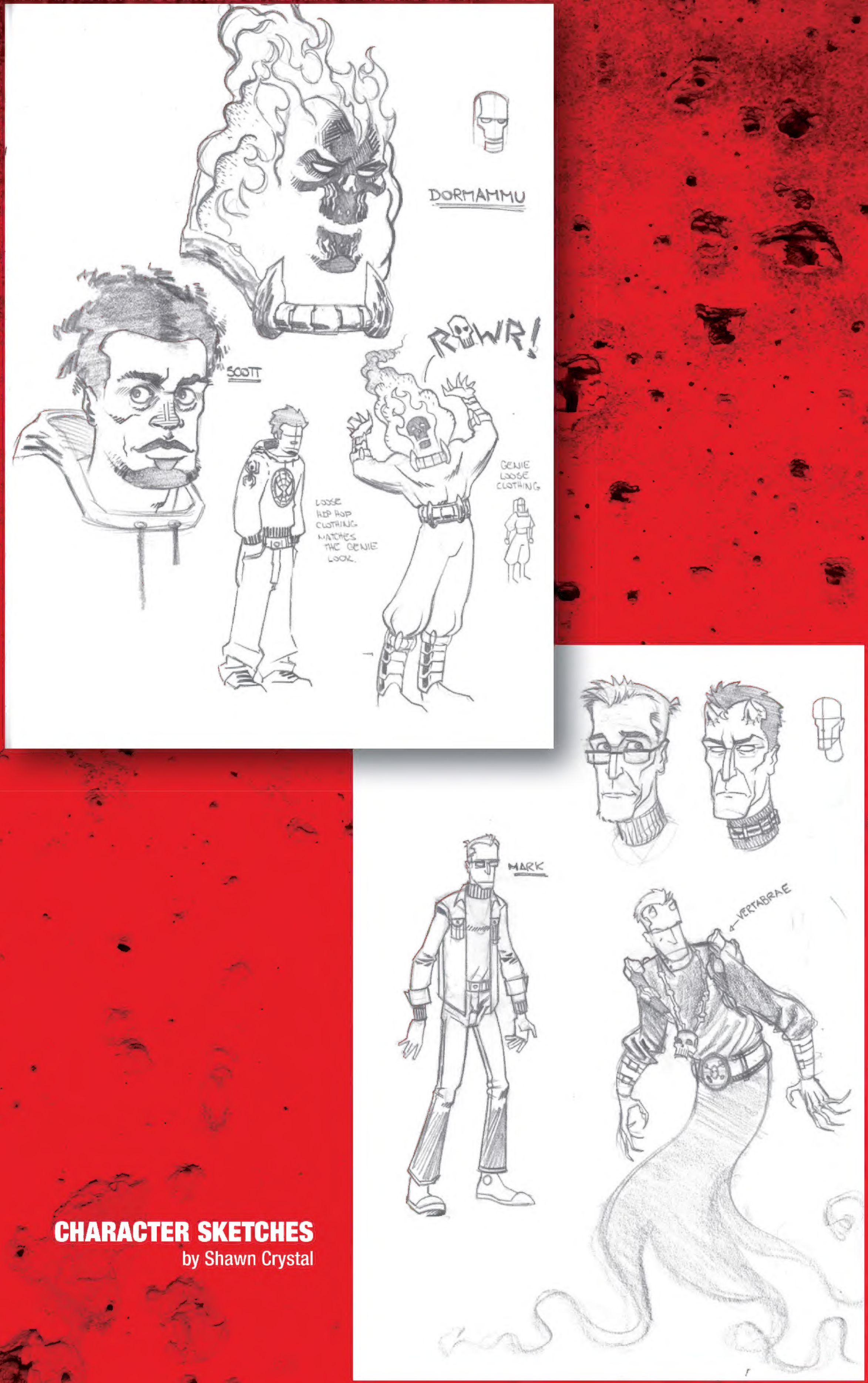


GORILLA-MAN SKETCH
by Steve Sanders

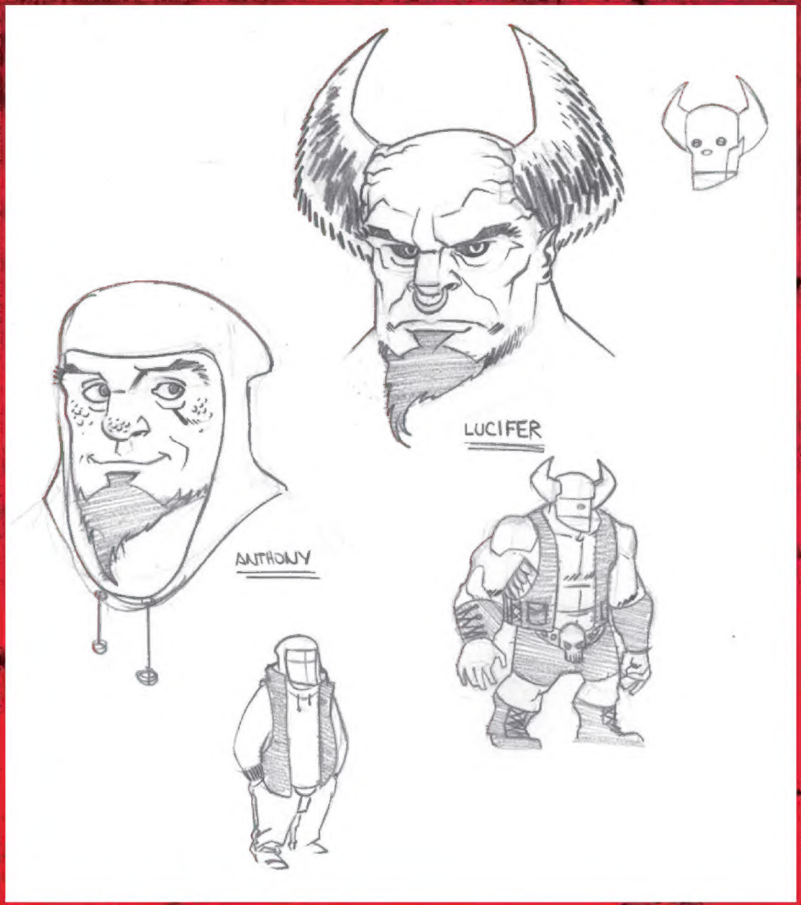

SEXY SATANA

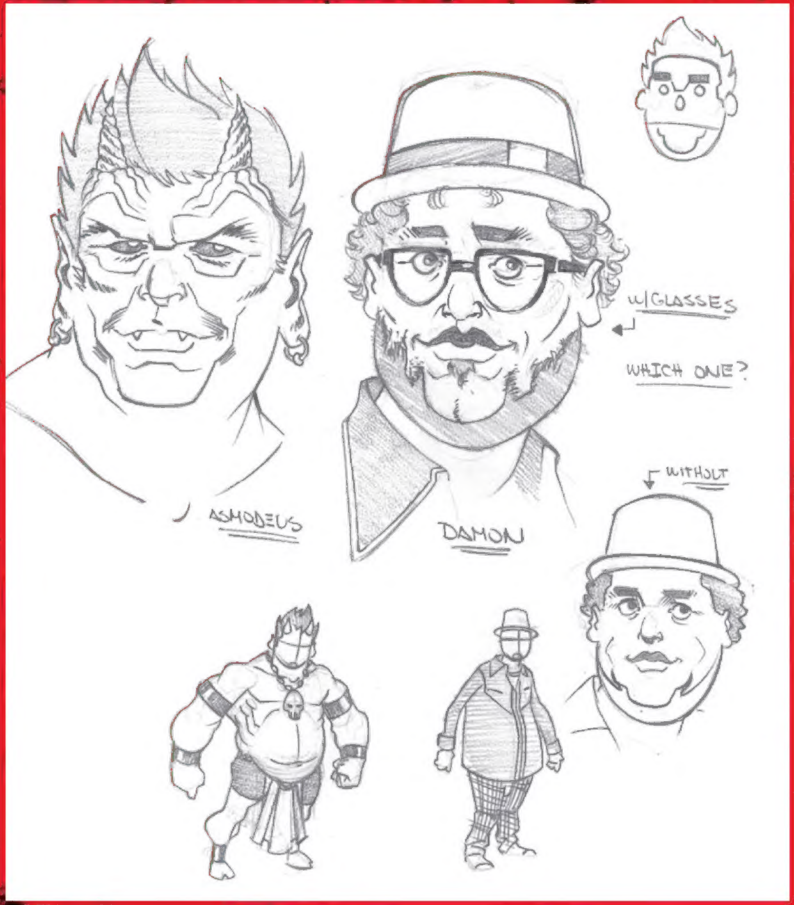

RICH
MEPHISTO

CHARACTER SKETCHES
by Shawn Crystal

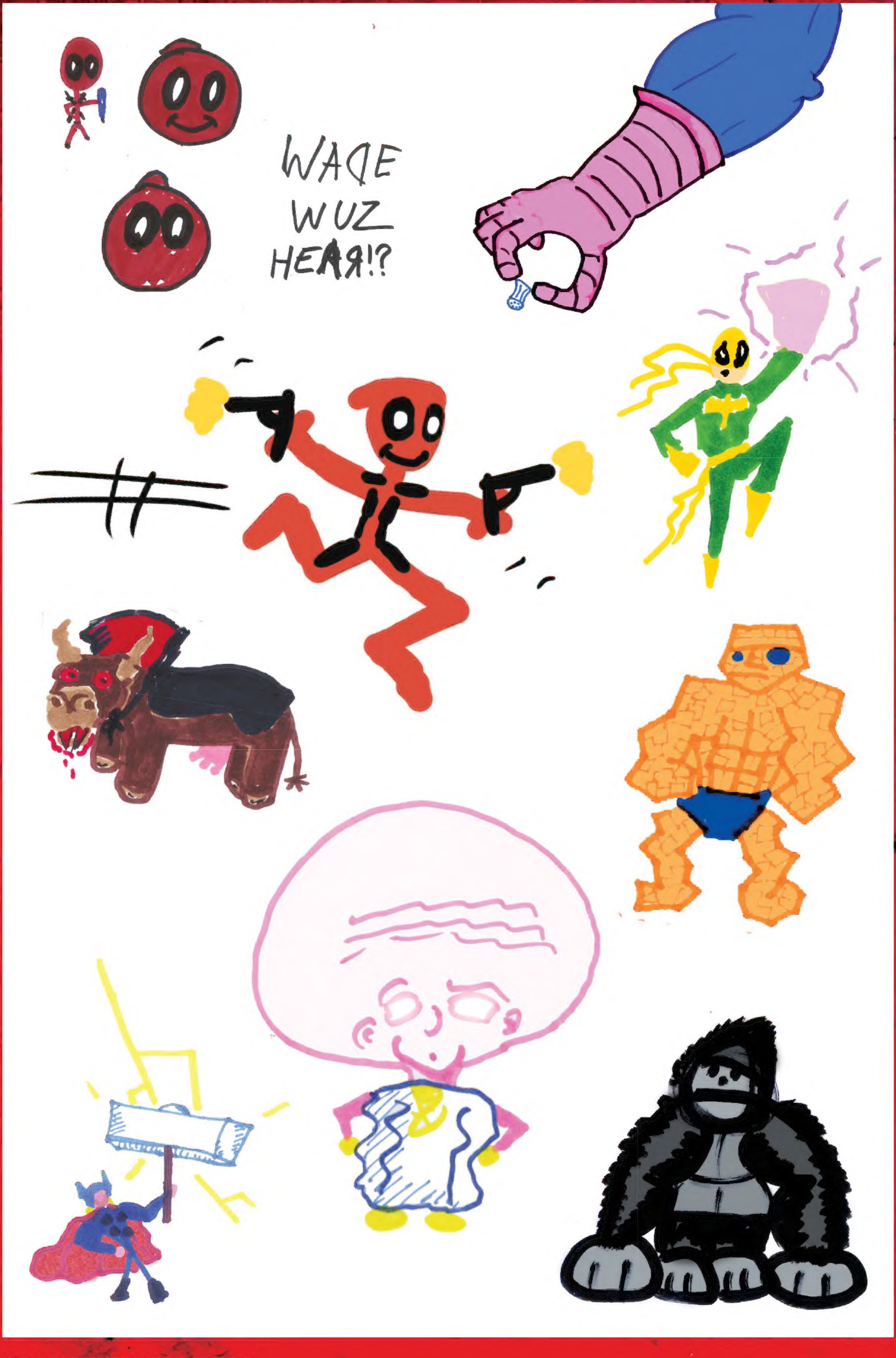

DORMAMMU
RAWR!
SCOTT
LOOSE
HIP HOP
CLOTHING
MATCHES
THE GENIE
LOOK.
GENIE
LOOSE
CLOTHING
MARK
VERTABRAE

CHARACTER SKETCHES
by Shawn Crystal


LUCIFER
ANTHONY


W/GLASSES
WHICH ONE?
WITHOUT
ASMODEUS
DAMON

CHARACTER SKETCHES
by Shawn Crystal


WADE
WUZ
HEAR!?

CHARACTER DOODLES
from “next issue” pages of issues #893-884

Evidently, the voices in his head aren't enough company for Deadpool!

These riotous, ridiculous and outright reprehensible team-ups pair the irrepressible mercenary with Marvel's finest characters and creators! Don't expect 'Pool to hog all the glory, though — he'll share the spotlight with his new buddies, and drive them all bonkers in the process. Featuring a roster of Marvel all-stars including the Incredible Hercules! Not one but two Ghost Riders! The Punisher! U.S. Ace! (Who?) The Zapata Brothers! (Huh?) IT! The Living Colossus! (Seriously? That one's a joke, right?) Captain Britain! Satana! Mr. X! Machine Man! Gorilla Man! The Thing! Thor! Iron Fist! Hellcow! (Um, okay.) The Watcher! Galactus! And the micro-merc known as Widdle Wade! Be there as Deadpool takes a calamitous cruise through the Marvel Universe!

Collecting *Deadpool Team-Up (1998) #1* and *Deadpool Team-Up (2010) #899-883* — written by James Felder, Rob Williams and more; and illustrated by Pete Woods, Dalibor Talajić, Chris Staggs, Shawn Crystal, Matteo Scalera and more.

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